

# JAXON'S *Illustrated* TALES

No.1

FREE



**SPECIAL ISSUE:**  
**COLLECTED COMIX**



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ART/COVERS/POSTERS



# The Metamorphosis

by JACK JACKSON







Illustration by Jack Jackson



# TEXAS Ranger

OCTOBER, 1963

29c

CONTAINING A SPECIAL KIT  
OF NECESSARY  
PHARAPHERNALIA FOR  
STUDENT SURVIVAL! (see page 14)

INCLUDING A SPECIAL  
SECTION ON COPS! (see page 17)

FEATURING ANOTHER  
INCREDIBLE WONDER WART-HOG  
NUMBER, IN WHICH THE  
KING OF THE HOGS MEETS  
SUPERCOP! (see page 29)



... the student.



... himself.

## THE COP AS SEEN BY ...



... his mom.



... the dogs.



... Hairy.





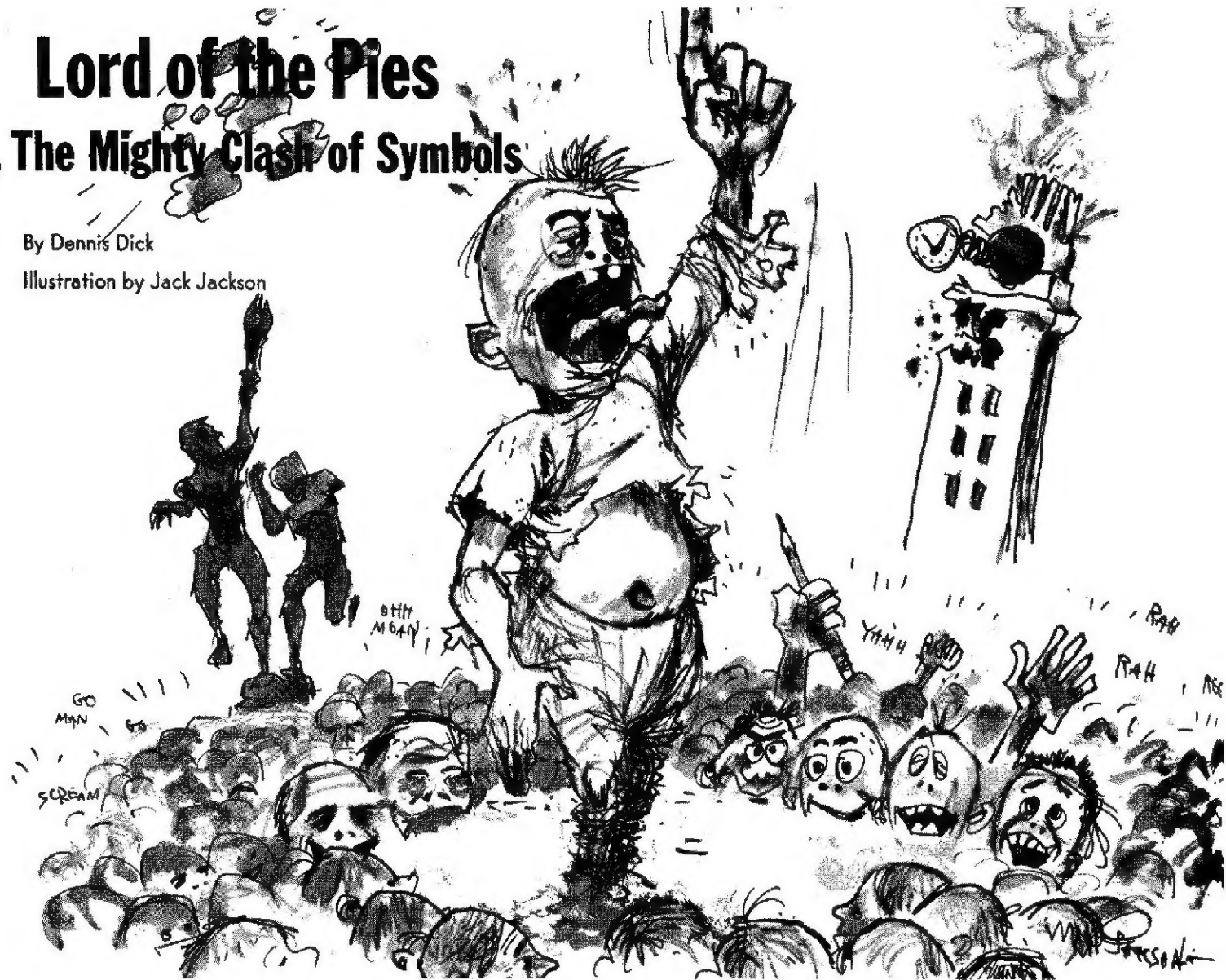
*"Whaddaya mean, ya ain't got no appetite?"*

# Lord of the Pies

## or, The Mighty Clash of Symbols

By Dennis Dick

Illustration by Jack Jackson



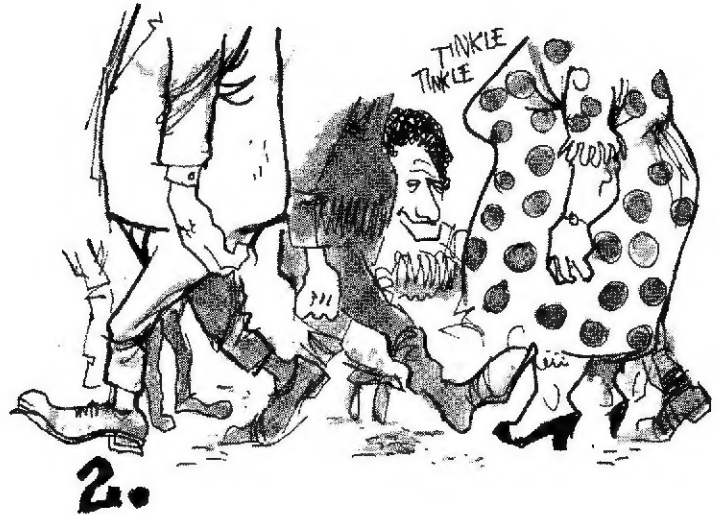




*"I'm afraid we've had a slight setback, Mendel!"*

# THE LITTLE OLD BLIND LADY

by Jack Jackson



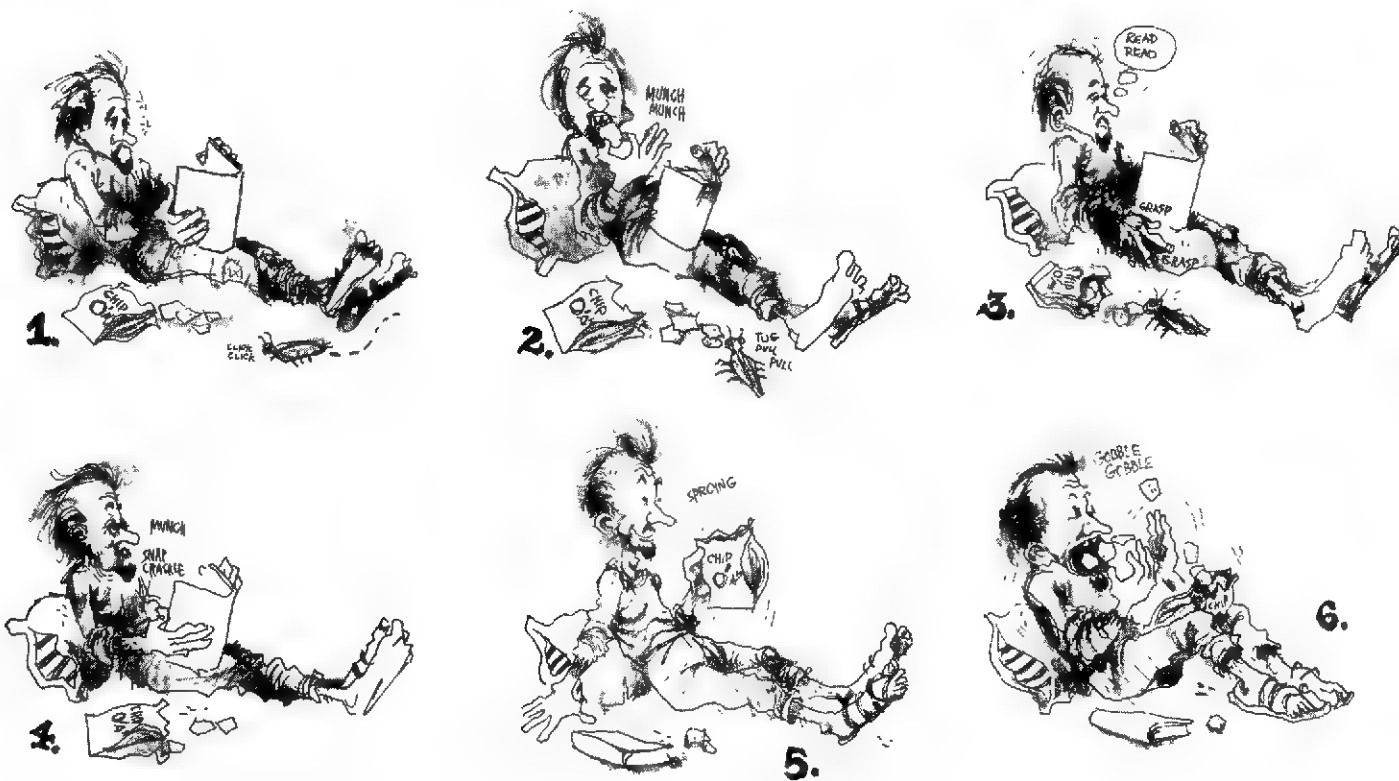
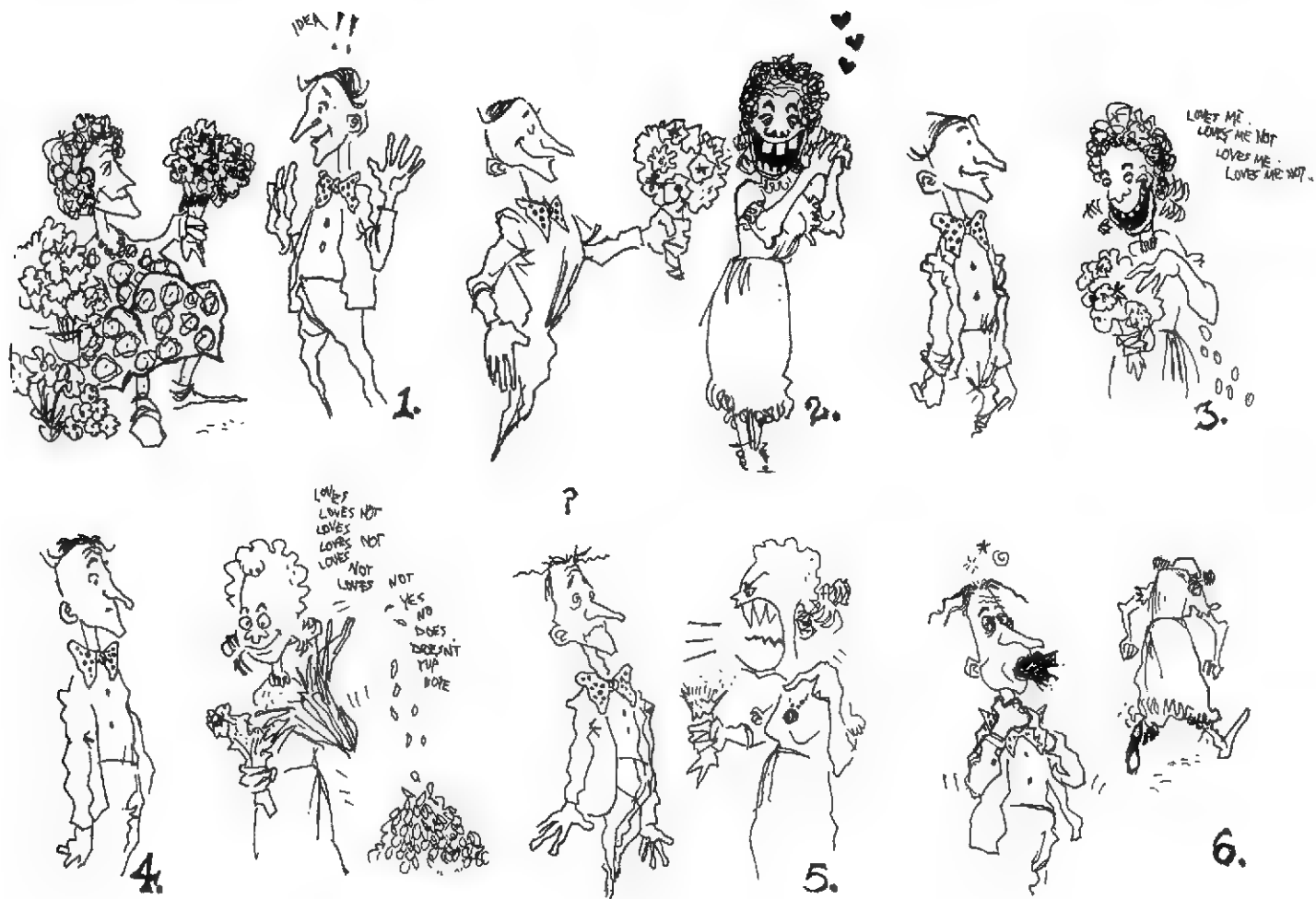


*"Here, father, use mine!"*





*"Ralph, it's your day to go out and listen in the wind!"*



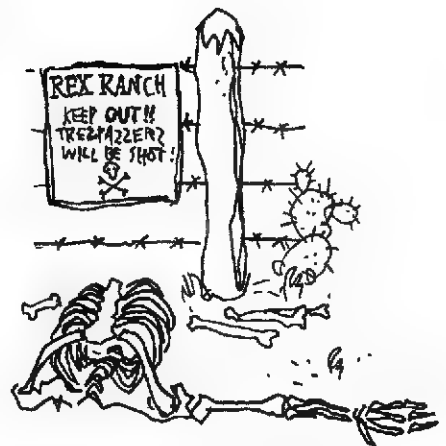
# WOOLIEBOOGER

Written and illustrated by Jack Jackson



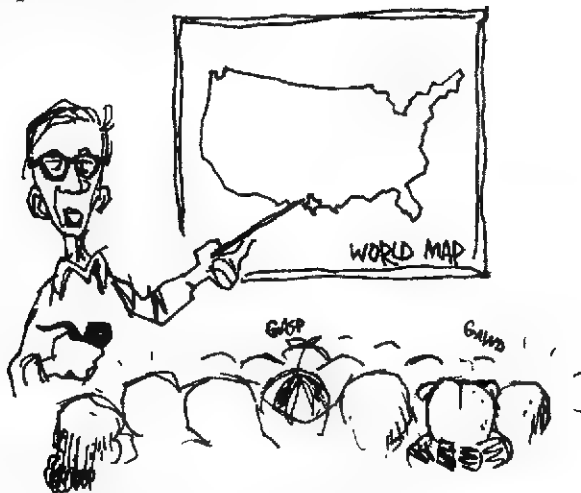
## CORPSMAN AND KLANSMAN ENJOY TRADITIONAL SPORT OF EAST TEXAS AREA

Information gathered on this assignment accentuates weak spots in our placement procedure.



## CORPSMAN LYING DOWN ON JOB IN RANCHING AREA

Last report was that ranchers are a very clannish and unfriendly sort. Notions of agrarian reform are held in low repute.



## CORPSMAN DECLARES "WORLD IS ROUND"

Students gape in disbelief as truth is revealed in geography class.



## CORPSMAN HACKING AT MAL-THUSIAN JUNGLE IN SAN ANTONIO

Aided by a dumptruck load of chocolate-coated birth control pills, volunteers combat a typical population explosion which is sanctioned by quaint local dogma. The head of this thus far unsuccessful project, a theological seminary student, remarks: "I just can't do it—bahhhhw!!"



## BATTLING FEROCIOUS ABORIGINES IN MEXICAN BORDER AREA

Numerous varieties of dreaded and readily-contacted diseases are the dominant aspect of service in this region.

## CORPSMAN EQUIPPED FOR SERVICE IN DALLAS

Extreme elements allegedly dominate and determine existence in Big D. Care should be exercised in applying special anti-spittle cleaning agent to protective helmet at least once a week.







IT'S THE BEGINNING OF THE LAWLESS DECADE IN AUSTIN, THE COMING OF THE

# MERANGSTERS!

OH MY GOD! LOOKY YONDER! GO FOR YOUR PIES, MEN!

WRITTEN - SHELTON  
DRAWN - JACKSON



WE'RE DOOMED! THEY'VE GOT A SAWED-OFF PIE!



AMONG THE POLICE FORCE, CONSTERNATION REIGNS...

THIS TASTES LIKE THE WORK OF "DUTCH CHOCOLATE" SCHULTZ!

THEY'VE ADDED SALT TO CONFUSE OUR BALLISTICS MEN!

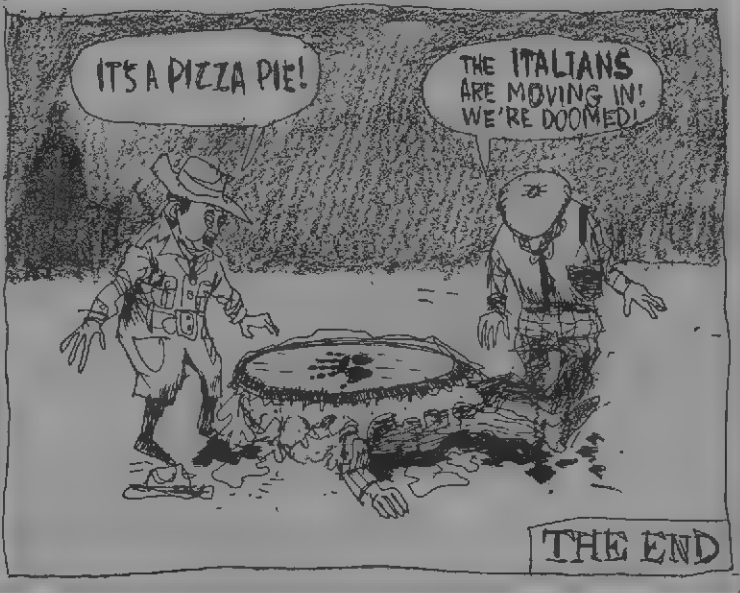
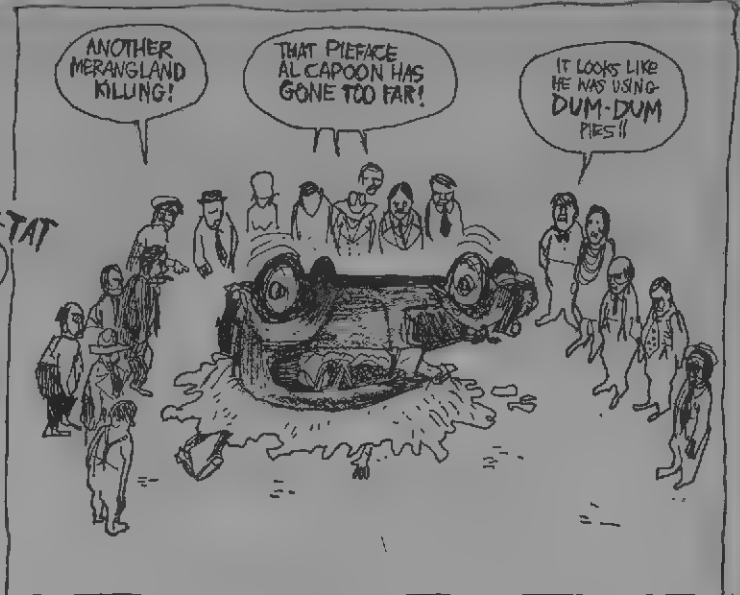
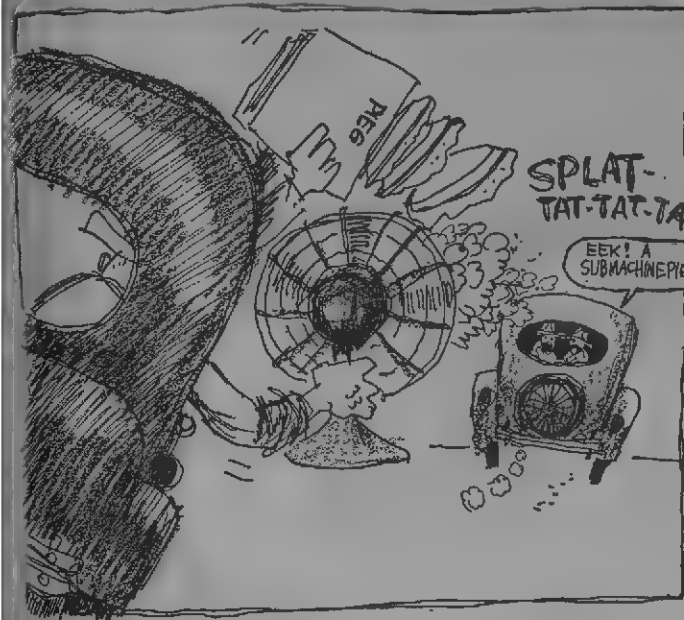


MEANWHILE, IN A SMOKE-FILLED ROOM, "PIEFACE" AL CAPOON, INTRUDER IN AUSTIN'S "PRIVATE" JUKE-BOX RACKET, LAYS THE GROUNDWORK FOR DOMINATION AND CONTROL!

CHECK YOUR SHOULDER HOLSTERS, BOYS... WE'RE GONNA GO SELL SOME JUKE-BOXES!







THE END



# AN OUTSIDERS' HANDBOOK

*A List for our Huddled Masses, Longing to Belong...*



## THE DEAF SMITH COUNTY CLUB

This student organization meets in the Chuckwagon and in local taverns to organize parties, to drink, to get rides back to Deaf Smith County for the holidays, and to reminisce.

In the Deaf Smith County Club, the "social side" of University life is emphasized. The club is small but active; meetings are daily. As "Hunk" Akins says, "Ain't there nobody but me from Deaf Smith County?"

## THE CARRILLON CLUB

A group of amateur musicians who like to ring bells are invited each day to practice on the Tower carillon. The fun lies not only in the ringing but the selecting of tunes, of which a typical day's repertory includes "There Is Nothing Like a Dame," "Fugue in E Minor," and "When Lilacs Last in the Door-yard Bloom'd." The concerts receive lengthy plaudits from the campus, especially from students who listen to the tunes while finishing their 12:00-1:00 examinations.

No experience is necessary.



## UNIVERSITY CHRONOLOGY GROUP

The members of this organization are the "observers," who notice and remark upon the passage of time. By showing concern, they make the passage of time important. "Like night watchmen who keep the world preserved in the mystic hours from sunset to dawn, so does the Chronology Group tie one semester to the next."

Occasional ritual observances are performed to solemnize a particular moment and to make activity seem worthwhile. Members point out that noting the passage of time is much better than being apathetic; thus the club motto: "Look—Wait—Appreciate!"

This club is often mistaken for the Student Assembly.



### SUPERIORITY INGROUP CLUB

Inconsequential people can become snobs simply by becoming a member of this group. Belonging assures confidence, contentment, augmented pride, and, ultimately, a glow of transcendent superiority.

At meetings, members may paint, write, talk, sing, or just sit, for which they receive overwhelming applause and praise. The remainder of the meeting time is spent disparaging non-members and formulating in-group jokes (like "Jane has five problems now!" or "Ha, ha! My father is the clerk at the Mark Hopkins Hotel!").

Membership selection is based on appearance, talent, service, "sharpness," ethnicity, scholastic achievement, wealth, and money.



### THE YOUNG WELCHERS

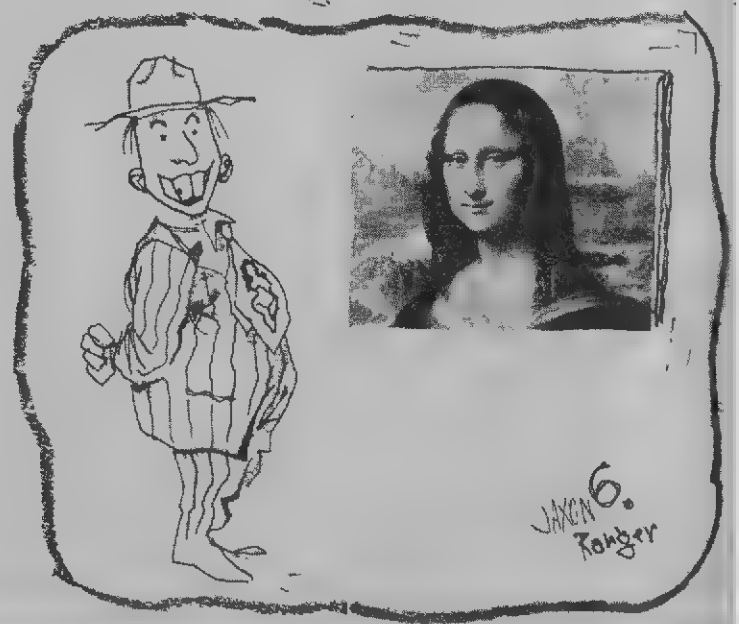
This conservation reaction action group dedicates itself to preserving professors' class lectures for posterity—each member must own a portable tape recorder (not to be confused with the Austin Recorder Society). A Young Welcher is distinctive and easy to spot in his straight collar and beaver hat.



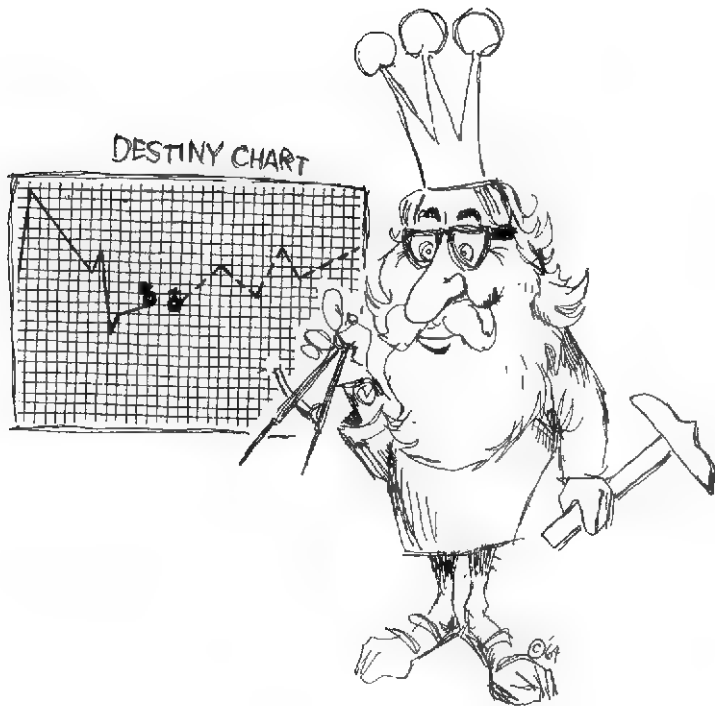
### THE HIGH DIVERS

This group has been one of the few stable clubs on campus. Although there is a constant turnover in membership, the members always seem to be intense and dedicated.

The group meets only once a semester in the Main Building, and airs its concerns on the observation deck of the tower, preferably the last three days before final examinations. These group meetings are characterized by a carefree abandon.







# Folksinging



THIS IS A HOOTENANNY  
IT IS SORT OF A MUTUAL ADMIRATION  
SOCIETY FOR UNDISCOVERED FOLKSINGERS  
VERY UNDISCOVERED FOLKSINGERS  
ALL THE GIRLS WEAR BURLAP SKIRTS  
THEY WILL CHANGE BEFORE MORNING CLASSES  
ALL THE BOYS HAVE BEARDS—EXCEPT HAIRY  
WHY DOESN'T HAIRY HAVE A BEARD  
SOMEONE MUST HAVE TOLD HIM HE  
LOOKED LIKE MITCH MILLER



THESE ARE COMMERCIAL FOLKSINGERS...  
WE KNOW THEY ARE COMMERCIAL BECAUSE THEY  
TELL ETHNIC JOKES BETWEEN SONGS  
ETHNIC, IN THIS CASE, MEANS DIRTY  
WE ALSO KNOW THEY ARE COMMERCIAL  
BECAUSE THEY WEAR CLEAN UNDERWEAR  
THE AUTHENTIC FOLKSINGER LOOKS DOWN ON THEM  
BECAUSE HE SAYS THEY HAVE "SOLD OUT"  
"SELLING OUT" IS WHAT THE AUTHENTIC  
FOLKSINGER WOULD DO IF HE COULD  
SING ON KEY





THIS IS AN AUTHENTIC FOLKSINGER  
HE SINGS IN THE COFFEEHOUSES IN HOUSTON  
THE COFFEEHOUSE OWNERS LIKE HIM BECAUSE  
HE WORKS FOR NOTHING  
THE STUDENTS LIKE HIM BECAUSE  
HE MAKES THEM FEEL SUPERIOR  
HE SINGS ETHNIC VERSIONS OF POPULAR FOLKSONGS  
ETHNIC, IN THIS CASE, MEANS OFF-KEY  
HE IS KNOWN TECHNICALLY AS A "PURIST"  
HE IS KNOWN FAMILIARLY AS A "LOSER"

THIS IS AN AUTHENTIC "BLUEGRASS" GROUP  
IN 1950, THEY WOULD HAVE BEEN A "HILLBILLY GROUP"  
AND NO ONE WOULD HAVE LISTENED TO THEM  
BUT NOW THEY ARE THE RICHEST HILLBILLIES  
IN WESTPORT, CONNECTICUT  
SEE THE FUNNY INSTRUMENT IN THE MIDDLE  
IT IS AN AUTHENTIC BLUEGRASS MANDOLIN  
IT HAS TWELVE STRINGS  
THAT MAKES IT APPROXIMATELY TWICE AS BAD  
AS AN AUTHENTIC BLUEGRASS GUITAR



THIS IS A "GRAND OLD MAN" OF FOLKSINGING  
HE LIVES IN AN UNPAINTED SHACK IN EVERETTOWN, KENTUCKY  
HE SPENDS MOST OF HIS TIME COMPOSING "SONGS HIS  
DADDY TAUGHT HIM" AND MAKING  
BANJOS FROM CIGAR BOXES AND WOOKCHUCK INTESTINES  
THE GRAND OLD MAN IS, OF COURSE, ILLITERATE  
HE CAN SCARCELY READ THE SIGNATURES ON  
HIS CHECKS FROM ALAN LOMAX



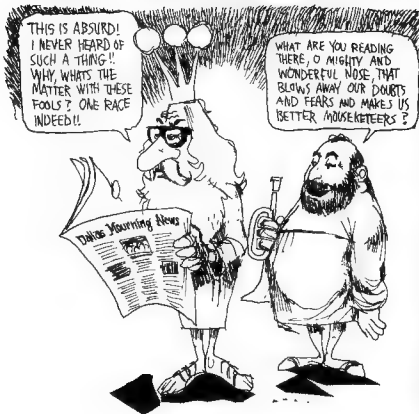
# GOD NOISE

NOT REEL





# BLACK MASSES



WELL GABRIEL, IF YOU'D STOP PLAYING THE LONE RANGER SOUND TRACK ALL THE LIVE LONG DAY AND READ THE PAPER OCCASIONALLY, YOU'D KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING!

PLEASE DON'T DO US  
PURISTS THE INDIGNITY  
OF CALLING IT 'LONE RAN-  
GER MUSIC' - IT'S THE  
WILL HIM TELL OVERTURE  
WITH MY SPECIAL ARRANGE-  
MENT FOR BASS TUBA EX-  
ECUTED ON FRENCH HORN!  
RESIDES, MY NEIN-  
BOY, JIMMY BROWN,  
DIED AND WENT TO  
HELL



WELL, THAT SHOULD BE A LESSON  
FOR ALL JOURNALISTS! I WISH  
YOU COULD SEE HOW MUCH GLORY  
THEY'RE GIVING THIS BLACK  
MASSES REVOLUTION! IT'S  
YELLOW, IF NOT READ!!

OH? WHAT'S WRONG WITH  
THE BLACK MASSES? I  
KINDA LIKE SUGAR RAY,  
ELLA FITZ AND MONK..AND  
MILES DAVIS CAN BLOW  
WITH THE BEST OF US!



THEY'RE NOT THE BLACK MARKES, YOU FOOL..  
THEY'RE EXCEPTIONS TO THE RULE!  
AND THERE'S A DIFFERENCE IN SLIDING IN HOME BASE,  
AND STAYING IN ONE'S PROPER PLACE.  
OH I WORKED SO HARD IN CREATION  
TO SEPARATE EACH AND EVERY NATION.  
MARKED RACE AS LIFE'S SPACE AND VIGOR..  
I MADE UM BLACK BUT NOT A NIGGER.  
NOW IT'S A CRITERION OF BEING "FREE"  
INSTEAD OF A FASCINATING ANOMALY,  
CHANGING THE "NOTES" INTO THE "GOTS"  
SHOULDN'T INVOLVE CHANGING THEIR SPOTS,  
FILE ON THEIR MIXIN' AND MISCEGENATIN'.  
IT'S DOWNRIGHT DEPRESSING AND AGGRAVATIN'! \*



\* SANG TO THE TUNE OF "OLD BLACK JOE  
SITTIN' ON THE LEVEE EATING A KUMQUAT  
PIE."



OH A **FLAT** NOSE, A **FLAT** NOSE!!!  
 YOU COULDN'T BLOW NARY SO MASSIVE  
 WITH A RESTRICTED NASAL PASSAGE!  
 YOU WOULD BE FRUSTRATED, ANXIOUS, NEUROTIC,  
 AND HY-PER  
 WITH A HEAD FULL OF GOODBYES AND UNABLE  
 TO WI-PER.  
 OH, WITH GREAT PROTRUDING SINUSES AND  
 SUCH A WIDE LITTLE DRIPPER,  
 YOU'D BE MORE AGGRESSIVE THAN  
 JACK THE RIPPER!  
 YES, IF **YOUR** NOSE WAS BROAD AND **FLAT**  
 MAKING YOU PART OF THEM WHAT'S NOT..  
 I DARE SAY YOU'D TRY EVEN **THAT**  
 TO RID YOU OF ALL THE SHOT!!

**BLOW ME DOWN!** I NEVER THOUGHT OF IT QUITE THAT  
 THAT WAY. GABE, WE'VE SIMPLY GOT TO FIX THE SITUATION SO I  
 CAN ENJOY MY TECHNICOLOR PEOPLE AND YET REMOVE THE EXISTENTIAL  
 STIGMA AND THE SOCIAL BARRIERS CONCOMITANT WITH COLOR  
 DIFFERENTIATION. WHAT CAN WE DO TO HEIGHTEN MAN'S ESTEEM FOR  
 HIS BROTHERS OF A DIFFERENT HUE??



WELL, WE COULD STICK **NEEDLES**  
 INTO THEIR EYEBALLS!!



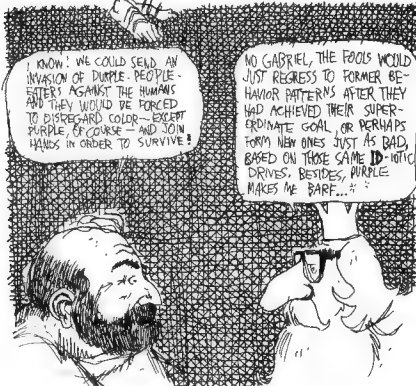
NO, THAT WOULDN'T WORK. THEY'D  
 PROBABLY DEVELOP SOME SYS-  
 TEM OF BRAILLE AND FEEL THE  
 DIFFERENCE. WHAT WE NEED IS TO  
 SEND A **PROPHET** WITH DIVINE  
 AUTHORITY...

NO NOSE.. ULTIMATE TRUTHS  
 GIVEN WITHOUT SIMULTANEOUS  
 EGO INVOLVEMENT GENERALLY  
 ARE OF DOUBIOUS VALUE...

BESIDES,  
 WE'VE AL-  
 READY TRIED  
 THAT A  
 BUNCH OF  
 TIMES  
 REMEMBER

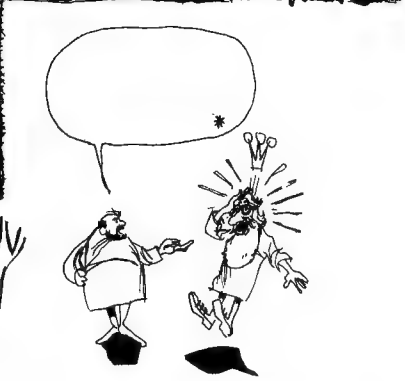
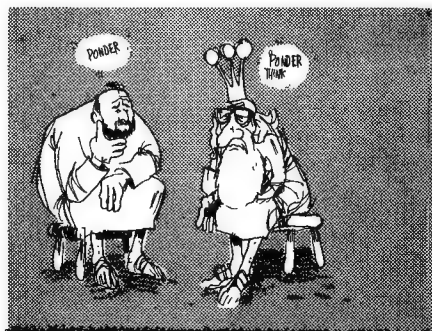
WELL, NOSE, THERE  
 MUST BE AN ANKNER  
 TO OUR DICHOTOMY  
 BESIDES PUSSENQUIDDY..

YES.. ONE WHOSE  
 APPLICATION WOULD  
 NOT ACTIVATE MORE  
 OF THIS HYPOCRITICAL  
 RATIONALIZATION..



I KNOW! WE COULD SEND AN  
 INVASION OF PURPLE PEOPLE-  
 EXTERMINATE THE HUMANS  
 AND THEY WOULD BE FORCED  
 TO DISREGARD COLOR-EXCEPT  
 PURPLE, OF COURSE-AND JOIN  
 HANDS IN ORDER TO SURVIVE!

NO GABRIEL, THE FOOLS WOULD  
 JUST REGRESS TO FORMER BE-  
 HAVIOR PATTERNS AFTER THEY  
 HAD ACHIEVED THEIR SUPER-  
 ORDINATE GOAL, OR PERHAPS  
 FORM NEW ONES JUST AS BAD,  
 BASED ON THOSE SAME ID-IOTIC  
 DRIVES. BESIDES, PURPLE  
 MAKES ME BARF..!!



\* YES, FRIENDS & NEIGHBORS... **now AT LAST**  
**YOU CAN SOLVE** THE RACE PROBLEM AND win  
**valuable prizes** FOR **YOURSELF!!** JUST **ENTER** YOUR  
 handy-dandy **solution** in the **SPACIOUS** **talk balloon**  
 (TWENTY-FIVE words or less, PLEASE)!!  
 ENCLOSE **FOUR [4] VIEWS** OF ROYAL CROWN HAIR  
 DRESSING **boxtops** AND **SEND NOW!** to Our Boy IN THE  
**White** house. win WIN WIN!! **1ST** Prize-ONE (1)  
 week, all expense paid, vacation to **ANGOLA**. 2nd Prize-TWO!! weeks in  
 scenic **ANGOLA** or **mozambique** OR... **misecipee**. **All this** IN ADDITION TO  
**Plus: FREE** DOUBLE **BLACK GOLD** STAMPS

# GOD NOSE

there's vice in high places



TELL ME FATHER WHY MUST THE GATEKEEPER RAVISH EVERY MAIDEN THAT COMES TO HEAVEN?

IT'S THE THIRD LAW OF ENTROPY SON... EVERYTHING THAT COMES UP MUST GO DOWN

BUT AS I WAS SAYING THAT HORNY GATEKEEPERS MAKING PROBLEMS.

HORNY DID YOU SAY?? GREAT MYSELF! LAST TIME THAT HAPPENED, WE HAD A HELIUM RESULT



THE CROOK

CHILDREN FATHER!! THAT INVOLVES TWO QUITE DIFFICULT CONCEPTS - THINGS OF POSITION AND TIME. IF WE ARE TO SPECIFY UNIVOCALLY THE POSITION OF A POINT, WE MAY DO SO BY NOTING ITS DISTANCE FROM THREE ARBITRARILY SELECTED MUTUALLY PERPENDICULAR PLANES... A POINT MUST ALWAYS BE LOCATED RELATIVE TO SAME FRAME OF REFERENCE.

OH YES - GUESS I HAD THAT ALL CRASHED IN...



THAT'S OK, WE ALL GET HUNG UP ONE TIME OR ANOTHER...



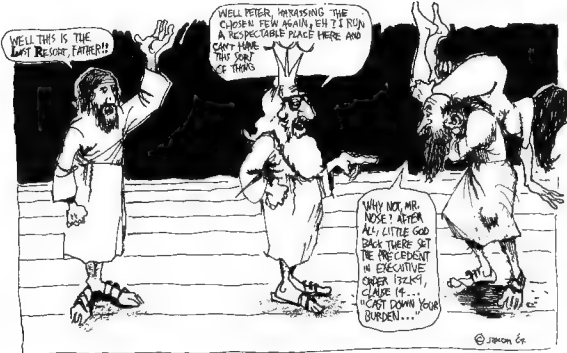
AROUND



BEHOLD!! HE'S DONE IT AGAIN!



I WEAR A HORN TOOT AND THEN THIS TRUCK HITS ME

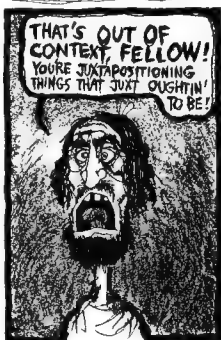


WELL THIS IS THE LAST REASON, FATHER!!

WELL PETER, MISMANAGING THE COMPANY FROM AGAIN, JUST I RUN A RESPECTABLE PLACE HERE AND CAN'T HAVE TWO SORT OF THINGS

WHY NOT, MR. NOSE? AFTER ALL, LITTLE GOD BACK THERE SET THE PRECEDENT IN EXECUTIVE ORDER ITZKYS, CEASE IT... CRASH DOWN YOUR BURDEN...

© JIMMY COX



THAT'S OUT OF CONTEXT, FELLOW! YOU'RE JUXTAPOSITIONING THINGS THAT JUST OUGHTN'T TO BE!



HEAR! HEAR!

WHOEVER HAD EARS

LET'S NOT BICKER! I THINK THE CONFLICT CAN BE RESOLVED IF WE CAN REVISE OUR INDUCTION PROCEDURE TO WHERE PETER DOESN'T HAVE TO CARRY THEM ACROSS THE THRESHOLD.. THEN HE WON'T BE IN A CONVENIENT POSITION TO CAST THEM DOWN...

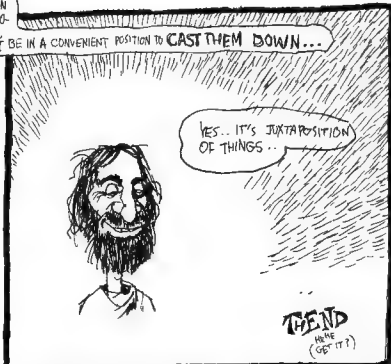


# THE SOVIET-SINO DRIP

GOD NO! YOU JUST GOT A TELEGRAM. IT'S FROM THE RUSSIANS, AND THEY WANT YOU TO BE ON THEIR SIDE!



ON THEIR SIDE! GREAT GROGGLIE GROCK IN THE MORNING! CHECK MY MEMO PAD AND SEE WHO I'M SCHEDULED FOR THIS YEAR! I THINK I'M ALREADY COMMITTED



YES.. IT'S JUKTAPOSITION OF THINGS..

THE END  
(HE HEARD IT)

LET'S SEE - 1944. HUMAN, YES, YOU'RE BEHIND THE ROAR, DOWNTODDEN MASSES THIS YEAR - THE RED CHINESE.

ALVIES, THOSE ROOR MORTALS, LIVING IN MID WITS WITH HARDLY ENOUGH HOPE TO KEEP BODY AND NOSE TOGETHER. YES, I COULDN'T GO BACK ON CONFUCIOUS..



NO, NOT NECESSARILY, PECULIAR THING ABOUT HUMANS - THEY DON'T LIKE TO SHARE ME WITH ONE ANOTHER. IF ONE CLAIMS TO HAVE ME, THE OTHERS ALWAYS GET DEED AND HURT ONE ANOTHER. BESIDES, WHO SENT THAT TELEGRAM?

WELL, NAME YOU COULD BACK BOTH THE CHINESE AND THE RUSSIANS? IF WHO GOT OUT, THEY WOULD CERTAINLY BE DRAWN CLOSER TOGETHER..



WHY, WESTERN UNION..



HA! I THOUGHT SO! SEE, THE RUSSIANS AREN'T REALLY IN THE EASTERN CAMP ATOL!

SOUL

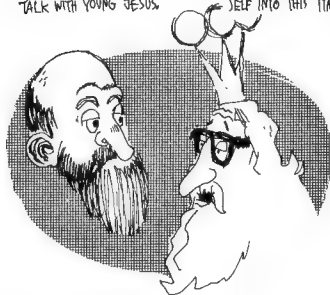
drip..

# KING OF SERFDOM

WITH INCIDENTAL MUSIC FOR BANJO  
AND HARMONICA, B FLAT MAJOR,  
OPUS 32 or *My Son, The Folksinger*

NOSE, I THINK YOU'D  
BETTER HAVE ANOTHER  
TALK WITH YOUNG JESUS.

OH? WHAT MISCHIEF  
HAS HE GOTTEN HIM-  
SELF INTO THIS TIME?



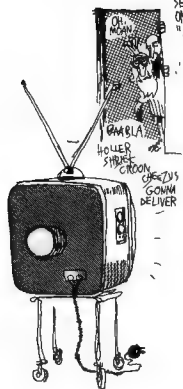
WELL, IT'S JUST THAT HE  
STO THERE IN FRONT OF  
THE TV ALL THE TIME  
LISTENING TO THAT  
CHRISTIAN STUFF...

GAD! NOT THAT AGAIN!  
I THOUGHT WE HAD REACHED  
AN AGREEMENT TO SCRAP  
THAT PROJECT!



POP

SEE, THIS IS HIS FAVORITE  
ONE - BILLY GRAHAMCRACKER'S  
"SECOND OF DECISION!"



OH  
NEARLY  
VERBLY

CHUCK'S  
GONNA  
DELIVER

SON, ARE YOU LISTENING TO THAT  
PROVINCIAL RUBBISH AGAIN? WHY,  
THAT FAKER DOESN'T EVEN TALK IN  
LATIN. I DON'T SEE HOW YOU CAN  
GO FOR SUCH SLOP! BAH!!  
SWINE!, ALL OF THEM..



WELL, IT'S YOUR  
SON, FATHER..

Behold, Father! They're hollering  
and carrying on something fierce,  
wanting me to return. Indeed,  
they really want to see me  
this time!! At last I can be king  
of serfdom!!

AS THEOPHILUS THIS, YOU'LL  
NEED IT LATER ON...

NONSENSE! THEY JUST WANT  
YOU TO ENTERTAIN THEM  
WITH YOUR TRICKS AND ALL  
THEY'D STICK YOU ON THE  
ED SULLIVAN SHOW AND  
THEN WASH THEIR HANDS OF  
YOU. BESIDES, THE MESSIAH  
AT JUST DOESN'T DRAW THE  
CROWDS IT USED TO. HAVEN'T  
YOU HEARD? THE RAGE  
THIS FALL IS BUTTON-  
DOWN FOLK SINGING..

EXIT  
NOSE

FOLK SINGING?  
HMMM

CLICK

PINDER  
SCRATCH

BIA  
BIA  
CUMMIN  
BACK  
SWEET  
SAVE YOUR

WELL, HELL! IF I CAN'T GO  
BACK AS A SAVIOR, I MIGHT  
AS WELL GO AS A FOLKER.  
I SAW HOOTENANNY ON TV  
LAST NIGHT, AND FOLK SING-  
ING DON'T LOOK SO HARD  
TO ME.

I CAN SEE IT NOW: MY  
NAME IN LIGHTS BESIDE  
THEODORE BIKEL!!



SWOOSH

YOUNG MR. JESUS GOES  
INTO A NOSE DIVE, SO TO  
SPEAK.

YES!! I MUST GO TO  
THE WORLD.. THIS  
FINE NOSE WILL BLOW  
ME THERE QUICKER  
THAN THE SOUND OF  
SPEED!!

SNIFE  
PRIBBLE  
DRABBLE

# LATER... ON EARTH

HA! LOOKS LIKE I'VE LANDED OUTSIDE A COFFEE HOUSE OF SOME SORT... STRANGE, BUT I COULD SWEAR THAT I HEAR THE VOICE OF ONE CROONING IN THE VILLAGE... MEBBINKS, I'LL FOLLOW IT DOWN.

MATERIALIZED  
CRYSTALLIZED  
PLING!

FRIED  
SHOE  
COFFEE HOUSE



WHAT'LL YOU BE HAVING, PILGRIM?

WATER, PLEASE...

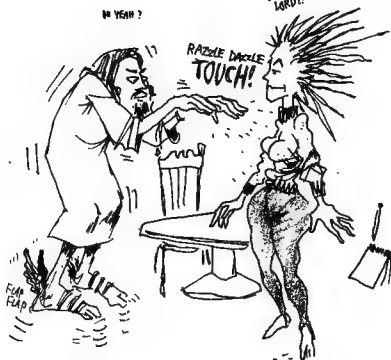
WATER? MAN, YOU CAN'T GET ANYTHING GOING ON WATER



OH YEAH?

OH... MY LORD!!

RAZDIE DAZDIE  
TOUCH!



BOBBY. GEE BOO  
ZA RAA-ROOTIE BOO  
ZIPPITY DOO-DAH,  
ZA BOOM, ZA BOOM

GOOD GRACE! OLGA'S  
ALL LIT UP. WONDER  
WHAT SHE'S ON TODAY?

OH, WHY, BOBBY BOO



SAY, MR. FOLKSINGER. YOU  
REMBR ME OF A PAL O  
MINE. YOUR NAME'S NOT  
JOHN BY ANY CHANCE, IS  
IT? NO? SAY, I'D LIKE TO  
BE A SINGER TOO; HOW DO  
YOU PLAY THAT THING?

YOU TRYING TO COPY  
MY STYLE OR SOMETHIN'  
FELLAH?

WAAH- ALL THERE IS TO PLAYING  
A GUITAR IS TO PUT YOUR FINGERS  
AT THE TOP THERE AND HOLD THE  
STRINGS-  
THEN YOU BEAT  
HELL OUTTA  
THE THINGS  
DOWN HERE  
WITH THE  
OTHER  
HAND.

LINE O  
SO

YEAH



I'LL TELL YOU RIGHT NOW.. SOCIAL  
PROTEST IS THE THING THAT "BE"  
AROUND HERE. YOU CAN'T COME ON  
TOO STRONG WITH IT, THO- GOT TO  
SUGARCOAT IT, THROW IN SOME GOO.  
WAHS, AND ALWAYS HAVE A HAPPY  
ENDING - F YOU WANT TO REACH  
THE COLLEGE CROWD, ESPECIALLY..

YOU SAY HAPPY  
ENDINGS? SO  
THAT'S THE ATTITUDE  
THAT MUST BE...  
HUHAAA..



\* ALL YOU SLOW ONES OUT  
THERE - TAKE NOTE OF  
THIS TOO CAUSE IT'LL POP  
UP AGAIN IN A MINUTE..

SAY, WHY DON'T YOU DO A NUMBER?

WELL.. GUESS I COULD  
TRY AN OLD ONE...




FOLKS,

HERE'S A MAN  
THAT JUST BLEW  
INTO TOWN AND  
HE'S GONNA DO  
A SONG OF TROUBLE  
AND SORROW FOR ALL  
YOU P.H.D.S IN THE  
CROWD..





\*  
BLESS'D BE THE WEAK AND WEARY  
BLESS'D BE THE WRETCHED AND MEAK   
TO THE LIFE SO EMPTY AND DREARY  
KEEPS YOU UNFETTERED AND ABLE TO SPEAK..  
  
BUT WHEN YOU SWEAK, THE WORLD CRASHES DOWN..  
SO MANY WANT NOT TO HEAR EARAH HANANIA  
FEAR NOT, I SAY  
AND DO NOT DELAY..  
SUN ONNA SHINE IN OUR BACK DOOR SOMEDAY.

SO WHEN THEY STOP YOU AND ASK FOR YOUR PAPERS,  
SAY YOU'RE A STRONGER. THAT'S JUST PASSING THRU...  
DON'T CHALLENGE ONE OF THEIR GRAPE JUICE AND WAFERS.  
TELL 'EM THAT THIS LIFE HAS BROKE OFF FOR YOU.

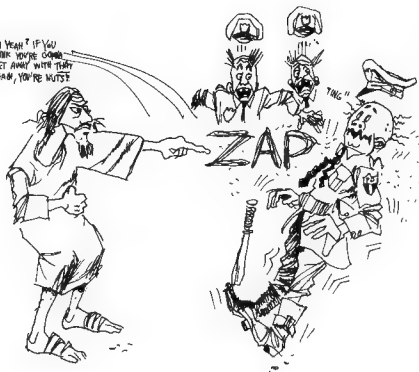
CAME WHEN YOU BITE, THE WORLD CRASHES DOWN  
THE TASTE GOES OUT OF YOUR LIFE. I FEEL LA DADÉE  
COME UNTO ME

WE TIRED BOOZE-WAH-ZEE  
NOBODY MAKES CHEAPER ROSÉ THAN ME  
OOO-WAH

ALRIGHT FELLOW! YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS WHOLE THING - SPREADING YOUR GODLESS, SOCIALISTIC TRASH! COME WITH US!



OH YEAH? IF YOU THINK YOU'RE GONNA GET AWAY WITH THAT AGAIN, YOU'RE MISTAKE



WOW! THE STRANGER TURNED ALL THE BULLS INTO FROGS!!



SAY MAN, YOU LOOK LIKE A NATURAL FOR THE INTERNATIONAL SURFING CHAMPIONSHIP. WHAY'DDA SAY YOU JOIN OUR CLUB + LET'S BE OFF.. FOLK SINGING IS OUT THIS FALL; SURFING IS IN.

LATER... ON THE BEACH

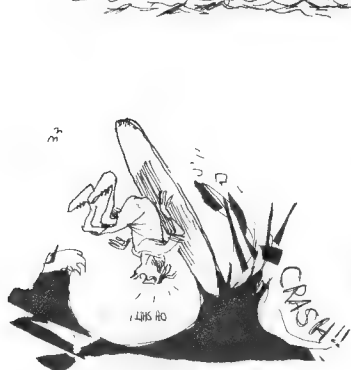
NOW THERE'S NOTHING TO IT. JUST PADDLE OUT AND CATCH THE FIRST WAVE YOU SEE..



I FEEL STUPID AS HELL, BUT ANYTHING FOR MY TRIUMPH..



UH-OH, HERE COMES ONE NOW..

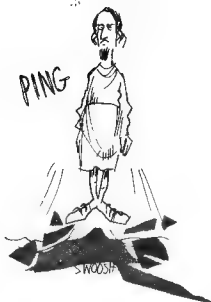


TO HELL  
WITH THIS!



THE  
PRESIDENT

PING



FOO! I'M SOAKING WET!



EKK! MY NIGHTSHIRT  
IS SHRINKING!!



NOW!! LOOK AT HIM GO!!  
HERE HE COMES NOW!!



HEY... ILL BE THE  
FIRST TO WORK IN YOUR  
WOOD DREAM, TRY APPLYING  
ME

CROWN HIM!

AND THAT IS THE  
STORY OF HOW  
YOUNG MR. CHRIST,  
FIRST TIME LOSER,  
REALIZED HIS CHILD-  
HOOD DREAM, THRU APPLICATION  
OF THOSE AGE-OLD  
AMERICAN IDEALS,  
HARD WORK & THRIFT,  
AND BECAME —  
KING OF SUREDOM!



AHH  
AT LAST









LOVE? LOVE IS SOMETHING FAR MORE THAN THE MERE RELEASE OF PHYSICAL NECESSITY! IT IS THE PRINCIPAL MEANS OF ESCAPE FROM THE LOVELINESS AFFLICTING MOST MEN AND WOMEN THROUGHOUT THE GREATER PART OF THEIR LIVES.



WELL, MAYBE SO, BUT IT DON'T MEAN A THING IF IT AIN'T GOT THAT SWING!



I GOT RHYTHM, I GOT NATURE, I GOT MY CHART, WHO COULD ASK FOR ANYTHING MORE? I GOT 'SAFE DAYS' ON MY SCHEDULE, I GOT MY CHART, WHO COULD ASK FOR ANYTHING MORE?

PILLS AND JELLIES, PROPHYLACTICS, OTHER TACTICS — THEY'RE A BORE!

I GOT RHYTHM, I GOT SANCTION, I GOT THE CHURCH, WHO COULD ASK FOR ANYTHING MORE?

\* SING TO THE TUNE OF "I GOT RHYTHM"



MY DEAR GIRL — THE FAILURE TO RECOGNIZE THE PLACE OF SEXUAL RELATIONS IN LIFE, SEPARATE FROM THE INTENTION FOR PREGNANCY, IS A SERIOUS ERROR IN UNDERSTANDING THE NATURE OF THE SPIRITUAL UNION MADE POSSIBLE THROUGH THE CONJUGAL ACT..

OH YEAH? THEN HOW COME TRAINS DON'T HAVE BABIES?

WHY.. I DON'T KNOW..



BECAUSE THEY ALWAYS PULL OUT ON TIME!!

\*NOW PULLING OUT'S A CRIME OF VIOLENT VILLAINY SO WHEN IT'S CLIMAX TIME NO, NO! YOU CAN'T TAKE THAT AWAY FROM ME.

A DIAPHRAGM IS CUTE, AND HANDY AS CAN BE; OR EVEN WEAR A BOOT, BUT NO! YOU CAN'T TAKE THAT AWAY FROM ME.

NOW A GAY WHO KEEPS ON PULLIN' OUT IS NOTHING BUT A RAT; YOU WON'T EVER FIND ONE OWAN UP TO THAT.

IF PREGNARE YOU WOULD ROB AND GET AWAY SCOT FREE, KEEP IT AN INSIDE JOB, 'CAUSE NO! YOU CAN'T TAKE THAT AWAY FROM ME.

YAA-DAH DAW-DA DAW-DAH



ANY THING BUT THAT DOO-WAH AWAY FROM DOO-WAH FROM DOO-WAH OH NO, A-WAY FROM ME...



\* THE HORRIBLE IMPLICATIONS OF COITUS INTERRUPTUS SING TO THE TUNE OF "YOU CAN'T TAKE THAT AWAY FROM ME."

**BAH!!** DON'T THINK YOU CAN OVERCOME ME BY SUCH SHALLOW INTERJECTIONS! I TOO WANT THE STREAM TO RUN ITS FULL COURSE, BUT FOR DIFFERENT REASONS, YOU SEE, THERE ARE MANY METHODS WHEREBY FULL CONSUMMATION IS ALLOWABLE, WITHOUT THE PROBABILITY OF CONCEPTION...

YES, BUT THERE'S ALSO ONE ABSOLUTELY SAFE TIME WHEN WE CATACUMBS CAN HAVE OUR CAME AND EAT IT TOO, SO TO SPEAK...

I'VE GOT THE WORLD ON A STRING, WIDE AWAKE OR SLEEPING, GOT THE STRING TIED TO A TAMPON — WHAT A WORLD, WHAT A LIFE, I'M IN HEAT!

YOU KNOW, SUCH JOYS IT CAN BRING, EVEN GOOD HOUSEKEEPING SHOULD PUT ITS APPROVAL STAMP ON — LUCKY ME, CAN'T YOU SEE, I'M IN HEAT!

HOW CAN OUR SEX LIFE GO WRONG AS LONG AS WE STRING ALONG? 'CAUSE JUST LIKE A TABLE FROM GREECE, I'LL BE A PERIOD PIECE.

I'VE GOT THE WORLD ON A STRING, LIKE A PARATROOPER, ALL I DO IS PULL THE RIP-CORD — WHAT A WORLD, WHAT A LIFE, I'M IN HEAT!

\* SING TO THE TUNE OF "I'VE GOT THE WORLD ON A STRING"

GAD! THAT'S A MIGHTY SENSITIVE ISSUE, BESIDES BEING MESSY. THE METHODS I WAS TALKING ABOUT FREE MAN FROM HAVING TO LUNCH A TIME CLOCK.

YES, BUT THEY ALL USURP FROM YOU, BY THE MIND-MISSION OF JELLY AND GOOK, THE RIGHT TO DETERMINE WHETHER OUR... LOVE-SYMBOL WILL BE FRUITFUL, AND THUS THEY BECOME A SYMBOLIC REFUSAL OF YOUR ADMISSION TO OUR REPULSANT VILE ACT!

WHAT STRANGE REASONING... DO YOU SERIOUSLY BELIEVE THAT A THIN PIECE OF LATEX CAN WITHSTAND MY MIGHTY BLOW? I, A MONK OF MOUNTAINS? **OBSERVE!!**

**SHONZZZ**

**BLAM!**

BUT I SAID **SYMBOLIC** REFUSAL OF YOUR ADMISSION. THE CHURCH AND I SEE COTTY AS SO UNIFIED AND SACRED THAT ANY IMPROVISATION UPON IT ATTACKS THE VERY RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN YOU AND US.

**SYMBOLISM, SCHYMBOLISM!!** ENOUGH OF THAT CRAP! I'M THERE WHETHER YOU WANT ME OR NOT. I SEE YOU MAKE SCREWING MEANINGFUL, AND I SEE YOU MAKE IT SENSELESS, BUT I STILL SEE IT, AND THERE'S NO WAY, ARTIFICIAL OR OTHERWISE, THAT YOU CAN ROOT ME OUT. ESPECIALLY SINCE MY PARTICIPATION IS IN TEE-NINNY OSMOPHORIC FORM...



TEE-NINY OSMOPHORIC FORM?



SEE? I'M SMALL ENOUGH TO GET RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THINGS, AND THERE'S JUST NOTHING MORE REFRESHING THAN A COLD SHOWER AFTER ALL THAT GOING AND COMING, ESPECIALLY WHEN IT'S FRAGRANT, CARBONATED WATER - LIKE 7-UP!



WELL, IT'S OK FOR ME, BUT NOT TOO GOOD FOR YOU. WHAT IS MORE PROTECTIVE FOR YOU, AND ALSO MORE FUN FOR ME, IS SQUISHEY VAGINAL FOAM OR JELLY. OH, I CAN SLIP + SLIDE TO MY NOSE'S CONTENT!



WITH JUDD'S I CAN SWING THRU THE BREEZE AND BOUNCE ON, SAY - A FINE, SPRINGY DIAPHRAGM! GOSHOROOTIE, JUST LIKE A TRAMPOLINE!



..AND WITH THE PILL, I CAN RIDE ALL THROUGH THE DIGESTIVE SYSTEM AND HEAD OFF GONADOTROPIC HORMONES AT THE PASS.



\* INTRA-UTERINE CONTRACEPTIVE DEVICE



DOUCHES AND JELLIES AND TROTANS AND PEACOCKS  
AND IN PREVENTING DEMENTIA PRACOCKS;  
FOR ALL THE SAFETY THAT USING THEM BRINGS,  
THESE ARE A FEW OF MY FAVORITE THINGS.

DIAPHRAGMS ALSO TO ME ARE BELOVED,  
AND LITTLE PILL BOTTLES LABELED "ENOVID";  
FREEDOM FROM WORRY AND SEX WITHOUT STRINGS --  
THESE ARE A FEW OF MY FAVORITE THINGS.

WHEN THE BIRTH RATE'S OVERFLOWING,  
DON'T DAMN INTERCOURSE;  
JUST SIMPLY REMEMBER MY FAVORITE THINGS,  
AND SHUT IT OFF AT THE SOURCE.

DOUCHES AND JELLIES....

\*\*\* SING TO THE TUNE OF "THESE ARE  
A FEW OF MY FAVORITE THINGS" \*\*\*



WARD AIN'T IT HARD,  
AIN'T IT HARD,  
TO LOVE SOMEONE WHO  
REALLY LOVES TO SCREAM  
BUT AIN'T IT ALL SOUNDS EASY,  
WHEN HE WANT GO TO  
BED WITH YOU.



(GROANING  
SINGS)

ON YEAH? THEN  
WHAT ABOUT THE DE-  
GENERATION OF SEX-  
UAL MORALITY WHICH  
SEEMS TO ACCOMPANY  
THIS WIDESPREAD  
ACCEPTANCE OF CONTRA-  
CEPTIVE METHODS?  
HOW ABOUT  
THAT?



THE MORRS OF SOCIETY ARE THREATENED,  
YOU COMPLAIN;  
YOU CRY THAT OUR SEX STANDARDS SOON WILL ALL  
GO DOWN THE DRAIN,  
THAT PEOPLE WILL BE BALLING  
AT THE CROPPING OF A HAT --  
I MUST ADMIT YOU'RE RIGHT, BUT WHAT THE HELL  
IS WRONG WITH THAT?

ENJOY YOURSELF, IT'S LATER THAN YOU KNOW  
ENJOY YOURSELF, AND COME BEFORE YOU GO.  
YOU NEEDN'T REAP, BUT YOU CAN DENY SOMETHING  
ENJOY YOURSELF, ENJOY YOURSELF,  
IT'S LATER THAN YOU KNOW.

YOU TALK ABOUT DEGENERATION OF MORALITY;  
AND WORRY THAT THE WORLD WILL START IN SINNING  
FAST AND FREE.

BUT WHEN YOU'RE OLD AND WITHERED AT THE AGE OF EIGHTY-EIGHT,  
YOU AIN'T GOT TOO DAMN MUCH LEFT THEN TO DEGENERATE.

SO, ENJOY YOURSELF, IT'S LATER THAN YOU KN-O-O-W.



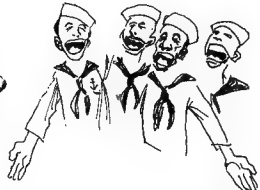
WELL, SINCE YOU  
PUT IT **THAT**  
WAY! QUICK,  
JOHN, THE FOAM!!



NOW LISTEN FRIENDS AND NEIGHBOORS,  
IF IT'S HAPPINESS YOU'RE SEEKING, HAVE TO SAY:  
HAPPY WALK TO WHAT WE SCREAM OR NERVOUS,  
WHEN YOU'RE WORRIED, TIRED OR NERVOUS,  
FIND YOURSELF A WILLING PARTNER,  
HOP IN BED AND KREW YOUR TROUBLES ALL AWAY!

**YALL COME, YALL COME!**  
DON'T SPENT THE THREAT OF PROGENY,  
**YALL COME, YALL COME,**  
AND YOU'LL BE HAPPY AS CAN BE!

HIA! GUESS I  
CONDOM INTO  
THAT !!



CURTAIN  
© 1968

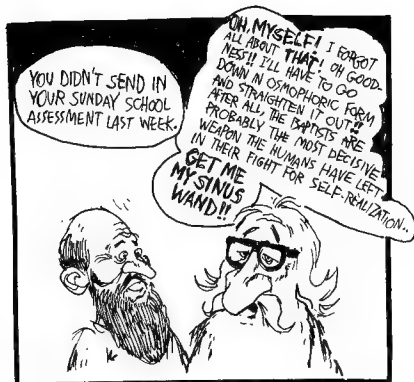


# GOD NOSE goes to SUN SCHOOL

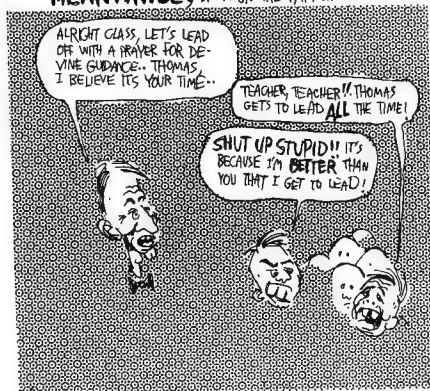
or: pew, what a smell

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WHAT!? HOW CAN THEY?  
279 DAYS, 13 AND 1/2 HOURS OF  
PERFECT ATTENDANCE IN THE  
BTU - EXCEPT THE TIME I WAS  
LATE BECAUSE THE CX WAS IN  
THE DITCH, 35 CERTIFICATES IN  
SUMMER SCHOOL, CROSS-WORD  
PUZZLE SOLVING CLASS, AND 34  
SILVER STARS - NOW THEY'RE  
GONNA TAKE AWAY MY GOLD  
STAR? WHAT FOR?



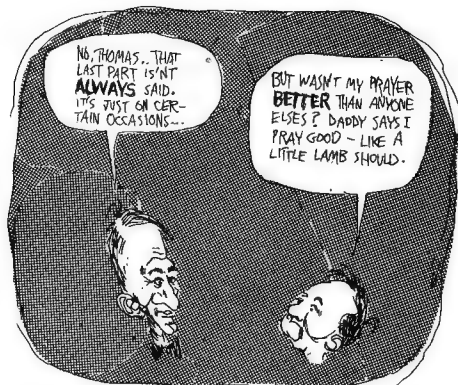
MEANWHILE, BACK ON THE FARM..



THANK YOU, ALMIGHTY GOD, FOR LIFE'S  
MANY BLESSINGS. BLESS MOMMA, DADDY,  
GRANDPA, UNCLE TOM, AUNT LUCY, LITTLE  
JOHN WHO'S HOME IN BED WITH THE GRECH,  
GOVERNOR WALLACE, A MERICA, HICKLEBERRY  
HOUND, AND EVEN THE POPE. FORGIVE  
THE NIGGERS FOR THEIR MANY SINS AND  
TELL REVEREND JONES NOT TO PREACH  
LONG CAUSE MOMMA'S GOT A ROAST IN  
THE OVEN.. THANK YOU JESUS FOR THE  
RED BICYCLE AND BLESS THIS FOOD  
TO THE NOURISHMENT OF OUR BODY.

AMEN..





IT WAS A WONDERFUL PRAYER, SON... YOU DESERVE TO LEAD THE SINGING - WHAT SHALL WE SING?



OH!!! I'M IN THE KING'S AR-MEE,  
I'M IN THE KING'S AR-MEE.  
HOW I LOVE TO MARCH IN THE INFAN-TREE,  
SHOOT THE ARTILL-ER-REE, RIDE IN THE  
CALVERY! HOW I LOVE TO FLY GER LAND  
AND SEA, 'CAUSE I'M IN THE  
KING'S AR-MEE!! \*

OH, WASN'T THAT NICE!  
NOW DO "ON-  
WARD CHRIS-  
TIAN SOLDIERS."



\* SING TO THE TUNE OF:  
"I'M IN THE KING'S ARMY"

NO TEACHER, I'VE GOT SOME MORE  
VERSES TO "KING'S ARMY" THAT I  
MADE UP ALL BY MYSELF!....

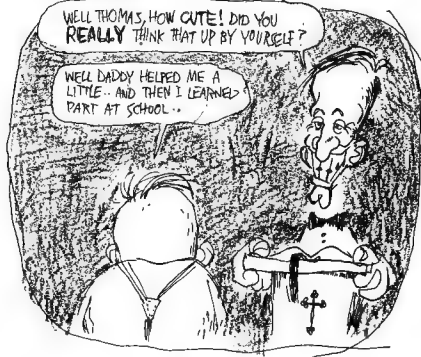
OH, HOW I'D LOVE TO  
STAMP OUT THE EN-E-NE  
SET ALL THE PAGANS FREE  
MAKE ALL THE WORLD LIKE ME,  
HOW I'D LOVE TO SPREAD  
CHRIS-TEE-AN-ITY,  
'CAUSE I'M IN THE KING'S  
AR-MEE!!

CLAP CLAP  
CLAP



WELL THOMAS, HOW CUTE! DID YOU  
REALLY THINK THAT UP BY YOURSELF?

WELL DADDY HELPED ME A  
LITTLE... AND THEN I LEARNED  
PART AT SCHOOL...



WELL, YOU DESERVE ANOTHER  
STAR FOR THAT! AND NOW  
CLASS, WE'LL TAKE UP OFFER-  
ING, SO A NERDY FAMILY IN  
THE COMMUNITY CAN EAT  
CHRISTMAS DINNER...

TEACHER, DADDY SAYS THAT  
IF THEY WASN'T SO LAZY,  
THEY WOULDN'T BE SUCH  
TRASH, AND THAT WE  
OUGHTN'T TO KEEP GIVING  
'EM STUFF... IT'S BAD FOR  
'EM!!



NOW HERMAN,  
JESUS SAID...

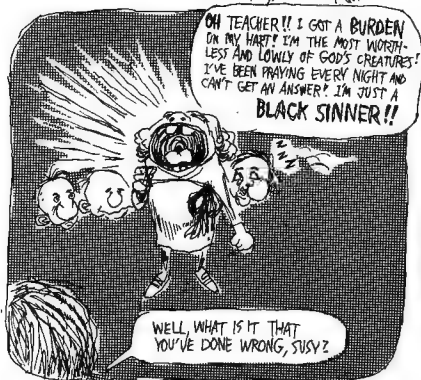


AND UNCLE BOB SAID THEY  
OUGHTN' TO KEEP TRYIN' TO  
COME TO OUR CHURCH 'CAUSE  
THEY DON'T SMELL GOOD!

I JUST LIKE TO  
GAGGED WHEN  
ONE TRIED TO SIT BY ME  
LAST SUNDAY...

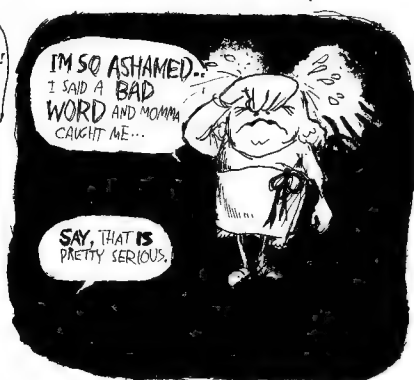
TEACHER, LET'S HAVE  
A SOCIAL THIS AFTER-  
NOON AND PLAY GAMES  
AND ROAST WEENERS  
AND TALK ABOUT JESUS!  
WE CAN USE THE COLLECT-  
ION FOR THAT!!

WELL... I GUESS SO, BUT  
ONLY IF WE HAVE A GOOD  
TESTIMONIAL.. WHO WANTS  
TO TELL ABOUT THEIR  
HORRIBLE SINS FIRST?



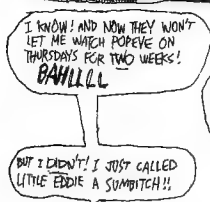
OH TEACHER!! I GOT A BURDEN  
ON MY HEART! I'M THE MOST WORTH-  
LESS AND LOWLY OF GOD'S CREATURES!  
I'VE BEEN PRAYING EVERY NIGHT AND  
CAN'T GET AN ANSWER! I'M JUST A  
**BLACK SINNER!!**

WELL, WHAT IS IT THAT  
YOU'VE DONE WRONG, SUSY?



I'M SO ASHAMED...  
I SAID A **BAD**  
WORD AND MOMMA  
CAUGHT ME...

SAY, THAT IS  
PRETTY SERIOUS.



I KNOW! AND NOW THEY WON'T  
LET ME WATCH POPEVE ON  
THURSDAYS FOR TWO WEEKS!

**BAHLLL**

BUT I DIDN'T! I JUST CALLED  
LITTLE EDDIE A SUMBITCH!!

WELL SUSY, I'M SURE IT HURTS  
THEM MORE THAN IT DOES YOU.  
YOU'VE JUST GOTTA LEARN GOD'S  
HOLY COMMANDMENTS. "THOU  
SHALT NOT TAKE THE LORD'S NAME  
IN VAIN."



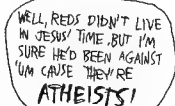
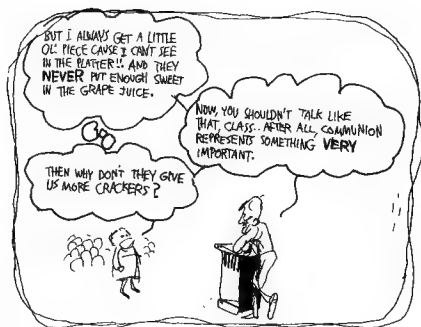
TEACHER, IS THERE ANY  
CRACKERS LEFT OVER  
FROM COMMUNION?  
**I'M HUNGRY!!**

**NOT NOW!** WAIT  
UNTIL LATER AND YOU  
CAN TAKE PART IN THE  
BREAKING OF CHRIST'S  
BODY!



ME TOO!

ME TOO!



WE'LL TALK ABOUT IT SOME OTHER TIME - RIGHT NOW, IT'S **ATTENDANCE RECOGNITION TIME! ROOM 3** IS THE WINNER! THEY HAD 15 PRESENT AND ONLY 1 TARDY. ISN'T THAT GOOD? A GOOD CROSS FOR ROOM 3! NOW, THE REST OF YOU WILL HAVE TO WORK HARDER. GOD SAYS WE OUGHT TO WORK HARD, YOU KNOW... ISAIAH 31:27 SAYS "... WORK HARD..." AND REMEMBER, OUR MANSION IN HEAVEN IS BEING BUILT WITH THE TIMBER OF OUR WORK HERE ON



EARTH - ISN'T THAT NICE? SO WORK HARDER THAN THE NEXT AND YOU'LL GET MORE AT JUDGMENT DAY WHERE THERE'LL BE WEEPING AND GRINNING OF TEETH FOR THE HIGH SCHOOL DROP-OUT, WHICH ALL TIES BACK TO OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR TODAY: **"LOVE ONE ANOTHER."**

WELL, THEY ONLY HAD A FEW NIGGERS IN JESUS' TIME. THEY PROBABLY USED TO DANCE AND SING-IN AT THE CIRCUSES, BUT YOU DIDN'T CATCH CHRIST MARRIAGES, GOOD FOR MY SAVOR IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME!!

AND THE NIGGERS?



**Dats' all Folks**

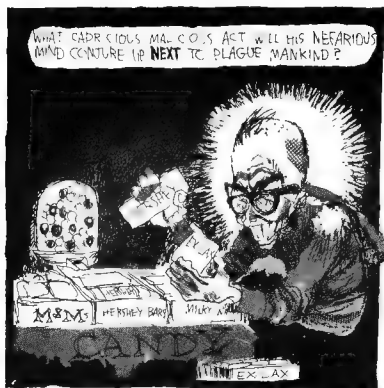




STEALTHILY LURKING UNDER PLACID NIGHT SKIES COMES THE DREADED SOURCE OF GRANNIES' PRIZE FLOWER BEDS.



EVERYWHERE HE STRIKES, PASSING NO OPPORTUNITY TO WREAK HAVOC AND MISFORTUNE AMONG THE FAMILY OF MAN..



## CONFRONTATION: GOD NOSE MEETS G?



**WHO** IS THIS MADMAN THAT TRAVELS THROUGH THE AGES HAUNTING THE BENEFICENT IMPULSES OF HUMANITY??

**WHAT** INSIDIOUS PURPOSE DWELLS WITHIN HIS INNERMOST, ESSENCE OF BEING?

**CAN** MAN PREVAIL? **FIND OUT NOW.** IT MAY SHOCK YOU - MAY FREAK YOU OUT, BUT ONE THING'S FOR SURE, IT'S **THERE**, PEEPING AT YOU THROUGH THE WINDOW, WITH ITS NOSE TO THE GLASS. **REAL** EXISTENTIAL BLOOD AND GUTS, TO BE SURE.

**DON'T** LET ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY PASS YOU BY FRIENDS. THE TRUTH IS STANDING HERE, WAITING WITH OPEN ARMS.. READ ON

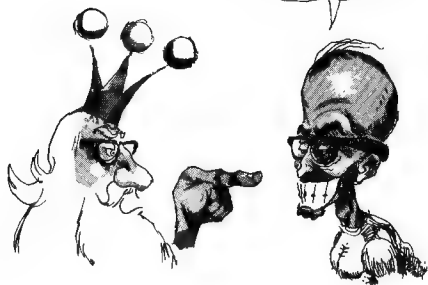
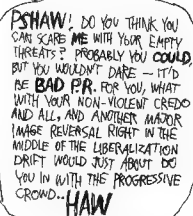
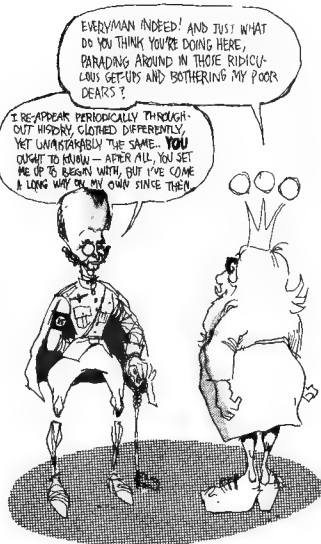
**SEE** MANKIND, STRIPPED **BARE NEKKID**. STANDING AT THE PRECIPICE WITH ITS FATE HELD IN ITS HANDS..

**ALL REVEALED!** IN THIS THRILLING EPISODE!





LATER STILL:



OH, I ONLY USE FORCE IN THE MOST DIRE OF CIRCUMSTANCES, AND THEN WITH A GRAIN OF SALT. I'VE GOT IT FIXED SO THAT EVERYMAN MUST, OF HIMSELF, WILL HIS OWN FATE - WITHIN MORAL LIMITATIONS, OF COURSE..

AW! AND PRECISELY BECAUSE WE MUST BE ROOTED IN EXISTENCE, I WILL REMAIN AND CONTINUE TO SCRATCH FILTHY WORDS ON REST ROOM WALLS! I AM IRREVOCABLY PART OF MAN, AND TO DESTROY ME IS TO DESTROY MAN!



(SPOTER): I CAN SEE RIGHT NOW THAT THIS PROBLEM IS SO COMPLEX THAT I WILL HAVE TO INSTITUTE A BUREAUCRACY TO COMBAT ITS MANY RAMIFICATIONS!



THAT WON'T GET YOU ANYWHERE!! MAN CAN ONLY HOPE TO SHARE A LITTLE WARDNTH, OOO SEEKS TO DESTROY EVEN THAT. NO IMPERSONALIZING FOR ME. BESIDES, I'M ORGANIZED TOO!!

NOBLE INDEED! OFTEN MY WORK IS BETTER ACCOMPLISHED UNDER THE GUISE OF LOVE, HUMANITARIANISM, AND BENEVOLENCE. YOU JUST NEVER CAN TELL WHERE I'LL POP UP NEXT - HE HE

BUT BUT ALL THOSE ORGANIZATIONS STARTED WITH NOBLE AIMS!



GAD! THIS LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR THE FANTASMAGORIC FIVE!



SWISH SWISH

LARD NOSE!

GRUNDLEYSQUAT FOR WHAT YOU'RE NOT..



NO-BODY NOSE..

I'M JUST A NOBODY.

SOMEBODY'S COMING WITH A NOSE IN THEIR BRITCHES

WELL IS THERE ANY MAN

and THEIR FAITHFUL COMPANIONS

christ sakes

WEATHER'S SAKES, IF YOU PLEASE?

LAND SAKES! GET THE MUSTARD



GOTT DOG

no-one nose!



YOU, PESTILENCE, PLAGUE  
MORTALS NO MORE! RELIEF IS  
NOW JUST A SWALLOW AWAY,  
GIVING QUICK AND EASY RESULTS,  
AND... NO UPSET STOMACH.



FAMINE - BROTHER MANKIND NO  
YIELD BUT ARE IN THE HISTORIES OF  
PEOPLE WITH A THROAT TO GO DOWN  
ALTHOUGH I COMPLIMENTARY STINGING BEAN,  
NOT WILL REALIZE THAT SUCH GRATUITOUS  
ESTABLISHING SERIOUS INFLAMMATIONS FOR  
LEAD-LEADS ESTABLISHING DECISIONS FOR  
-MURDER... POLICY AND THE COMMON



STRIFF! IT HAS BEEN  
YOUR PROVOCATION THAT HAS  
GOADED MAN TOWARD THE TOP  
OF THE HEAD WITH ALL ITS RE-  
SULTANT DISHARMONIES. I EXOR-  
CISE YOU WITH A HANDY DANDY  
COMBINATION PSYCHOTHERAPEUTIC  
SESSION AND MARRIAGE CONSULT-  
ATION GIFT CERTIFICATE, SUIT-  
ABLE FOR FARMING...

OH-HO... YOU  
GOT ME!!



AND YOUR WAR, I DESTROY  
YOU WITH THE ULTIMATE  
WEAPON, A GAS SO FIERCE  
THAT THE VERY CONCEPT  
OF WAR HAS BEEN REIN-  
DERED INFEASIBLE AS  
A FUNCTIONAL ALTER-  
NATIVE IN THE DREAD-  
ED MODERN  
WORLD - THE DREAD-  
ED BRAIN FART  
CAPSULE!!



WELL, OLD MAN, THINK YOU NOSE IT ALL, DON'T YOU?  
 BUT YOU HAVEN'T **REALLY** DESTROYED MY LOVLIES.  
 THEY'RE STILL THERE, LURKING IN THE SHADOWS.  
**WAITING...** MAN'S EXPANDED KNOWLEDGE OF TOOL  
 USAGE CANNOT KILL THEM - THEY WILL CONTINUE  
 TO RETURN BECAUSE I STILL EXIST, AND IT IS MY  
 PRESENCE THAT INSURES THEIR ROLE IN HUMAN  
 ENDEAVOR, JUST AS IT HAS IN THE PAST. HOW'S THAT  
 FOR A MUTHA OF AN EXISTENTIAL DILEMMA??



(OH MOAN - WHAT TO DO?) **HAH!** I'VE GOT IT!  
 BEING THAT THIS IS A PROBLEM (INTRINSIC TO  
 THE VERY NATURE OF MAN, IT STANDS TO REASON  
 THAT ONLY MAN CAN SOLVE IT. I WILL  
 THEREFORE SUMMONS **MAN**, WITH ALL HIS  
 POWERS OF RATIONAL, SELF-ENLIGHTENED  
 PROBLEM SOLVING, AND **HE** WILL RID HIM-  
 SELF OF YOUR SCOURGE AND THEN THE BIRDS  
 WILL SING AND THE FLOWERS GROW AND PEACE  
 REIGN ETERNAL...

**HEY FELLOWS,  
 OVER HERE!!**



WHERE IS THE SOURCE OF  
 ALL OUR SUFFERING + PAIN?

**WHERE? WHERE?**

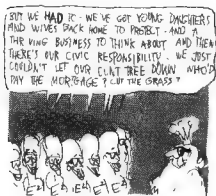
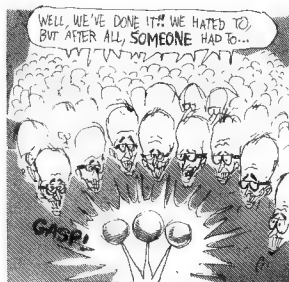
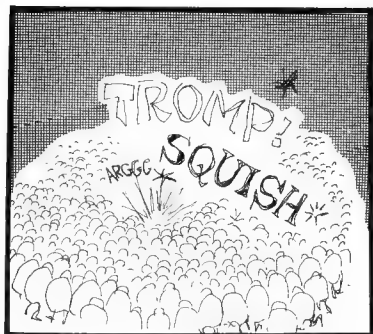
THAT'S IT RIGHT OVER THERE.....  
 NOW WE WERE JUST DISCUSSING HOW..

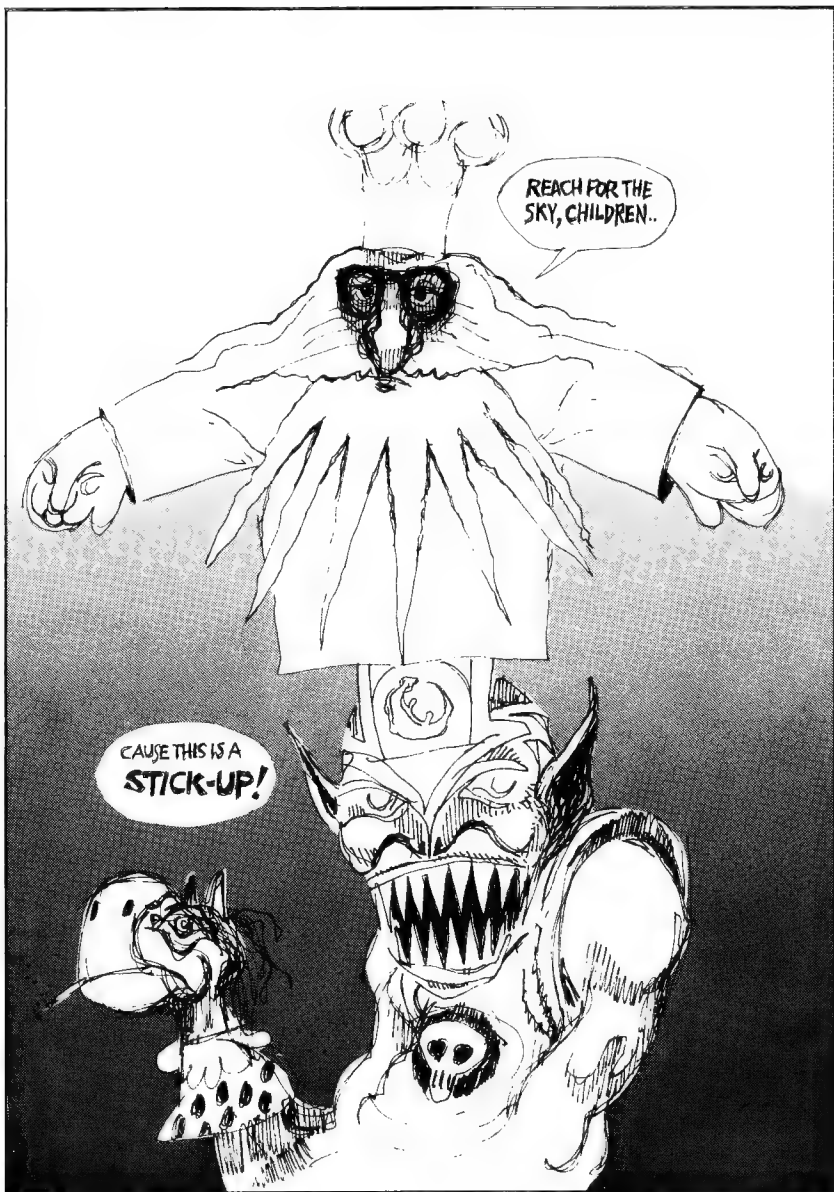


I THINK THERE'S NO REAL QUESTION IN THE  
 MINDS OF ALL CONCERNED **FREE PEOPLE**  
 THE WORLD OVER. HERE STANDS A PUBLIC  
 MENACE TO OUR SOCIETY AND HE MUST  
 NOT BE ALLOWED TO WALK AMONG WHOLE-  
 SOME, GOD-FEARING MEN. THEREFORE, I,  
 BY THE POWER VESTED IN ME, RESPECTFULLY  
 SUBMIT THE FOLLOWING..









DRAWINGS BY... **jaxon**

(The Dream Eater; Left-handed Magician #2;  
Got a Light, Bub?; I Can't Remember;  
Fortune Telling Lady; Nile Fetish; &  
title panel from God Nose Comics, commencing  
next week in the Express-Times...)



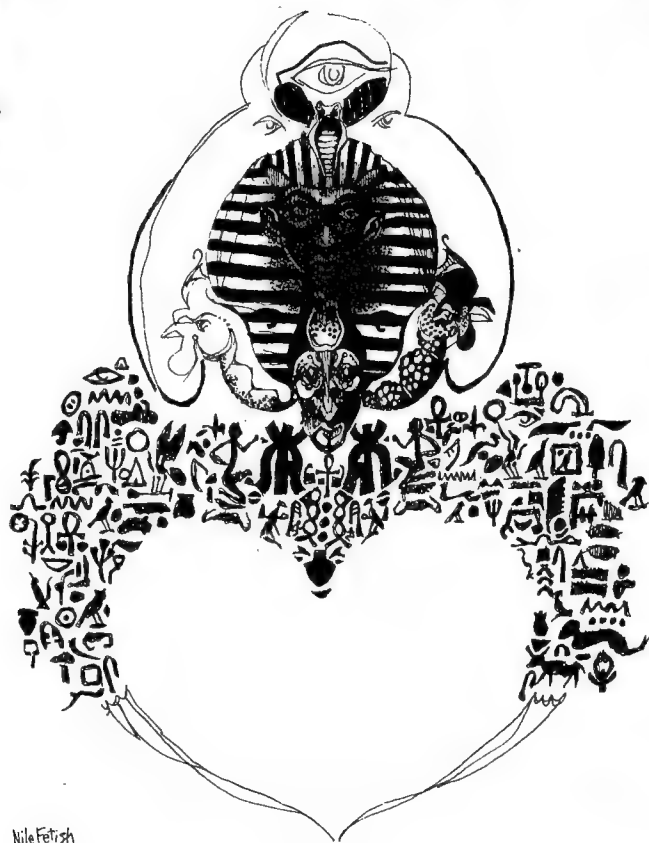
DreamEater



Left-handed  
Magician #2



Fortune-telling  
Lady  
5/10



Nile Fetish  
5/10

**GOD NOSE**  
MATES HIS MEET.



I DON'T CARE WHAT  
THE GANG SAYS-  
I WON'T CUT MY HAIR!!

**UH, MEETS HIS MATE!**

... WATCH FOR JAXON'S GOD NOSE COMICS AT YOUR  
LOCAL FREAKSTORE --- COMING SOON...

# GOD NOSE

## MATES HIS MEET..



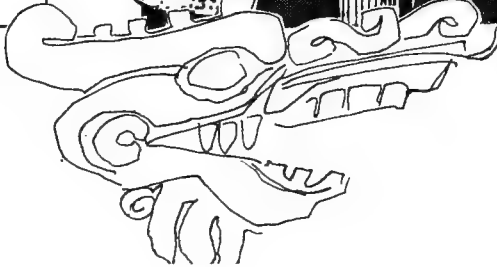
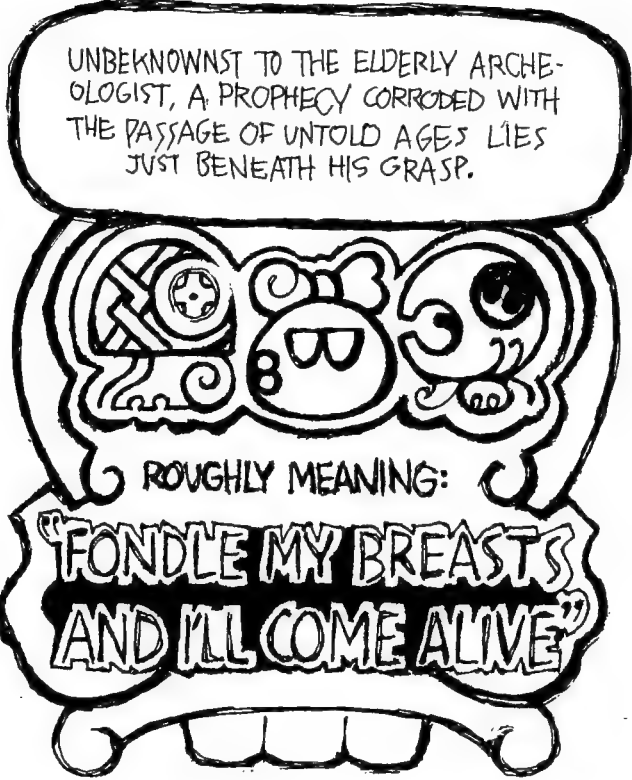
UH. MEETS HIS MATE!



FEATURING OUR ANTHROPOMORPHIC HERO IN A FIGHT TO THE FINISH FOR HIS MASCULINITY. IS IT TRUE WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT THE BEATLES WALKING AROUND CHICAGO IN BEDSHEETS? WHY WON'T THE NOSE CUT OFF HIS LONG CURLY LOCKS? SEE THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES THAT DETERMINED OUR POST-GRECIAN ENTHRALLMENT WITH MALE GODS AND DOOMED FEMALE GODDESSES TO OBLIVION!







MUSTACHIOED MEXICAN FLIES? BUT AS WE ALL KNOW, NATIVE MEXICANS HAVEN'T ANY FACIAL HAIR. WHAT IS THE HIDDEN SIGNIFICANCE OF THESE AND OTHER ISSUES OF OUR TROUBLED TIMES? FIND OUT **NEXT WEEK** AS THE TWAT QUICKENS.



# GOD NOSE

2

BY **jaxon**

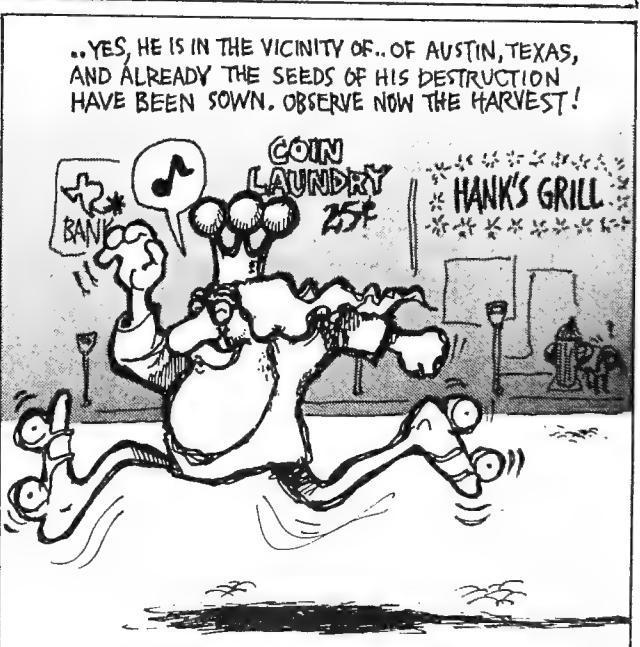
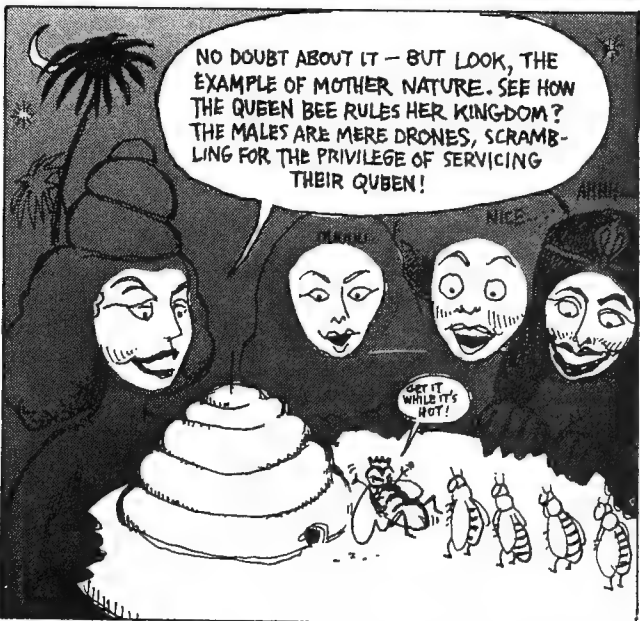
AND SO THE OLD MAN LEARNED THAT THE FLIES WERE, IN REALITY, **SPANISH!!**



THUS IT WENT IN OTHER REMOTE AND FORGOTTEN LOCATIONS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD AS MAN'S PRURIENT DEEDS RELEASE SPIRITS FROM THE PAST..



...UNTIL ONE NIGHT IN THE TEMPLE RUINS ON THE ISLAND OF LESBOS, WHERE A SECRET MEETING IS UNDER WAY..



TUNE IN NEXT WEEK, KIDS, FOR PART III, "The Sheep and the Shears". BYE NOW

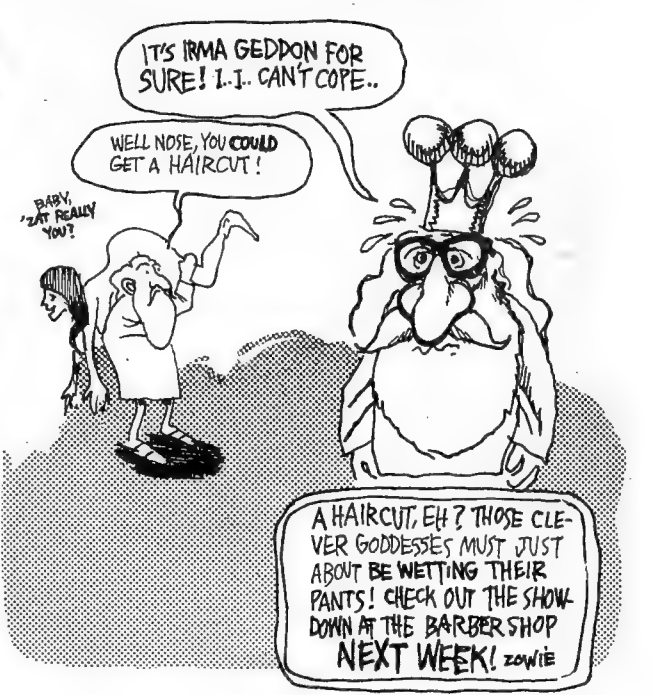
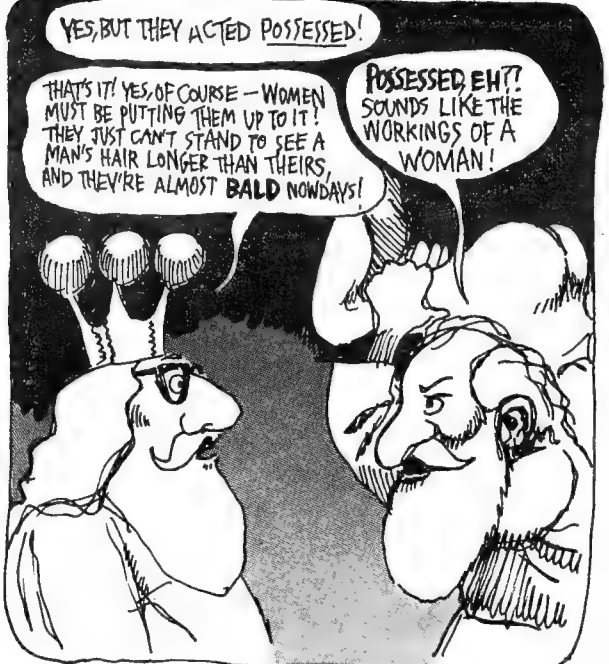
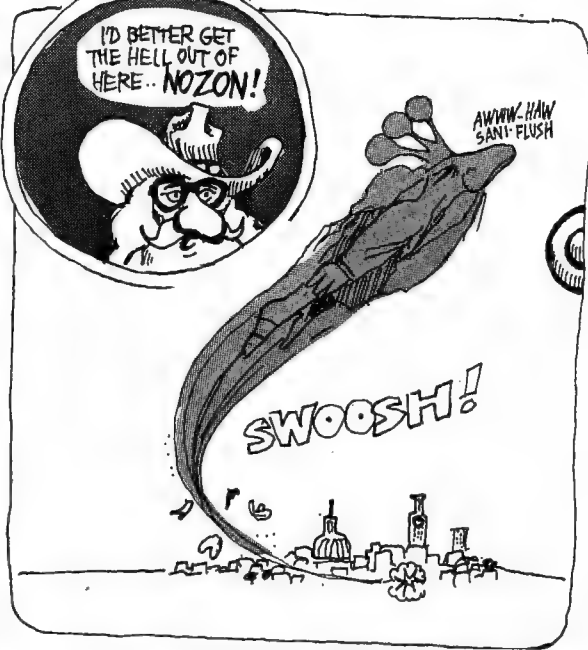
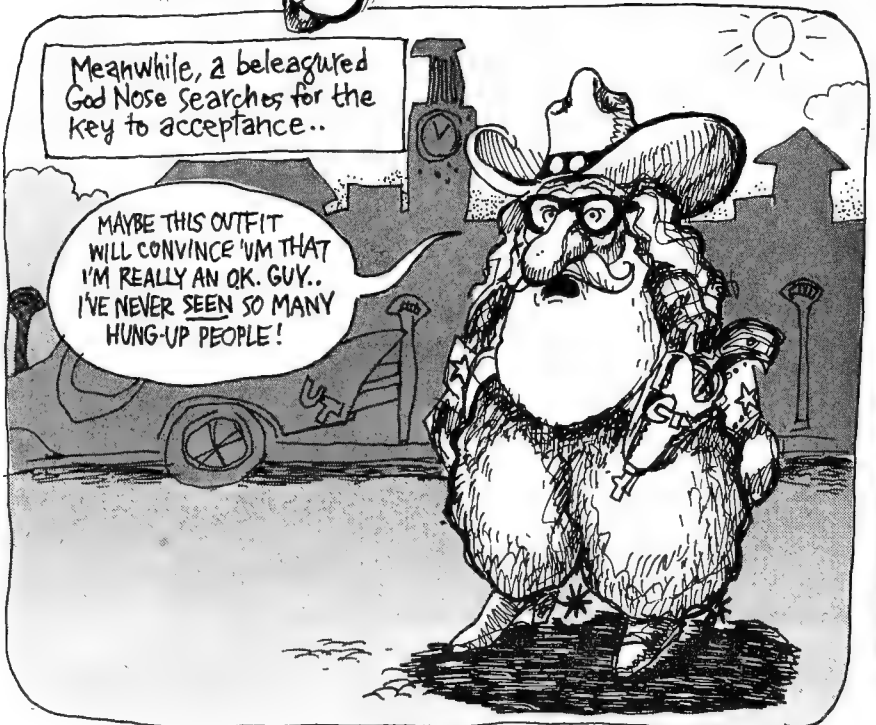


# GOD NOSE

Meets his Meeter!  
part 3

OUR STORY: In all parts of the world, dirty old men have been unknowingly releasing female deities from the past. At this very moment, these

broads are plotting the overthrow of our hero, vacationing in Austin, Texas..

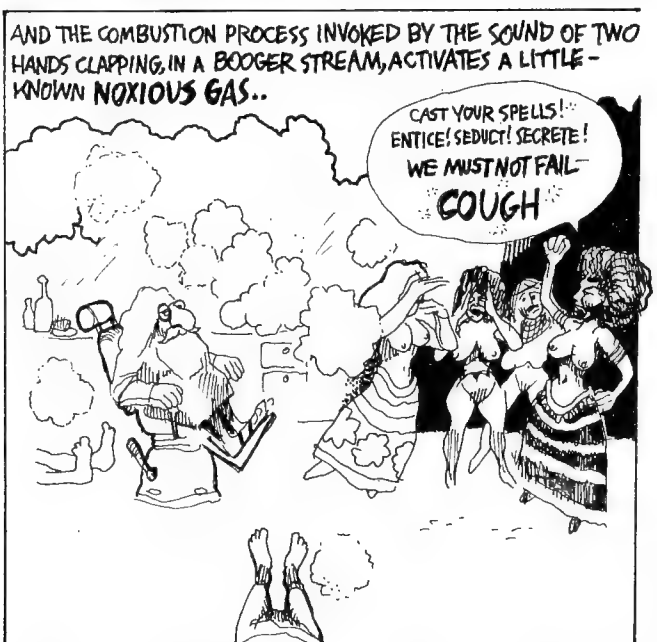
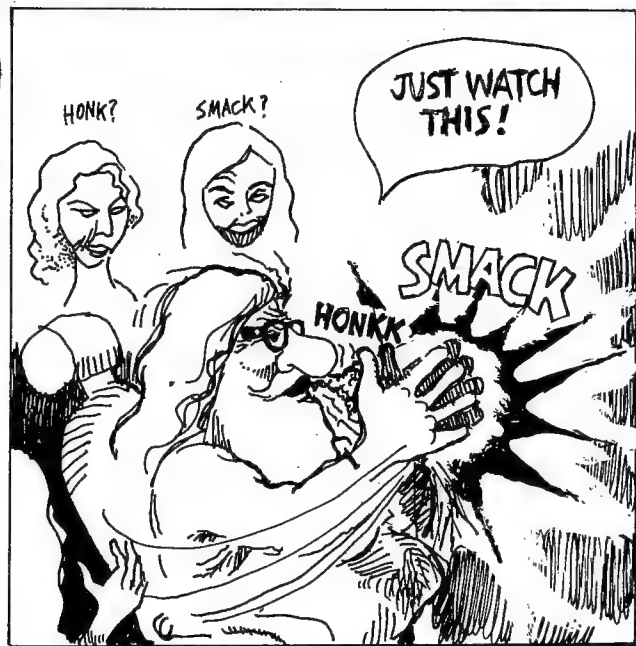
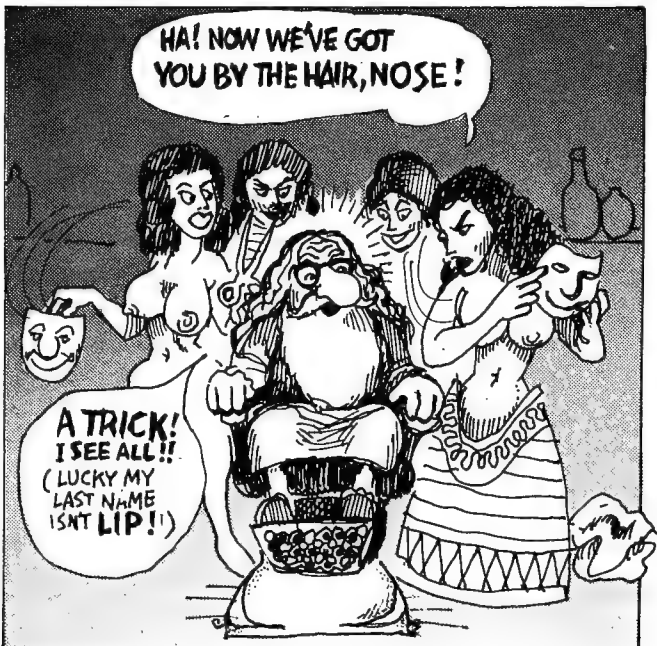
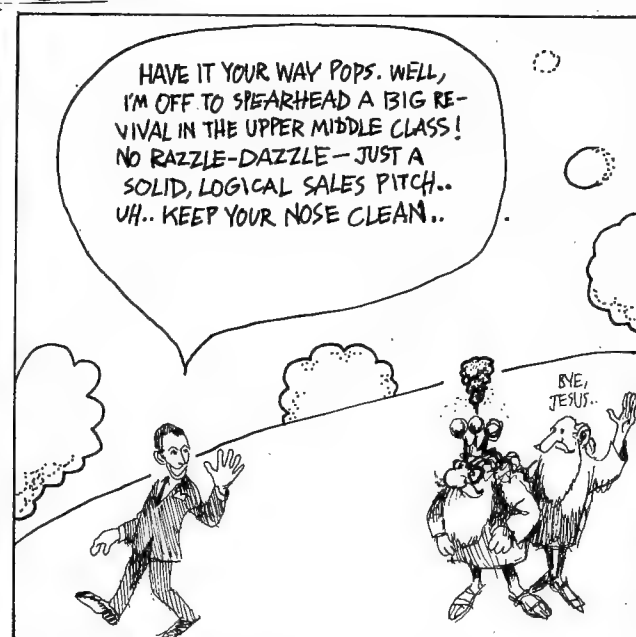




# GOD NOSE

## Meets his Mate part 4

BY Jaxon





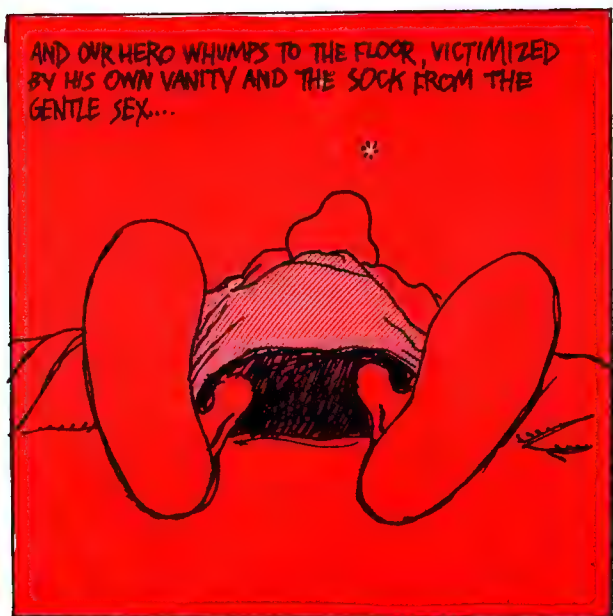
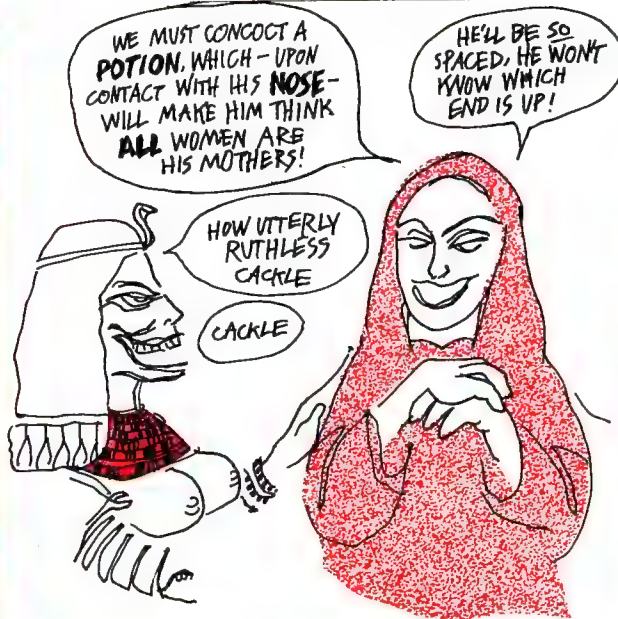
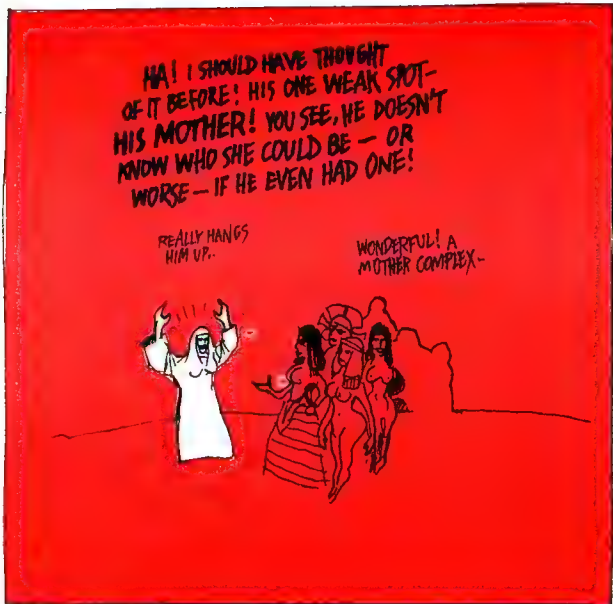
**OUR STORY:** The Goddesses of the past, in an attempt to oust God Nose, who is the sole survivor of the male deity system, have duped him into visiting a barber shop, where they spring a trap. Much to their dismay, they find that his strength does not flow from the hair, but from the Nose.



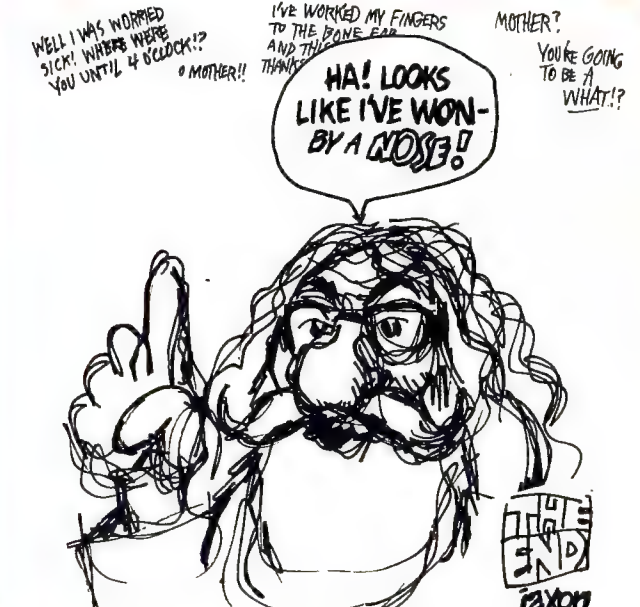


# GOD NOSE

Last time, we saw the Nose freak out at the mere mention of his Momma. Could it be that those cunning goddesses have lingused the Nose's secret?



AND BEING UNCONSCIOUS, IT EXPANDS AND EXPANDS UNTIL -





# TEAR' SEH BROWS!!

(all about technology...)

MR NOSE - WE HUMANS ARE BESET BY TERRIBLE PROBLEMS! OUR TECHNOLOGY IS ENSTRIPPING OUR ABILITY TO GRASP THE FAR-REACHING IMPLICATIONS OF A MODERN SOCIETY...

WHY THAT'S NO PROBLEM - ALL YOU GOTTA DO IS USE YOUR HEAD!

BUT THAT'S WHAT GOT US INTO THIS MESS!...

NO NO I MEAN USE YOUR HEAD! HERETOFORE YOU HAVE ONLY USED YOUR RATIONAL CAPACITIES, WHICH ARE LARGELY DEVOID OF ALTRUISM, MUTUAL REGARD, AND HUMANISTIC SENSITIVITY.

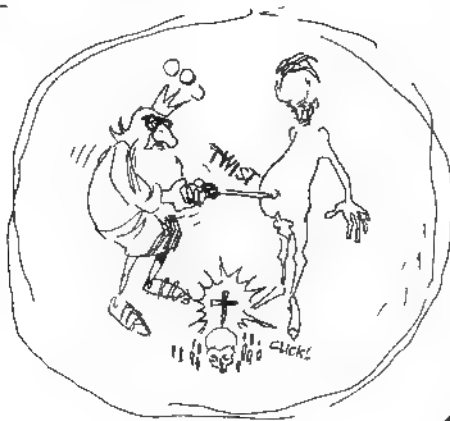


BUT HOW CAN WE MAKE THESE ADJUSTMENTS? THE MACHINE SEEMS TO BE RECEDING

THAT'S YOUR PROBLEM... I HAVE SENT YOU COURTEOUS MEN OF MYSTIC, ALL OF WHICH PROPOUNDED THE METHOD TO NO AVAIL. NOW WITH SCIENCE AND X-RAY TECHNICIANS, HOW CAN YOU ASK MORE?

BUT WE CAN'T PROPERLY CHANNEL IT! WE'RE GRASPING IN THE DARK FOR A GREAT RELEASING MECHANISM TO THE RESERVOIR OF HUMAN POTENTIALITY. THE VALVE THAT'S THUS FAR CONTAINED AND RETARDED THE PRODUCTIVE FLOW OF BENEVOLENT ACUMEN... HELP US, NOSE, COME TO GRIPS WITH THE VAST PROBLEM!





NOW DOESN'T THAT FEEL BETTER? DON'T YOU LOVE YOUR FELLOW MAN MORE NOW THAT WE'VE GIVEN VENT TO ALL THOSE UGLY, PENT-UP FRUSTRATIONS BY OUR METHODOICAL UTILIZATION OF TECHNOLOGY? OF COURSE YOU DO!



...JUST SLIP ON A NOSEBAG AND WHEN IT GETS FULL, TAKE IT HOME AND PUT IT UNDER YOUR PILLOW AND A FRIENDLY PACK-RAT WILL COME WHILE YOU'RE ASLEEP AND LEAVE YOU AN OLD TOOTH FOR IT

REALLY?



FATHER, THIS PLACE IS GETTING  
ON MY NERVES!! NOTHING NEW  
EVER HAPPENS -- ALL THE **IN**  
PEOPLE GO TO HELL THESE DAYS,  
AND I'M GETTING DAMN TIRED OF  
JUST SHOOTING CRAPS WITH ST. PAUL.

# GOD NOSE fraudingly

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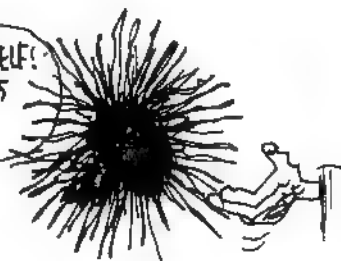




**BOOGERS!** Oh, don't say that!  
How did you ~~note~~ what's been keep-  
ing me awake? These big, fright-  
ful boogermen have been ~~charifig~~  
me all over Kingdom Come! I TELL YOU  
FATHER, ITS BEEN WOOLIE!



NOW, NOW, SON, CALM YOURSELF!  
WHAT WILL ALL THE SAINTS  
THINK IF....



**AIEEEE!!** HERE  
COMES  
ONE NOW!



**EXIT**  
IN A MAD RUSH



NOW SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE,  
JOHN. POOR CHILD PROBABLY  
OFF AND HID IN HIS PLAYHOUSE.  
HAVEN'T I TOLD YOU NOT TO WALK  
AROUND MENTALLY DETACHED?

SON? YOU THERE?  
LISTEN, BOY, YOUR  
DADDY TOO HAS EX-  
PERIENCED THE MEN-  
TAL CONGESTION  
THAT BOOGERS CON-  
JURE UP FOR US NOSES,  
BUT DON'T BLOW  
THINGS OUT OF  
PROPORTION...

**Myself!** IT'S HARD  
TO RAISE A BOY WITH  
OUT A PROPER MOTHER!



**Look** SON.. I'VE GOT A  
COPY OF FREUD'S *Noses &  
Nasaltheism*; WHAT SAY YOU  
LET ME IN AND WE'LL READ  
A GOOD CATHARTIC BEDDIE -  
BYE STORY. IT'LL BE JUST  
LIKE OLD TIMES.. HUH?  
COME ON LET ME IN..  
OR BETTER STILL, LET'S  
GO TO MY CONFERENCE  
WOMB..

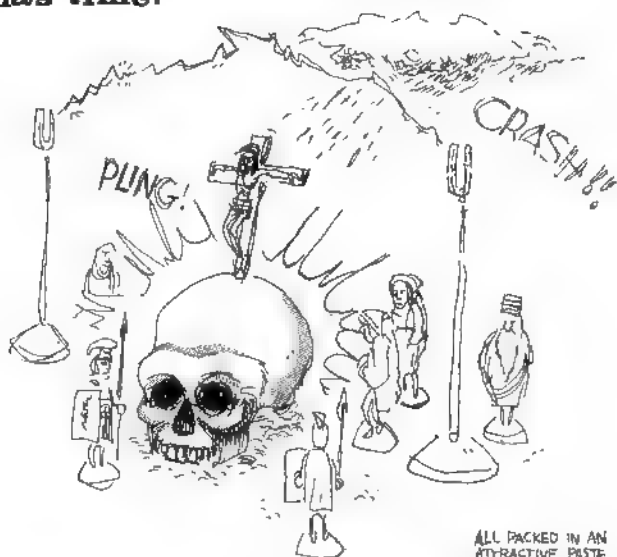
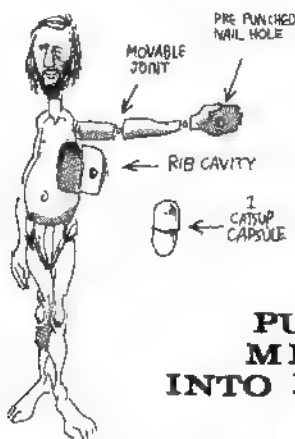


HEY KIDS! BE THE FIRST ON YOUR BLOCK TO GET THIS GREAT NEW GAME SET!

# THE Golgotha PLAY-KIT

Relive that electrifying day on the HILL OF CALVARY with this realistic toy package. See Pilate wash his hands and wet his pants. Hear the mob shout for blood. Trod the steep, rocky path up The Skull and actually nail Our Lord to The Tree. All possible now with this hunky-dory crucifixion play-kit! Much more fun than those manger sets adults play with at Christmas time.

Each miniature figure made of molded, durable plastic. **OPTIONAL:** special Jesus with hinged joints, eyes that blink when you throw the switch, & rib cavity, complete with 50 easy-puncture catsup capsules (see illustration).



ALL PACKED IN AN ATTRACTIVE PASTE BOARD FOOTLOCKER  
DIMENS 6 1/2" x 1" x 2 1/8"

AN IMAGINARY CRUCIFIXION SCENE IS SHOWN ABOVE

PUT REAL MEANING INTO EASTER

Here's what you get:

- 250 CHIEF PRIESTS
- 125 SCRIBES
- 1600 SCUM
- 200 ROMAN SOLDIERS
- 12 APOSTLES
- 5 CHRISTIANS
- 2 THIEVES
- 3 STUFFED OLIVES
- 1 TINY DICE SET
- 3 MINIATURE NAILS

- 1 CHEMICAL STORM CLOUD SIMULATOR PACKAGE
- 2 ELECTRODES/CONTROL BOX
- 1 EYE DROPPER
- 2 GRAMS DISTILLED VINEGAR
- 1 SKULL (BUILT IN 600 WATT LIGHT BULB)
- 1 SNAP-TOGETHER CROSS

DON'T WAIT! Offer Limited!

RUSH COUPON TODAY

GENTLEMEN:  
HERE'S MY \$1.99! RUSH ME MY "CAST OF THOUSANDS" CRUCIFIXION PLAY-KIT. IF NOT FULLY SATISFIED, I MAY GET A MONEY-BACK GUARANTEED!

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

ONLY \$1.99

# The Marxmanship

OF GOD NOSE



GASP! WHAT'S THIS  
I'VE STUMBLER ON  
DURING MY SOJOURN?



MOAN  
SOB  
BOO HOO



SAY THERE, YOUNG MAN..  
WHY ALL THE CROCODILE  
YEARS?

OH, IT'S JUST  
TOO HORRIBLE  
TO TALK ABOUT!!

SOB  
SOB



OH COME NOW, SURELY  
IT'S NOT ALL THAT BAD.



BUT IT IS!! IT IS!! THEY'VE  
KICKED US OUT AND THEN  
TROWED ON US WHILE WE WERE  
DOWN! AND IT'S ALL BECAUSE  
OF GENETICALLY TRANSMITTED  
CHARACTERISTICS. SOCIETY HAS  
MADE LIFE MISERABLE FOR MY  
PEOPLE FOR GENERATIONS!!  
IT'S TOO MUCH TO BEAR - OH,  
MOGAANNNN...



WELL, WHAT IS IT? WHAT INSIDIOUS MANIA  
BRINGS THEM IN THEIR RELENTLESS, SADISTIC  
SUPPRESSION OF YOU AND YOUR MANIFESTATIONS  
OF IDENTITY? WHAT IS COMPELLING THIS DOMI-  
NANT SEGMENT OF HUMANITY TO MARK THEIR  
FELLOW MAN FOR SUCH UNKIND TREATMENT?  
WHAT, I ASK? WHAT?

IT'S BECAUSE WE DON'T HAVE KNEES!



OH WELL, STOP BLUBBERING ABOUT IT..  
AFTER ALL, FROM EACH ACCORDING TO  
HIS ABILITY, TO EACH ACCORDING TO HIS  
KNEES...



THUD

WHO WAS THAT?

GOD  
NOSE



MOAN  
BOO HOO

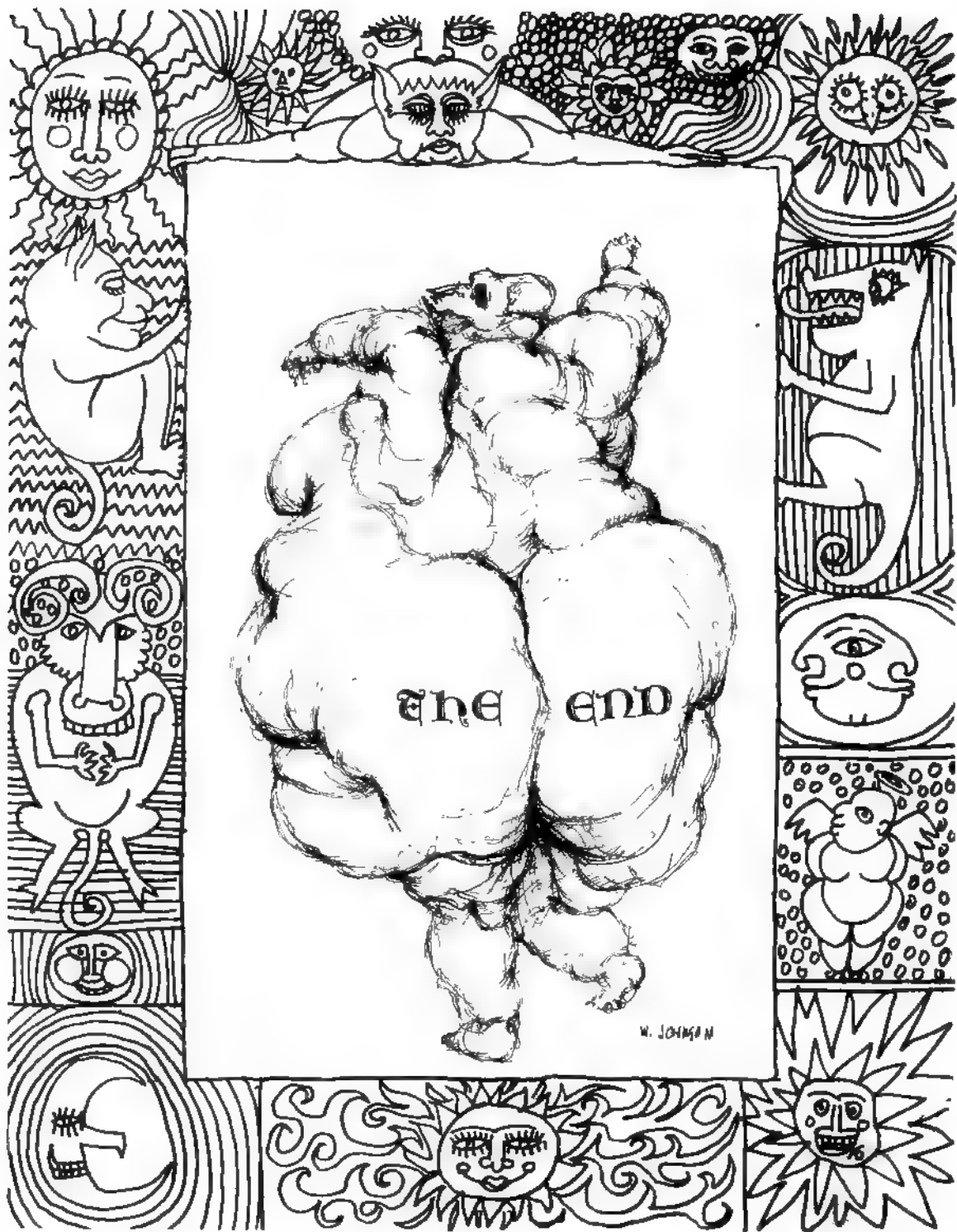


AND I FEEL LIKE I  
WENT THROUGH AN



THE  
END

AND THE MORAL, LOVELY PEOPLE IS: The white  
man's last chance is the KNEE-GROW.



THE WIND WHISTLES SAVAGELY THROUGH THE LOOMING, DESERTED, MAN-MADE CANYONS...



..WHIPPING THE SHROUDLIKE SMOG AGAINST THE STONE AND GLASS. NO ONE STIRS AT THIS FORBIDDING HOUR—@1PM IN THE CITY!!



BUT WAIT! A STILLNESS HAS SUDDENLY DESCENDED. WHAT'S THAT? YES, SOMEONE IS COMING OUT OF THE GLOOM, THEIR FOOTSTEPS ECHOING CRAZILY AGAINST THE CONCRETE. ITS...ITS...



## THE RETURN OF E<sup>2</sup>!\*

**E<sup>2</sup>!** A NAME THAT STRIKES TERROR INTO EVERY MOTHER'S THINGIE! A NAME THAT HAS HOUNDED MANKIND FROM ITS EARLIEST ORIGINS, CAUSING WAR, FAMINE, STRIFE, AND PESTILENCE, INCLUDING CANCER! TB. HEART TROUBLE! ULCERATED STOMACH! AND A HOST OF RESPIRATORY AILMENTS!! — AS WELL AS BEING RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL THE GREED AND ENVY IN THE WORLD.. IN SHORT, A REAL BAD ASS! BUT. BUT. WHAT'S HE DOING BACK IN A PROGRESSIVE ERA LIKE THIS?



\* THAT'S PRONOUNCED 'E SQUARED', SPORTS FANS!

**Prologue:** The last time we saw E<sup>2</sup>, boys and girls, you'll recall how God Nose whupped his sinister henchmen in single combat, only to find that the real enemy was— you guessed it— E<sup>2</sup> himself! Since this scummy character is pretty basic to man's nature, the hard-blowing Nose did the only logical thing and turned the problem over to Mankind, whoever **THAT** is. That's about where it's at, folks, so sit back, relax, and watch the action!



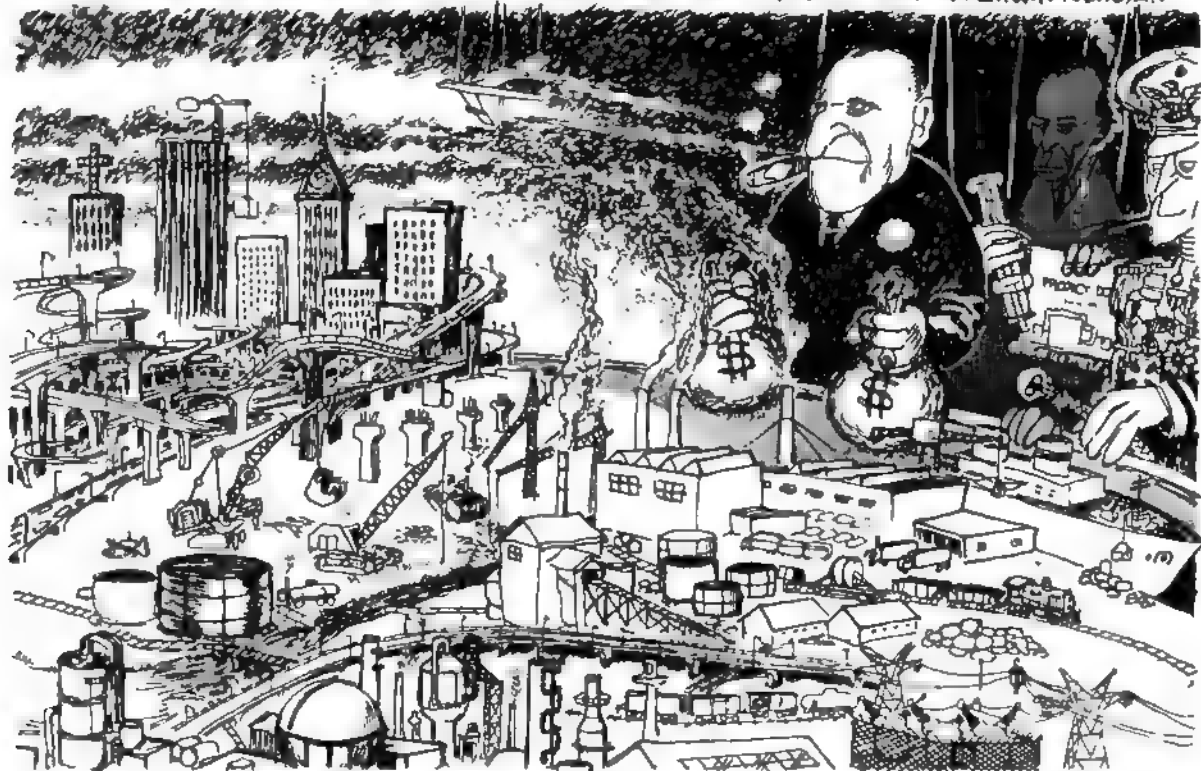


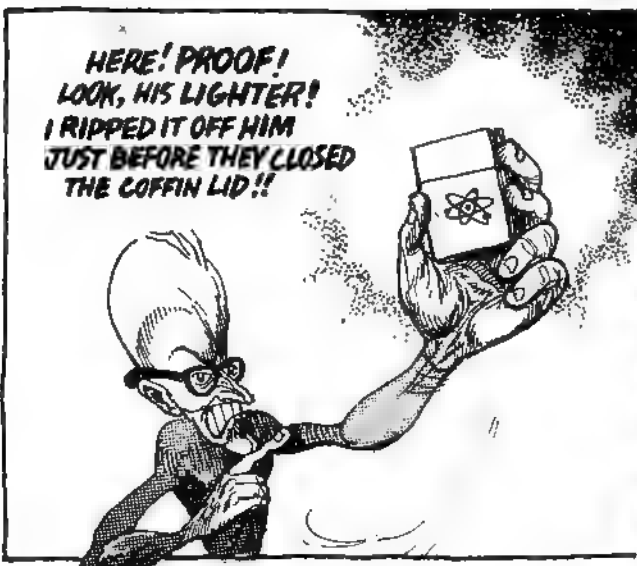
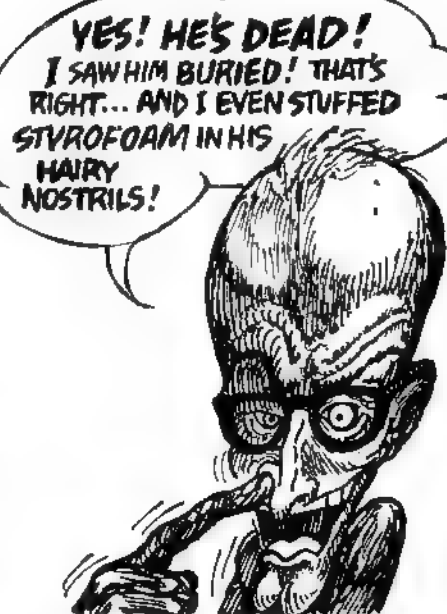
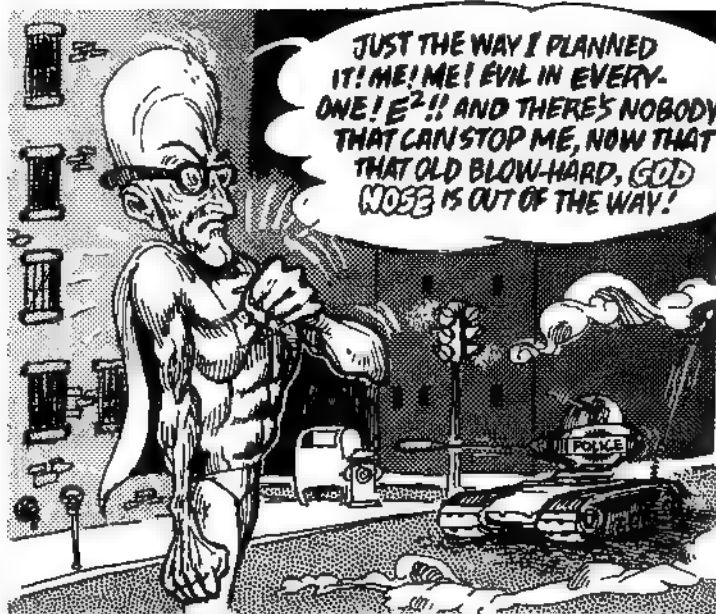
# THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION!

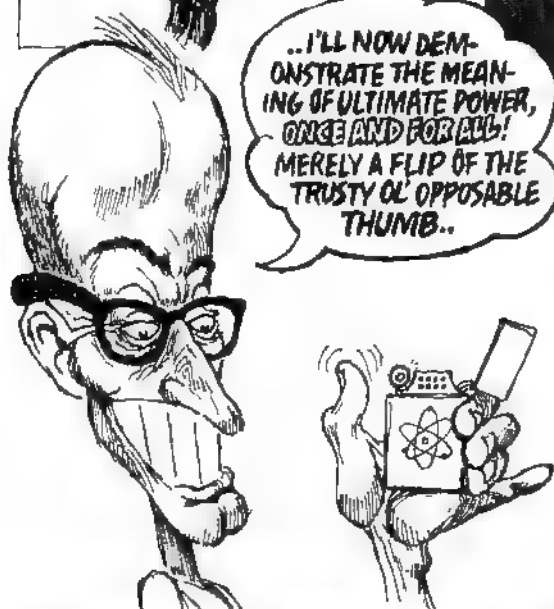
AH YES...THOSE FOND MEMORIES OF THE EARLY DAYS! OF COURSE I WAS RIGHT THERE, PATIENTLY DIRECTING EVERY STEP, CAREFUL TO REVEAL ONLY THE DAZZLING SIDE OF EACH DISCOVERY, YET ALWAYS OBSCURING ITS ADDICTIVE NATURE...



NOT THAT IT WAS ALL THAT EASY, YOU UNDERSTAND. GIVING CANDY TO A BABY REQUIRES A LOT OF TECHNICAL SKILL AND PLANNING. ESPECIALLY WHEN EVERYONE MUST BE CONVINCED THAT (A) THERE'S PLENTY TO GO AROUND, AND (B) THEY'RE NOT GETTING LESS THAN THE NEXT GUY. SO, WITH A LITTLE PRODUCT OF MY NIMBLE BRAIN, CALLED "ADVERTISING," I ER: PLIED MAN'S BASIC SELFISHNESS, WITH THE HAPPY RESULT THAT THE 'MOVEMENT' NOW PROVIDES ITS OWN 'MOMENTUM.' POETIC, EH?







SO REMEMBER FOLKS, LIFE IS BUT A DREAM  
AND THE NOSE IS THE ASSHOLE OF THE MIND!  
THE END

# GOD NOSE in

## You am what you'snot

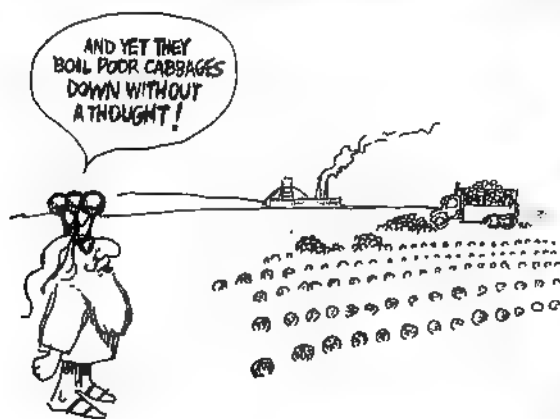
A Modest Rebuttal of the 'You Or What You Eat' Dogma







..OUT TO THE COUNTRY TO PONDER THE DEE-LEMMA  
OF HIS CHOSEN ONES, THE VEGETABLES.



WHY, IT'S A GRUBWORM-  
SWEATY LITTLE BASTARD!..  
WAIT A MINUTE -  
SWEAT!



FOLLOWING A LONG SHOT, NOSE DISCOVERS THAT GRUB-  
WORM SWEAT, ACTING AS A CATALYST ON ANOTHER IN-  
GREDIENT PICKED LOVINGLY FROM - ER, BY THE NOSE,  
PRODUCES THE IDEAL MEAT SUBSTITUTE!

AND THE BEST PART THE LATEST  
TASTE TESTERS IN "FOODS"  
STILL WHO-DOES-NOT?



NEEDLESS TO SAY, IT MAKES A  
BIG HIT, COMING FROM  
THE NOSE AND ALL

YES FOLKS,  
IT TASTES GOOD  
TOO!



BUT SOON, A SCIENTIST AT ONE OF THE MASSIVE  
GRUBWORM FARMS NOTICES SOMETHING PECULIAR..

UNCANNY "TENSE" REMINDERS IN THE  
BIRT - IT'S ALMOST AS THOUGH THE  
LITTLE CRITTERS WERE TRYING TO  
TELL US SOMETHING... HUMMM-



HERE, PROFESSOR  
HAVE A GRUB  
BURGER-OUR  
LATEST BATCH!

UM? AMH YES..

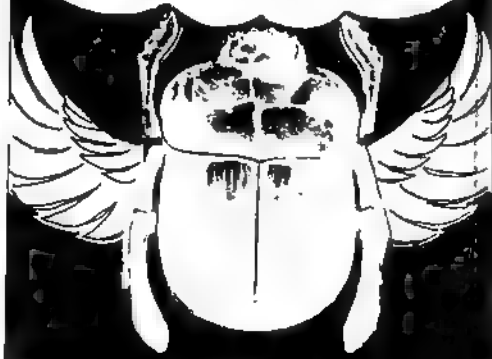


SHORTLY THEREAFTER..

GREETINGS, HUMAN SPECIES  
AT LAST WE SPEAK TO YOU AGAIN FROM  
OUR PRESENT FORM - THE LARVA FROM  
OF THE LOWLY TUMBLE-BUG.



.. DESCENDANTS, HOWEVER, OF THE EXALTED  
SCARAB BEETLES, KNOWN TO THE AN-  
CIENTS AS A SACRED SYMBOL... FOR  
WE, IN THIS STATE OF EXISTENCE, POS-  
SESS THE HIGHEST LEVEL OF PLANETARY  
CONSCIOUSNESS..



.. AND FURTHERMORE,  
WE'RE PISSED BECAUSE YOU  
GUYS HAVE BEEN SELFISHLY  
EXPLOITING THE SWEAT OFF  
OUR BROW, WHICH WE NEED  
TO KEEP THE OL' PSYCHIC  
GEARS GREASED!

UH.. YES SIR..  
RIGHT AWAY,  
SIR..

SO KNOCK IT  
OFF ASSHOLE!



and so..



COME CLEAN  
NOSE. WE'LL  
GETCHA SOONER  
OR LATER.



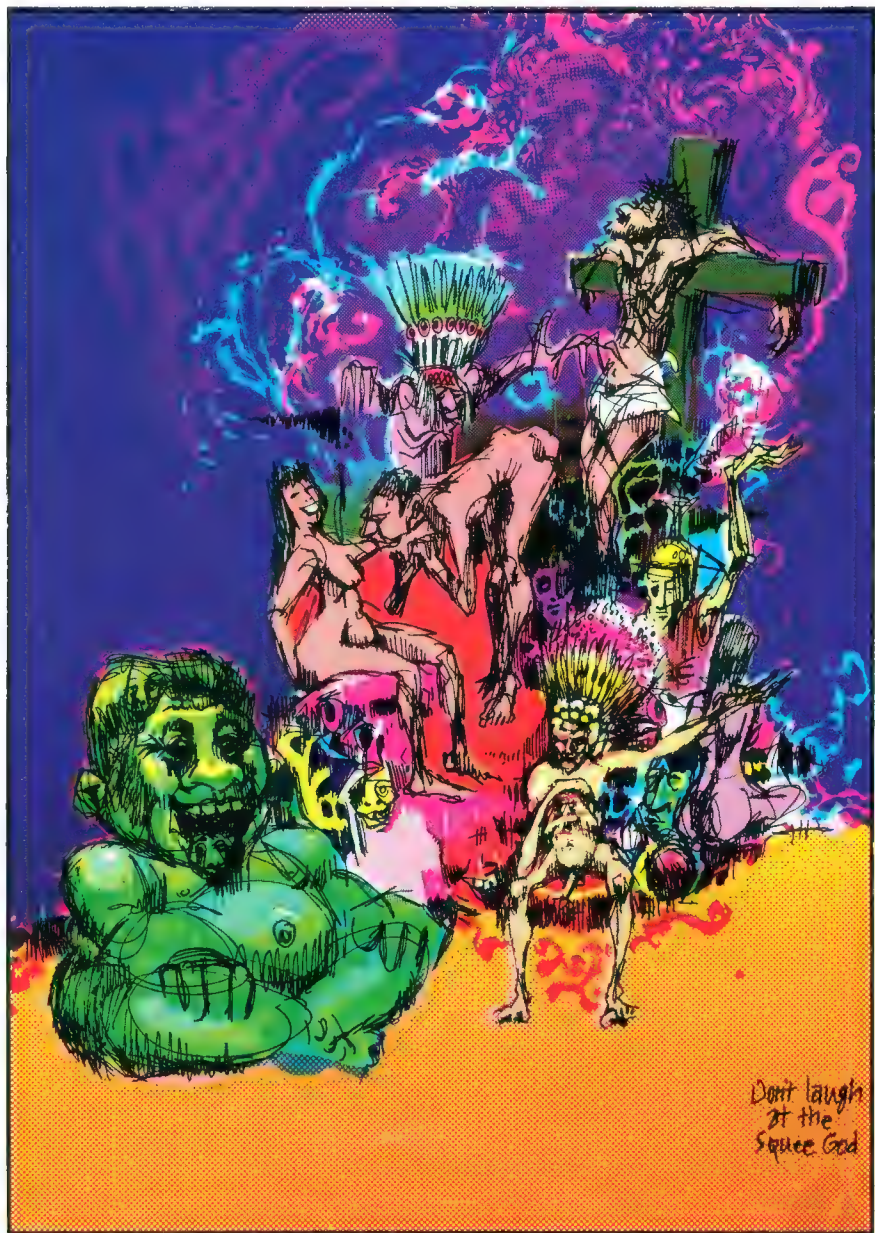
But the Nose couldn't make the  
scene..

ALL I WANTED TO  
DO WAS TREAT  
UM TO A HEAVEN-  
LY DELICACY..



The  
End





Don't laugh  
at the  
Squee God

# Happy Endings

comics



fifty cents

FEATURING: GOD NOSE • YORLIK • KILROY  
HUSTLING JOE • THE  BEINGS • ETC!!

?!



# The Adventures of GOD NOSE AND HIS GEESE HERDING BUDDY,

*Hustling Joe*



Meanwhile, on the anthill below..





Meanwhile, in the clouds above..



•END•  
BXDN-69





ITCHY-KITCHY  
YING YANG

MACHINERY?  
MACHINERY?

Mixed Emotions  
COMIXX  
CALCULATED TO  
DRIVE YOU APE  
SHIT

ALL  
AMERICAN  
MUTUAL  
DEATH

HO  
HO HA  
HA HA HO  
HE HE HA

WELL I'LL  
BE A SILLY  
SUN BITCH!

MEANING

STRAIGHT  
FROM  
THE  
HORSE  
MOUTH

WHAT I'M ABOUT  
TO SAY, FOLKS, IT  
DON'T COME EASY.

Accident  
LIFE

OR DON'T  
YOU  
KNOW  
?

KNOW  
WHAT?  
HA  
HA  
WHAT

IT DOESN'T  
HU, TEN OFTEN  
I'M TOLD.

TO HIS  
ASS  
?



O cruel deceiver, you would have me believe  
that this minute perish, but I see it again + again.  
You would have me fill my life with clutter  
rather than embrace my old friend, Time.  
Very well, let us freeze it — but know before  
that the morning will bring a thaw  
and the anticipation of the coming dawn  
will numb our senses throughout the night.

Who will play with our indestructible superball  
as it bounces aimlessly in eternity?

Are you not afraid that those who passed before  
will steal it?

Can you imagine that those who are to follow  
will want it?

From all sides the worried informants demand  
proof. I have none. Only the thought that the  
marvel of our expressways might not impress one  
who spent childhood hours by an anthill.

And now the time has come, O mighty Builder,  
to tell us of the sad fate of anthill #9.

In the end, I will produce a trained sparrow  
who will relate with choking gasps its sorrow  
at the passing of the good-old-by-gone days  
of anthill #9.

poem for the  
pharaoh's organgrinder



# The Moving Trauma of Yorlik & Kilroy



In the beginning God created the Heaven and the Earth. So man said "tell us another one." And God said "In the beginning, I created the Heaven and the Earth." Man decided that the 'Old Man's' mind was slipping, so he made himself a new God more to his liking and called it Man. And because man always was handy with names, he named his creation every chance he got - early man, late man, rational man, romantic man, goodman, badman, weak man, strong man, thinking man, plastic man, minuteman, etc. etc.

In no time at all man couldn't remember all the things he had become, so he had to write it down. Man wrote and said "I was here" - except he now had a name, so he wrote "Kilroy was here" and died. 'Kilroy was the perfect husband' wrote woman. 'He was indeed a friend of man' inscribed congressman. 'Kilroy had the best liver I've ever seen' wrote medicine man. 'Poor Kilroy - now you see him, now you don't' wrote hocus-pocus man. This went on and on until one day a man who had never met Kilroy personally, who lived on the other side of the mountain, saw all the scribbly mess that Kilroy's gang had made on that nice rock, so he wrote "I think Kilroy is a crock of shit," signed Yorlik. Now this was just as fitting a tribute as the others because they buried men in crocks in those days and decaying flesh smells like shit. Anyway, Kilroy's gang got pissed at what Yorlik wrote, therefore at Yorlik, therefore at Yorlik's gang on the other side of the mountain, therefore at the mountain's far side, therefore at the mountain's near side - which was their side - therefore at themselves.

So they hurt each other together and called it war, because it was raw spelled backwards, or something like that. Anyway, the reason was soon forgotten because war provided a reason to write other things down. And man wrote and wrote and wrote, and the Earth and everything on it bore the scars of his gifted skill. This gave man a certain feeling of accomplishment. After awhile tho, fighting the same things – as men came to be called – got to be monotonous, so he thought awhile and named it 'insight'.

This new concept kept man occupied for awhile, but he soon got strung out behind his 'insight' because it wasn't in sight anywhere – in fact, it was out of sight, so man thought 'It's not real.' Furthermore, all he had to show for his effort was a dizzy feeling in his head, and it was too abstract to be named anything.

Thus, man changed his thoughts into things that could be seen and named them 'toys'. Sure enough, he got that certain feeling of accomplishment, and a toy to prove it in case he forgot. But before man could turn around, much less write it down, he had more names than there were toys. Names like 'electric blanket', 'stereo', 'refrigerator', 'lawn mower', 'two cars in every garage' – in fact, the list ran out of sight and man got that dizzy feeling again, which he still couldn't name.

Meanwhile, 'practical man', who wasn't bothered much by feelings anyway, had found that some of the toys could be used for different games – like the 'bow and arrow'. Also, that the men who played with these toys in certain ways got special names – 'rulers' – because it took so much work to figure this all out. To make it a 'fair deal' the rulers gave the men who didn't play their game so well a name too – 'slaves'.

This worked so well that the men playing rulers decided that if they taught the slaves how to 'work' the toys, they could sit on their fat asses and soak up the booze. This also worked fine, but then the slaves got a taste of that mint julip and decided the rules should be 're-defined' - and everybody knows what that means. Of course the rulers at the time, being too fat for anything else anyway, concluded that a change of names was okay by the rules, which unfortunately had been destroyed by a fire the night before. So man wrote it down again and named it 'his story', or the ups and downs of the human race.

It seems that man raced and raced and raced, but as soon as he got out in front, he up and died - just like poor Kilroy. 'Never fear, it all makes sense' man wrote, and it made him feel so good that he named it 'religion' and for the first time, he could think about how unreal it was and not get dizzy. Not only that, but man soon found that other men - called 'sheep' - would pay him to repeat his insight with a pretty toy named 'money'.

Now this toy called money was no small thing. In fact, practical man, who had missed the connection altogether, soon thought money and religion were the same thing. One thing was for sure: both of them sparkled and gleamed and seemed to be more than they really were. But man just blew his mind, saying "Wow, I'll trade you one of this here gold for one of that there diamond!" And man replied, "Man you must be out of your head. This here diamond is prettier - uh, worth more - than three of them there golds! And if you don't think so, jes watch it shine.."

So man rapped and rapped and the toys razzled and dazzled, but they couldn't work it out and save face because someone kept popping in, asking what time it was. That just about did their heads in. Finally they decided that the only way to agree was to make it ugly so nobody would want it and to hide it away just in case they did.

Man's wealth came to be measured by paper placed behind locked doors. They saw that it was a substitute but tried to keep it quiet. 'Either you got it or you don't' went the saying, but it was against the concept 'law' for man to make it himself. It didn't take the 'have nots' long to see through the paper scheme. They laughed at the 'haves'. "We already got what we need - sock it to me baby - and besides, your paper toy is downright ugly. Wipe your fat ass with it." So the men who had locked the thingapurties away thought up some more toys to show the 'have nots' how the law game was played. One toy was named 'jail' and the 'have nots' saw just what money was all about. They got to go to jail whether they wanted to or not, but to make it a fair deal, they were given a new name - 'convicts.'

When man got out of jail he knew why that dude kept popping in, asking what time it was way back there in the counting room. He also knew that the paper money toy was a handy thing to have, even if it was ugly. Two other very important ideas occurred to man in jail: time could be measured, and toys were really machines, which led man to make a time-machine. They wrote about it and everybody got paranoid. Soon all man could do was check the time and count his money. Freaky.



And it came to pass that man in his greed caused an abomination to the earth and the sky and the water, but no one wanted to hear about it – especially not the greedy. There were still a few men, however, who didn't give a shit about either time or money, and they raised a stinking din. "What's that smelly noise?" demanded the greedy man, who now called himself 'Mr. Clean.' Without waiting for a reply, he thought countless cleanliness machines into being: roll-on deodorants, instant shaving lather, air-cooled barber clippers, diesel street sweepers, butane shower houses, and so forth.

At last Mr. Cleanman was ready to sanitize and silence the smelly noise, which by this time was unbearably loud and stinky. Altho he could hear and smell quite well, Mr. Cleanman found that he couldn't see, for his eyes had become frozen – just like the thing-a-purties he had locked up long ago which were now called 'assets.' "No matter" he thought. "If I can hear it and smell it, I can wipe it out. It made me sick to look at it anyway."

This approach might have worked except in the dark pools of the mind, the beautiful maiden technology got fucked by man's greed, and the union brought forth a child called 'garbage.' The 'litter child' grew rapidly while Mr. Cleanman was off sniffing around learning fly-by-night methods of increasing his paper wealth. Paper wealth was now called 'progress' and locked away in newer, cleaner, and more numerous centers of religious thought, called 'banks.'

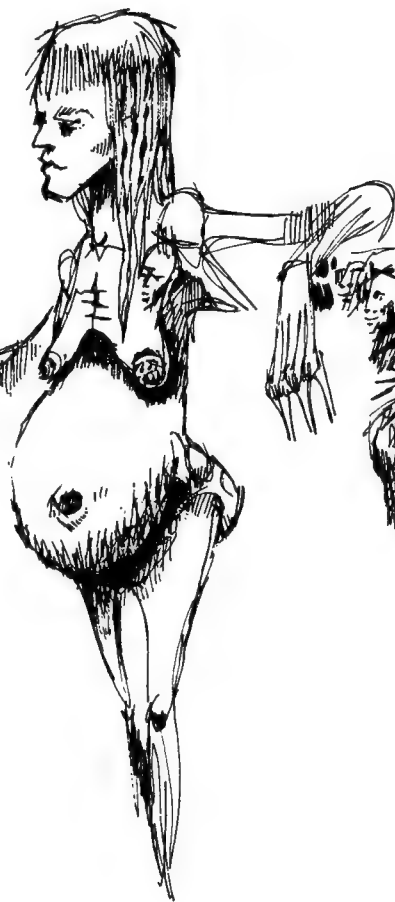
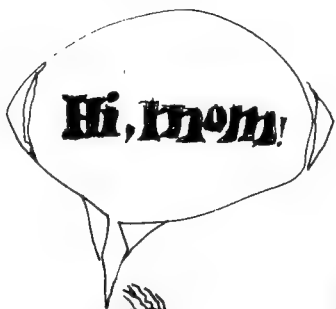
As an adolescent, garbage had a nice time because it was different. It continued to be tickled and goo-gooed over in its early teens because the more of it man had, the more wealth he had. Later when it got bigger and time was growing shorter, garbage got more elbow-room. It was called 'no deposit, no return' and 'planned obsolescence.'

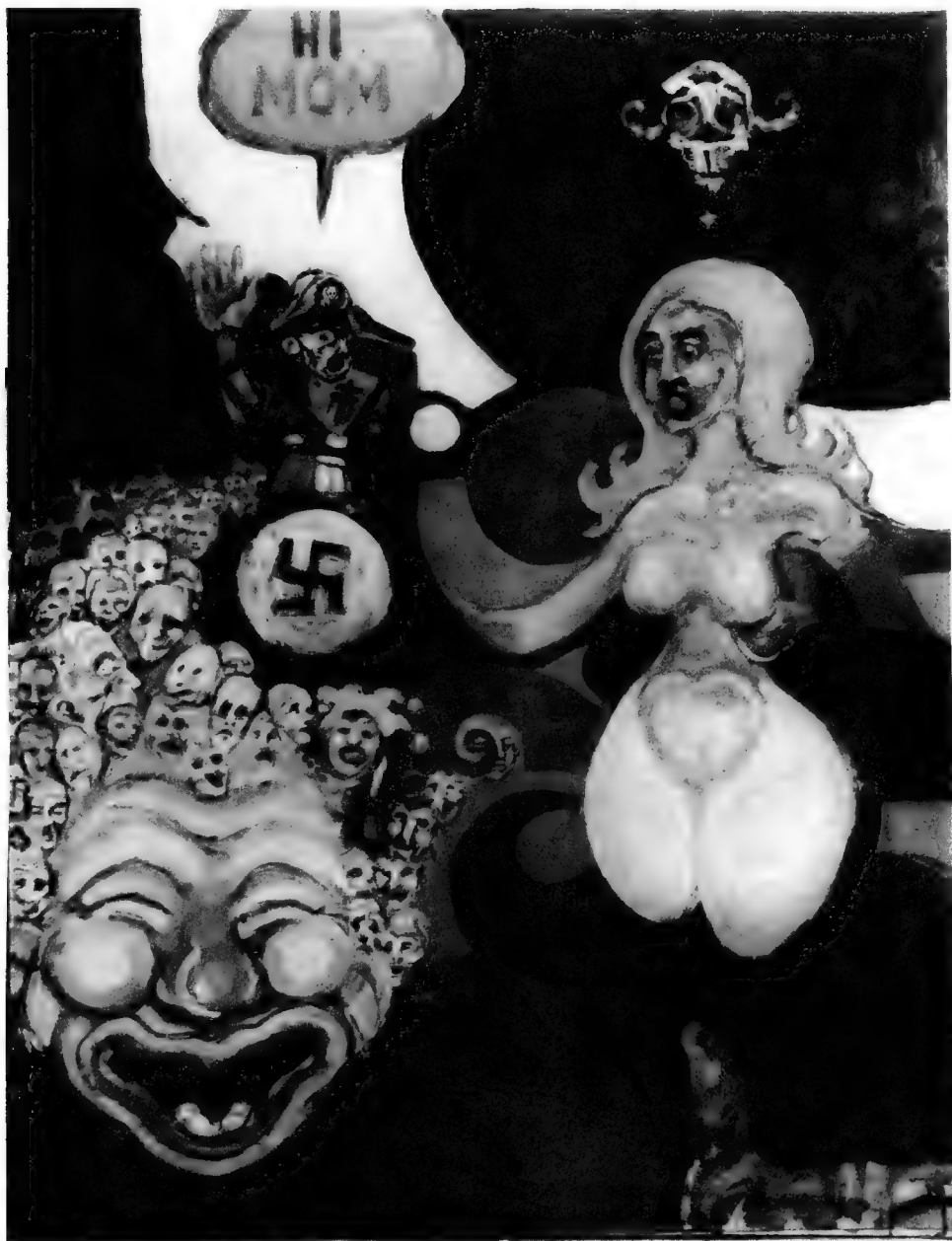
But in the end garbage was only a waste product. The greedy, practical, rich, clean man had another problem: the smelly-noise campaign was bogging down. The problem, said clean man as he waded through garbage, was that the machines must be fed more efficiently, for they possessed a great hunger and cried continually to be fed.

Clean man paused in his venture three times. First, to wipe away the 'clean' from his name and simply call himself 'man' - 'reaffirmation' was the term. Next, man joined together without love to feed the machines, and it was named 'business.' As man was about to continue, the machines began to howl and clamor. This time the problem was sticky terminology. To be fed by business was well enough, but the machines demanded various diets: 'capitalism,' 'fascism,' 'socialism,' 'communism,' 'schism-ism,' etc.

The situation was very uptight by now and great wars were fought to resolve the dietary question. The machines worked over time. But before the answer could be determined, much less the smelly-noise pursuit be resumed, 'discarded' garbage had come of age, and as everyone should know...

**The End**





THOSE LOVABLE NITWITS  
Kilroy & Yorlik in  
"THE RACE QUESTION"



In the beginning, there  
was this lump of clay,



two guys, and a booming voice.

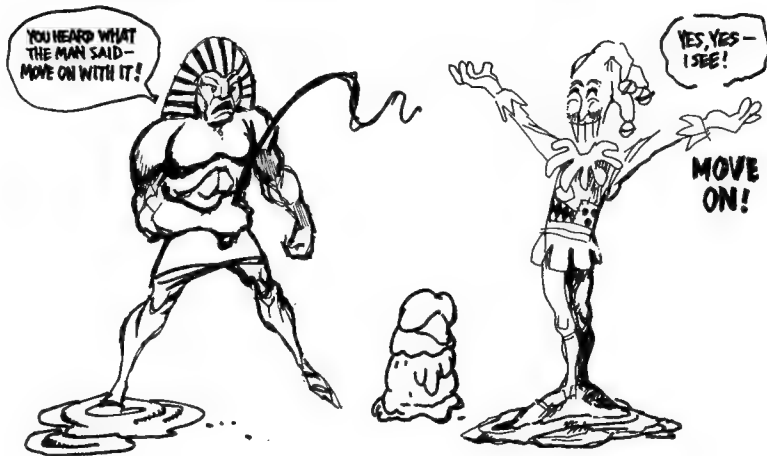
WELL, DON'T JUST  
STAND THERE...  
GET ON WITH IT!



so they "got it on," but after  
many wasted attempts..



.. a transformation took place!



and so..



until..



and then..



etc. etc..

..so on and so forth..



until once  
again..

SAY, HAVEN'T  
WE BEEN HERE  
BEFORE?

SAVE  
YER  
BREATH

I'M DOING THE  
THINKING  
AROUND HERE!

5000, 4999, 4998

SO THAT'S  
WHAT "MOVING  
ON" MEANS..

PART  
PART

HEY!  
LET'S KEEP  
IT MOVIN'  
DOWN THERE!

SOMEWHERE  
HERE..



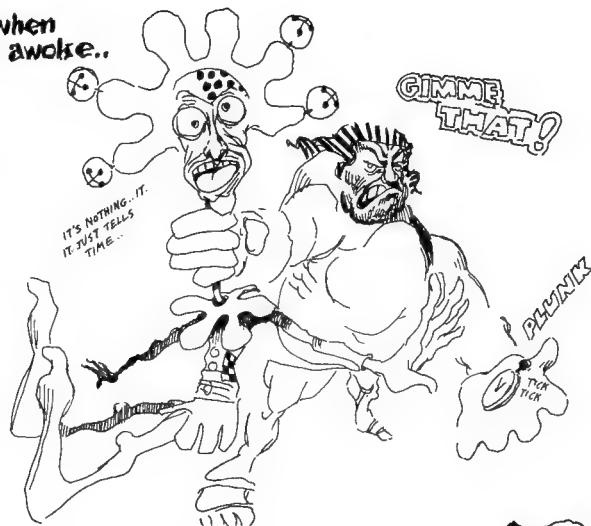
I GOT TO KEEP MY  
EYE ON THAT HORIZON  
AND BELIEVE ME,  
IT AIN'T EASY..



While Kilroy slept, Yorlik's mind returned to the spots marked 'X'...



..but when Kilroy awoke..



OH YEAH? **AWK!**  
JUST AS I THOUGHT -  
WE'RE **LATE!**



Yorlik slowly realized that this had been going on for a long time.



Gradually he lost interest..

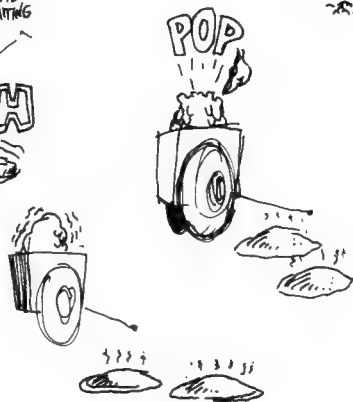
finally..



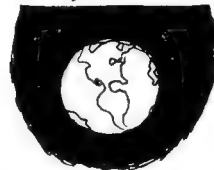
But Yorlik didn't get up.



Suddenly..



Moral:  
Kilroy was here.





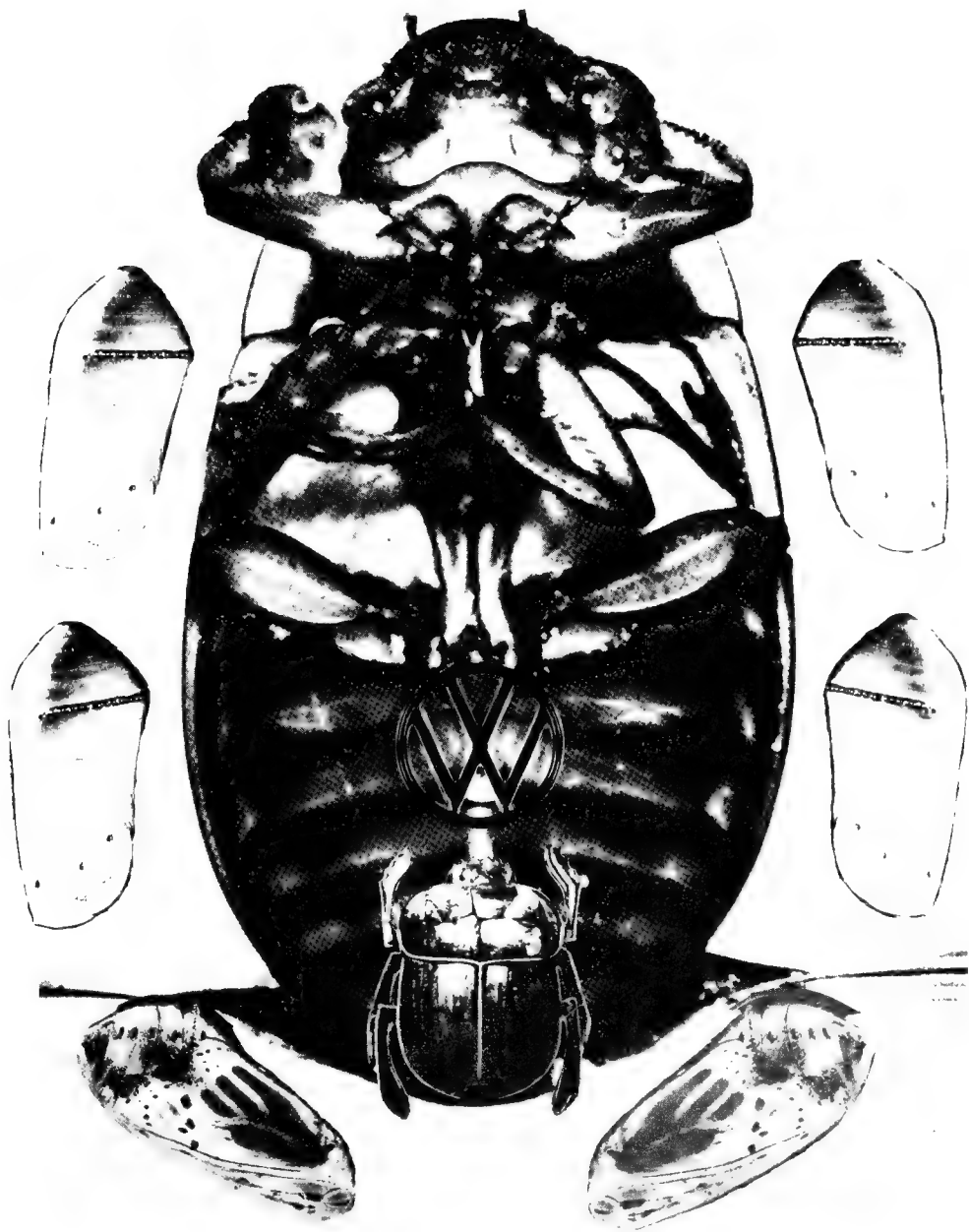
THE MYTH OF THE DEAD PLANET

THERE IS A DEAD PLANET IN A FAR DISTANT SOLAR SYSTEM, AND A HIGHLY DEVELOPED CIVILIZATION LIES BURIED BENEATH ITS SURFACE. NOT A CIVILIZATION SUCH AS OURS, FOR THE DOMINANT LIFE FORM OF THE PLANET WAS SOMETHING LIKE THE INSECTS OF OUR WORLD. ALIKE, HOWEVER, ONLY IN THEIR RELATIVE ANATOMICAL STRUCTURE AND PHYSICAL APPEARANCE. OTHERWISE THEY WERE, STRANGELY ENOUGH, MUCH LIKE US. THEY HAD AN INVOLVED SOCIAL SYSTEM, HIGHLY SOPHISTICATED METHODS OF COMMUNICATION, A FLOURISHING TECHNOLOGY, CENTERS OF ADVANCED LEARNING, AND AN INTRICATE MYTHOLOGY.

MYTHOLOGY, SOMETIMES CALLED "RACE MEMORY", HAS LONG INTRIGUED MANKIND. THIS WAS ALSO THE CASE WITH THE EXTINCT BEINGS OF THE DEAD PLANET, WHO CALLED THEMSELVES "Ⓜ".. AN UNTRANSLATABLE HIEROGLYPH WHOSE MEANING IS NOT UNLIKE OUR TERM "MASTER RACE".

THE Ⓜ MYTH WENT SOMETHING LIKE THIS:  
AT THE BEGINNING OF TIME, THE UNNAMEABLE AND THE UNKNOWNABLE, I.E. GOD, CREATED A UNIVERSE AND PLACED IN IT A FORM OF CONSCIOUS LIFE, MOULDED AFTER HIS OWN IMAGE. THE CREATOR THEN APPEARED TO A CHOSEN FEW IN A FLASH OF INTENSE LIGHT. HE GAVE THEM A RIDDLE WHICH, IF THEY COULD SOLVE, WOULD INSURE THEM EVERLASTING LIFE. THE RIDDLE WAS: "WHEN IS THE MOON NOT THE MOON BUT A BEAD?" IF THEY COULD NOT SOLVE THE RIDDLE THEY WOULD BE CURSED WITH AN ETERNITY OF ENDLESS REINCARNATIONS AS A WRETCHED AND TRAMPLED UPON INSTINCT-BOUND EXTENSION OF THEIR FORMER SELVES IN A PLACE WHERE THERE WOULD BE "WEEPING AND GNASHING OF MANDIBLES".

THE Ⓜ BEINGS DID NOT SOLVE THE RIDDLE AND CONSEQUENTLY THEIR PLANET DIED. THEY MARKED THEIR GRAVES WITH A SYMBOL WHICH EXPRESSED THEIR RESIGNATION TO THE ENDLESS JOURNEY OF REBIRTH, ACCOMPANIED BY THE LEGEND, "IN THE LAND OF THE NIGHT, THE SHIP OF THE SUN IS DRAWN BY THE GRATEFUL DEAD." IF ONE IS TO LEND CREDENCE TO THEIR MYTH,



A CARVED REPRESENTATION FROM  
THE DEAD PLANET DEPICTING THE  
ENTHRONED DEITY



DOUBTLESS THE SOULS OF THE ☿ BEINGS ARE ENDURING THE CURSE OF FAILURE SOMEWHERE IN THE UNIVERSE AT THIS VERY INSTANT. IT IS EASY TO SEE WHY THEY DID NOT SOLVE THE PUZZLE, FOR THEY WERE NEVER TOLD WHAT A 'MOON' WAS, AND THEY DID NOT HAVE ONE ORBITING THEIR PLANET, NOR DID THEY KNOW OF 'BEADS', A COMMONPLACE IN HUMAN ADORNMENT FOR AGES. THE RIDDLE, IN ADDITION, WAS PHRASED IN AN INCOMPREHENSIBLE, ALIEN LANGUAGE. ONE WOULD ALMOST THINK THE CREATOR WANTED THE ☿ BEINGS TO FAIL.

YET, THE MYTH GOES FURTHER. IT IS POSSIBLE FOR THE ☿ BEINGS TO ESCAPE ETERNAL SUFFERING, AND INDEED TO BECOME THE DOMINANT LIFE FORM OF THEIR PLACE OF EXILE, IF SOME OTHER COSMIC FORCE INTERVENES AND PERFORMS THE ACT NECESSARY TO SOLVE THE RIDDLE. THUS THE RIDDLE BECOMES SOMETHING OF A LOCK AND SALVATION LIES IN THE PROPER KEY BEING INSERTED AND TURNED, IN WHICH CASE A NEW DAY WILL DAWN FOR THEM. THEIR 'PURGATORY' WILL BE TRANSFORMED INTO A BETTER VERSION OF THEIR HOME LEFT BEHIND.. SOMETHING LIKE OUR CONCEPT OF 'HEAVEN ON EARTH'. THIS WAS THE ELEMENT OF FAITH IN THEIR CULTURE: THAT GOD WOULD BE MERCIFUL AND PROVIDE THEM A BENEFACTOR, SHOULD THEY FAIL THE TEST. I HAVE THE ANSWER TO THEIR RIDDLE.

BEFORE I TELL IT TO YOU, KINDLY LISTEN TO A FEW MORE FRAGMENTS OF THE MYTH OF THE DEAD PLANET. THEY BELIEVED THAT SOMEWHERE, LIKELY IN ANOTHER DIMENSION, THERE EXISTED THE HOME OF THE GOD WHO CREATED THEM. WHEN AND IF THE 'LOCK' WAS OPENED, HIS DIMENSION AND THEIRS WOULD BE SUPERIMPOSED, AND HE WOULD APPEAR TO THEM IN ALL HIS AWESOME MAGNIFICENCE. THEY WOULD KNOW THAT THE TIME HAD COME FOR THEIR FINAL METAMORPHOSIS. THEY WERE TO PREPARE THEMSELVES FOR THEIR RE-EMERGENCE AS THE MASTER RACE BY DEVOURING THE 'SACRAMENT'.



THE 'SACRAMENT,' A FLESHY ENERGY SUBSTANCE, WOULD BE FOUND ENCLOSED WITHIN MOBILE METAL CONTAINERS MARKED WITH THE (W) SYMBOL. THIS 'COSMIC FOOD' WOULD PROVIDE THEM WITH THE STRENGTH NECESSARY TO SUSTAIN THEIR TRANSITION STAGE. LATER THEIR FATHER WOULD BECKON THEM TO JOIN HIM IN HIS 'HEAVENLY' HOME.

YET, DESPITE ALL THEIR ACHIEVEMENTS AND THEIR DILIGENT INQUIRY INTO THE NATURE OF THE UNIVERSE, THE (W) BEINGS SEALED THEIR DOOM BY FAILING TO PERCEIVE THE MEANING OF A CHILDISHLY SIMPLE RIDDLE. NOTHING REMAINS TO ATTEST TO THE GREATNESS OF THE DEAD PLANET'S 'CROWN OF CREATION'.. THE (W) BEINGS. NOTHING BUT A FEW CRUMBLING RUINS, INHABITED BY THE SMALL, SCURRYING LIFE FORMS THAT HAVE OVERRUN THE PLANET IN THE ABSENCE OF ITS 'MASTER RACE'. THERE IS NO EVIDENCE THAT THIS MINUTE ORGANISM IS CAPABLE OF INTELLIGENT ACTION OR CONCEPTUAL MANIPULATION, AND ITS EXISTENCE HAD ALWAYS BEEN DISMISSED BY THE (W) BEINGS AS A NUISANCE TO BE, AT BEST, TOLERATED, SINCE IT WAS FAR TOO NUMEROUS TO BE ERADICATED. THUS, FOR ALL PRACTICAL PURPOSES, CIVILIZATION HAS VANISHED, AND THE PLANET MUST BE CONSIDERED DEAD.

AS I INTIMATED EARLIER, I KNOW THE ANSWER TO THE RIDDLE. IT LIES IN THE PROVIDENTIAL KEY THAT THE (W) BEINGS CARRIED IN THEIR PRAYERS AS THEY COMMITTED THEIR SOULS TO ETERNITY, KNOWING THAT THEY COULD NOT PROVIDE THE ANSWER THEMSELVES, AND THAT IT MUST COME THROUGH THE POWER OF AN ALIEN COSMIC FORCE. IT IS THE SAME FAITH THAT NOW SPURS ON THEIR GUARDIAN SPIRITS AS THEY TIRELESSLY ROLL BALLS OF SHIT ON THEIR WAY TO PERPETUAL REBIRTH; GUARDIAN SPIRITS WE CALL 'DUNG BEETLES'. FOR MAN WILL PROVIDE THE ACT OF COSMIC INTERVENTION NECESSARY TO INTEGRATE THE DIMENSIONS AND RELEASE

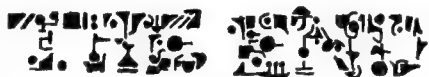


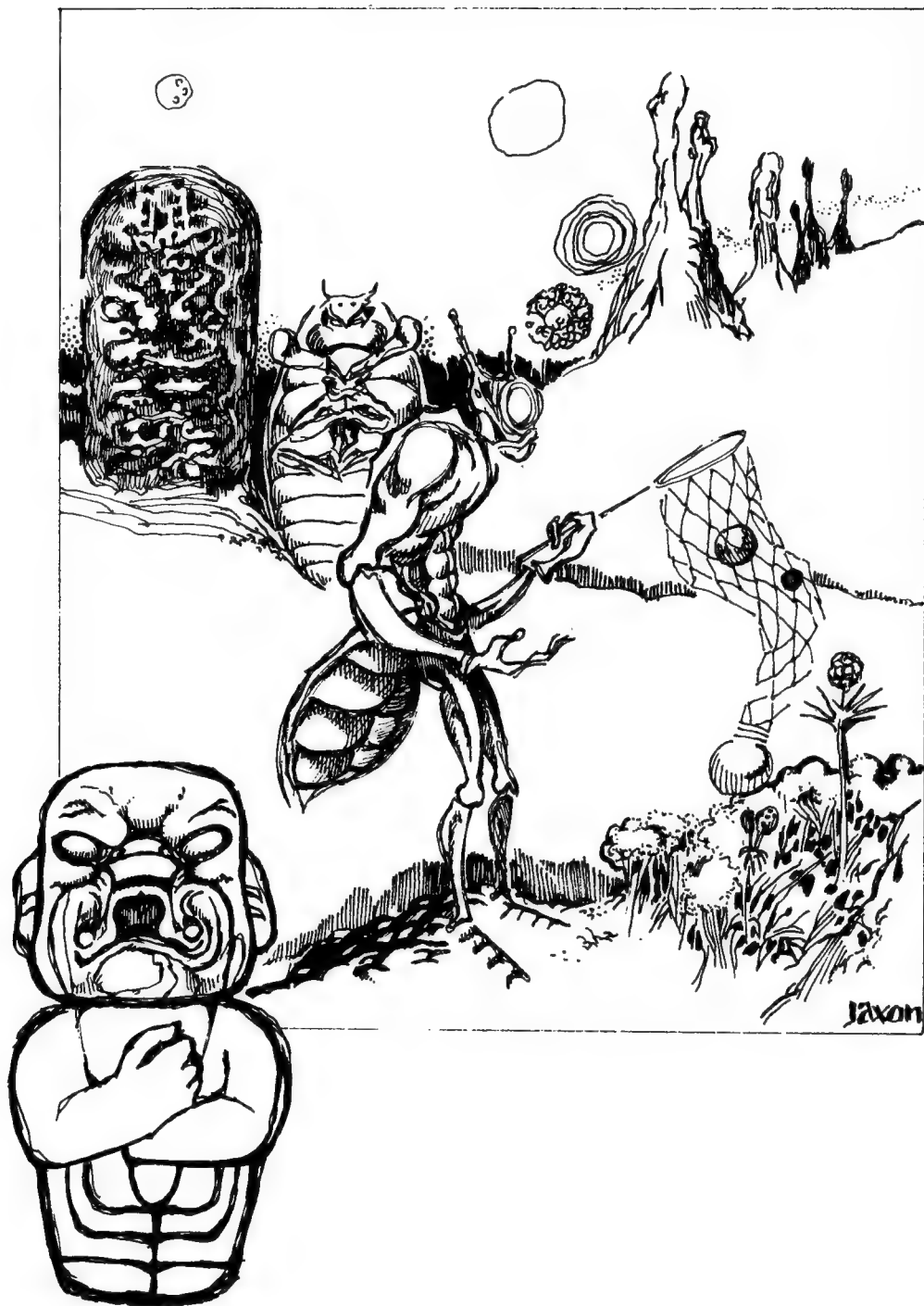
THE ONLY REMAINING LIFE-FORM  
OF THE DEAD PLANET

THE (W) BEINGS FROM THEIR PRESENT STATE OF PUNISHMENT, KNOWN TO US AS 'INSECT LIFE'. REMEMBER THE RIDDLE: 'WHEN IS THE MOON NOT THE MOON BUT A BEAD?'

THE ANSWER, EARTHPEOPLE, IS: 'WHEN MAN SETS FOOT ON IT', BECAUSE HE...YOU...WILL THEN HAVE THE KEY IN THE LOCK. THE DOOR OF DIMENSIONS WILL SWING OPEN, REVEALING TO ALL EARTHLY EYES THE VISAGE OF GOD IN ALL HIS AWESOME MAGNIFICENCE. HIS ANTENNAE WILL BE GLOWING; A HINT OF MIRTH WILL SPREAD OVER HIS MANDIBLES; AND HE WILL TOUCH A STRING OF NINETY-NINE BEADS HANGING FROM HIS THORAX. ONE BEAD WILL BE MISSING, AND GOD WILL REACH OUT WITH HIS PINCHER FOR THE 'MOON'.

HOW DO I KNOW THESE THINGS? WELL, YOU MUST FIRST UNDERSTAND THIS RIDDLE:



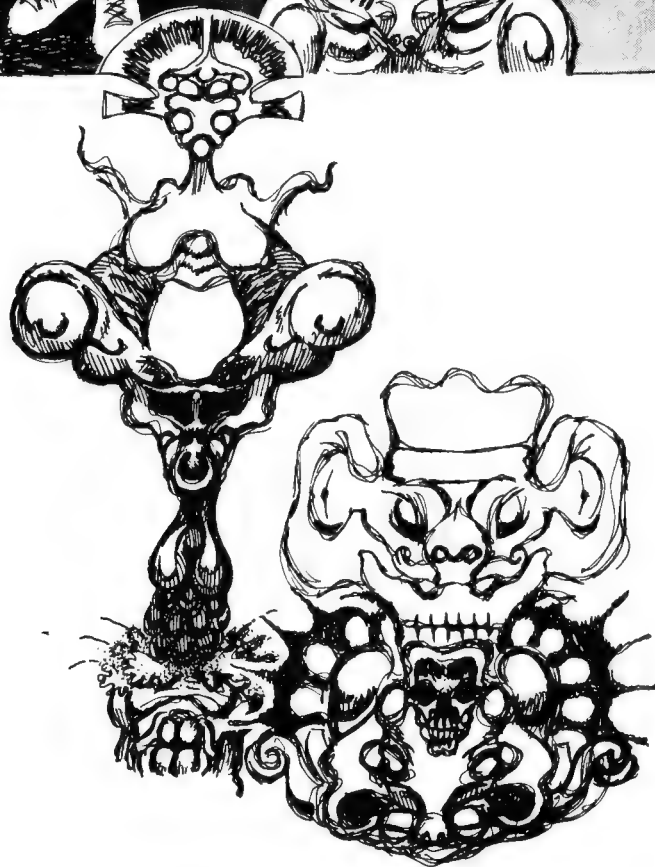






Homage  
to Hitler

J65



My mind is boggled at the bewildering babble  
of the moving van's passengers  
and their funny felt-tipped philosophy  
about life and all  
and what happens  
when we unite in a macrobiotic mirage  
come the sweet bye n' bye of cosmic calibrations  
or brimstone and damnations.

I want to see a peaceful shore  
where the sand is really  
crystal grit and children build castles  
meant for looking.

Now, hammering out cookie cutters  
for the high school carnival  
I think of times when  
in my briar patch near  
by I happened on a rabbit out for a stroll.

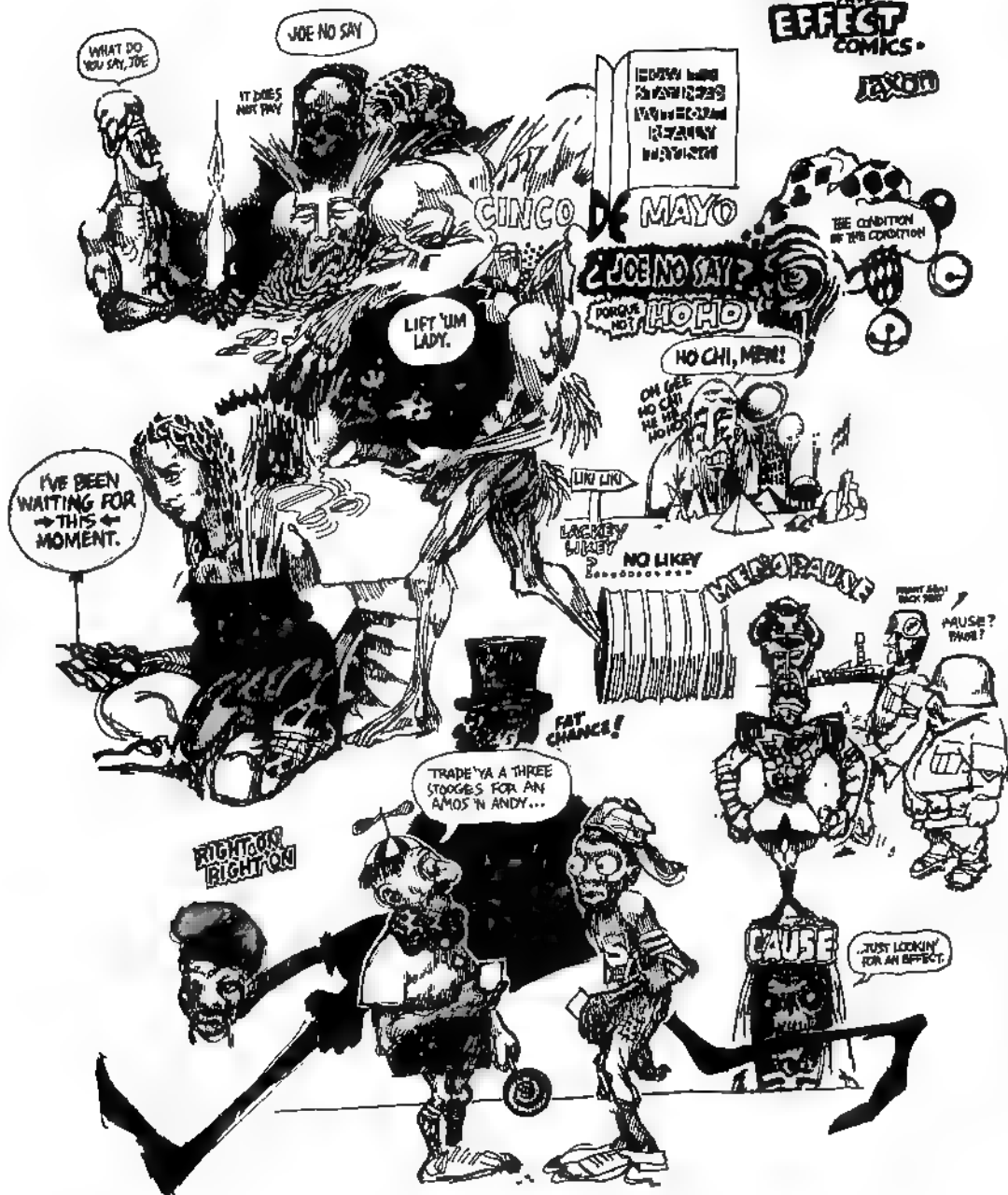
This was no ordinary **RABBIT**.

Rabbits run rabid in the briarpatch  
and I sniff glue while holding you  
close, little tar-baby, somethin' nuther.  
And the stillness of the early morning  
settles gently on my mind,  
squeezes tightly on my ties,  
and I follow.





**CAUSE  
AND  
EFFECT  
COMICS.**

**EXCISE**

# GOBS of WORMS



Jaxon-72

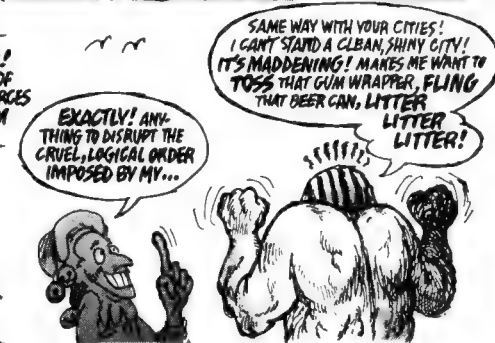
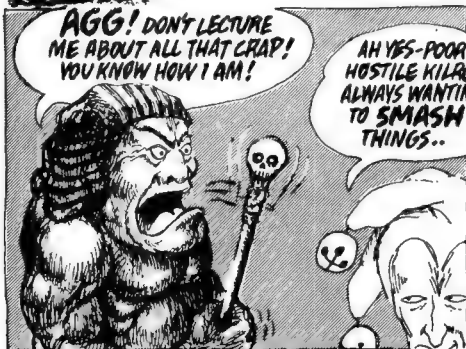




# Those Lovable Nitwits KILROY & YORLIK in THE VICIOUS RECYCLE



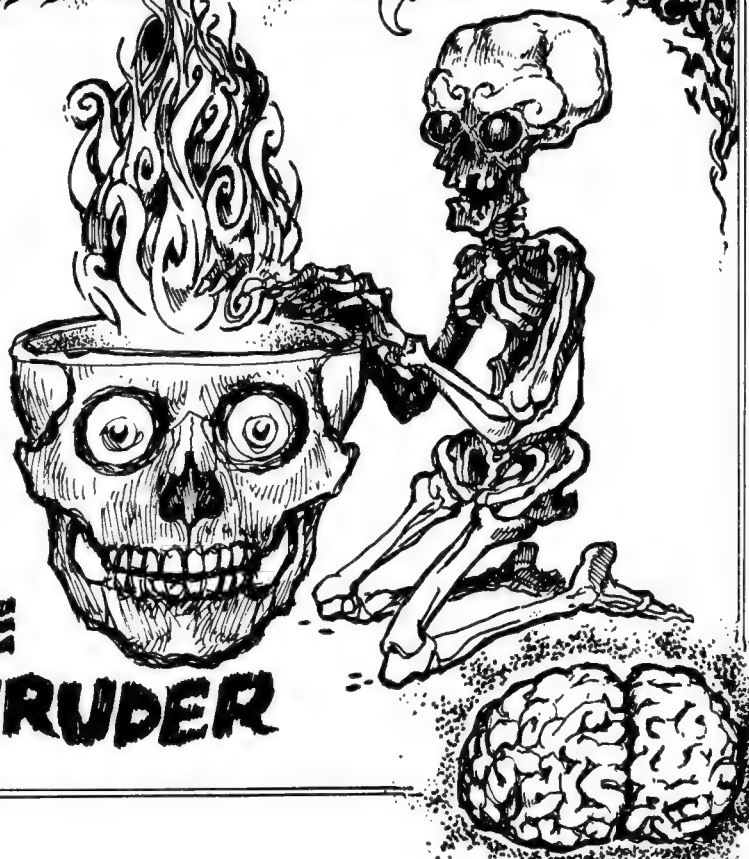
Y'P! IT'S A MODEL CITY!  
NOTICE HOW I'VE USED THE BEST  
CONCEPTS OF THE PAST, WHILE  
NOT HESITATING TO INCORPORATE  
THE ADVANCES  
OF MODERN SCI-

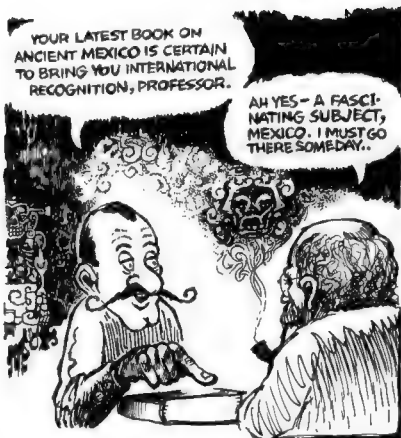




LOCKED INSIDE THE SKULL ARE MYSTERIES FEW HAVE DARED TO PENETRATE. LEGENDS OF THE PAST SPEAK OF THOSE WHO TREKKED THE LIMITLESS EXPANSES OF THE MIND, WANDERING THE UNCHARTED REGIONS OF CONSCIOUSNESS — OFTEN TO FIND THEMSELVES LOST BEYOND THE PALE OF SANITY. FORTUNATELY, SCIENCE NOW STEERS THE BOAT WITH A STEADY GRIP ON REALITY. BUT WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE UNCANNY, THE UNREAL DESCENDS LIKE A MURKY FOG? WHEN BONES AND DUST BY THE WAYSIDE STIR WITH THE ENERGY ONCE POSSESSED? WHEN SCIENCE PEERS INTO THE DARKNESS OF THE UNKNOWN AND FINDS THAT **IT** IS

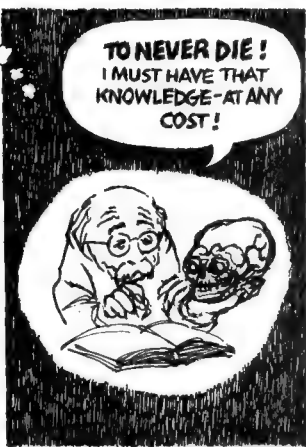
## THE INTRUDER

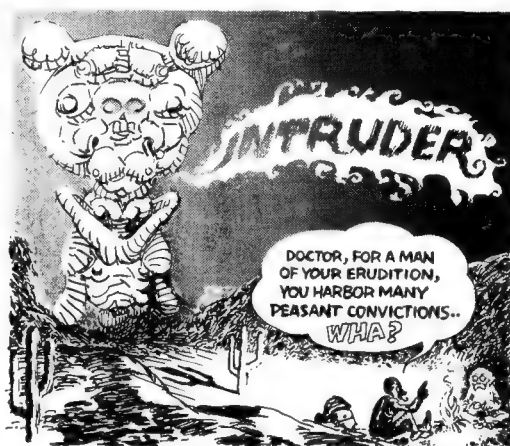
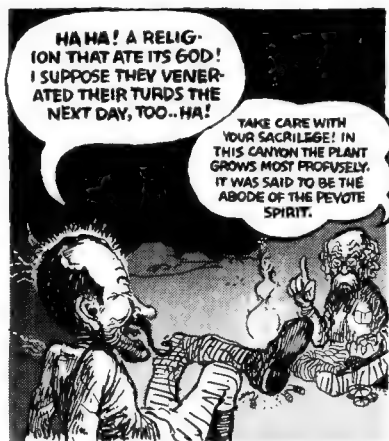
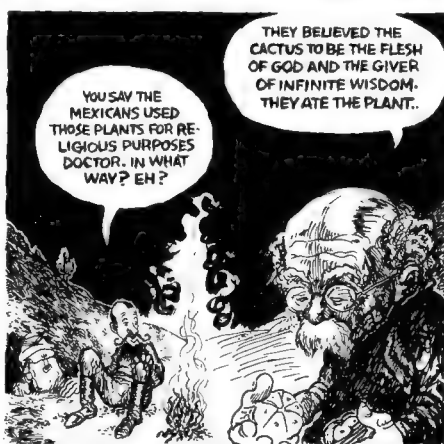




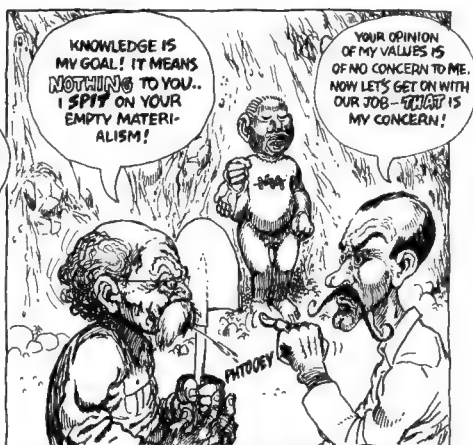
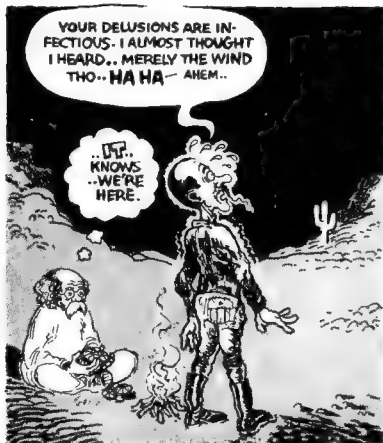


IT READS: FOR WE DIE NOT. THO OUR MINDS ARE LIFTED AND ABSENT. THEY ARE NEARBY. TO BE JOINED AGAIN. WHO THEN WILL KNOW US? OUT OF THE FUMES OF REBIRTH? OUT OF THE HUSK OF SLEEP? WHO WILL DRINK DEEPLY? AND BE FOREVER UNDEAD!!





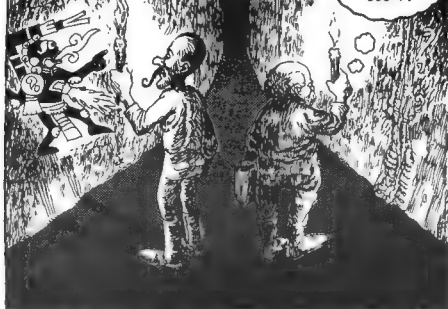




DUST FILTERED DOWN LIKE FINE MIST AS THE TWO MEN PEERED INTO THE ENCOMPASSING DARKNESS.

MYGOD, THE ~~SMELL~~!  
HOW OLD DID YOU  
SAY THIS TOMB WAS?

HE'S RIGHT,  
OF COURSE - THE  
SMELL IS THAT OF  
TISSUE DEIFYING  
DECAY!



FOLLOWING A PATHWAY CUT FROM SOLID ROCK, THEY ENTERED THE ROOM OF OFFERINGS TO THE DEAD..

HOLY TOLEDO!  
LOOK AT THIS! OBOY!  
OBOY! MY COMPETITORS  
ARE GONNA EAT THEIR  
LIVERS! OH SHIT -  
MY LUCKY DAY!!



BUT THE PROFESSOR'S GAZE SPED TOWARD A DIFFERENT PRIZE...

THE CENTRAL  
BURIAL CHAMBER -  
IT MUST LIE DEEPER.

GOLD-BLUE  
OILY BARNARD  
GILSON - OYSTERS!  
BIRD FEATHERS -  
JACOBITE - HIGH  
CRISTAL - OH  
SHIT, AND  
BLACK BAY  
SAULT



DOWN A FORBIDDEN CORRIDOR, MOULDY WITH THE CENTURIES, A MACABRE SPECTACLE YIELDED TO THE FLICKERING LIGHT..

YES! JUST AS THE CODEX  
SAID IT WOULD BE - THE  
JARS, THE SKULLS, AND THE  
VESSELS OF REGENERATION!



PROFESSOR... WHERE?  
ZOUNDS!! SO THIS IS  
WHERE THAT SMELL  
IS COMING FROM!

TOUCH NOTHING IN  
HERE! I MUST... UHM... CATA-  
LOGUE EVERYTHING BE-  
FORE IT IS DISTURBED!



AS YOU WISH, DOCTOR. IN THE  
MEANTIME, I'LL GO ARRANGE FOR  
THE LOADING AND HAULING. I'D  
HATE FOR YOU TO STRAIN YOUR-  
SELF - ESPECIALLY AT YOUR AGE..

BECOME!  
I HAVE WORK  
TO DO!



AT LAST THE PROFESSOR WAS ALONE...

THE BRAINS ARE INTACT..  
**ALIVE! GOOD LORD, IT  
MUST BE TRUE!**



AND SET THE SKULLS IN THE WAITING, EMPTY SOCKETS, ONE AFTER ANOTHER.

SO CLOSE TO  
THEIR SECRET.



A MURKY MIASMA ROSE FROM THE BOILING CACTUS AND HUNG THICKLY ABOUT THE GRINNING SKULLS.

YE THAT ARE UNDEAD...  
FEEL THE ANGUISH OF MY SOUL...  
COME FORTH WITH YOUR WISDOM...  
... LIFT AWAY THIS TATTERED  
GARMENT OF AGE... THAT I  
TOO MAY NEVER DIE!



FALTERINGLY, HE PLACED EACH BRAIN IN ITS SKULL..

I... CAN'T  
STOP NOW..



AND NOW, THE  
FINAL STEP —  
THE **PEYOTE!**



SUDDENLY, A PIERCING CRESCENDO OF MANIACAL LAUGHTER ROLLED THRU THE CHAMBER. THE STATUES SHOOK VIOLENTLY AND SURGED FORWARD..



..SWEEPING THE PROFESSOR TO THE TABLE OF XIPE TOTEC!

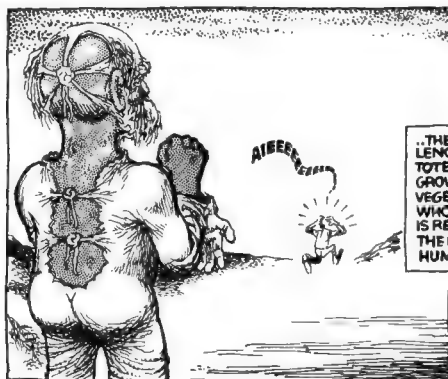


A GRIM SILENCE GREETED THE RETURN OF THE ANTIQUE DEALER..

PROFESSOR?  
OH JESUS! IT'S...  
IT'S... IT'S.. GASP!!  
THE PROFESSOR.



.. AND THE SILENCE REMAINED AFTER THE DEALER HAD FLED..



AIRER

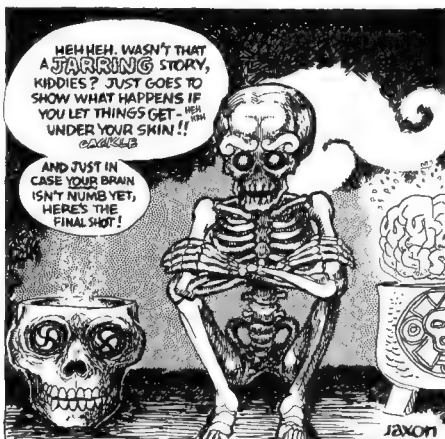
..THE STONY SILENCE OF XIPE TOTEC, GOD OF GROWTH AND VEGETATION, WHOSE POWER IS RENEWED BY THE HUSK OF A HUMAN SKIN!

BUT WITHIN THE SEALED TOMB, A FAINT PULSE REGISTERED THE RELENTLESS THROBBING, THE TENACIOUS EXPECTANCY OF A QUIESCENT SEED — THE PROFESSOR'S BRAIN!

NO.. I AM NOT DEAD.. MY CONSCIOUSNESS IS FUNCTIONING.. I AM FULLY AWARE. I FEEL THE MOIST TEXTURE OF THE CLAY ENCLOSING ME, THE DARKNESS OF THIS DAMP... JAR. I AM COLD. I... I... MUST THINK OF A WAY OUT..

MEH MEH. WASN'T THAT A FARRING STORY, KIDDIES? JUST GOES TO SHOW WHAT HAPPENS IF YOU LET THINGS GET UNDER YOUR SKIN!!

AND JUST IN CASE YOUR BRAIN ISN'T NUMB YET, HERE'S THE FINAL SHOT!



JAXON

HIYA GANG! OL' CHICKEN ITZA HERE WITH A LITTLE FUTURISTIC TIME-WARP TALE TO TICKLE YOUR FEW REMAINING NERVE ENDINGS. I SAY 'FEW REMAINING' BECAUSE OUR STORY TAKES PLACE AFTER THE BOMBS FALL, AND THERE AIN'T MUCH LEFT OF ANYTHING EXCEPT FOR A FEW REMOTE COMMUNES AND GANGS OF MOTORCYCLE WARLORDS THAT CALL THEMSELVES THE 'CHICKEN FUCKERS'. THEY'RE A SWELL BUNCH OF GUYS, BUT SINCE THE COMMUNES ALL SPECIALIZE IN CHICKEN FARMING, CERTAIN PROBLEMS ARE BOUND TO COME UP... LIKE THE TIME WHEN THEY SWOOPED DOWN ON A COOP AND FOUND A SWEET YOUNG PULLET WHO HAPPENED TO LIKE HER COCK FRICASSEED! I CALL THE REVULSING OMELET,

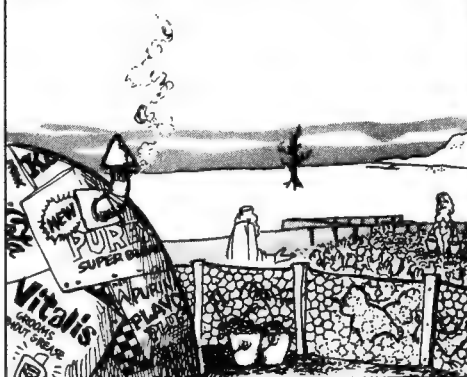
## Bussy Whipped!



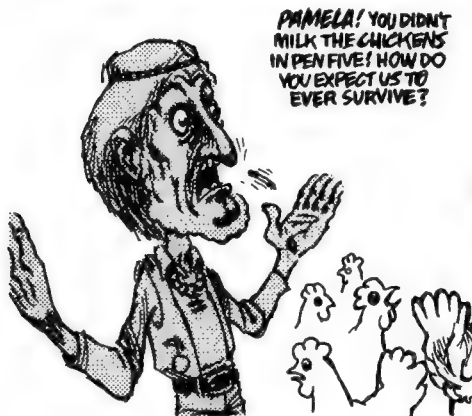
LIFE ISN'T EASY FOR THOSE SPARED BY THE HOLOCAUST. THE CITIES ARE DESERTED RUBBLE; MOTHER NATURE, CHOKED BY RADIATION, YIELDS NO FOOD.



CONSEQUENTLY, THE PEOPLE THAT ESCAPED TO THE HILLS HAVE ALL TURNED TO CHICKEN FARMING AS A MEANS OF SURVIVAL.

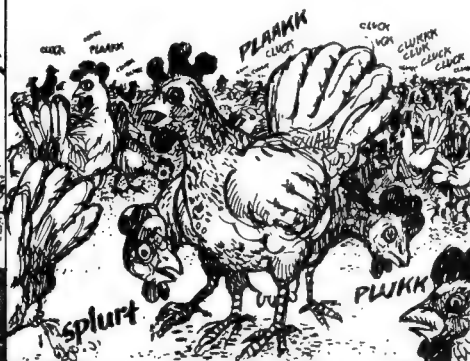


HER OLD MAN DOESN'T HELP MATTERS MUCH.



PAMELA! YOU DIDN'T MILK THE CHICKENS IN PEN FIVE! HOW DO YOU EXPECT US TO EVER SURVIVE?

IN FACT, JUST ABOUT THE ONLY THING THAT WILL GROW IS A MUTANT STRAIN OF CHICKEN, WHICH FEEDS ON SHREDDED PLASTIC.



IT IS A HARD LIFE, EMPTY AND DEMANDING. NO WONDER PAMELA PULLYBONE IS ILL-TEMPERED..



BEFORE SHE CAN RETORT, A CLOUD OF DUST, ACCOMPANIED BY A DEEP-THROATED ROAR, UNMISTAKABLY SIGNALS THE APPROACH OF DISASTER!



OH SHIT! IT'S THE CHICKEN FUCKERS ON A RAID! RUN PAMELA AND FOR DEAR ABBY! SARE, DON'T LET THEM SPOT YOU!



BUT AS SHE RUNS, HER THOUGHTS RUN WITH HER..

THE CHICKEN  
FUCKERS!  
HAMMM



ALL SHE HAS WORKED FOR IS GOING UP IN FLAMES. THIS MEANS STARTING AGAIN FROM SCRATCH! HER FRAIL FIGURE TREMBLES AT THE AGONIZING PROSPECT..

FROM HER HIDING PLACE, PAMELA WATCHES WITH WIDE EYES THE ARRIVAL OF THE SHAGGY BARBARIANS.

GNOME! SET FIRE  
TO THAT GNOME! GRE-  
TIN! ROUND UP THEM  
CHICKENS!

ALRIGHT  
CHICKEN FARMER,  
WHERE YOU HIDIN'  
YOUR OLD LADY?



AT LAST, PAMELA RESOLVES HER PERPLEXING PROBLEM. SHE STRIDES BOLDLY TOWARD THE MEN.

JEEZ,  
THAT CAT IS  
HUNG!



WELL WELL  
LOOKY HERE..  
HIVA TOOTS!



ANGUISH FLOODS THE FARMER'S FACE, FOR HE KNOWS THE CRUEL FATE OF HILL WOMEN AT THE MERCY OF THE DEPRAVED CHICKEN FUCKERS!

PAMELA..WHAT'S..  
GOTTEN INTO YOU?

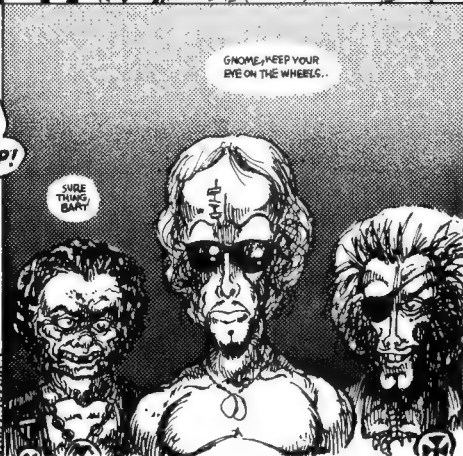
I'VE HAD IT UP TO HERE  
WITH THIS SHITTY SCENE!  
I'M NOT YOUR FUCKIN' SLAVE,  
YOU SPINLESS, LIMP-  
CLUNKERED CREEP!

I WANT TO  
MEET SOME  
REAL MEN  
FOR A CHANGE!



GNOME, KEEP YOUR  
EYE ON THE WHEELS..

SHRE  
TUNG,  
BABY

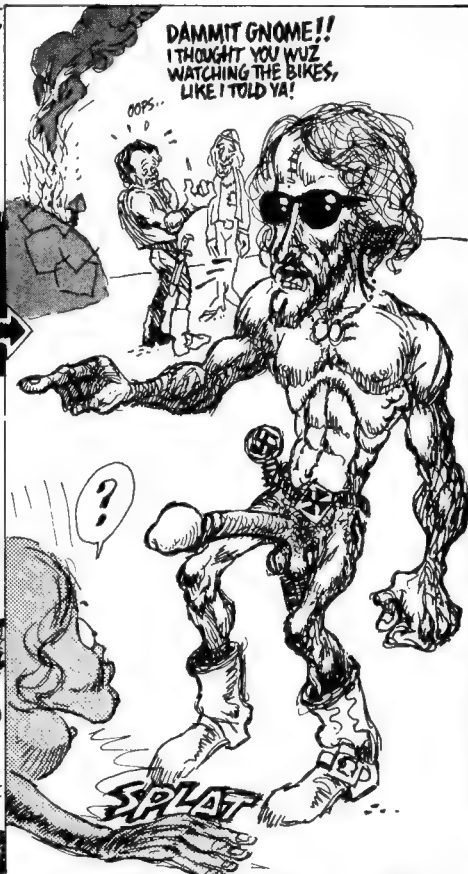


BUT BEFORE BLACK BART CAN MAKE A MOVE, PAMELA, NOT WANTING TO APPEAR UNSOCIAL, PROMPTLY LATCHES ONTO HIS PRIVATE MEMBER.



WHAT THE BACKWARD HILL WOMEN LACK IN SOCIAL FINESSE IS OFTEN COMPENSATED FOR BY THEIR DIRECT AND FORTHRIGHT MANNER. CRETIN, FOR INSTANCE, IS INTRIGUED BY PAMELA'S GREETING GESTURE.





LEGOO MY BUDDY'S PRICK, YOU  
UNGRAFEK WENCH! SOME THANKS  
WE GET FOR COMING ALL THE WAY OUT  
HERE AND PROVIDING YOU WITH  
ALL THIS EXCITEMENT!



FINALLY, THEIR LAST SPENT AND GAS LINE REPAIRED, THE MOTORCYCLE WARLOIDS PREPARE TO PUSH ON



OFF THEY ROAR, ON MOUNTS OF STEEL, DRIVING  
THE HEAD OF CHICKENS BEFORE THEM, LEAVING  
POOR, DISTRAUGHT PAMELA IN A CLOUD OF DUST.



BUT NOT FOR LONG!

COME BACK  
MY LOVED  
NEW FRIENDS.  
IT WAS TOO GOOD  
TO END THIS  
WAY!



AFTER THEM SHE PLUNGES, OUT ACROSS  
THE PARCHED, RADIOACTIVE WASTES, THE  
FORBIDDEN FLATS, WHERE NOTHING ON  
FOOT HAS BEEN KNOWN TO SURVIVE..



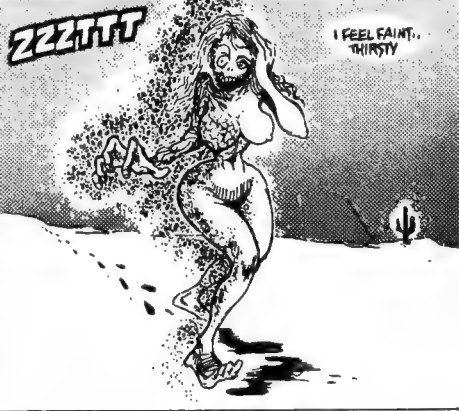
GRADUALLY THE LETHAL ELEMENTS BEGIN TO CONSUME PAMELA,  
EATING RAVENOUSLY AT HER FAIR FEATURES.

222

AND I MAKE  
AN OUTRISITE  
CHICKEN FOOT  
STEAM!



STILL, SHE TRUDGES ON, FOLLOWING THE DIM TRACKS, BUT SHE  
IS NO MATCH FOR THE UBIQUITOUS COSMIC ROT!



FINALLY SHE CAN GO NO FURTHER. HER MOUTHWORN LIPS PART IN ONE LAST GASP— SHE IS DEAD!



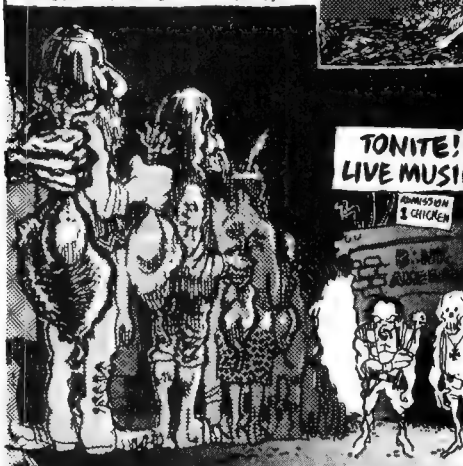
BUT WAIT! WHAT UNSPEAKABLE HORROR STIRS IN HER PUTRID CORPSE? WHAT UNKNOWN FETTER OF THE RADIOACTIVE WASTELAND IS SPEWING FORTH ITS CORRUPTION OUT OF PAMELA'S STIFF?



WHATEVER IT IS, IT POSSESSES A GHOULISH PURPOSE!



AND IT MOVES TOWARD A DISTANT GATHERING OF VARIOUS COMMUNING FOLK, OR "TRIBES", WHERE A FESTIVAL SPONSORED BY THE CHICKEN FUCKERS IS IN PROGRESS..



SUCH ESOTERIC QUESTIONS MEAN LITTLE TO GNOME. AS USUAL, HE IS RIPPED ON WINE AND REDS, AND FOOLING AROUND.



SUDDENLY A HUSHED SILENCE DESCENDS ON THE CROWD. ALL EYES ARE RIVETED TO THE EERILY-GLOWING SPECTER THAT IS FLOATING TOWARD A BOMBED-OUT GNOME!



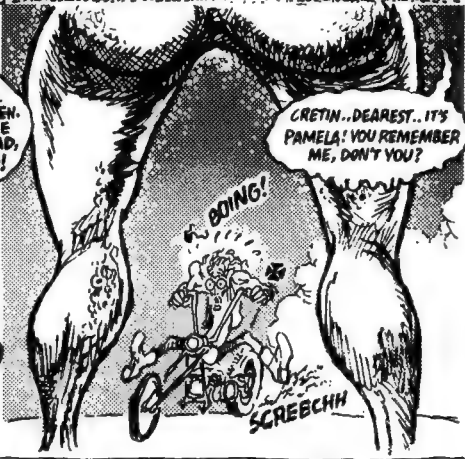


TOO LATE DOES HE REALIZE THE ELECTRIFYING NATURE OF THIS GROUPE! OUTASITE, GNOME.

AFTER THE ENSUING TUMULT, PAMELA IS LEFT ALONE TO RELISH TENDER MOMENTS WITH HER BEDAZZLED LOVER.



WHY, HERE HE IS, PAMELA.. CRUISING ALONG ON HIS CHOPPER, DEEP IN MEDITATION!





FRIED, BART, IT WUZ GAWD AWFUL!

THIS KUNDA SHIT'S GOTTA STOP! IT'S BAD FOR BUSINESS..

BART! IT'S ALL OVER FOR US! THAT HORRIBLE CHUCK, SHE'S AFTER US!

SEE HER NAME'S PAMELA, AND SHE'S HOT FOR OUR BODIES! OH GOD - SHE WUZ COMIN FOR MY JOVNTY!

PAMELA? PAMELA? I DON'T KNOW NO BROAD NAMED PAMELA - LEARNME SEE - PRICICIA PRITY PEGGY, PETULLIA, PETALUMA..

MAYBE IT'S YER OLD LADY, FOLLOWED YA BUT I'VE JERSEY..

I'LL DEST IT'S AN ALIAS

AS A LAST MEASURE OF DESPERATION, BART CALLS A BRAIN-  
STORMING SESSION...

THINK, DAMMIT!  
THINK!

CRACK!

FEATHERS!

DOWN!

LAID!

EGG?

THAT'S IT! SHE'S A  
SECRET NEARON THAT THE  
CHICKEN FARMERS ARE USING  
TO BUST OUR HOLD ON THE  
EGG MARKET!

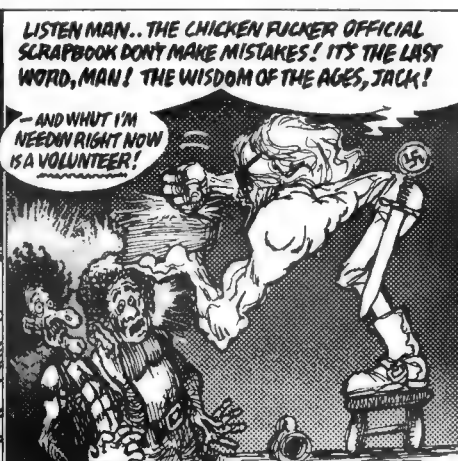
WHY, THOSE SLIMY SHITS!

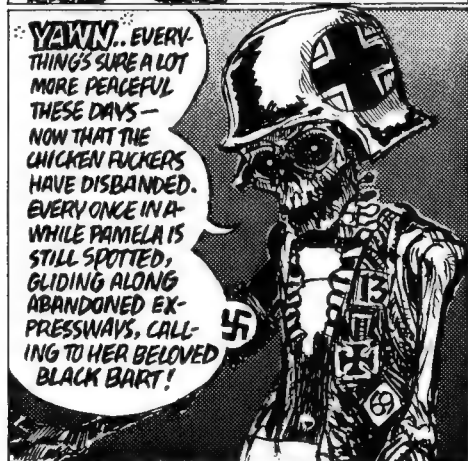
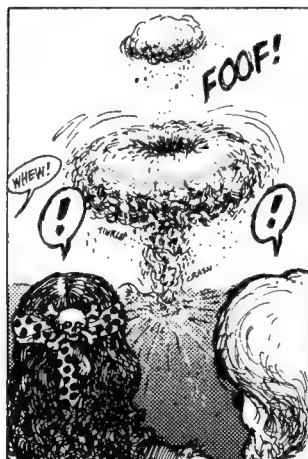
THIS CALLS FOR  
DRASTIC MEASURE  
GHODN, GET THE  
SCRAPBOOK!

COVERLY

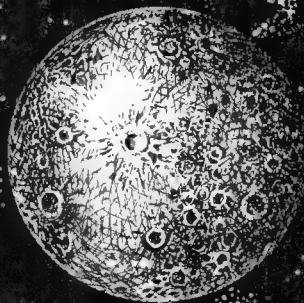
ANA! THIS IS IT!  
PAGE 342! THIS TACTIC  
HAS NEVER BEEN KNOWN TO  
FAIL IN SHANN'OFF CREEPY  
CUNTS! IT'S CALLED 'THE EX-  
PLODIN' COCK' —  
FIRST PERFECTED BY  
VIC THE VAGRANT  
TO KEEP HIS  
OLD LADY FROM ALLA-  
TIME SUCKIN' OFF HIS  
PET ROOSTER!

HONZET  
WORK?





# THE SECRET



Jaxon 70

I AM A DEAD PLANET, SUSPENDED IN THE SILENT VOID OF A DISTANT SOLAR SYSTEM. EVER SO SLIGHTLY THE COLD COSMIC CURRENTS STIR MY SLUMBERING DUST. USELESS, FOR I WILL NOT AWAKEN. I DREAM OF ANOTHER TIME, EONS AGO, WHEN MY CHILDREN WERE HERE.

THEY NESTLED IN THE SOFT FOLDS OF MY FLESH. THEY FLUTTERED THRU MY CLEAR MAGENTA SKIES AND SWAM IN MY COOL CHARTREUSE WATERS. I WAS FERTILE AND NURTURED THEM WITH SWEET NECTAR FLOWING READILY FROM MY VEINS. THEY CALLED ME 'MOTHER'.

YES, THOSE WERE HAPPY TIMES FOR ME. NOW, NOTHING REMAINS OF THIS JOY. IT, LIKE ALL ELSE, LIES CRUMBLING INTO DUST. MY FACE IS WRINKLED AND BARREN; MY POOLS ARE CRACKED AND DRY. FOR YOU SEE, I DIED WHEN MY CHILDREN ENTERED AND SEALED THEIR TOMBS. THE DEATH OF THE ENDLESS SLEEP, A SLEEP THAT NUMBS THE PAIN OF KNOWING...

SO NOW I AM ALONE, ONLY VAGUELY AWARE OF THE TINY CREEPING, CRAWLING, DISGUSTING CREATURES THAT GNAW AT THE BARE RIBS OF MY RUIN. ALONE WITH MY TERRIBLE SECRET!

AND THEN CAME THE **SEEKERS** — THOSE WHOSE GOAL WAS TO WREST 'KNOWLEDGE' FROM THE UNCHARTED REACHES OF SPACE; TO PROBE THE MYSTERIES OF THE UNIVERSE.

THOSE WHO WOULD SEEK TO FEND OFF THEIR OWN SLEEP BY PROBING THE SECRETS OF THE ONES AT REST, SUCH AS I. FOOLISH, VAIN INTRUDERS — LEAVE ME BE!





HOW, STRANGERS, CAN YOU PROFIT FROM OUR DOOM? HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT YOU WILL NOT SEAL YOUR OWN DOOM?



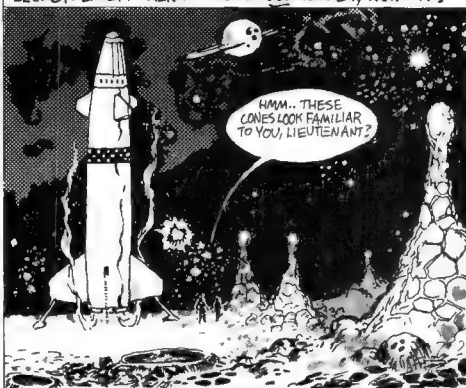
YES, YOUR FEARS ARE OF THE SIMPLE KIND, THE KIND THAT ARE DISPELLED BY A SCAN OF THE INSTRUMENT PANEL BEFORE YOU — NOT FEARS FOR THE FATE OF MANKIND!



AHH... BUT THAT IS THE LEAST OF YOUR CONCERN, ISN'T IT? YOU THINK ONLY OF YOUR SHIP'S RELUCTANT SHUDDER AS IT SLIPS TOWARD MY WITHERED SURFACE.



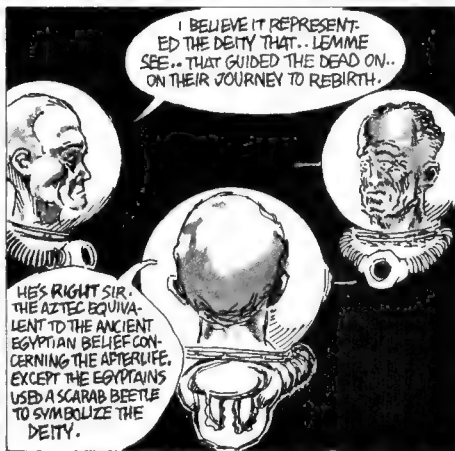
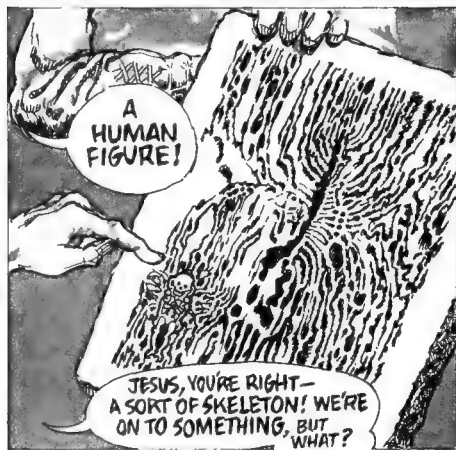
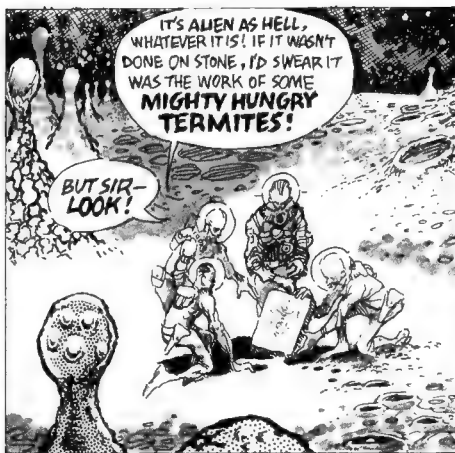
VERY WELL, WATCH THE LIGHTS FLASH THEIR ASSENT, STEP FROM YOUR MIGHTY SHIP AND LIFT THE SHROUD FROM MY SECRET. EXCEPT THEN IT WILL BE OUR SECRET, WON'T IT?

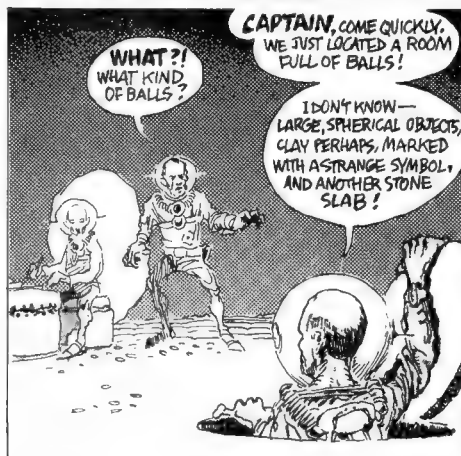


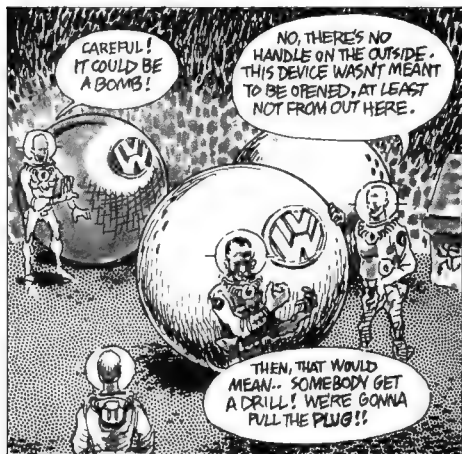


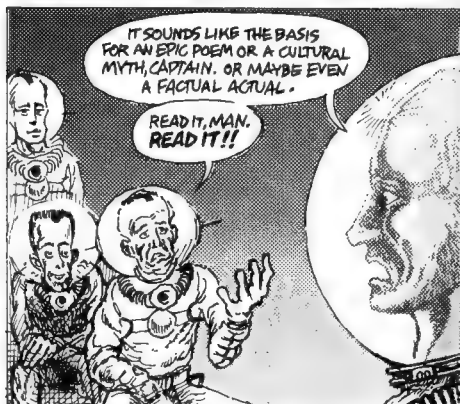




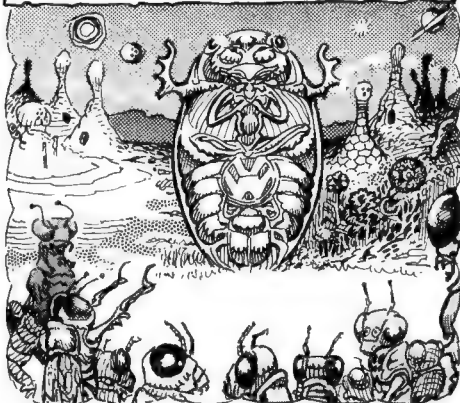




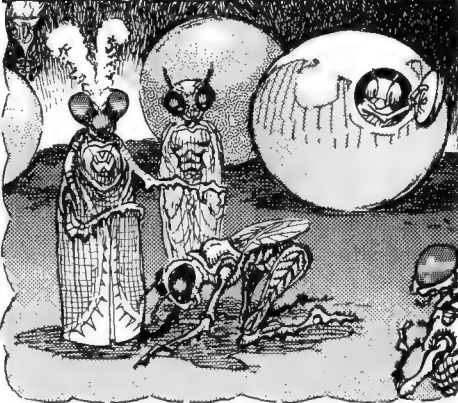


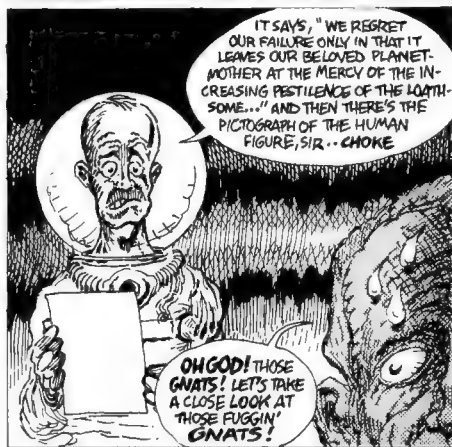


AND THE CREATOR TOLD HIS CHOSEN RACE THAT IN THE FULLNESS OF TIME HE WOULD REQUIRE OF THEM A SOLUTION TO HIS RIDDLE. IF THEY UNDERSTOOD ITS MEANING THEY WOULD BE BLESSED WITH EVERLASTING LIFE IN A PLACE OF JOY AND HAPPINESS LOCATED AT THE SOURCE OF LIGHT. SHOULD THEY FAIL TO SOLVE THE RIDDLE, THEY WOULD BE CURSED WITH AN ETERNITY OF ENDLESS REINCARNATIONS IN A PLACE OF DOOM, WHERE THERE WILL BE "WEEDING AND GNASHING OF MANDIBLES".

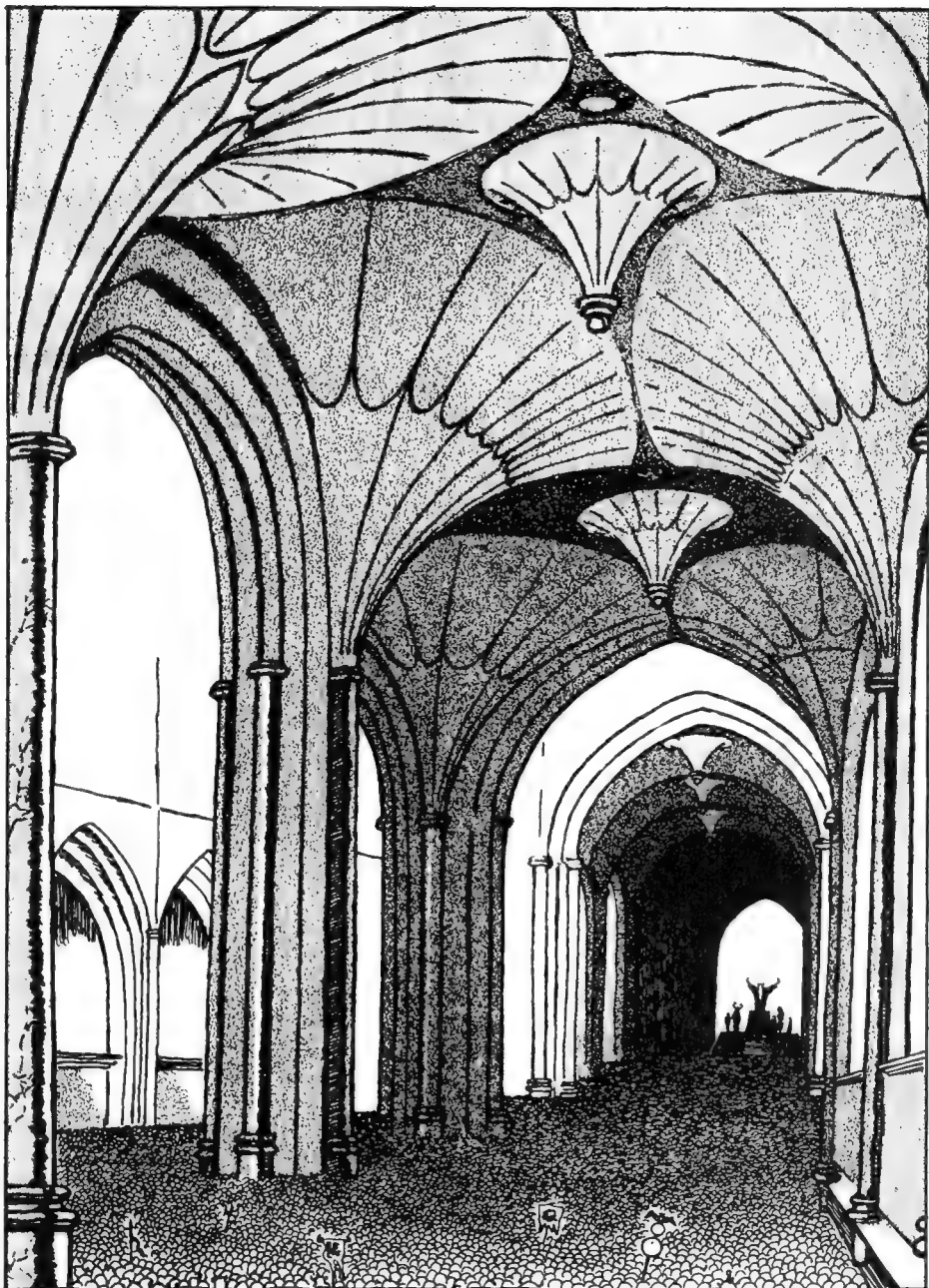


THE APPOINTED TIME DRAWS NEAR AND WE HAVE NOT SOLVED OUR RIDDLE. IN FACT, WE ARE NO CLOSER TO AN ANSWER THAN WHEN WE BEGAN. THUS, IN THE SAME JOYFUL SPIRIT AS HE COMMITTED THEM TO US, WE NOW RETURN OUR SOULS TO THE CREATOR. AND AS WE STAND ON THE EDGE OF ETERNAL DARKNESS, LET OUR CHANT FILL THE VOID, THAT OTHERS MAY KNOW: IN THE LAND OF THE NIGHT, THE SHIP OF THE SUN IS DRAWN BY THE GRATEFUL DEAD...









THE ANCIENT CHANT HAS BEGUN! FAINT AND SHIVERING, THE FAIR MAIDEN STANDS AT THE WEDDING ALTAR. A DEATHLY PALL OF SILENCE GRIPS THE ASSEMBLED THROUG AS THE LONG AWAITED EVENT COMES TO PASS ...



ANYBODY OBJECT TO A WEDDING? SPEAK NOW OR FOREVER HOLD YOUR PEACE, CAUSE THIS ONE WAS ARRANGED BY A CRUEL KING FOR HIS ONLY SON AND HEIR TO THE THRONE. A DEAF, MUTE, SYPHILITIC LEPER. A REAL PRIZE, EH GIRLS? HEH HEH



A SYNICAL SAGA of  
*Sword and Sophistry*

BASED ON THE ALL-BUT-FORGOTTEN AND  
HASTILY-RESURRECTED DUE-TO-SAGGING-SALES  
CLASSIC BY SIR CLAUDE BALIS

BRACE UP,  
CHILD... IT'S ONLY  
JUST BEGUN...

# TESTICLES

## THE TAUTOLOGIST



SNIFF  
CHOKES

QUANDO PALA MUCHO ME AMORE  
FE FALECHI KAPHON

NOTE: THIS IS A PARODY OF THE TESTICLES COMIC STRIP BY CLAUDE BALIS



MUNDO PAPA RATEI ME AMORA  
CHICAFELLA PHASON



QUESTO OMREGARDO TANTA  
MUCHO KAKANEETA KASON



CALIENTE PAS FALUCHI



GOD—  
THAT LUCKY  
GIRL...

GOD, TH' PLACE IS  
JAMMED! IT'S GONNA  
BE TUFF GETTIN' THRU.

GOD—  
THAT POOR  
CHICK...

MEZZA MIA CORTISON







# THE LIGHT IN THE DISTANCE

MY FAMILY HAS A LONG HISTORY OF HEART FAILURE. WE JUST SEEM TO DROP LIKE FLIES. SOME IN OUR WORK, SOME IN OUR PLAY, AND SOME IN OUR SLEEP...



IT'S THE FEAR OF THE LAST ONE—DYING ASLEEP—THAT I FEEL SURE GIVES ME THE HORRIBLE NIGHTMARES. WEIRD GLIMPSES THAT FLING ME FROM MY BED SHAKING, BATHED IN SWEAT, DESPERATE TO ESTABLISH TO MYSELF THAT I HAVE AWOKEN AS THE SAME BEING THAT CLUMBED INTO BED EARLIER THAT NIGHT.





FOR BACK IN MY MIND IS THE GNAWING PREMONITION THAT A PERSON WHO DIES WHILE IN THE DIMENSION OF DREAMS WILL NEVER KNOW WHETHER HE HAS IN FACT DIED, OR IS STILL MERELY DREAMING.



A PSYCHE SET ADRIFT, UNABLE TO RETURN TO ITS VESSEL, CAPTURED THERE, FORCED TO LIVE AN ILLUSION AS REALITY, CURSED WITH THE LIVING MEMORY OF THIS EXISTENCE, FOREVER TORMENTED WITH THE AWARENESS THAT SOMETHING IS DREADFULLY AMISS — BUT LET ME ILLUSTRATE:



THIS DREAM THAT I KEEP HAVING — THE ONE THAT MAKES ME LOATHE TO SLEEP — ALWAYS STARTS IN THIS PARTICULAR PLACE, A HUGE, SEEMINGLY CEILINGLESS SUBTERRANEAN CAVERN, SO VAST THAT THE WINDS HOWL THRU ITS AISLES. IT IS DIFFICULT TO SEE BUT AT TIMES I AM CERTAIN THAT IT IS MY OLD HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM, STRETCHED BY SOME UNEARTHLY HAND INTO PROPORTIONS THAT MAKE THIS REALIZATION DISTINCTLY FRIGHTENING.





I AM ALWAYS ALONE, STANDING AMIDST THE SHIFTING SANDS OF TIME.



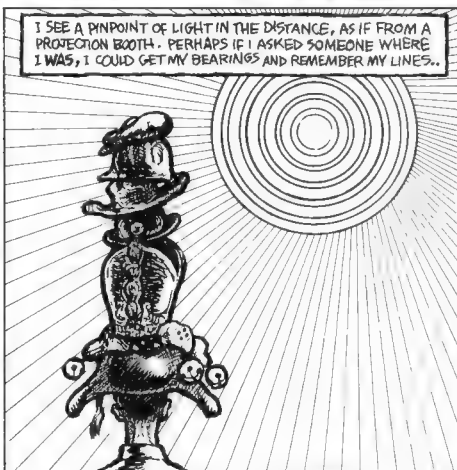
I FLOAT THRU THE VOID. I BUMP INTO ROPES AND SAND-BAGS, AND I KNOW THAT SOMEWHERE HERE IS A STAGE.



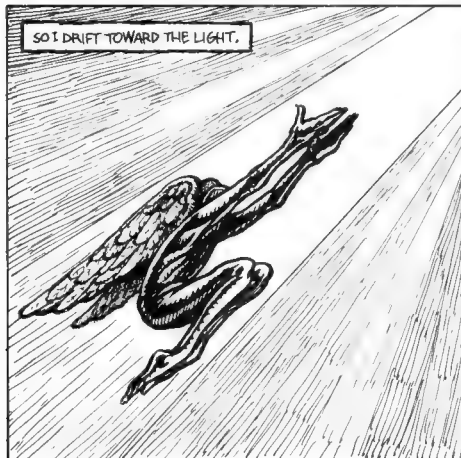
THEN I'M POSITIVE THAT IT'S AN AUDITORIUM, AND I'M AN ACTOR, AND I'M ALMOST AT THE POINT OF KNOWING WHAT TO DO.



I SEE A PINPOINT OF LIGHT IN THE DISTANCE, AS IF FROM A PROTECTION BOOTH. PERHAPS IF I ASKED SOMEONE WHERE I WAS, I COULD GET MY BEARINGS AND REMEMBER MY LINES..

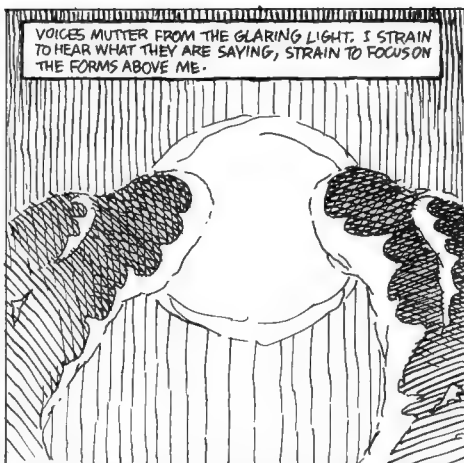


SO I DRIFT TOWARD THE LIGHT.



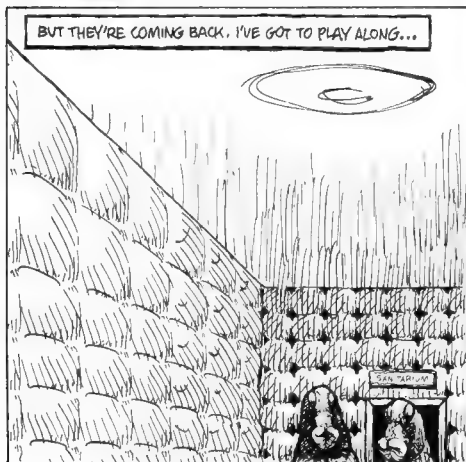
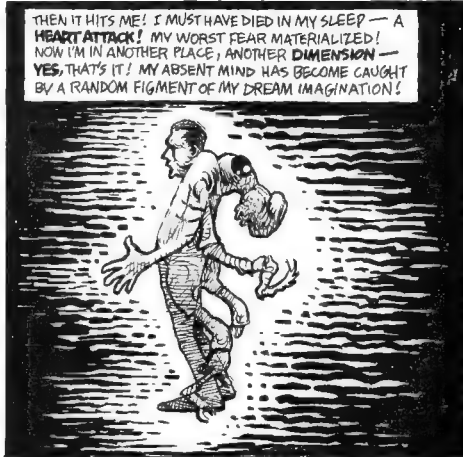
BUT JUST AS I AM NEARING THE LIGHT, I HEAR THIS NOISE, LIKE A STUCK CARHORN BREAKING THE STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT, OR AN ELECTRIC ALARM CLOCK THAT DRONES UNATTENDED, AND I WAKE UP!







SO HERE I AM, STRAPPED TO A TABLE, UNABLE TO COMMUNICATE IN THE STRANGE WORLD I'VE AWOKEN TO. I LOOK AT MY ARM AGAIN.



YES, IT'S AWCE, BECAUSE ONCE AGAIN I'M ON FAMILIAR TURF, RACING DOWN ELEVATED HIGHWAYS, SWIRLING AROUND SPIRAL CLOVERLEAFs, STREAKING THRU MY SOLITARY DREAMSCAPE.



EXCEPT NOW I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR, WHAT I MUST FIND TO BE FREE OF THAT MADNESS BACK THERE.



UP AHEAD! THE CEMETERY NEAR WHERE I WAS BORN!

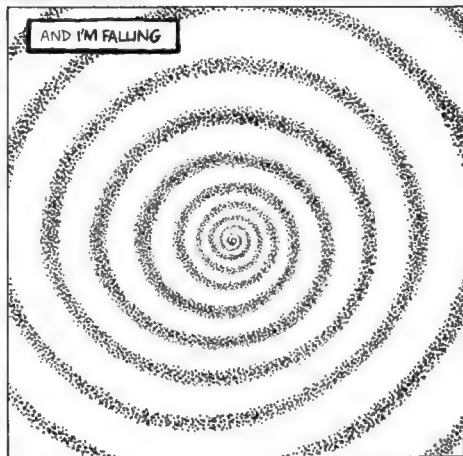
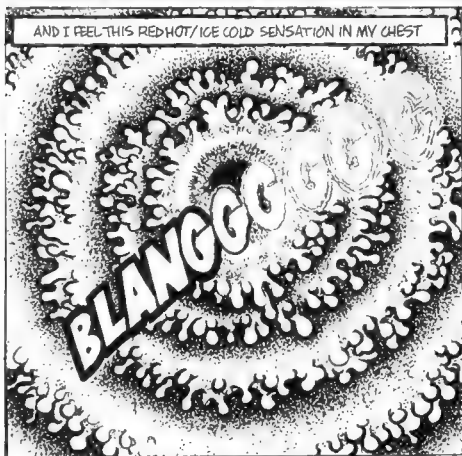


MY FAMILY'S BURIAL PLOT SHOULD BE ABOUT HERE... AH! A NEW ONE! JUST AS I THOUGHT—MY GRAVE! BUT I'VE GOT TO BE CERTAIN!



EH? WHAT'S THAT? SOMEONE'S COMING! THEY MUSTN'T STOP ME — NOT UNTIL I KNOW!

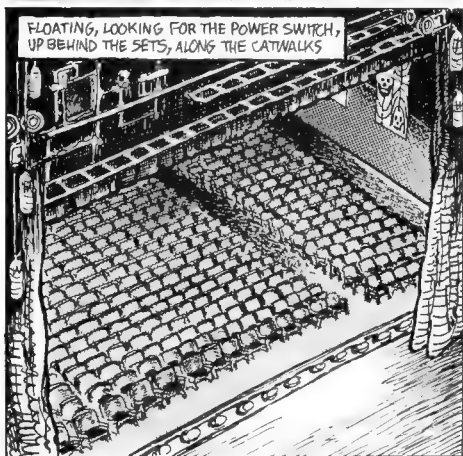




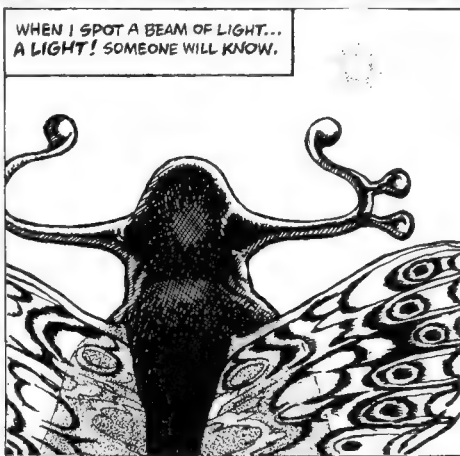




FALLING INTO THAT VAST HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM



FLOATING, LOOKING FOR THE POWER SWITCH,  
UP BEHIND THE SETS, ALONG THE CATWALKS



WHEN I SPOT A BEAM OF LIGHT...  
A LIGHT! SOMEONE WILL KNOW.



IT GETS CLOSER AND MY MIND SHUTS WITH A SHATTERING CRASH!



A FINE SPECIMEN,  
WOULDN'T YOU SAY, NURSE?

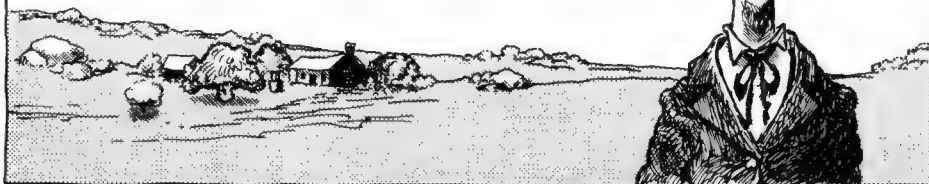
THE END  
OF THE  
BEGINNING



YEP SONNY, THINGS ARE LOOKIN' UP FER ME. SHOR DIDN'T ~~USED~~ TO BE THAT WAY THO. NOPE, IN THEM DAYS I WUZZ JES A JUNKMAN. NOWDAYS I'M A RESPECTABLE ANTIQUE DEALER.. YEP, LOTSA RICH CITYFOLKS COME PROWLIN' ROUND FER 'PIONEER RELICS', AS THEY CALL UM, AND THEY ALWAYS SPOT THIS HERE OLD PICTURE FIRST THING. RECKON I MUSTA COME NEAR SELLING TH' DURN THING A COUPLE HUNNARD TIMES — UNTIL I TELL UM THE STORY BEHIND IT, THAT IS! EH? HOWZAT? WAHL, YOUNG FEL- LER, I KNOW IT AIN'T GONNA DO MY BUSINESS NO GOOD, BUT AS YOU ASKED FER IT, HERE'S TH' TALE, JES AS IT WUZZ TOLD ME. I CALL IT THE *Black Saint* AND THE *Sinner Lady*.



BACK UP IN THE SANDHILLS JES NORTH O' HERE, 'ROUND ABOUT 18 HUNDERT-UGHT 70, THER LIVED A PREACHER MAN— LEAST- WISE THAT'S WHUT FOLKS CALLED HIM.



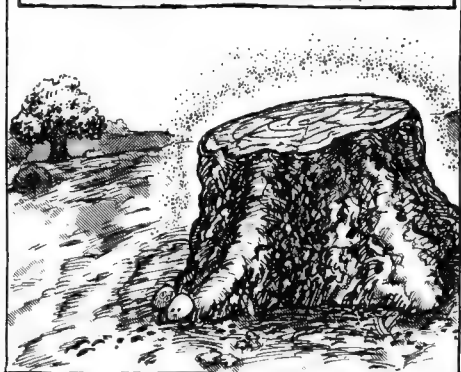
HE NEVER HAD NO CONGREGATION YOU UNDERSTAND.. ONLY TUVIE HE WUZ BYER HEARD PREACHIN' WUZ WHEN SOMEBODY JES HAPPENED TO BE OUT IN TH WOODS NEAR HIS PLACE. YESSIR, HED BE OUT IN THIS CLEARIN' BY THAT BIG OL' TREE STUMP, HOLLERIN' AND CARRYIN' ON.



QUEER THING ABOUT THAT THER STUMP. OLD TIMERS HEREBOUTS SED THAT A STREAK O' LIGHTNIN' HAD HIT A BIG LIVE OAK TREE AND SLICED IT OFF ABOUT KNEE-HIGH, SMOOTH AS GLASS.



NOBODY WOULD GO NEAR THE SPOT AFTER THAT ON ACCOUNT OF HOW THEY WUZ SCARIT OF THAT STUMP. LIGHTNIN' DON'T USUALLY LEAVE THINGS SO NICE AND SHINEY.. IT JES AIN'T NATURAL. FOLKS THOUGHT IT WUZ UH' UNGODLY PLACE.



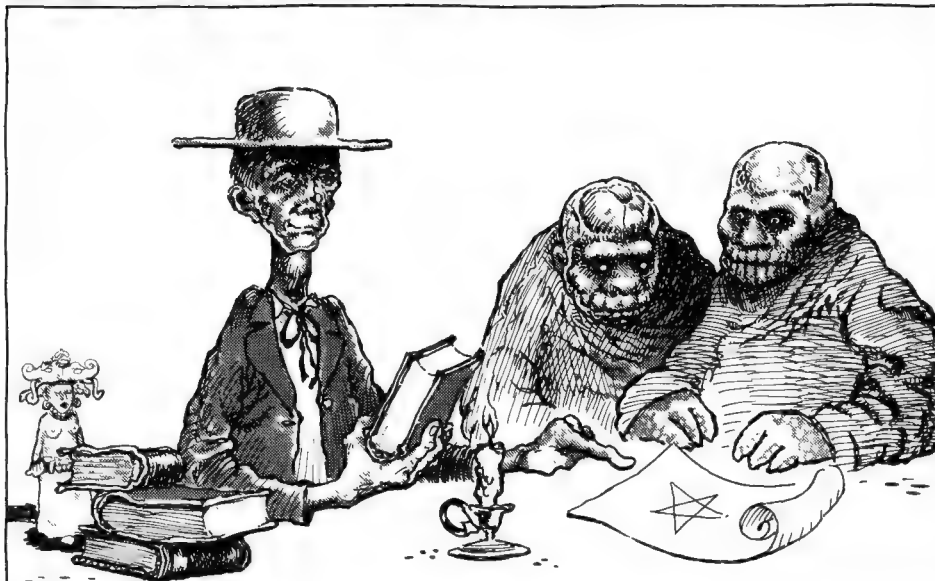
NOTH' PREACHER MAN, THO. HE WOULD JES SORTA SMILE WHEN THET TALK COME UP. ANYWAY, THAT'S WHAR HE DONE HIS PREACHIN', ONLY IT WUDN'T IN NO EARTHY TALK NOBODY ROUND HERE KNOWED OF. HE SPOKE IN TONGUES, LIKE HE WUZ TOUCHED BY THE GALLOPING HEEBIE-JEEBIES.



UNDERSTAND NOW, I DON'T SUSCRIBE TO THEM SORT OF THINGS BUT LOTSA FOLKS AROUND HERE DO. MY-SELF, I'M A METHODIST, AND WE CALL THEM SPEAKERS IN TONGUES "HOLY ROLLERS"— MY GRANDMA ON PA'S SIDE WUZ ONE OF UM, BLESS HER HEART.

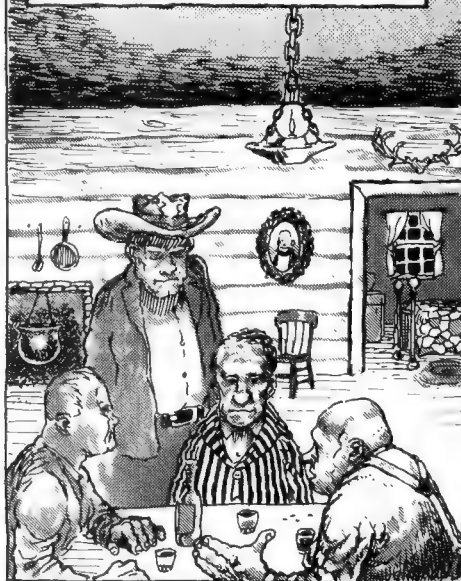


WAHL, THE PREACHER MAN HE WUZ AN ODD ONE. THAT'S FOR SHORE. OUT THERE RANTIN' + RAVIN' AND LIGHTIN' FIRES RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THAT STUMP AT ALL HOURS OF TH' DAY AND NIGHT.

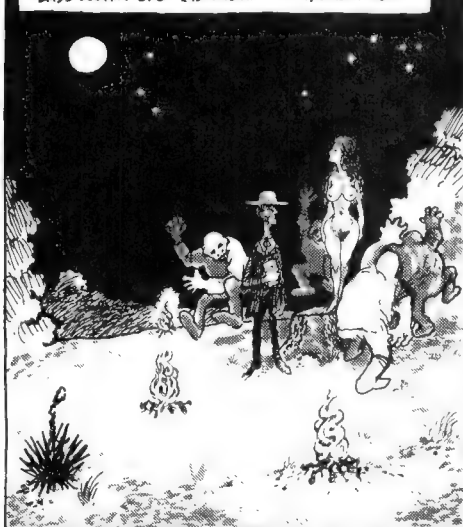


HE KEPT MOSTLY TO HISSELF, READIN' OLD BOOKS THAT NOBODY NEVER HEARD OF. ONLY FOLKS HE'D SOCIALIZE WITH WUZ MESKINS THAT DIDN'T EVEN TALK SPANISH, INJUNS I GUESS THEY MOSTLY WUZ. LIKELY HE WUZ TRYIN TO CONVERT THE POAR' HEATHERNS.

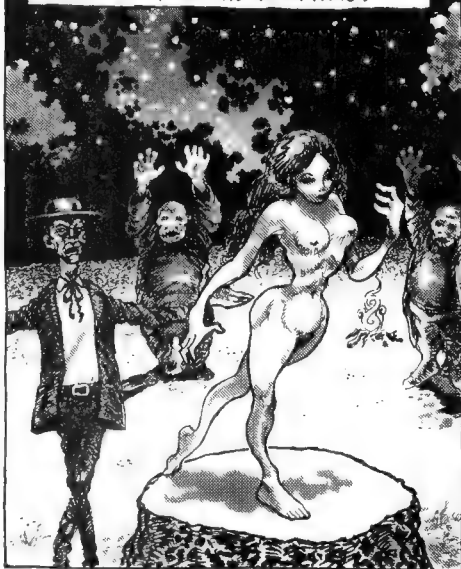
WORD SOON GOT AROUND THAT THE PREACHER MAN WUZ TRYIN' TO GET TH' LOCAL RIF-RAFF ALL STIRRED UP, SO SOME MENFOLKS - MY PAPPY WUZ IN ON IT - DECIDED THEY'D JUST HAVE A LOOK-SEE.



THEY CREEPT UP ON THE PREACHER'S PLACE ONE NIGHT AND SHOR NUFF, THERE WUZ A BUNCH OF 'UM OUT IN THOSE WOODS, ROUND BOUT THAT STUMP, DRUNKER THAN SKUNKS, AND THER WUZ THE PREACHER MAN AND SOME WOMAN RIGHT IN TH' MIDDLE OF 'UM! 'CEPTIN SHE WERENT NO LOCAL, NO SIR! SHE WUZ A HIGH-CLASS LOOKIN GAL AND RIGHT PURTY, SHE WUZ.



SEEMS LIKE THIS WOMAN AND TH' PREACHER MAN WUZ DOIN' SOME KINDA DANCE. ONLY THING FUNNY WUZ TH' LADY WUZ BARE-ASSED MEKKID! NOW DON'T THAT GETCHA? WITH ALL THEM DRUNK HEATHERN'S CIRCLED ROUND, CLAPPING AND SINGING!



NONE OF THE MENFOLKS WOULD SAY MUCH MORE BOUT THEM GOINGS-ON, 'CEPT TO SAY THAT THE PREACHER MAN WUZ DEFINITELY TEECHED. NOBODY NEVER SEE'D THEM INTUNS AGAIN' EITHER, AND WORD KINDA GOT OUT TO STAY CLEAR OF THEM WOODS.



NATURALLY FOLKS HEREABOUTS WUZ CURIOUS ABOUT THAT LADY WHAT WUZ DANCIN' ON THAT STUMP. WAHLL, THE PREACHER MAN, HE BROUGHT HER TO TOWN ONE DAY AFTER THE GOSSIP WUZ GETTIN' PURTY SALTY. INTRODUCED HER TO FOLKS AS HIS SISTER FROM BACK EAST. CLAIMED SHE WUZ A FAMOUS OPREE DANCER.



YOU CAN JES PICTURE THE WAY FOLKS SMILED WHEN HE SED THAT, ON A ACCOUNT OF HER LITTLE DANCE IN THE WOODS THAT HAD BEEN SPIED. YESS SIRREE-BOB!



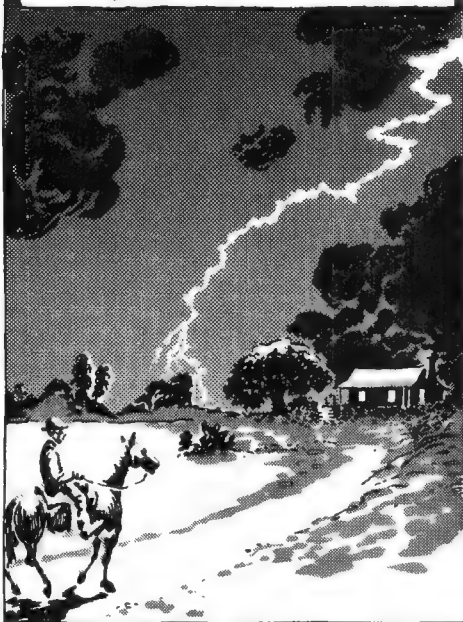
AFTER THAT, TALK KINDA DIED DOWN... AIN'T NUTHIN WRONG WITH A MAN BEIN' CLOSE TO HIS KIN. IN FACT, FOLKS HEREABOUTS WOULDN'T HAVE IT NO OTHER WAY. SO, THINGS WUZ REAL QUIET UNTIL SOME YOUNG BUCK DECIDED HE WOULD GO COURT TH' PREACHER MAN'S PURTY YOUNG SISTER. SEEMS HE WUZ STRUCK WITH HER GOOD LOOKS AND JES COULDN'T BEAR THE THOUGHT OF HER OUT THERE, LONESOME AND ALL...



WAHL, THE LADY SHE DIDN'T TAKE MUCH TO THIS YOUNG FELLER AND THE PREACHER MAN EVEN LESS, BUT HE WUZ A PERSISTENT SORT, SO HE KEPT ON GOING OUT THERE.



ONE NIGHT IT WUZ THUNDERIN' AND LIGHTNIN' AND THREATENIN' RAIN, BUT HE WENT OUT ANYWAY TO SEE THET GIRL.



THE PREACHER MET HIM ON THE FRONT PORCH AND SED SHE WEREN'T HOME. SHE WUZ UP BY THAT STUMP AND HE RECKONED IT'D BE ALRIGHT TO WALK UP THERE AND SEE HER, IF THAT'S WHUT HE WUZ AIMING FOR.



NOW A BAD THING HAPPENED ON THAT NIGHT TO THAT YOUNG FELLER. HE SEEN SOMETHING OUT THERE THAT MESSED UP UP HIS MIND TERRIBLE BAD. FACT IS, THE BOY HAD TO BE LOCKED AWAY FER GOOD — A REGULAR LUNATIC HE WUZ, BABBLIN' AND Slobberin' AND MAKIN' SOUNDS IN THAT UNEARTHLY TALK ONLY THE PREACHER MAN KNOWED OF.





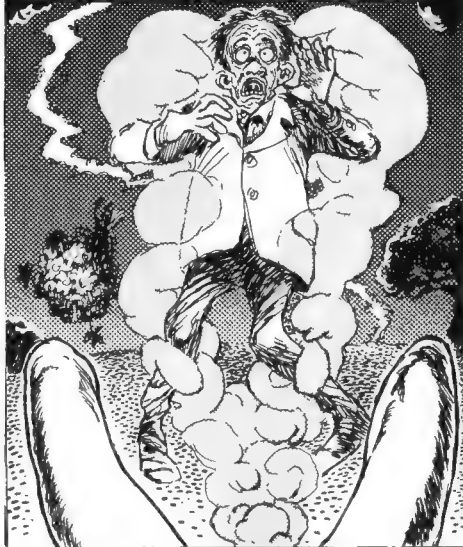
FROM WHAT LITTLE THAT COULD BE MADE OF HIS MOUTH-INGS, IT SEEMS LIKE HE HAD GONE UP THERE TO THAT CLEARIN' AND WAHL, HE SEED HER ALRIGHT, SHE WUZ LAYIN ON THAT STUMP, HUNCHED UP AND MOANIN TO HER-SELF. SHE WUZ NEKKID AGAIN, AND HER BODY WUZ ALL SHAKIN' + TREMBLIN', LIKE A WOMAN BIRTHING A CHILD.



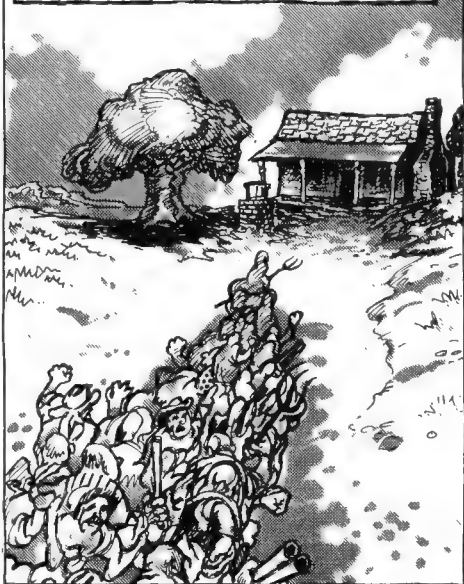
WAHL, THE BOY HE GOT A LITTLE WORKED UP WATCHIN' ALL THIS AND WALKED RIGHT UP THERE TO PUT HIS TWO CENTS WORTH IN. WHEN THE GIRL SEEN HIM, SHE JES SMILED AND LAUGHED LIKE SHE WUZ EXPECTIN' HIM ALL ALONG AND SUNK BACK, COVERED IN A COLD SWEAT.



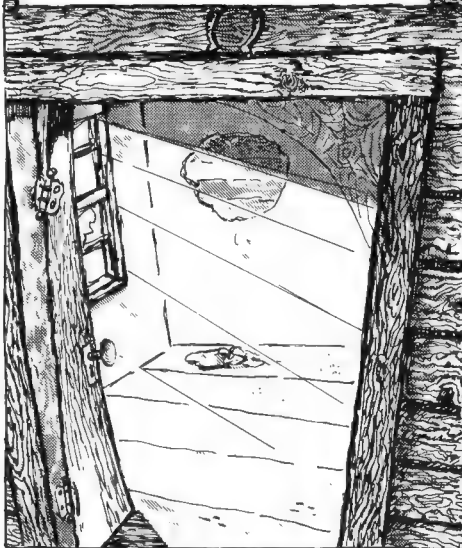
AT THAT POINT, COULDN'T NOBODY MAKE SENSE OUTTA WHUT THE BOY SED. HE JES SCREAM ABOUT SOME KINDA BLACK, STICKY MUCK THAT CAME UP AT EM FROM OUTTA HER LOINS, COVERIN' U'S MIND OVER AND OVER AGAIN. THEN HE'D FALL DOWN AND THRASH AROUND ON THE FLOOR, FLINGIN' SPIT EVERYWHERE. THAT BOY WUZ CRAZY AS A LOON.



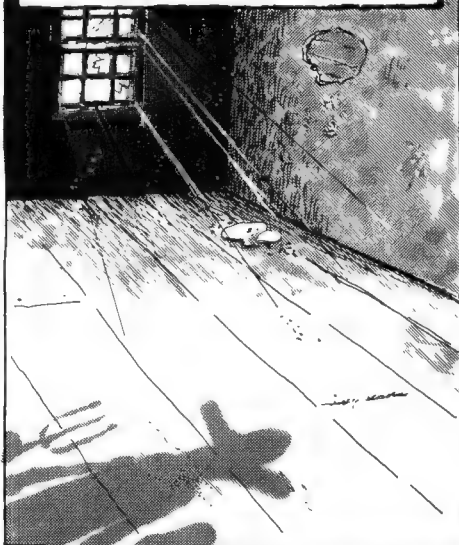
ALL THIS NATURALLY SHOOK UP PEOPLE AROUND HERE. THEY WUZ SCAIRT, BUT THEY WUZ MAD. PRACTICALLY THE WHOLE TOWN GOT TOGETHER AND WENT OUT TO THE PREACHER MAN'S HOUSE WITH MISCHIEF IN THEIR MINDS.



THERE WEREN'T NOBODY AROUND, THO. IN FACT, THERE WEREN'T NOTHIN' IN TH' HOUSE AT ALL — NOT A BED, OR A LAMP, OR EVEN ONE LITTLE OL' SPOON.



IN FACT, THE PLACE WUZ COVERED IN DUST HALF AN INCH THICK! LOOKED LIKE NOBODY'D LIVED THERE IN YEARS. RIGHT STRANGE, IT WUZ.



OH YEAH — THERE WUZ ONE THING IN TH' HOUSE, HANGIN' ABOVE THE FIREPLACE — THIS HERE PICTURE. NOW AIN'T THAT SUMPTIN'! EH? WHER' YOU RUSHIN' OFF TO? HEY! HEY! COME BACK HERE..... THUNDER! ANOTHER LOST CUSTOMER!



# GENE SHUFFLE



MY NAME IS GENE SHUFFLE. AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT EVERYBODY CALLS ME. THEY CALL ME OTHER NAMES TOO, NOT NEARLY AS NICE. YOU SEE, I'M A MUTANT—A GENETIC THROWBACK. THE OTHERS WON'T LET ME LIVE AMONG THEM. THEY MAKE ME STAY DOWN HERE IN THE RUINS. I GUESS MAYBE THEY THINK I'M STILL CONTAMINATED WITH RADIATION. I CAN'T HELP HOW I WAS BORN, BUT THEY'RE NORMAL — HOW COULD THEY UNDERSTAND? I GET AWFUL LONESOME.

THEY CAN'T STAND THE SIGHT OF ME. I CATCH HELL IF I HAPPEN TO BE SOMEWHERE AND THEY SEE ME. BUT, AS LONG AS I STAY IN THE RUINS, THEY DON'T BOTHER ME. NO ONE EVER COMES HERE EXCEPT CRAZY OLD GRANNY DAMRON. THEY HATE HER TOO, BUT AT LEAST SHE'S LIKE THEM, NOT A FREAK LIKE ME.



SHE LIVES ON THE EDGE OF THE CITY, NOT FAR FROM THE RUINS. SHE EVEN LETS ME COME VISIT HER, BUT I CAN'T COME INSIDE. SHE'S THE ONLY ONE THAT DOESN'T ABUSE ME. GRANNY'S OLDER THAN ANYBODY I'VE EVER SEEN. I'LL BET SHE CAN ALMOST REMEMBER WHAT IT WAS LIKE BEFORE THE GREAT WAR. I'LL HAVE TO ASK HER SOMETIME, BUT I DOUBT IF SHE'D TELL ME. IT'S FORBIDDEN TO SPEAK OF THOSE TIMES.



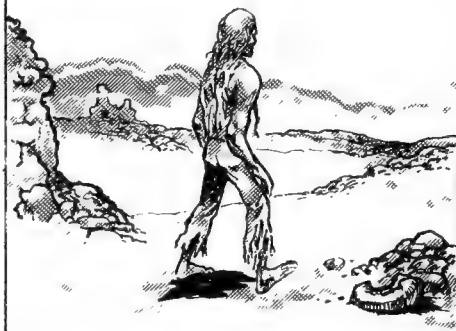
SOMETIMES I JUST CAN'T STAND IT HERE, ALL BY MYSELF. I KNOW WHAT'LL HAPPEN IF I GET CAUGHT, BUT IT'S WORTH IT. JUST TO CATCH A GLIMPSE OF HUMANITY, I CREEP UP TO THE CITY AND HIDE AND WATCH THE PEOPLE PASS BY + THE KIDS PLAYING.



MAYBE I COULD GO TODAY. YES! THAT'S WHAT I'LL DO — EXCEPT I MUST BE EXTRA CAREFUL. GRAMMY DAMRON TOLD ME THE GCA HAS BEEN AGITATING TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT ME.



EVEN LIFE IN THE RUINS IS BETTER THAN GETTING CAUGHT BY THE GCA. I'VE HEARD WHAT THEY DO TO MUTANTS...



AHH, THERE'S THE CITY!  
IT'S SO BEAUTIFUL.. IF ONLY

MOMMY LOOK!  
IT'S THE OUTCAST!



WHAT'RE YOU DOING  
HERE, MUTANT?

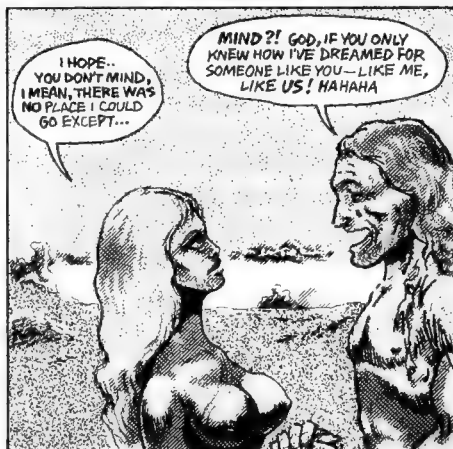
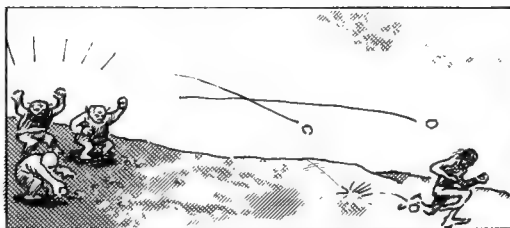
UGH! HOW  
HORRIBLE!

DON'T LOOK  
AT IT, SON...

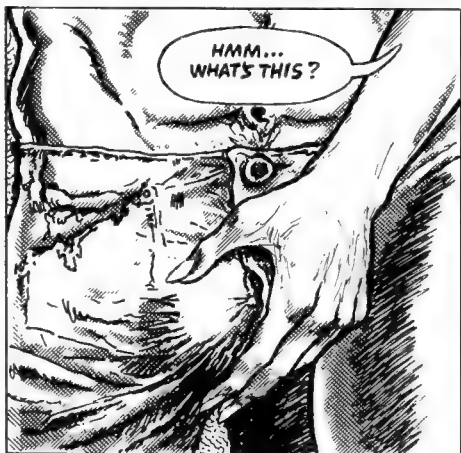
THE GCA IS LOOK-  
ING TO GIT YOU, AND  
I HOPE THEY DO!

YOU BETTER  
GET BACK WHERE  
YOU BELONG, FREAK!

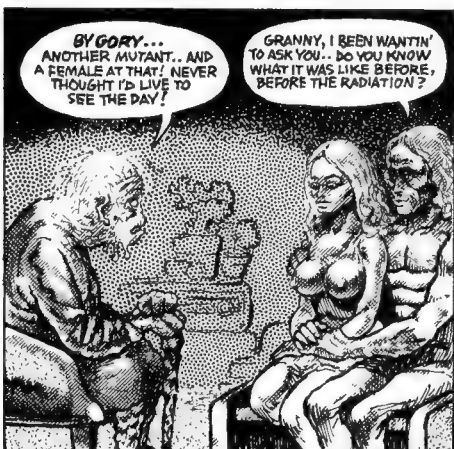
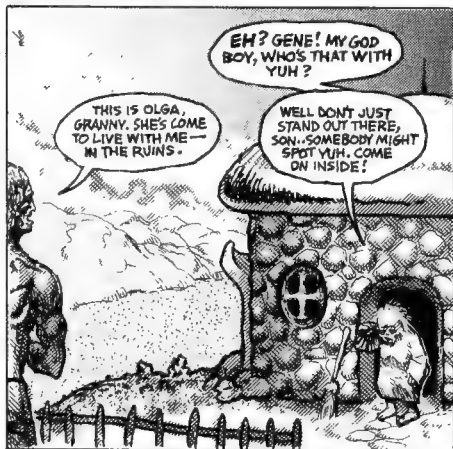
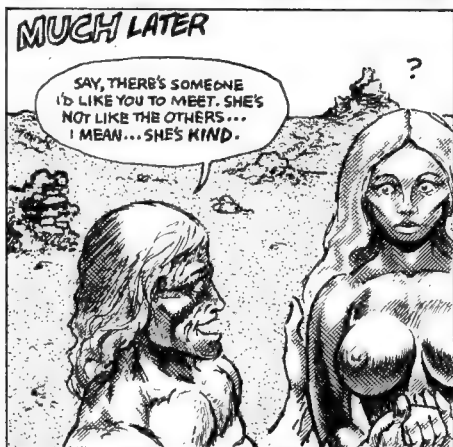




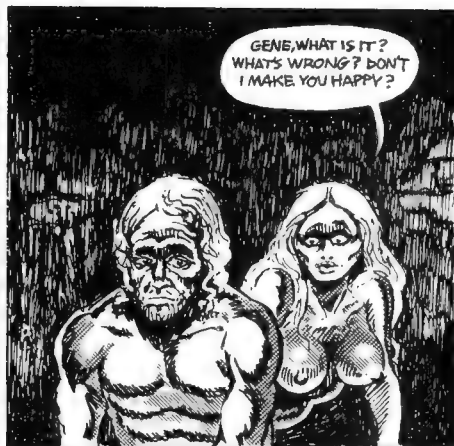


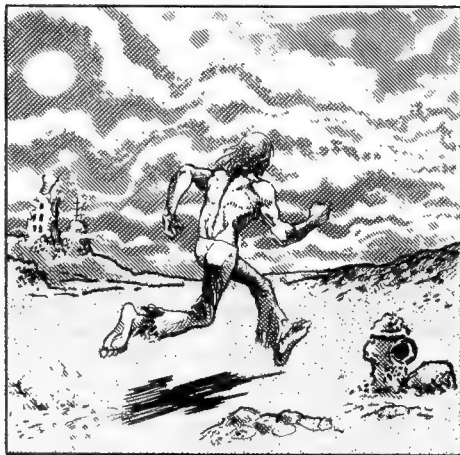








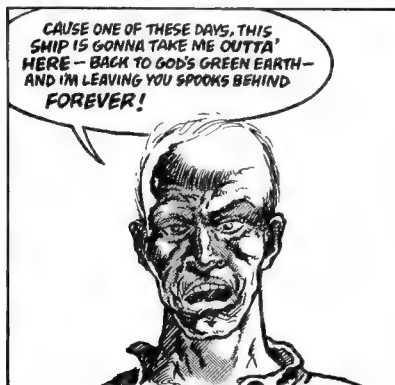
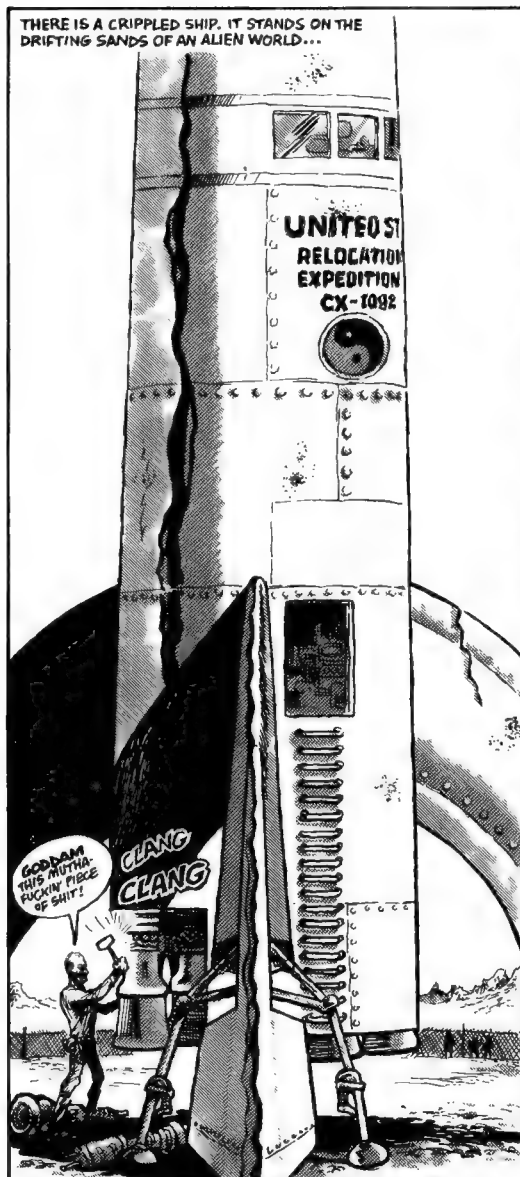




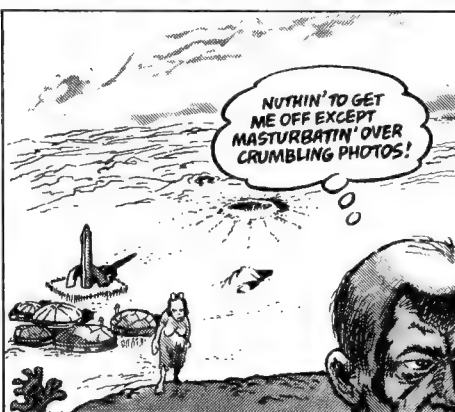
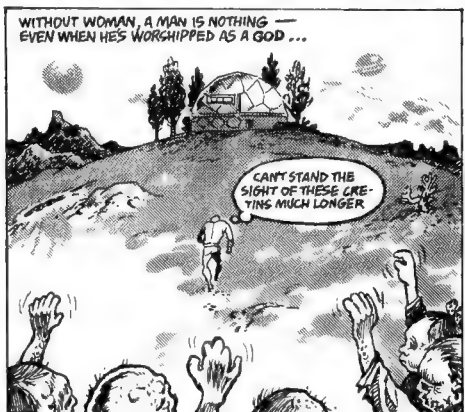
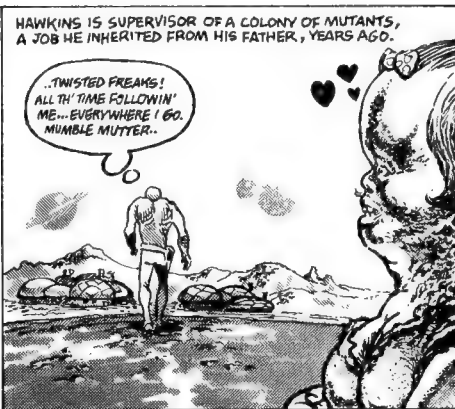




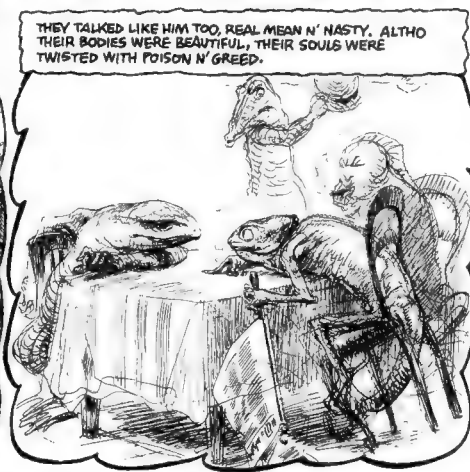
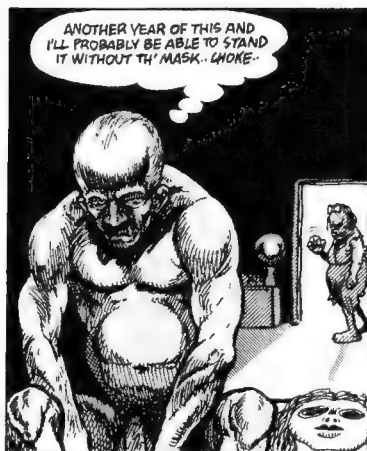
# HOMESICK



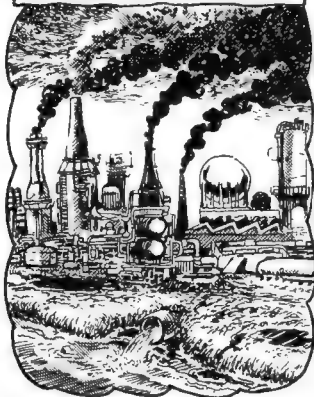








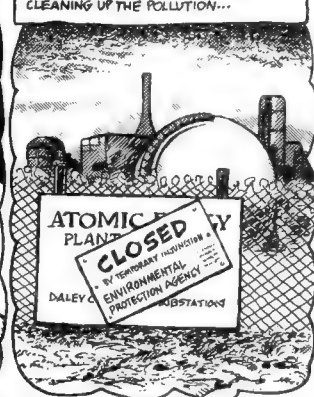
THAT POISON DIDN'T STAY IN THEIR HEARTS. IT CAME SMOKIN' OUT OF THEIR EYES AND MOUTHS UNTIL IT FILLED THE WHOLE EARTH!



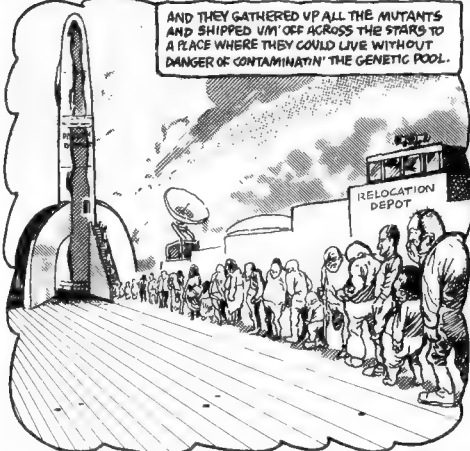
TOWARDS THE END OF THE 20<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY, THE DOCTORS FOUND OUT THAT ALL THAT SMOKEN' POISON WAS DOING STRANGE THINGS.



WHEN THE GOVERNMENTS FIGURED OUT WHAT WAS DISTORTIN' SO MANY NEWBORN INFANTS, THEY GOT TO WORK RIGHT AWAY CLEANING UP THE POLLUTION...



AND THEY GATHERED UP ALL THE MUTANTS AND SHIPPED 'EM OFF ACROSS THE STARS TO A PLACE WHERE THEY COULD LIVE WITHOUT DANGER OF CONTAMINATIN' THE GENETIC POOL.



TWO SCIENTISTS WERE SENT TO OBSERVE AND SUPERVISE THE LIFE OF THE MUTANTS. THAT WAS TED AND IRMA HAWKINS, GOD REST THEIR SOULS, FOR THEY WERE BENEVOLENT PEOPLE.



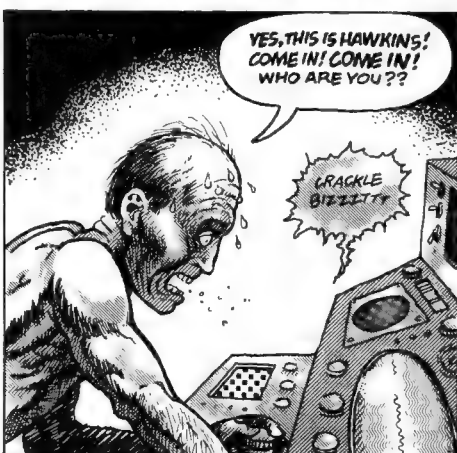
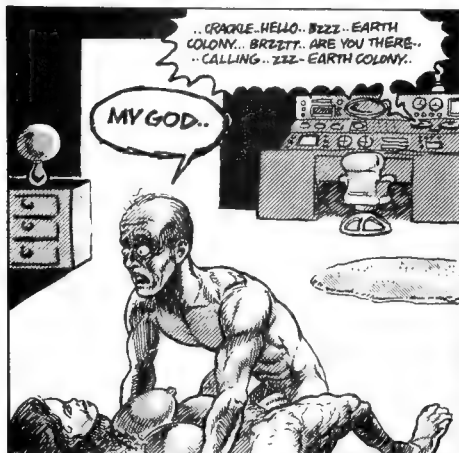
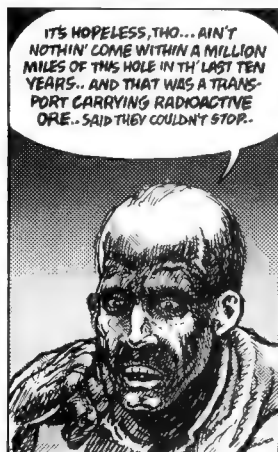
YOU KNOW THE REST, CHILD. THEY HAD A SON, AND THAT BOY GREW UP TO BE LORD N' MASTER OF THIS WORLD. DIFFERENT FROM THEM AS NIGHT N' DAY..



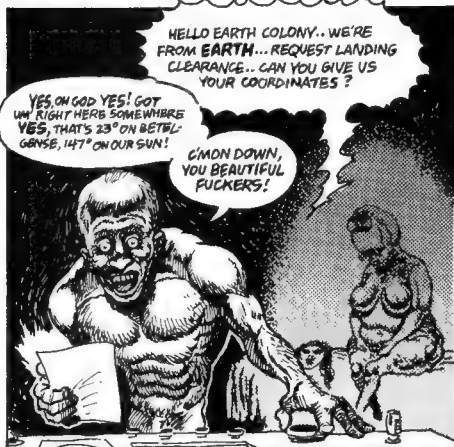
HE AIN'T LIKE US, HONEY. HE'S GOT A BEAUTIFUL BODY, BUT HIS SOUL'S ROTTEN CLEAR THRU!

YES PA - BUT I LOVE HIM!!

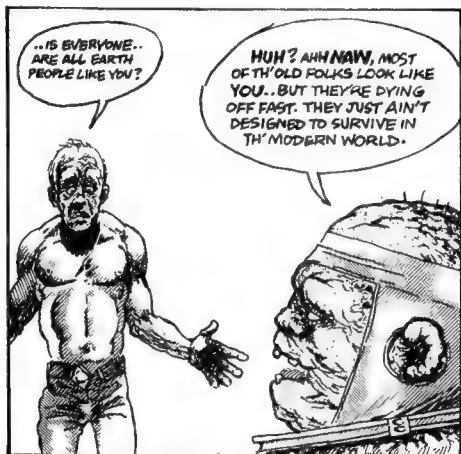












END

# THE HOUND



WEARIED WITH THE COMMONPLACES OF A PROSAIC WORLD, WHERE EVEN THE JOYS OF ROMANCE AND ADVENTURE SOON GROW STALE, ST JOHN AND I HAD FOLLOWED ENTHUSIASTICALLY EVERY AESTHETIC AND INTELLECTUAL MOVEMENT WHICH PROMISED RESPIRE FROM OUR DEVASTATING ENNUI. EVENTUALLY THIS FRIGHTFUL EMOTIONAL NEED LED US TO THAT DETESTABLE EXTREMITY OF HUMAN OUTRAGE, THE ABHORRED PRACTICE OF....

**GRAVEROBBING!**

WE WERE NO JUDGAL GHOULS. THESE PASTIMES WERE TO US THE MOST EXQUISITE FORM OF AESTHETIC EXPRESSION, AND WE GAVE THEIR DETAILS A FASTIDIOUS TECHNICAL CARE. THUS IT WAS WE WERE DRAWN WITH MALIGN FATALITY TO THIS TERRIBLE HOLLAND CHURCHYARD, FOR HERE, BURIED FIVE CENTURIES PAST, WAS ONE WHO HAD HIMSELF BEEN A GHOUL IN HIS TIME AND A DEFILER OF MIGHTY SEPULCHRES, A MOLESTER OF FORGOTTEN MYSTERIES.

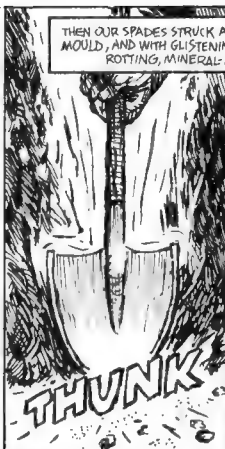


I REMEMBER HOW WE DELVED INTO THE GHOUL'S GRAVE AND HOW WE THRILLED AT THE PICTURE OF OURSELVES — THE GRAVE, THE PALE WATCHING MOON, THE HORRIBLE SHADOWS, THE GROTESQUE TREES, THE TITANIC BATS, THE ANTIGUE CHURCH, THE DANCING DEATH-FIRES, THE SICKENING ODORS, THE GENTLY MOANING NIGHTWIND, AND THE STRANGE, HALF-HEARD DIRECTIONLESS BAYING OF SOME GIGANTIC HOUND ...





AT THIS SUGGESTION OF RAYING, WE PAUSED WITH A SHUDDER, FOR LEGEND TOLD HOW HE WHOM WE SOUGHT HAD BEEN FOUND IN THIS SELF-SAME SPOT, TORN AND MANGLED BY SOME UNSPEAKABLE BEAST.



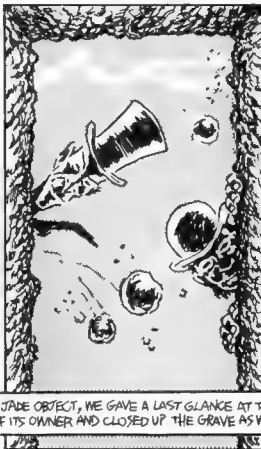
THEN OUR SPADES STRUCK A SUBSTANCE HARDER THAN THE DAMP MOULD, AND WITH GLISTENING EYES WE PRIED OPEN THE LID OF A ROTTING, MINERAL-ENCRUSTED OBLONG BOX.



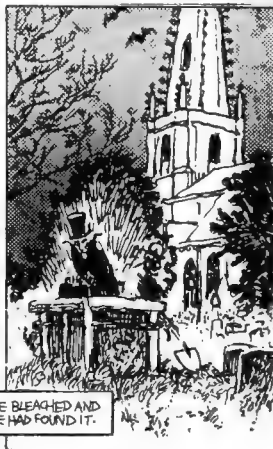
HOW WE GLOATED OVER THE CLEAN WHITE SKULL AND ITS LONG, FIRM TEETH AND ITS EYELESS SOCKETS THAT ONCE HAD GLOWED WITH A CHARNEL FEVER LIKE OUR OWN!



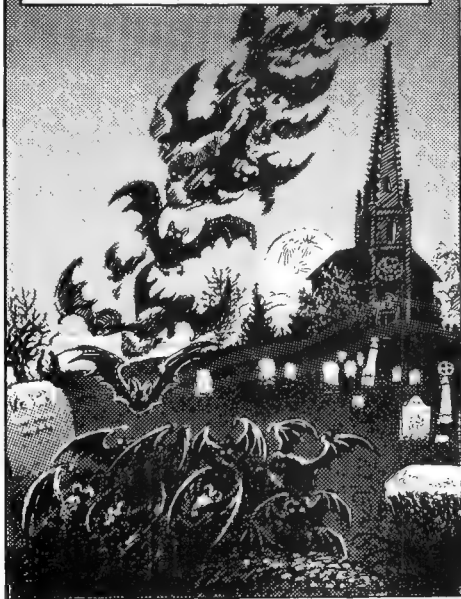
ONLY THEN DID WE NOTICE THAT IN THE COFFIN LAY AN AMULET OF CURIOUS AND EXOTIC DESIGN, ITS FEATURES REPELLENT IN THE EXTREME, SAVORING AT ONCE OF DEATH, BESTIALITY, AND MALEVOLENCE. WE IMMEDIATELY KNEW WE MUST POSSESS IT.



SEIZING THE GREEN JADE OBJECT, WE GAVE A LAST GLANCE AT THE BLEACHED AND CAVERN-EYED FACE OF ITS OWNER AND CLOSED UP THE GRAVE AS WE HAD FOUND IT.



AS WE HASTENED AWAY, WE THOUGHT WE SAW THE BATS DESCEND  
IN A BODY TO THE EARTH WE HAD SO LATELY RIFLED, AS IF SEEKING  
SOME CURSED AND UNHOLY NOURISHMENT, BUT THE AUTUMN MOON  
SHONE WEAK AND PALE, AND WE COULD NOT BE SURE.



SO TOO, AS WE SAILED AWAY FROM HOLLAND, WE THOUGHT WE  
HEARD THE FAINT BAYING OF SOME LINGERING HOUND, BUT THE  
AUTUMN WIND MOANED SAD + WYAN, AND WE COULD NOT BE SURE.



WHEN AT LAST WE REACHED ST. JOHN'S HOME ON A DESERTED STRETCH  
OF GILVESTON ISLAND, WE SET ABOUT IDENTIFYING THE INSCRIBED  
CHARACTERS ON THE BASE OF OUR PRIZE, FOR, AS ALIEN TO SANITY  
AS THEY MIGHT APPEAR, TO US, THEY WERE NOT WHOLLY UNFAMILIAR.



IMAGINE OUR TRIUMPH WHEN WE ESTABLISHED IT AS THE VERY THING  
WANTED OF IN THE FORBIDDEN NECRONOMICON OF THE MAD ARAB,  
ABDUL ALHAZRED; THE GHASTLY SOUL SYMBOL OF THE CORPSE-  
EATING CULT OF INACCESSIBLE LENG, IN CENTRAL ASIA.





STILL, WE COULD NOT DENY THE FAINT, DISTANT BAYING THAT NOW PENETRATED EVEN INTO THE SUBTERRANEAN CRYPT WHERE WE KEPT OUR GRISLY COLLECTION, AND WHERE THE AMULET NOW REPOSED IN ITS NICHE.

WHAZZAT?

OH SHIT!  
IT MUST BE THE  
LOCAL AUTHOR-  
ITIES!

FOUR DAYS LATER, WHILST WE WERE BOTH IN THE HIDDEN MUSEUM, THERE CAME A LOW, CAUTIOUS SCRATCHING AT THE SINGLE VAULT DOOR WHICH LED TO OUR SECRET STAIRCASE. OUR ALARM WAS MANIFOLD, FOR, BESIDES OUR FEAR OF THE UNKNOWN, THERE WAS ALWAYS THE DREADFUL POSSIBILITY THAT OUR MACABRE FANCIES SHOULD BECOME KNOWN TO THE LOCAL AUTHORITIES.



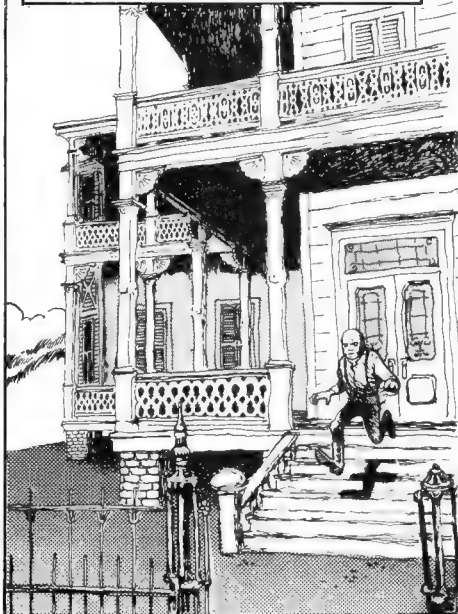
EXTINGUISHING THE LIGHT, WE CROPT TO THE DOOR AND FLUNG IT SUDDENLY OPEN; WHEREUPON WE FELT AN UNACCOUNTABLE BURST OF PETID AIR, + HEARD, AS IF RECEDED FAR AWAY, A COMBINATION OF RUSTLING, TITTERING, + ARTICULATE CHATTER. WITH THE BLACKEST OF APPREHENSIONS, WE REALIZED THAT THE LATTER WAS BEYOND A DOUBT IN THE DUTCH LANGUAGE.



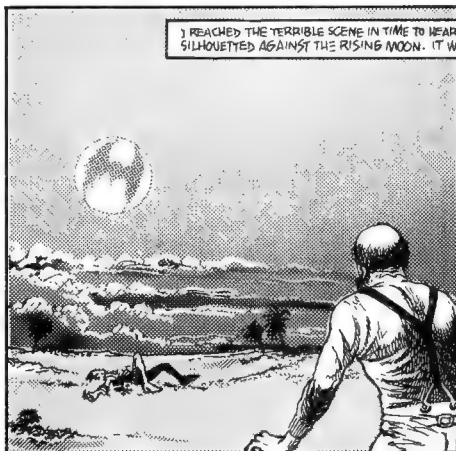
AFTER THAT, WE LIVED IN GROWING HORROR, FOR BIZARRE MANIFESTATIONS WERE BECOMING COMMONPLACE. FOOTPRINTS, UTTERLY IMPOSSIBLE TO DESCRIBE, WERE FOUND ON THE GROUNDS AND HORDS OF GREAT BATS BEGAN TO HAUNT THE EVENING SKIES. ABOVE ALL WAS THAT DAEMONIAC BAYING THAT ROLLED OVER THE WIND-SWEPT DUNES, ALWAYS LOUDER AND LOUDER.



THE HORROR REACHED A CULMINATION ON NOV 18 WHEN ST. JOHN WAS WALKING HOME AFTER DARK FROM THE DISMAL COACH STATION. HIS SCREAMS REACHED THE HOUSE, HALF A MILE AWAY.



I REACHED THE TERRIBLE SCENE IN TIME TO HEAR A WHIR OF WINGS AND SEE A VAGUE THING SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE RISING MOON. IT WAS ALL ST. JOHN COULD DO TO WHISPER:



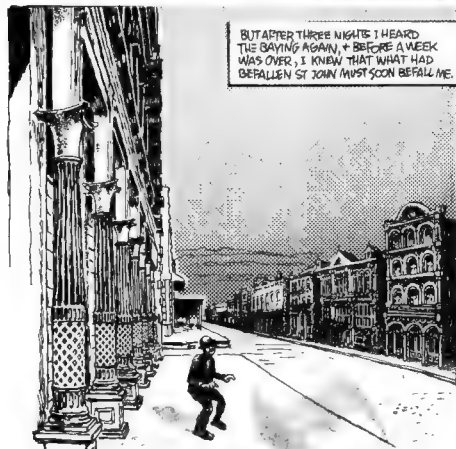
THE AMULET...  
THAT DAMNED THING...



BEING NOW AFRAID TO LIVE ALONE IN THIS OPPRESSED SETTING, I DEPARTED ON THE FOLLOWING DAY FOR GALVESTON, TAKING WITH ME THE AMULET, AFTER DESTROYING BY FIRE + BURIAL THE REST OF OUR MORBID CACHE.



BUT AFTER THREE NIGHTS I HEARD THE BAYING AGAIN, + BEFORE A WEEK WAS OVER, I KNEW THAT WHAT HAD BEFALLEN ST. JOHN MUST SOON BEFALL ME.



THE NEXT DAY I CAREFULLY WRAPPED THE GREEN JADE AMULET AND SAILED FOR HOLY LAND. WHAT MERCY I MIGHT GAIN BY RETURNING THE THING TO ITS SILENT, SLEEPING OWNER, I KNEW NOT; BUT I FELT I MUST TRY ANY STEP CONCEIVABLY LOGICAL.



WHEN, AT AN INN IN ROTTERDAM, I DISCOVERED THAT THIEVES  
HAD DESPOILED ME OF THIS SOLE MEANS OF SALVATION, I  
SANK INTO THE NETHERMOST ABYSES OF DESPAIR.



THE BAYING WAS LOUD THAT EVENING, AND IN THE MORNING  
I READ THAT AN ENTIRE FAMILY IN A SQUALID SECTOR OF THE  
CITY HAD BEEN TORN TO SHREDS BY AN UNKNOWN THING,  
AND THE RABBLE WERE IN TERROR.



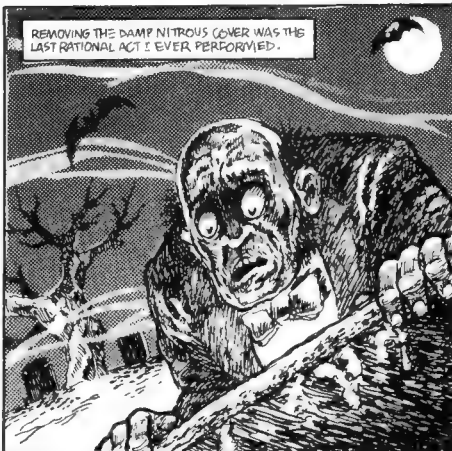
SO AT LAST I STOOD AGAIN IN THE UNWHOLESOME CHURCHYARD. THE BAYING  
WAS VERY FAINT NOW AND IT CEASED ALTOGETHER AS I APPROACHED THE AN-  
CIENT GRAVE AND FRIGHTENED AWAY THE BATS HOVERING CURIOUSLY ABOUT IT.



WHETHER TO PRAY, OR GIBBER OUT INSANE PLEAS AND APOLOGIES TO THE BONES THAT LAY WITHIN — WHATEVER MY REASON, I ATTACKED THE HALF-FROZEN SOD AND DUG UNTIL I REACHED THE ROTTING OBLONG BOX.



REMOVING THE DAMP NITROUS COVER WAS THE LAST RATIONAL ACT I EVER PERFORMED.



AS I SCREAMED AND RAN AWAY IDIOTICALLY, I HEARD THOSE GRINNING JAWS BEHIND ME GIVE A DEEP, SARDONIC BAY, AS OF SOME GIANT HOUND.



FOR IN THE COFFIN LAY REVEALED, NOT THE CLEAN AND PLACID THING MY FRIEND AND I HAD ROBBED, BUT A NIGHTMARE CAKED AND CLOTTED WITH BLOODY SHREDS OF ALIEN FLESH AND HAIR, EMBRACED BY A MALIGNANT RETINUE OF SLEEPING BATS AND CLUTCHING IN ITS GORY CLAW THE FATEFUL AMULET OF GREEN JADE.



JAWS WITH SHARP, ENSANGUINED FANGS THAT YAWNED TWISTEDLY IN MOCKERY OF MY INEVITABLE DOOM!



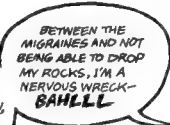
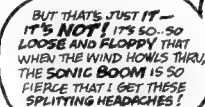
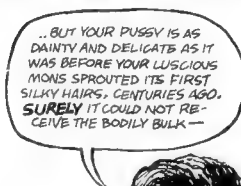
TALES OF THE  
**LEATHER NUN'S**  
*Grandmother*

M'LADY, YOUR  
BEAUTY BECOMES MORE  
ENCHANTING WITH EACH  
PASSING CENTURY...

THANKS TO YOUR DARK  
SKILLS, ALHAZARED, BUT  
SOME STRANGE THINGS HAVE  
BEEN GOING ON SINCE MY  
LAST LONGEVITY SESSION,  
I... I NEED YOUR HELP.





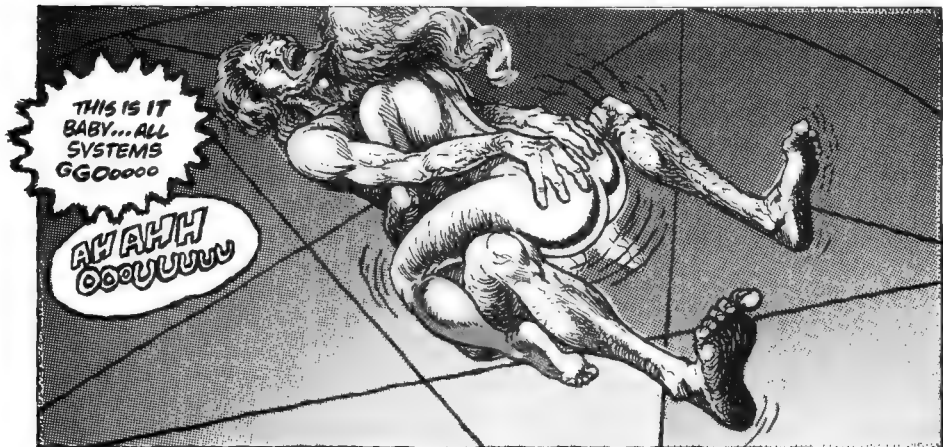
















# DEATH RATTLE



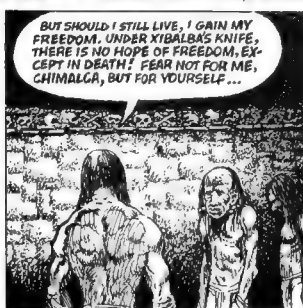
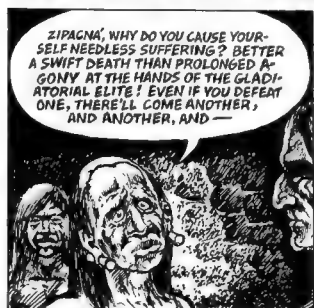
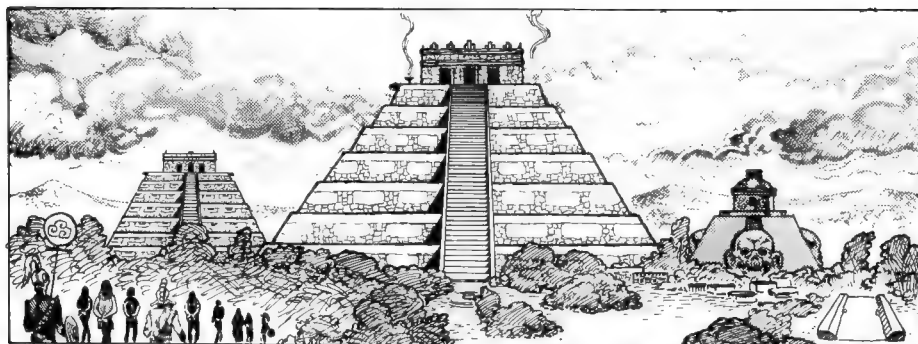




SORRY BOYS, BUT AS YOU WELL KNOW, THE CLERGY GETS FIRST STAB AT THE CAPTIVES.

YEAH, AND WE GET STUCK WITH TH' WART-HOGS SPAT!!

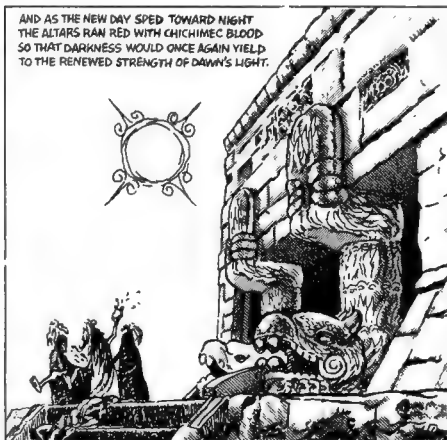
XIBALBA WAS PLEASED. TRUE, THE CAPTIVES WERE FEW, BUT AMONG THEM WAS THE BEAUTIFUL FEMALE, CITLA, AND THRU HER HE COULD APPRAISE THE TERRIBLE GOD TEZCATLIPOCA, WHO HAD BECOME INCREASINGLY DIFFICULT TO CONTROL LATELY, EVEN FOR ONE AS SKILLED IN THE ESOTERIC AS HIMSELF.



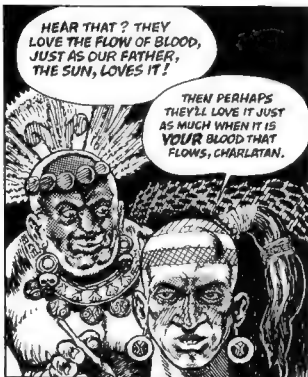
AT THE APPOINTED TIME THE SUN ROSE, WEARY AND FAMISHED FROM ITS STRUGGLE WITH THE STARS.



AND AS THE NEW DAY SPED TOWARD NIGHT THE ALTARS RAN RED WITH CHICHIMEC BLOOD SO THAT DARKNESS WOULD ONCE AGAIN YIELD TO THE RENEVED STRENGTH OF DAWN'S LIGHT.



HEAR THAT? THEY LOVE THE FLOW OF BLOOD, JUST AS OUR FATHER, THE SUN, LOVES IT!



THEN PERHAPS THEY'LL LOVE IT JUST AS MUCH WHEN IT IS **YOUR** BLOOD THAT FLOWS, CHARLATAN.

RAVE ON, DOOMED MAN! MANY HAVE I PREPARED AS NOW! AND INT YOU, YET THOSE THAT SURVIVED NUMBER FEWER THAN THE FINGERS OF ONE HAND.



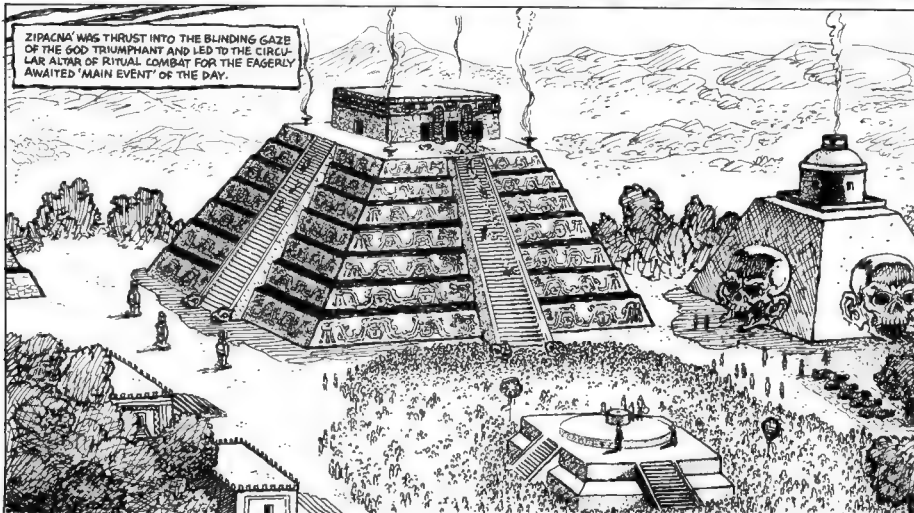
WHAT OF THE GIRL? WHEN WILL SHE DIE?

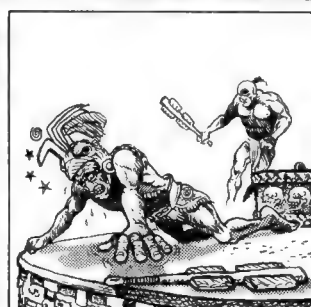
BRING HIM!

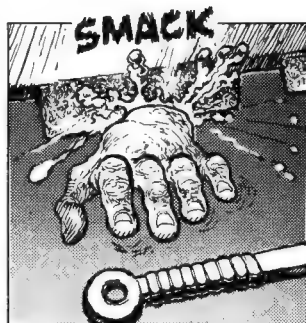


SPEAK NOT OF HER, TONIGHT HER DESTINY WILL PASS BEYOND—

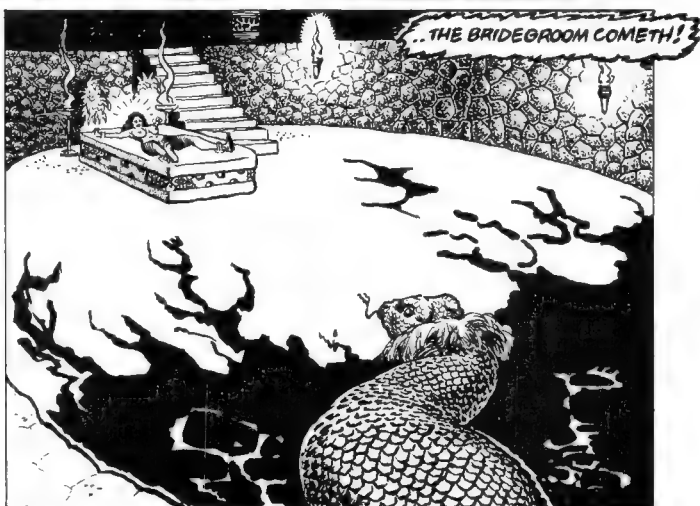
ZIPACNA WAS THRUST INTO THE BLINDING GAZE OF THE GOD TRIUMPHANT AND LED TO THE CIRCULAR ALTAR OF RITUAL COMBAT FOR THE EAGERLY AWAITED 'MAIN EVENT' OF THE DAY.















IT IS ALMOST OVER NOW: THE 'WHITE MAN'S BURDEN' IS BEING WRESTED FROM HIM • PRIED FROM FINGERS FROZEN IN DEATH • SEVERED FROM THE SHOULDER WHERE IT HAS CLUNG SO LONG THAT IT HAS BECOME A SORT OF DEFORMED HUMP • A CANCEROUS GROWTH, SLOWLY EXTENDING ITS FOUL TENDRILS TO CHOKE THE SOUL OF ITS HOST • AND THERE IN THE DUST OF DEFEAT, THE IRONY WAS SUBLINE, FOR NOT EVEN THEN DID THE WHITE MAN RECOGNIZE HIS GUILT — HIS INSATIABLE LUST FOR CONQUEST AND SUBJUGATION THAT HAD FINALLY UNITED THE THIRD WORLD PEOPLE AGAINST HIM • HE STILL BELIEVED THAT "CIVILIZING" THE OTHER PEOPLES OF THE EARTH WAS HIS SACRED DUTY: A SOMEWHAT DISAGREEABLE TASK THAT OFTEN CALLED FOR HEROIC SELF-SACRIFICE ; A CROSS HE HAD BEEN CALLED UPON TO DRAG THRUOUT HISTORY ; "PAYING DUES" FOR BEING THE SUPERIOR RACE — IN SHORT, THAT "GOD MADE ME DO IT" • IT ALL WOULD HAVE BEEN A LUDICROUS JOKE IF HE HAD NOT DRIVEN THE HUMAN SPECIES TO THE BRINK AND PLACED THE EARTH ITSELF WITHIN A BREATH OF TOTAL ANNIHILATION • BUT THE OPPRESSED PEOPLES — THE BLACK, BROWN, AND YELLOW RACES — HAVE AT LAST GRASPED THE INSIDIOUS MAGNITUDE OF THE WHITE MAN'S CURSE, THE DEMONIC POSSESSION THAT WILL NOT LET HIM REST UNTIL HE HAS OBLITERATED EVERYTHING, INCLUDING HIMSELF • THEY HAVE FINALLY UNDERSTOOD THE TRUE NATURE OF THE STRUGGLE AND AROUSED THEMSELVES AGAINST THE 'WHITE DEVIL'.

THEIR COALITION HAS SUCCEEDED IN PUSHING THE WHITE RACE ACROSS THE WASTED PLANET, BACK TO ITS ORIGINAL FOUNTAINHEAD IN THE FROZEN NORTHLANDS • IT IS HERE THAT THE REMNANTS OF THE NORDIC PEOPLES ARE MAKING THEIR LAST STAND, BEWILDERED BY THE VINDICTIVE INGRATITUDE OF THEIR FORMER SUBJECTS, PROTESTING THEIR INNOCENCE TO THE BITTER END •

# WHITE MAN'S BURDEN



AT THEIR MAKESHIFT HEADQUARTERS, COALITION COMMANDERS ARE DELIBERATING THE FATE OF SEVERAL CAPTIVES, THE SOLE SURVIVORS OF THEIR SECTOR — PERHAPS OF THE ENTIRE WHITE RACE...

A REAL SPECIMEN, ANN'T HE?

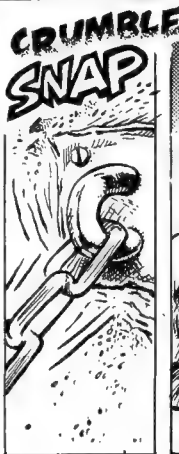
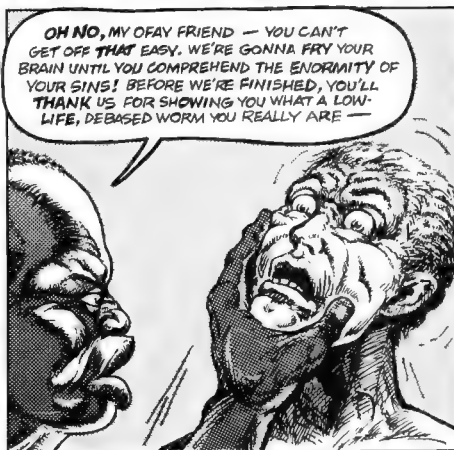
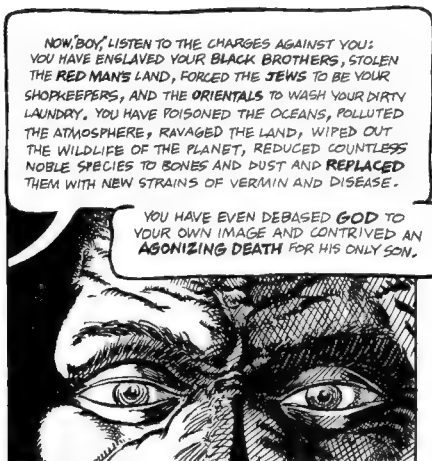
SMALL WONDER THAT THE WHITES ARE SO FAR GONE, WITH A LEADER CADRE LIKE HIM FOR INSPIRATION...

ALMOST ENUFF TO MAKE YOU THROW UP!

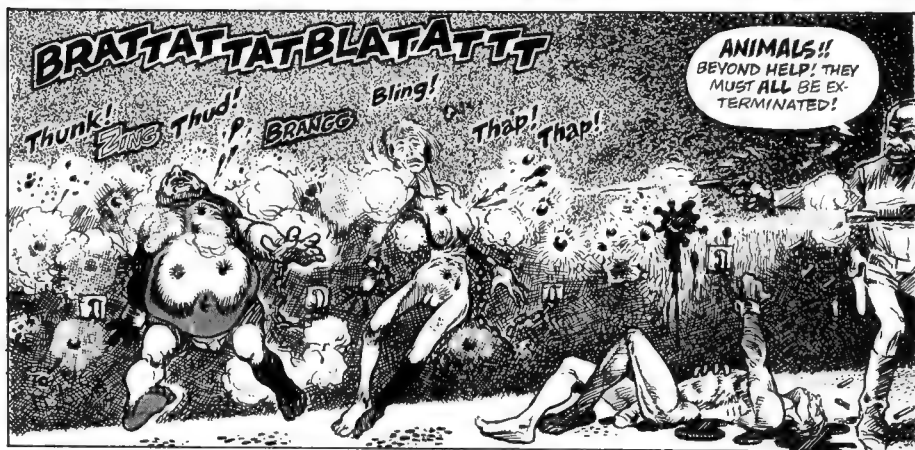








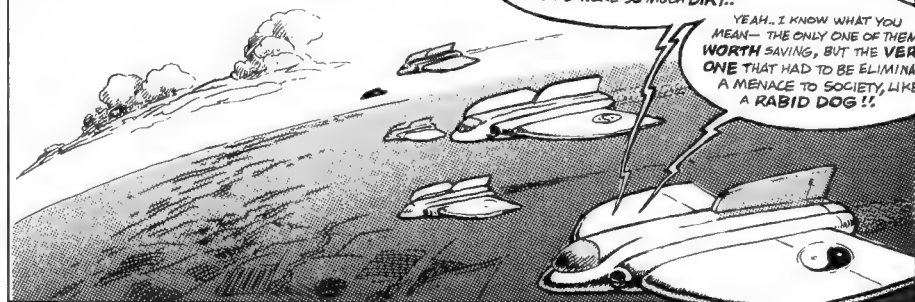


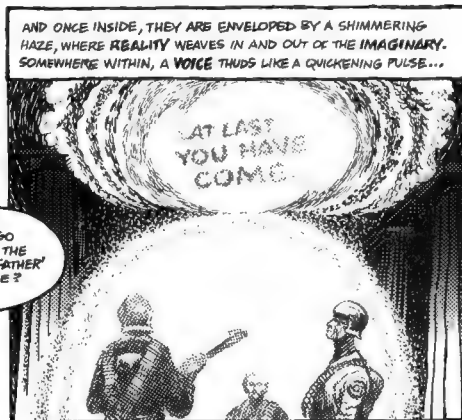
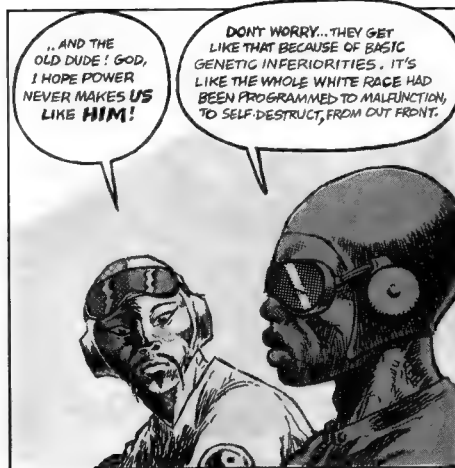


AND SO THE THIRD WORLD COALITION LAUNCHES A MASSIVE ATTACK AGAINST THE FINAL STRONGHOLD OF THE WHITES, AN ATTACK DESIGNED TO END THE SPECTRE OF WHITE SUPREMACY FOREVER.

YOU KNOW, IT'S SORTA SAD, THINKING ABOUT THAT POOR, DUMB-SHIT REDNECK BACK THERE. I COULD ALMOST HAVE ADMIRERD HIM, EVEN EMBRACED HIM AS A BROTHER. YET, TO THE END HE HELD US IN CONTEMPT, LIKE WE WERE SO MUCH DIRT.

YEAH... I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN— THE ONLY ONE OF THEM WORTH SAVING, BUT THE VERY ONE THAT HAD TO BE ELIMINATED. A MENACE TO SOCIETY, LIKE A RABID DOG!!





THOUGH THE VOICE IS HEARD BY ALL,  
EACH FEELS IT SPEAKS TO HIM ALONE...

REMEMBER ABOVE ALL THINGS:  
TIME IS SHORT, AND WE HAVE  
HARDLY BEGUN.



ALL AROUND US THINGS ARE DETERIORATING,  
CRUMBLING, BEING SAPPED OF THEIR VITAL  
STRENGTH — OUR UNIVERSE, OUR PLANET,  
OURSELVES...



AND IN THE FACE OF THIS SENSELESS, FUTILE  
WASTE THE HUMAN SPIRIT HAS NEVER KNOWN  
SUCH INDECISION, SUCH A WALLOWING IN VAIN  
TRIVIALITY, POINTLESS DIVERSION, HOLLOW ECSTASY



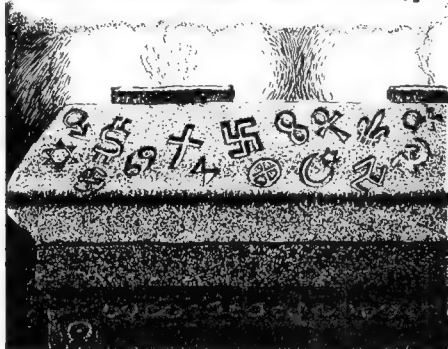
WE MUST CLEANS E OURSELVES  
AND RISE PURE FOR THE STRUGGLE



TO FACE THE UNKNOWN WITH THE DIGNITY, STRENGTH  
AND RESOLVE BEFITTING OUR ANCESTORS, THE DESCEN-  
DANTS OF GODS — MASTERS OF THE COSMOS!!



THEREFORE, TOUGH THESE SACRED SYMBOLS, THESE  
RUNES BEQUEATHED TO US BY ANTIQUITY, BURN  
THEM INTO YOUR MEMORY AND TELL ME —  
WHO ARE YOU, AND WHAT MUST YOU DO??



END



HIYA, KIDDIES! YOU'VE ALL HEARD OF GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES, RIGHT? WELL, HERE'S ONE THAT WAS TOO GRIM FOR EVEN HIM, AND WAS SORTA CLEANED UP AND MADE INTO TWO DIFFERENT TALES. I THINK YOU'RE GONNA LIKE THE ORIGINAL, UNEXPURGATED VERSION BETTER! IT'S CALLED:

# "Sleeping Beauty and the Beast"

ONCE UPON A TIME, THERE WAS AN OLD CASTLE, LONG SINCE FALLEN INTO RUIN AND GROWN UP WITH BRIARS. NO ONE REMEMBERED WHY, BUT THERE WERE VAGUE WHISPERS OF SOME EVIL SPELL, A CURSE PLACED UPON A BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS LONG, LONG AGO... LITTLE DID THEY SUSPECT THAT WITHIN THE CRUMBLING WALLS, THE BEAUTY STILL LAY SLEEPING!!



IN HER DREAMS, THERE WAS ALWAYS THIS HANDSOME YOUNG PRINCE, SLAYING DRAGONS, HACKING THROUGH TO WHERE SHE SLEPT... TO WAKE HER TO RENEWED LIFE.



MOST PEOPLE SHUNNED THE RUINED CASTLE — ALL EXCEPT GNARL, THE LOCAL WOODCHOPPER, WHO HAD TO PASS BY EACH DAY ON HIS WAY HOME FROM THE FOREST.





GNARL FILLED HIS SACK WITH MOULDY SILVERWARE AND OTHER GOODIES THAT HE COULD FENCE IN THE VILLAGE. AS HE HASTENED TO LEAVE, HE NOTICED A CLOSED DOOR.



BEHIND IT WAS THE ROOM WHERE BEAUTY REST, AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF THE HANDSOME YOUNG PRINCE, WHOSE KISS WOULD BREAK THE EVIL SPELL.



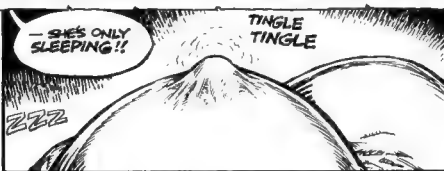
SLEEPING BEAUTY IS DEEP IN SLUMBER, AND SHE'S DREAMING HER FAVORITE DREAM — THE ONE ABOUT THE COMING OF THE HANDSOME PRINCE...



IMAGINE POOR GNARL'S SURPRISE AS HIS CURIOUS FINGERS ENCOUNTER FLESH, NOT COLD AS STONE —



BUT WARM, YIELDING — AND RESPONSIVE TO HIS TOUCH!



..AND JUST AS SHE ALWAYS KNEW HE WOULD, HE BOWS OVER HER AND KISSES HER, THRUSTING HIS QUIVERING TONGUE DEEP INTO HER PARTED, WILLING LIPS.

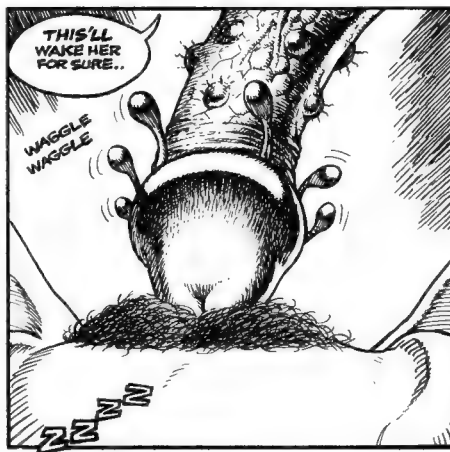


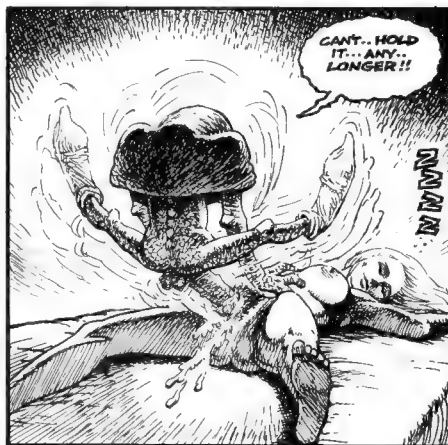
GNARL'S PEA BRAIN IS BEFUDDLED BY THE COMPLEX POSSIBILITIES OF HIS DISCOVERY.



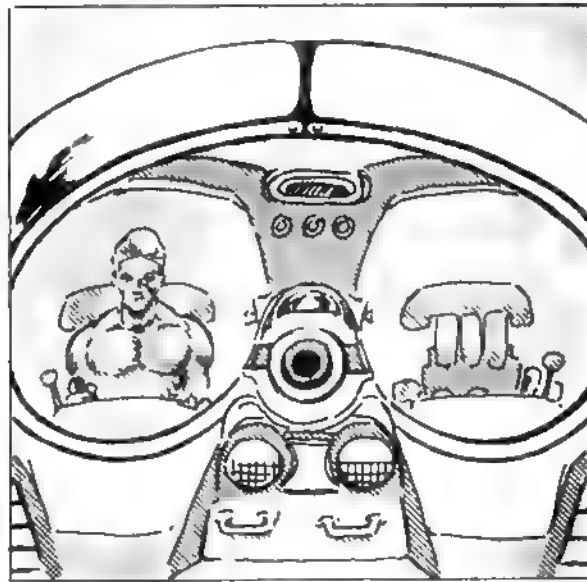
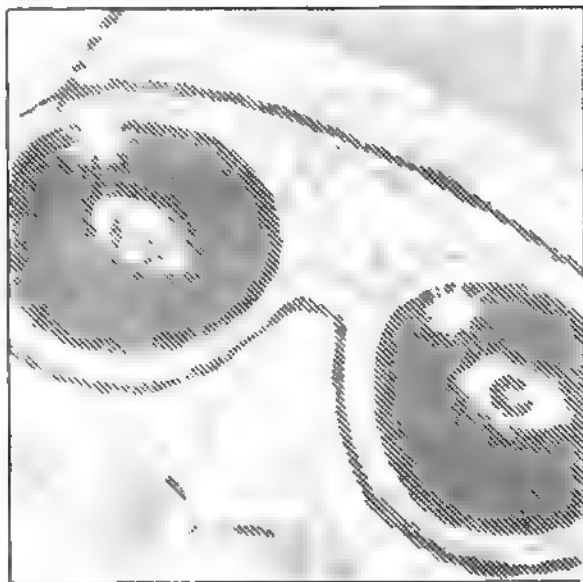
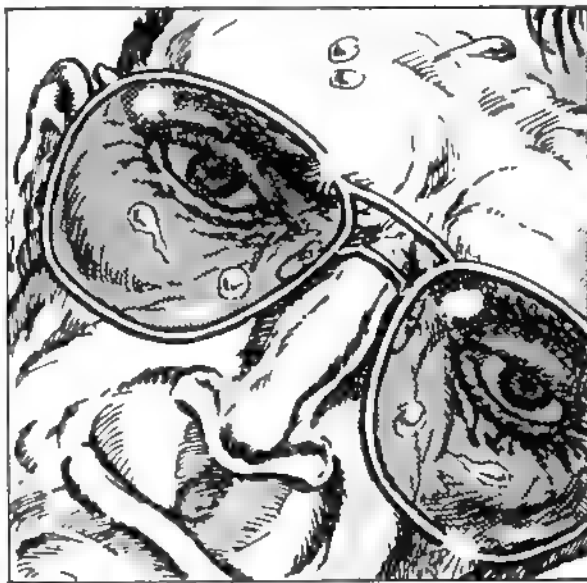
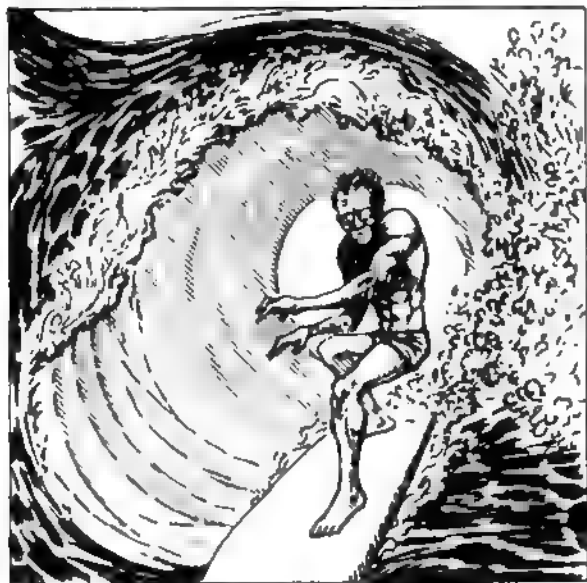




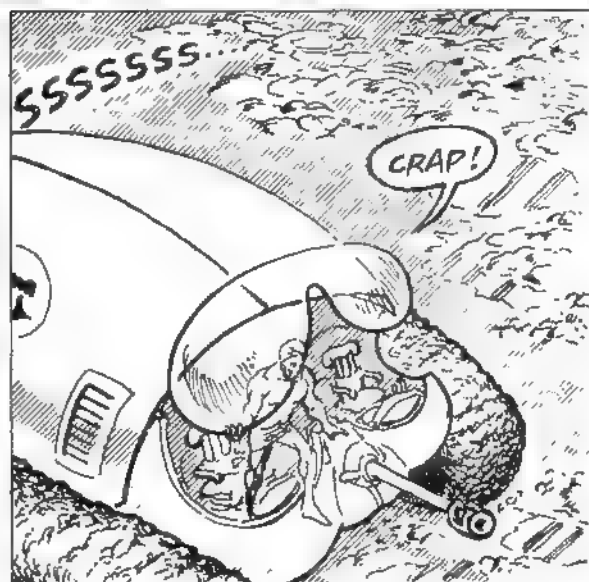




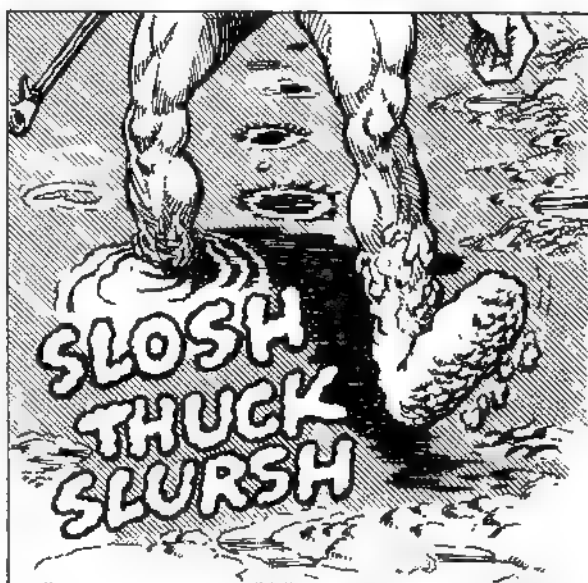
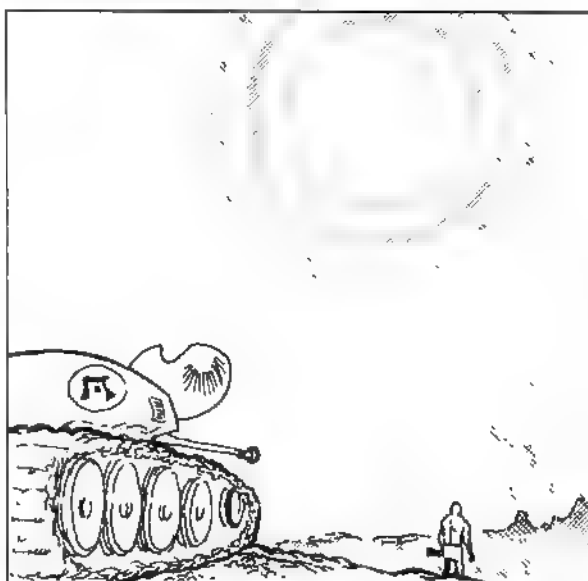
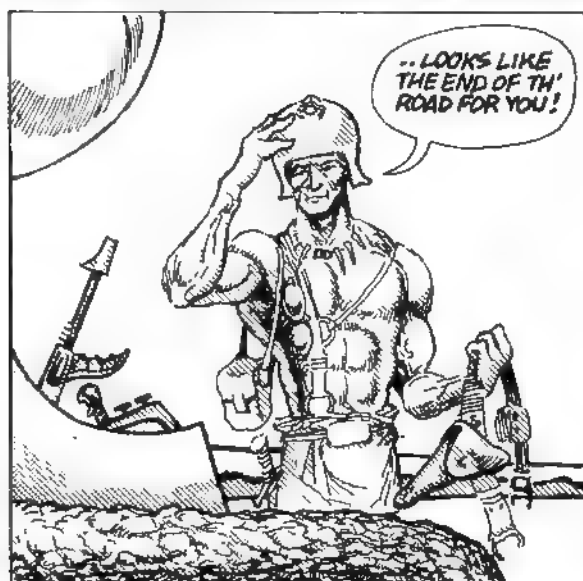
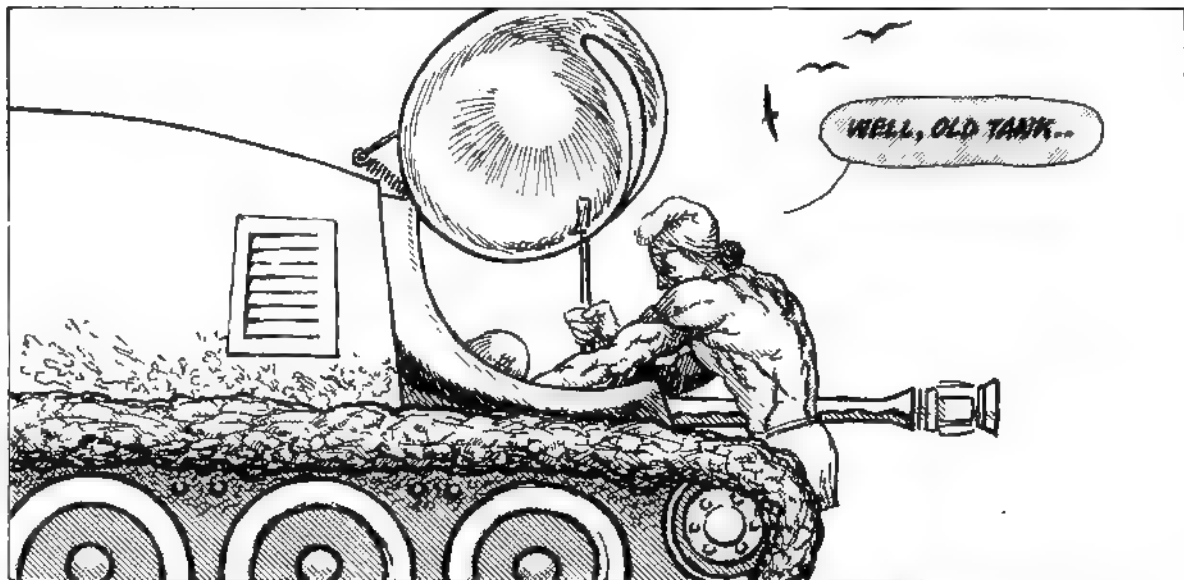


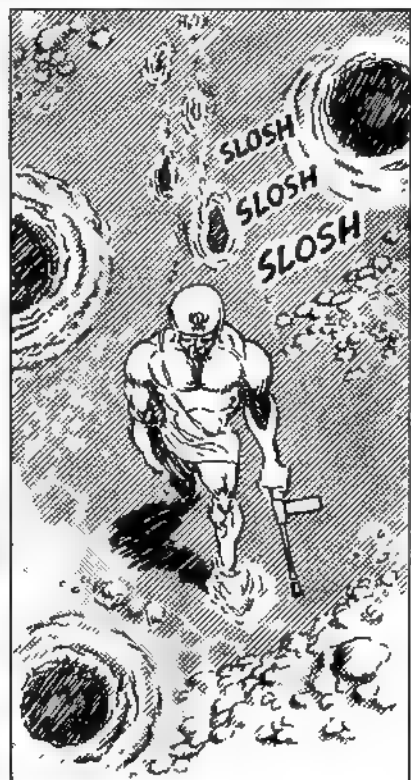
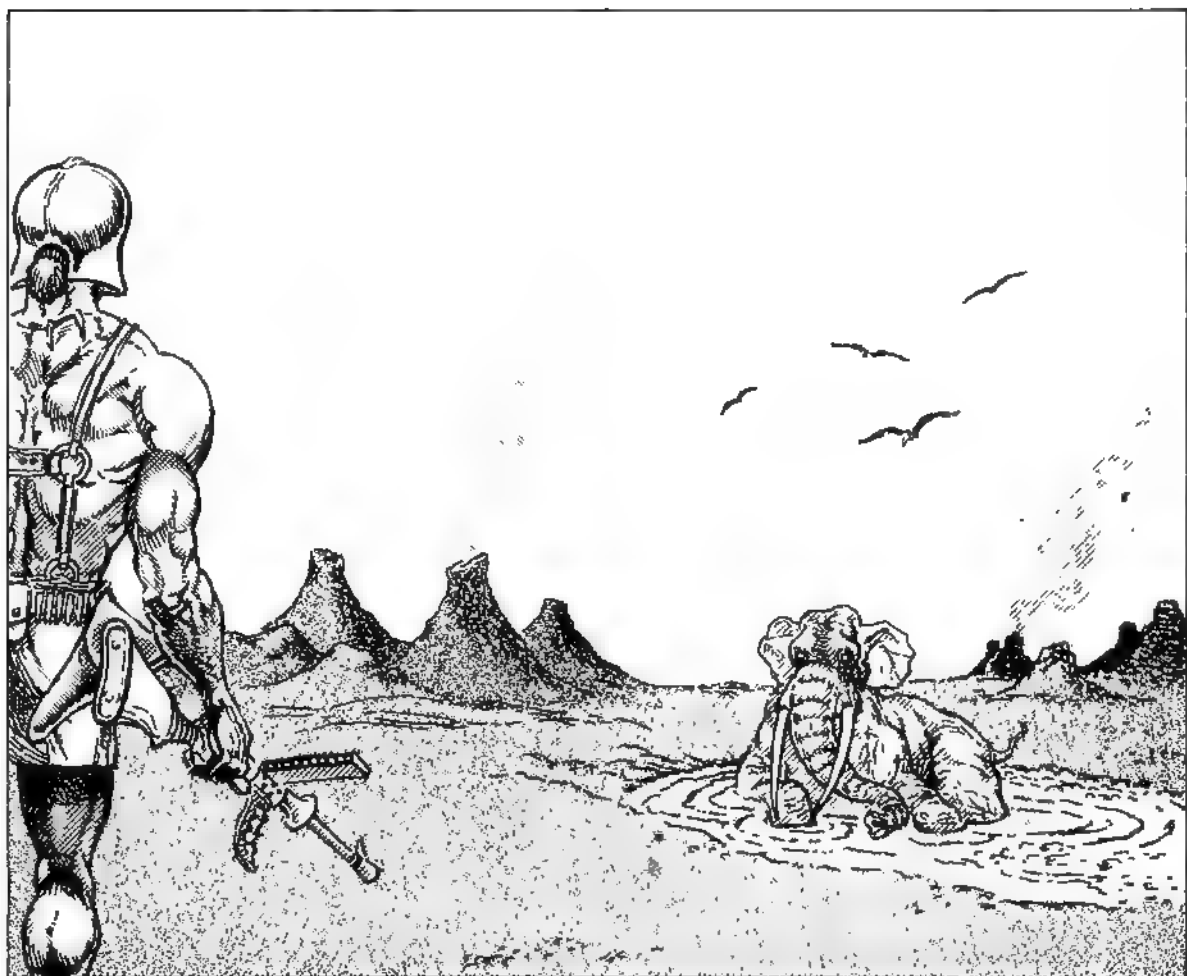


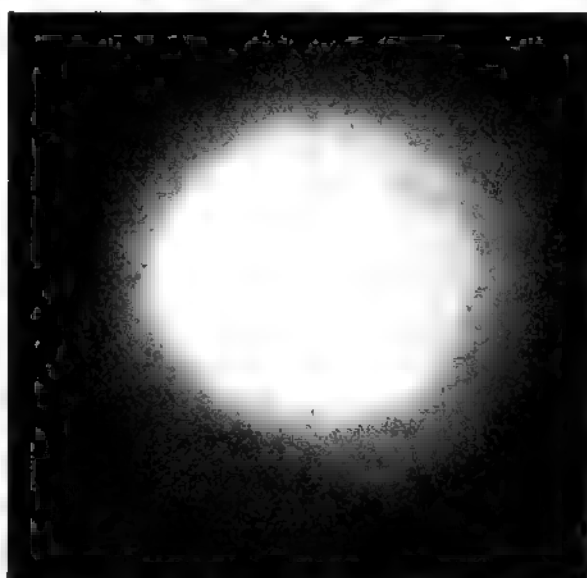
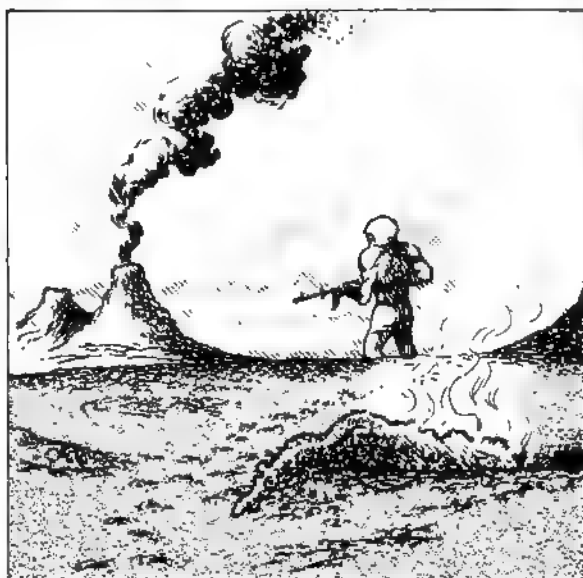
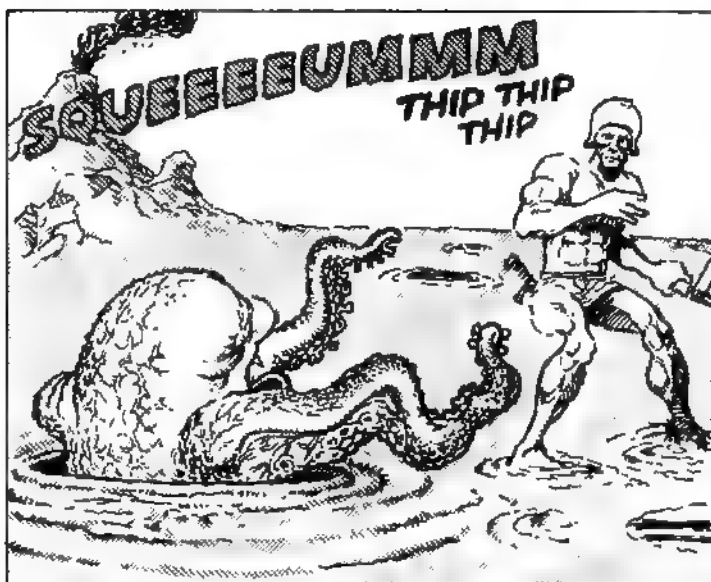


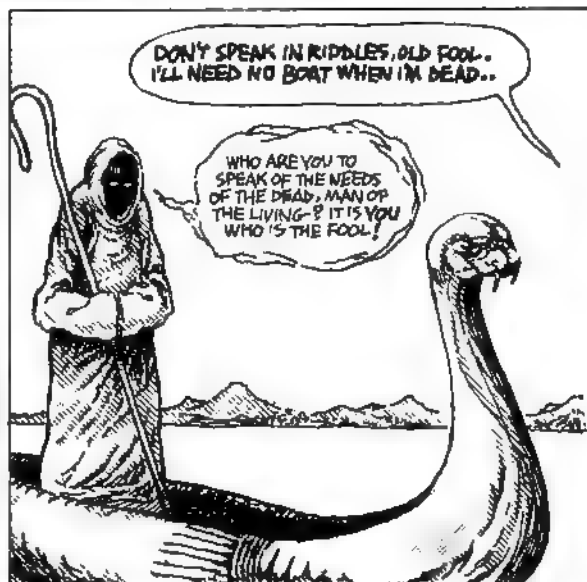
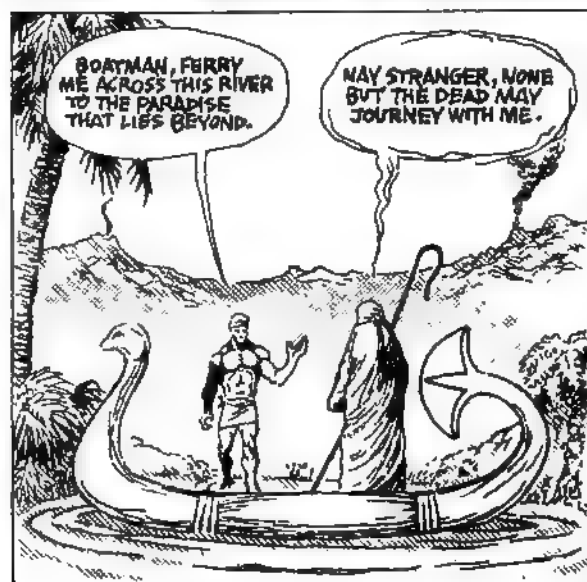


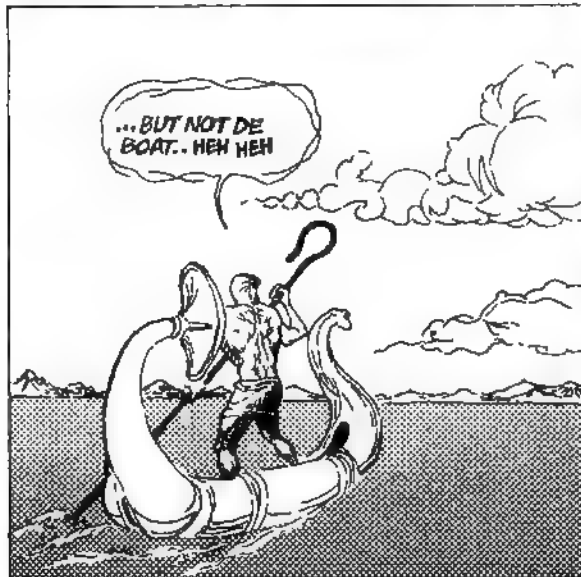
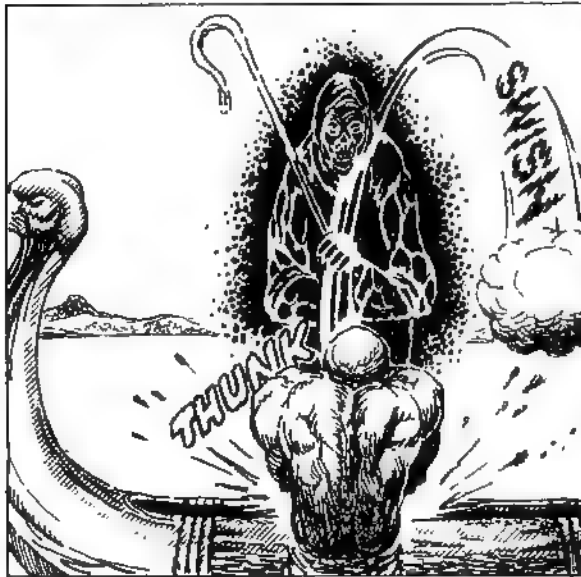
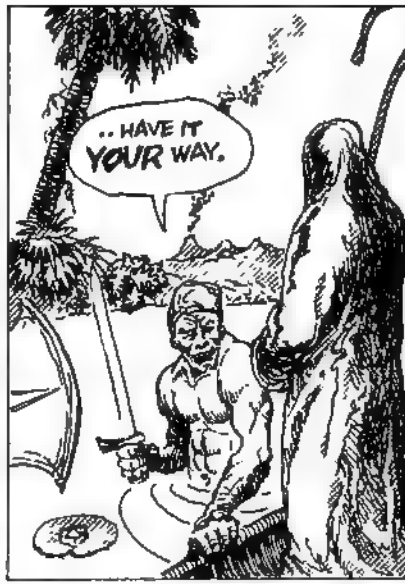




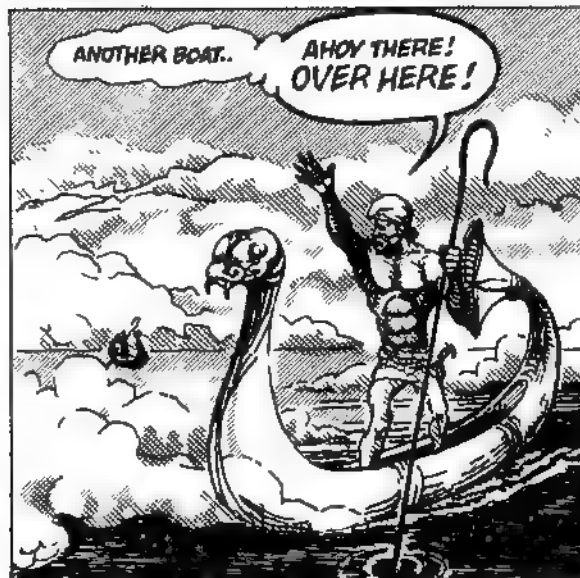
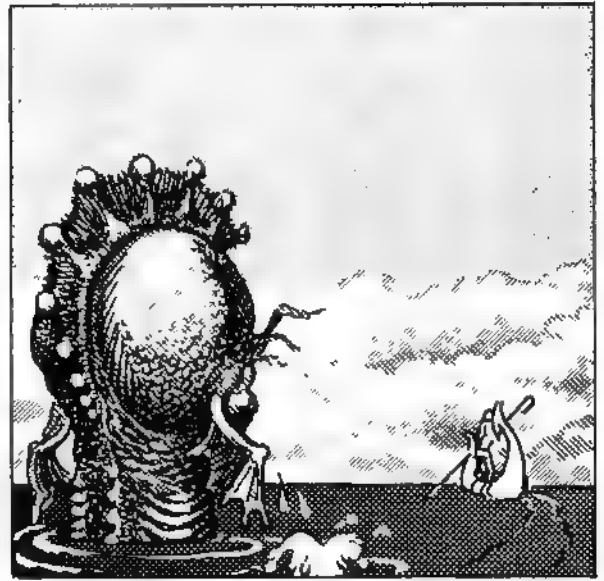
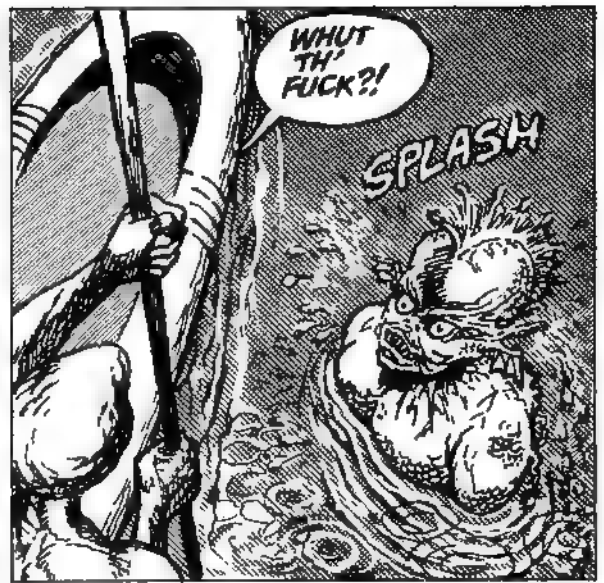




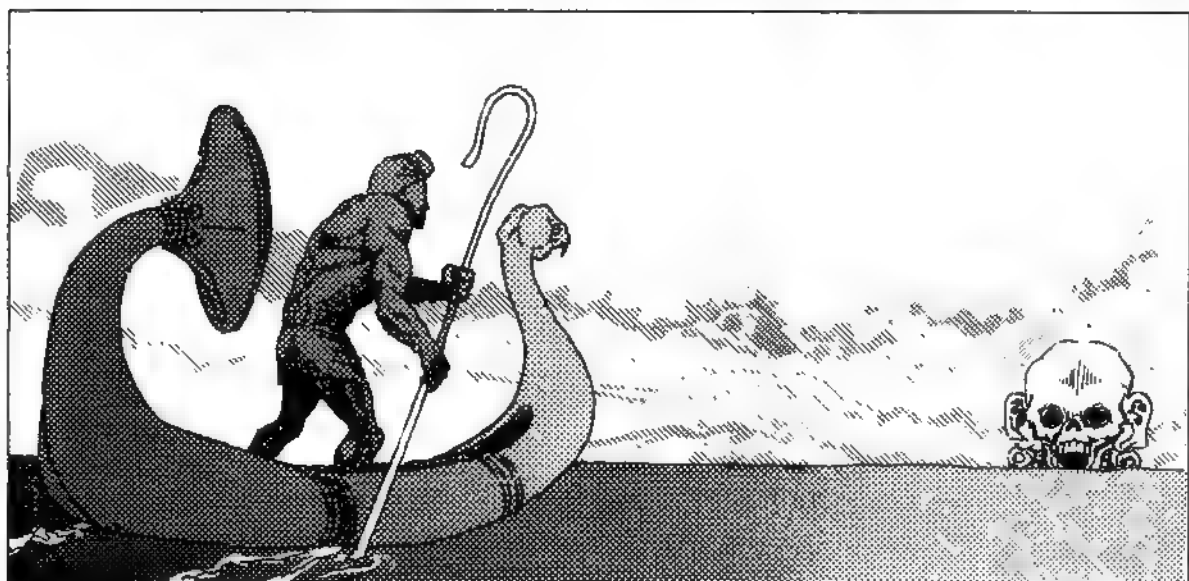
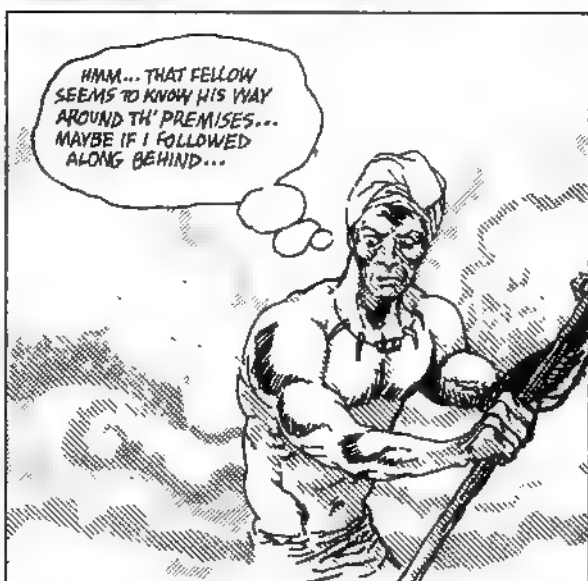
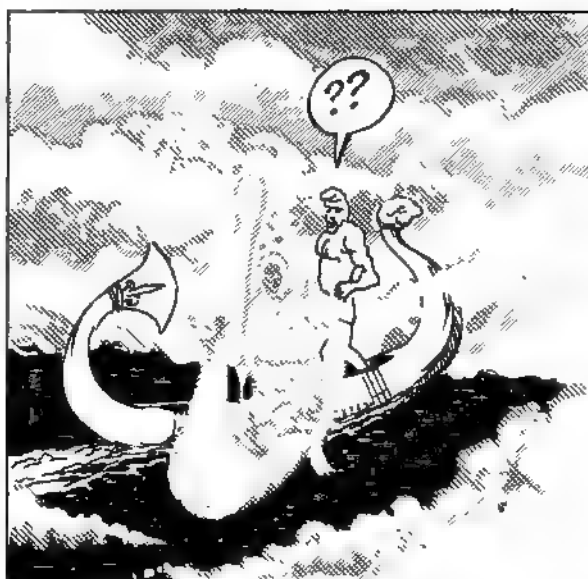
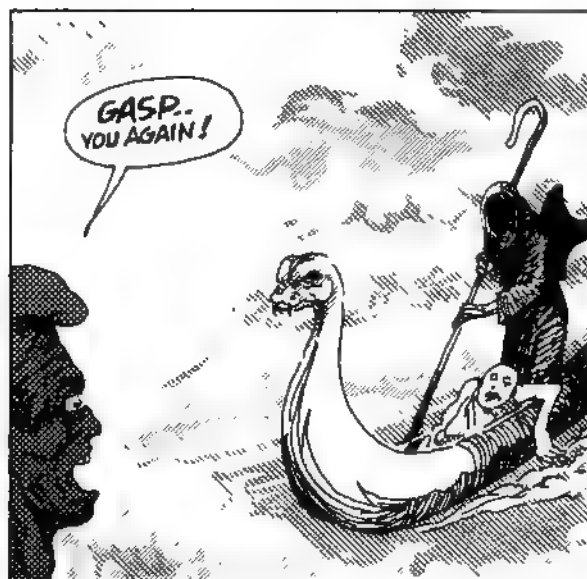


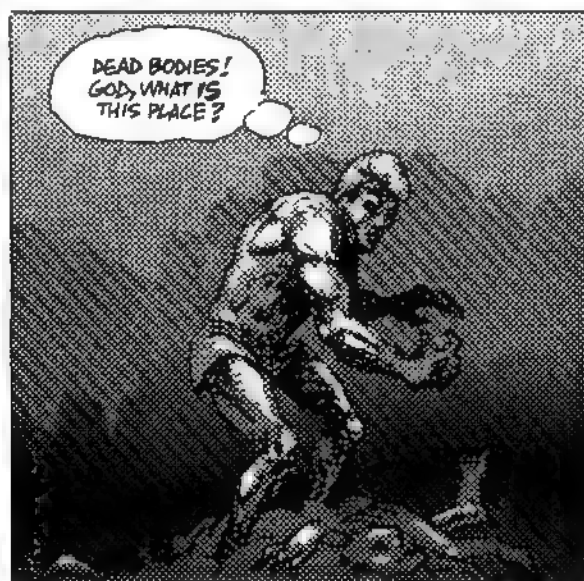
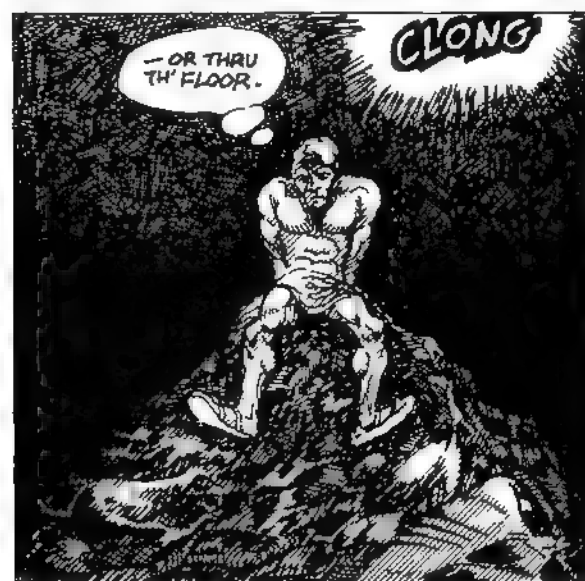
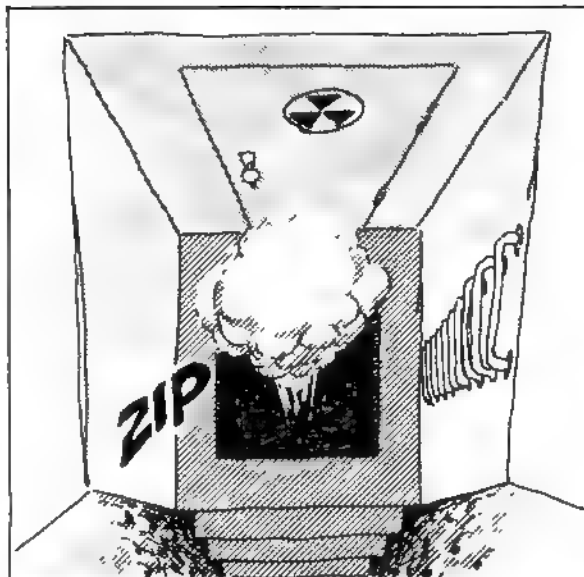
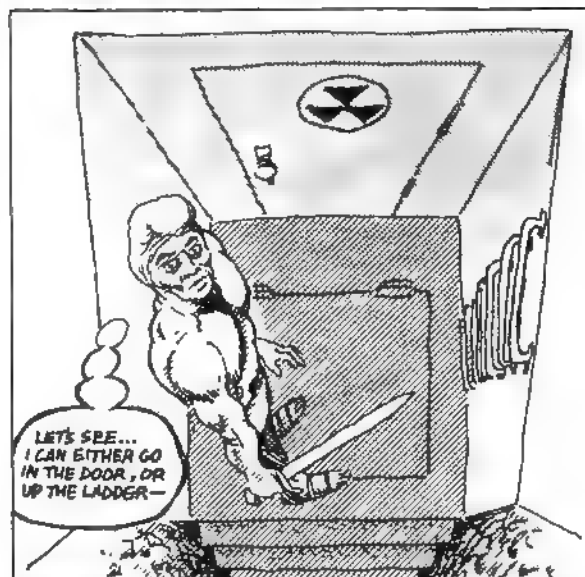
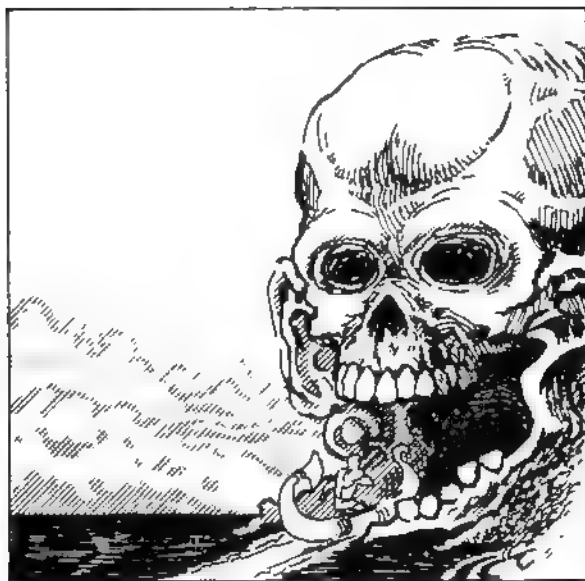


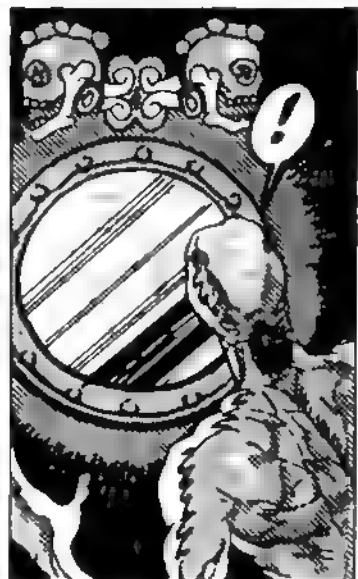
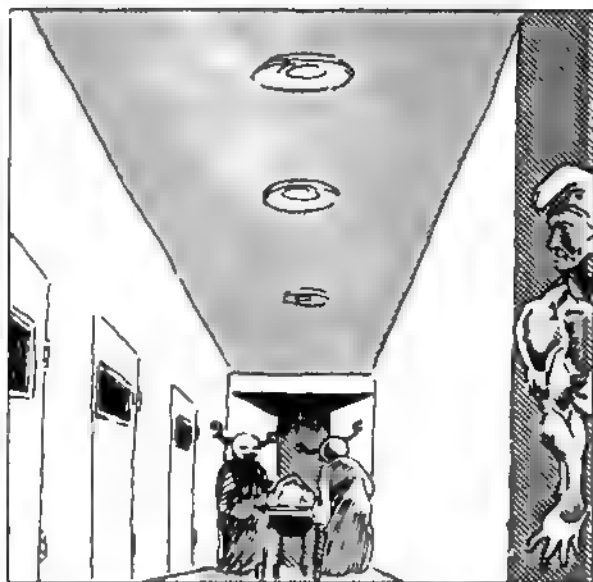


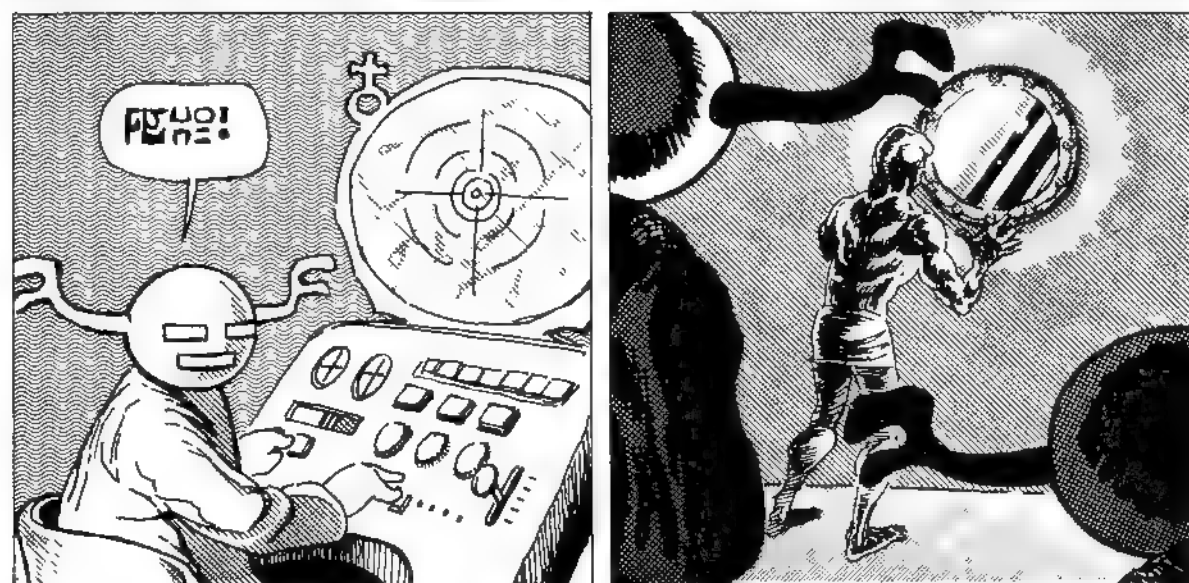
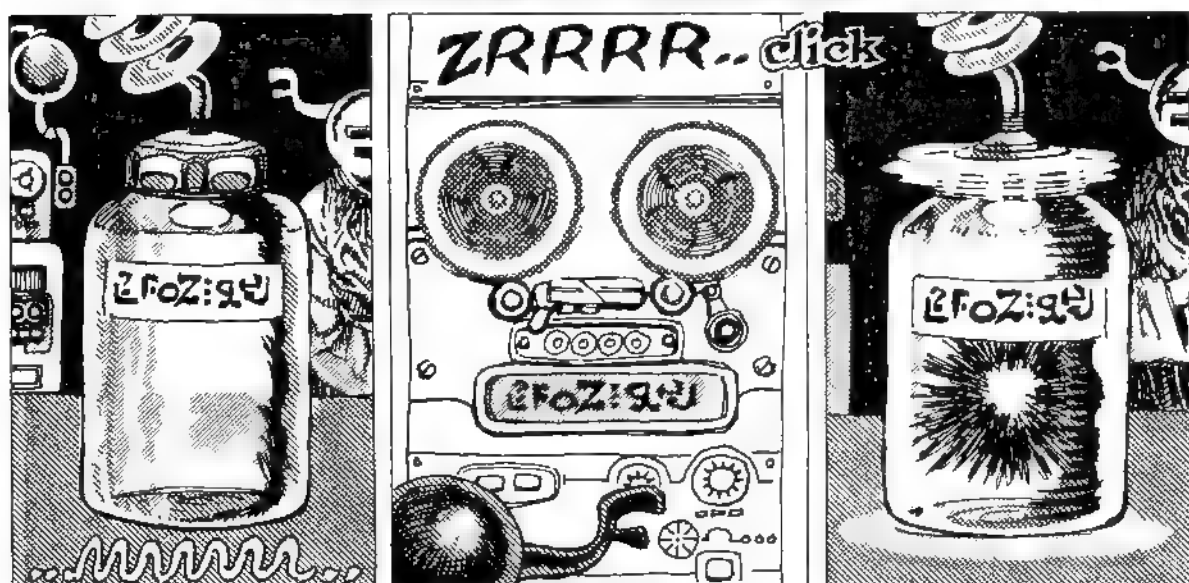
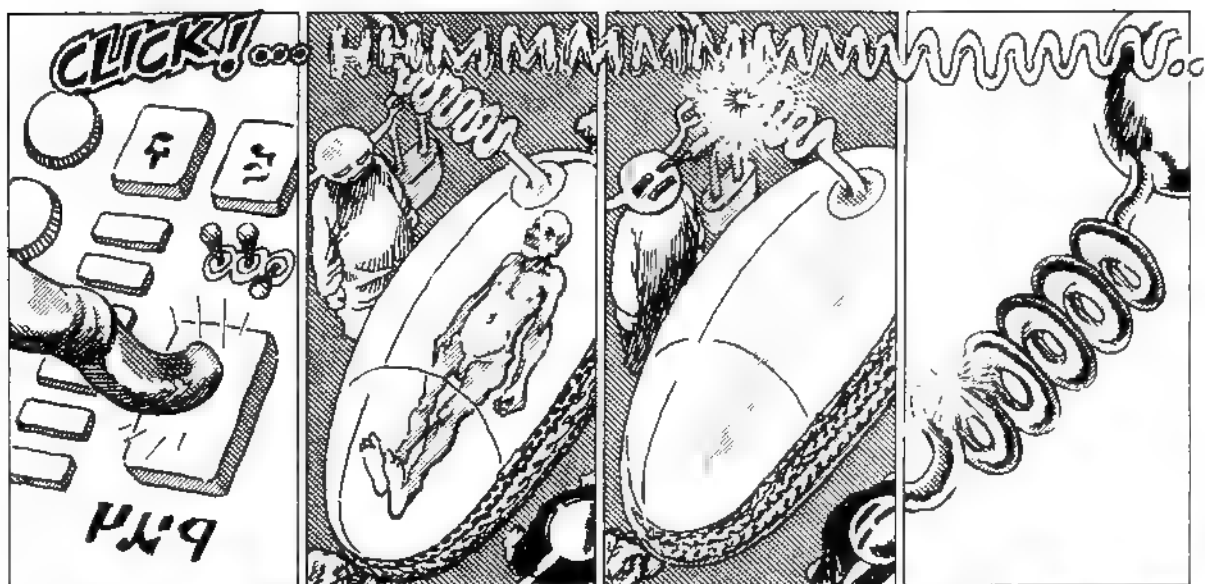


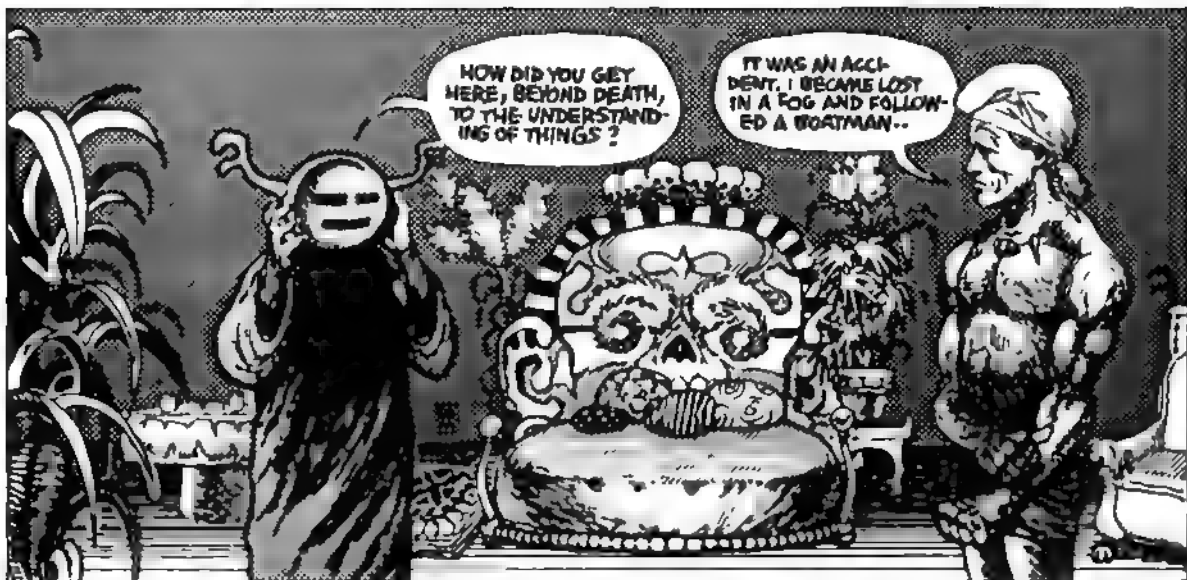








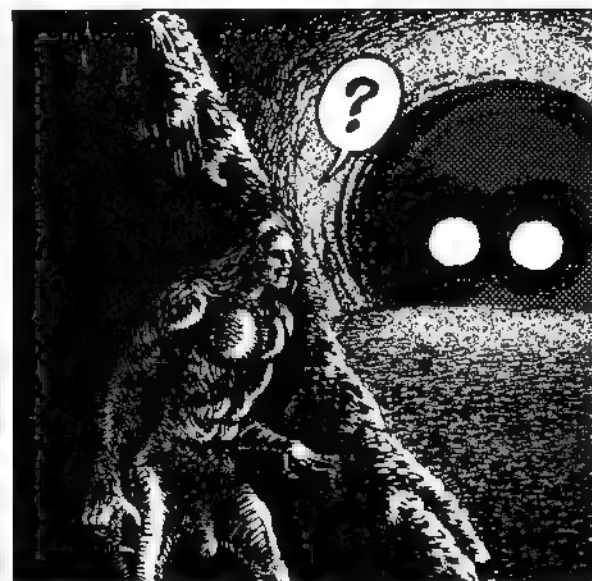














JAXON

WHO KNOWS WHAT PRIMITIVE POWERS AND PASSIONS ARE LURKING IN THE INTERIOR CAVITIES OF MAN? THE BARBARIAN KNOWS, THAT'S WHO. AND WHO IS THE BIGGEST, BADDEST, BEST-LOOKIN', MOST INTELLIGENT, WEALTHIEST AND WITTIEST BARBARIAN OF ALL THE BARBARIANS?

# FREDDY

## THE BARBARIAN!

THAT'S WHO! AND HE'S ALMOST TOO BARBARIC TO BEAR!

GRUNT!

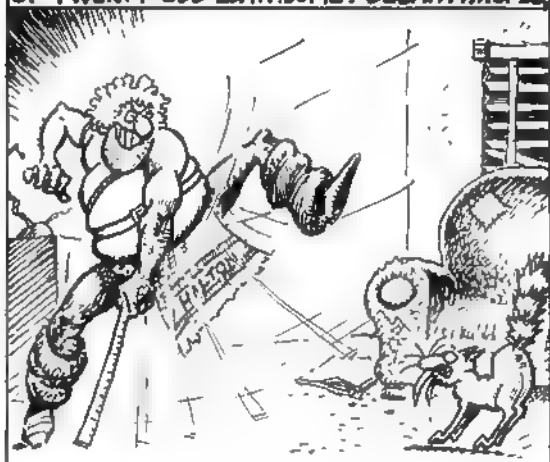
KISS ME, O BARBIFEROUS ONE!



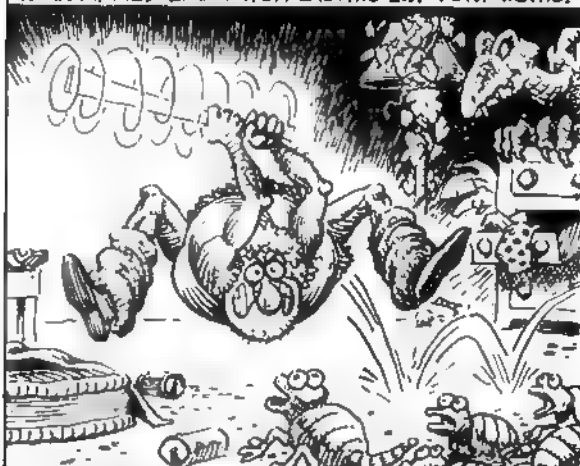
ARMED WITH HIS TRUSTY **METEWAAND**, LO THE AWESOME BARBARIAN DID VENTURE FORTH, AND DID GO ABOUT FROM PLACE TO PLACE, EXACTING FROM THE POPULACE **TRIBUTES** AND **GRATUITIES**.



FIRST HE DID JOURNEY TO THE FAR REALM OF **NORTH ZULCH**, & WHILE ON HIS WAY, HE ENCOUNTERED AND SLEW A COVEN OF TWENTY-ODD LOATHSOME **PUSSANTHROPES**.



THEN HE HIED HIMSELF TO THE DISTANT EMPIRE OF THE **BRIGGLFILTIAN**S, WHERE HE SOUGHT OUT AND DISPATCHED THE DOLOROUS **FAFFLEWOOD**S IN AN ARMED ENCOUNTER LASTING **SIX** FORTNIGHTS.



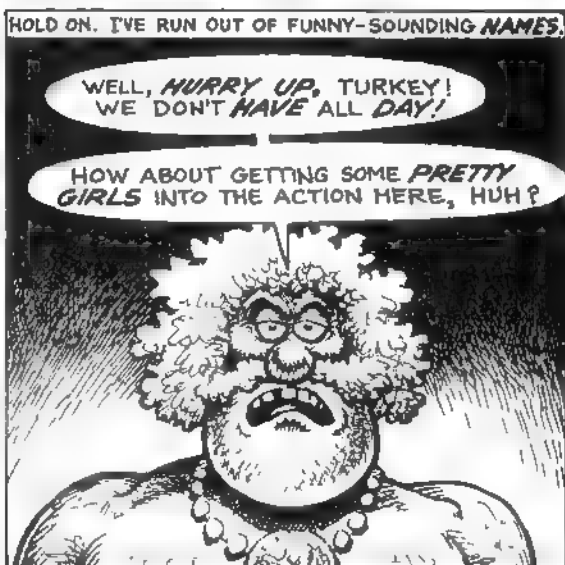
WHEREUPON HE IMMEDIATELY SET OUT TOWARD THE **MYSTIC TOWER OF UPDOCK**, BUT THE ROUTE WAS BLOCKED BY THE **LEGIONS OF LEGHORN** AT THE CROSSROADS VILLAGE OF **OMELETTE**, & THEY DID FIGHT SWORD AND LANCE, TOOTH AND NAIL, HOUR AFTER HOUR, UNTIL THE **COWS** DID COME HOME.



THE **COWS**, HOWEVER, PROVED TO BE **WOLVES** IN **SHEEP'S CLOTHING**, AS OUT FROM THEIR DISGUISES POPPED THE DREADED, **COW-BORING PARASITE PEOPLE** OF **CELLULOID CITY**! THE NOBLE BARBARIAN WAS IN THE MIDST OF NEGOTIATING A TREATY WHEN THE SITUATION WAS COMPLICATED BY THE INTERFERENCE OF THE ARMY OF **SCRIBES**! ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT THE SCORE WAS SETTLED, AND THE LANDSCAPE BECAME **SCoured** OF ALL TREES! THE VERBIAGE WAS **OVERWHELMING**! SO OUR BARBARIC HERO PULLED OUT HIS SWORD AND KILLED EVERYONE. WITHIN A DISTANCE OF **FOURSCORE** AND **ELEVEN HECTOMETERS**.



AND THEN, HE





SO THEN THE BARBARIC ONE FOUGHT THE ARMY OF THE SPBLT'PPTT'DOBY AND DID...

WAIT JUST A MINUTE HERE!

IS THIS ALL I'M EVER GOING TO GET TO DO? RUN ALL OVER THE PLACE KILLING THINGS?



WELL, YES. THAT'S ABOUT THE EXTENT OF IT.

WELL, I'M THE STAR OF THIS STORY AND I'M PUTTING MY FOOT DOWN! GET SOME WOMEN INTO THE SCENE OR I'M WALKING OUT!



OKAY. YOU ASKED FOR IT; YOU GOT IT

PING

GLOW  
GLOW

WHIRR



OOKA  
POOKA!

HONKY  
PONKY!

TWEET!

HUBBA  
HUBBA!

YIKES!  
YETIS!



YELP! SQUEAL!  
A YETI! IS THE ONLY  
THING THAT STINKS  
WORSE THAN A  
BARBARIAN!!

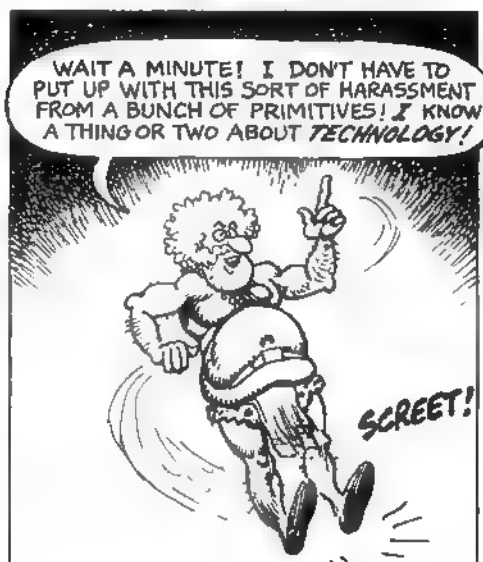
KISSY  
WISSY

HUGGY  
WUGGY!



WAIT A MINUTE! I DON'T HAVE TO  
PUT UP WITH THIS SORT OF HARASSMENT  
FROM A BUNCH OF PRIMITIVES! I KNOW  
A THING OR TWO ABOUT TECHNOLOGY!

SCREEET!





# THE ORIGIN OF OAT WILLIE

ALL OVER THE GREAT STATE OF TEXAS — AND BEYOND — HIS FAME HAS SPREAD. IN AUSTIN HIS HANDSOME LIKENESS ADORNS MURALS AND T-SHIRTS; HIS WORDS OF WISDOM APPEAR ON THOUSANDS OF BUMPER STICKERS. YET, DESPITE HIS STATUS AS A CULTURAL ICON, THE QUESTION IS STILL ASKED:



During the mid-1800s, **MIGRATORY WAVES** swept across Texas from the decaying monarchies of Europe: Germans, Poles, Czechs, Wends, Swedes — all seeking **FREEDOM!**



Among them were settlers from the tiny Middle European duchy of **LÖEUNSTEIN**, bringing along their peculiar Old-World superstitions, vowel-littered language, and silly-looking national costume...



In the desolate Pecos River region, these Löeuensteinian pioneers founded the tiny community of **LOEUVENSPEIL**.



Each family staked out 40 acres of caliche, cleared it of mesquite brush, and planted their precious crop-seed — the renowned Lœuenstein **OATS!**



A century later, Lœuenspeil was a thriving agricultural center...



There, on April 1, 1944, a **SON** was born to third-generation Texans Whet and Wilma Willie. They named the boy "Overly Thoughtful," but everyone just called him "O.T."



Other children soon followed and the Willies prospered. Poor in material wealth but rich in spirit, they worked hard and never went hungry...



Young O.T. and his friends studied in a one-room school and romped through the endless oat fields. Life was good, and they thought it would last forever.



But then, **DISASTER STRUCK!** The Great Texas Drought of the 1950s ended the idyllic rural life of Lœuenspiel!!



Forced to sell the family farm, the Willies moved to Houston. When the drought broke, Papa Whet promptly lived up to his name...



Mama Wilma supported the family, working alongside the scenic Houston ship channel.



An adolescent O.T. tried with small success to adapt to his new environment...



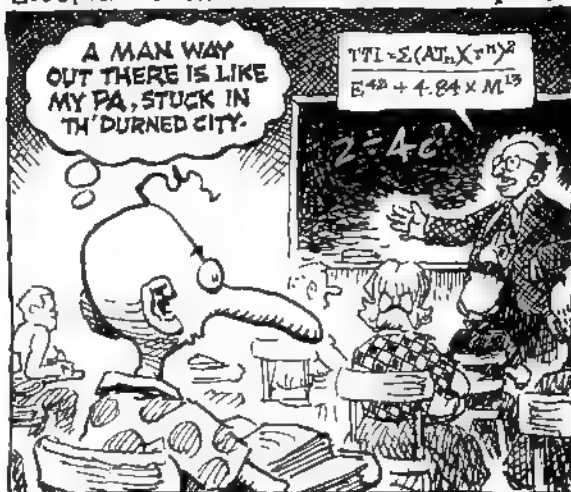
Then - in 1957 - the dat-gummed Soviet Union launched their first **SPUTNIK**, causing the U.S. of A. to be jolted by a ketch-up spasm of scientific fervor.





The **SPACE RACE** was on, and O.T. Willie, like thousands of other bright-eyed young Americans, became a science nerd.

From the beginning, however, his **AGILE MIND** grasped one fundamental truth about space.



Yes, O.T. had a **DREAM**: He would develop new food crops and new bio-agricultural techniques, useable both in manned space exploration **AND** by landless farmers here on **EARTH**!



Altho his scientific studies were paramount, O.T.'s horizons were **RAPIDLY EXPANDED** at the Party School of the Southwest.





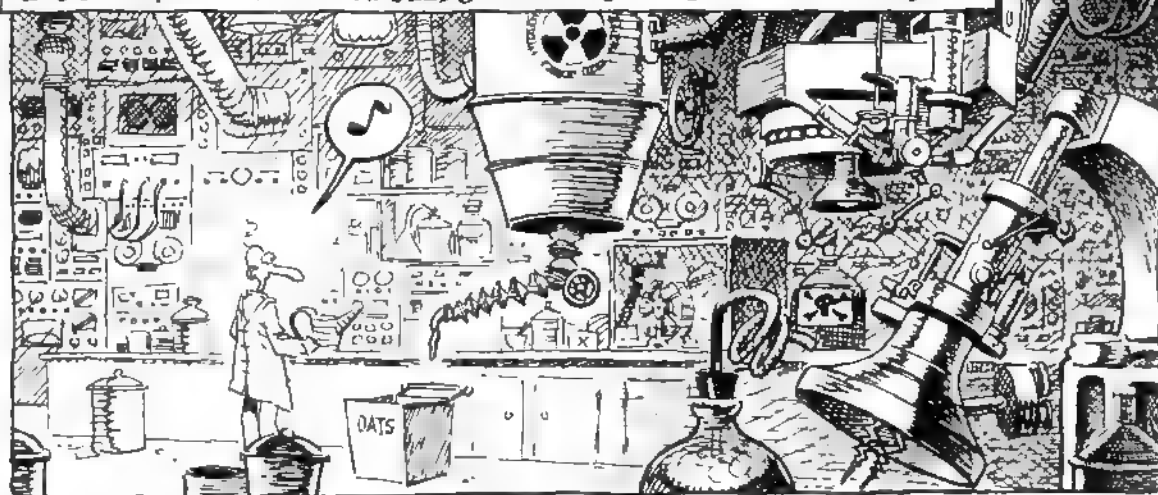
Politics, too, claimed his attention. He ardently supported young President Kennedy, who pledged Americans success in space and equality at home.



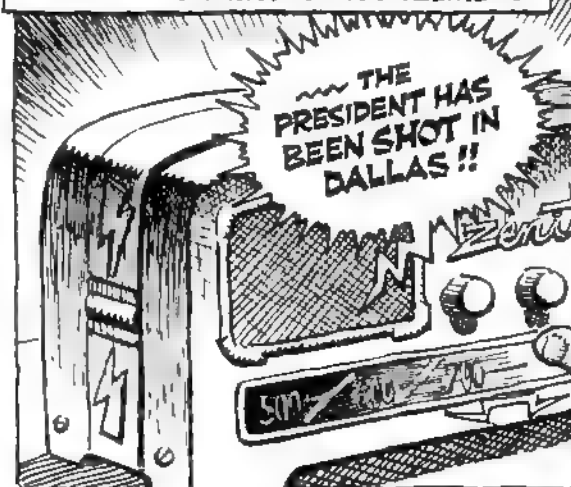
Thus the stage was set, when FATE and TRAGEDY took a hand...



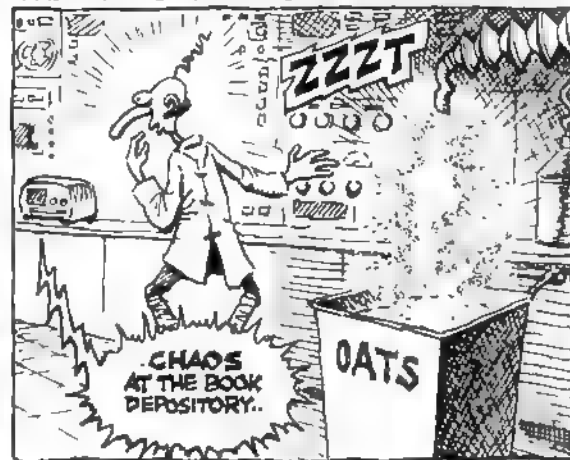
On a sunny day in late November 1963, O.T. was in the lab, setting up a critical experiment with OAT SEEDS his family had grown in Lœuenspiel.



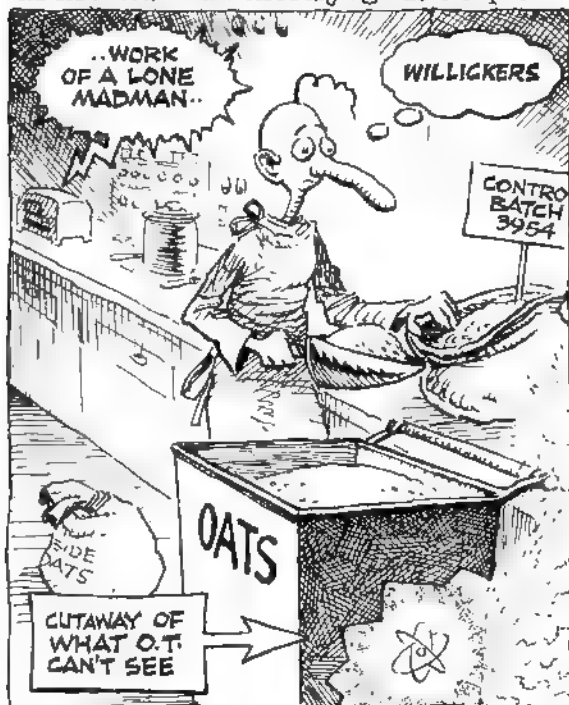
He turned on the radio just in time to hear a **STUNNING ANNOUNCEMENT**



Thunderstruck, he failed to notice that his hand had brushed a control knob, releasing **RADIOACTIVE ELEMENTS** into his oat bucket!



O.T. conscientiously continued his work as he listened to the horrifying radio report.



In the manner of old Löwensteinian brewers, he climbed into his fermentation container and began the oat **SQUASH CYCLE**.



The resulting reaction has **NEVER BEEN DUPLICATED...**



O.T. was rushed to the nearest emergency room, unconscious. There seemed little hope.



For hours skilled medical technicians labored over the unfortunate lad...



At last the head physician delivered the **VERDICT** to O.T.'s anxious parents...



In addition, he suffered the loss of his **LUX-URIANT HAIR**! Only temporary, they said..



Eminent experts and highly-qualified quacks from all over the country examined O.T. during the next few painful months.



In his travail, there were only two happy moments for the young researcher-turned-research-subject. His fellow students, cheering his inadvertent destruction of the science lab, bestowed upon him a cherished **NICKNAME**.



And the oat seeds in his bucket, like harbingers of new life, sprouted and began to **GROW**.

As the novelty of his unique handicap wore off, Oat Willie faced the quintessential question.



Like thousands of other young seekers, Oat **TOOK TO THE ROAD**, adding wheels to his bucket to avoid illegal hitchhiking.



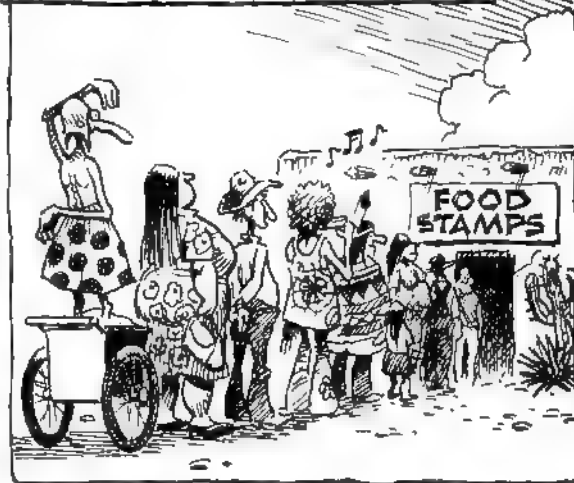
In the Deep South, he was refused service at a drugstore lunch counter, inspiring a massive sit-in.



In Wisconsin he picked apples alongside migrant workers from the Rio Grande Valley.



In New Mexico he joined a commune and learned to live off the land.



At last he reached San Francisco, fabled mecca of the Beat Generation, just in time to witness the Hippie Explosion and the "summer of love."





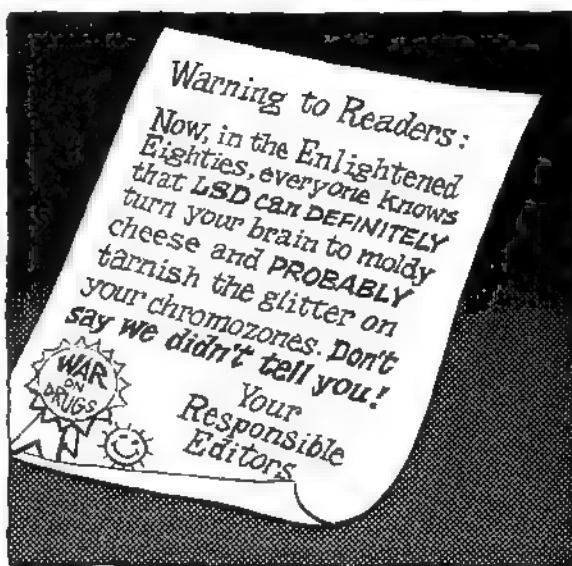
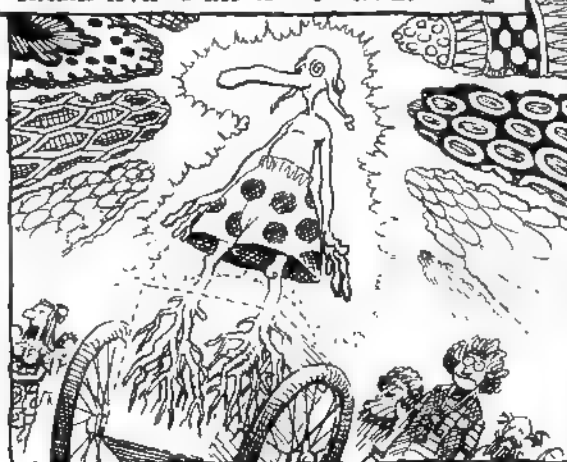
On his way to hear a Texas band play a free concert at Golden Gate Parks, Oat was offered a "hit" of LSD...



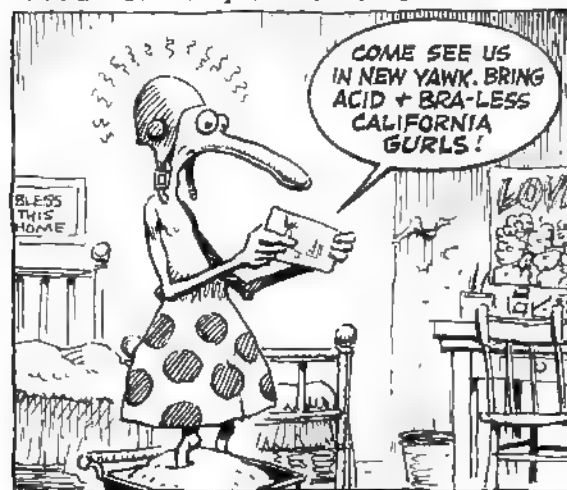
Under the drug's mind-expanding influence, he began to experience **COSMIC REVELATIONS**.



Unbeknownst to our hero, the psychedelic substance was now working at the root-cellular level of his irradi-OATED being!



After 'coming down,' Oat returned to his apartment and found a postcard from Gilbert and Joe.

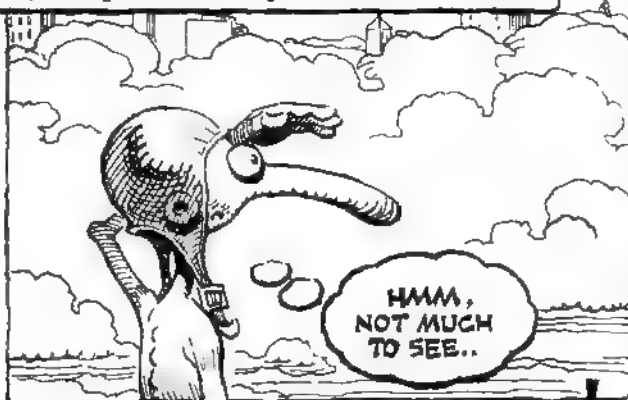


The picture on the card awakened a **STRANGE YEARNING** in his breast.

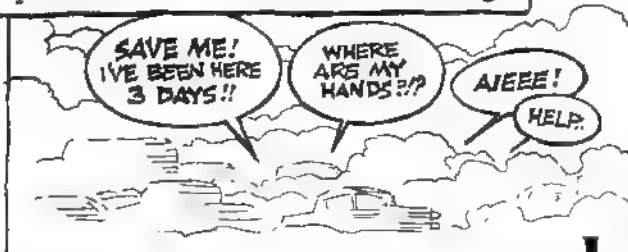




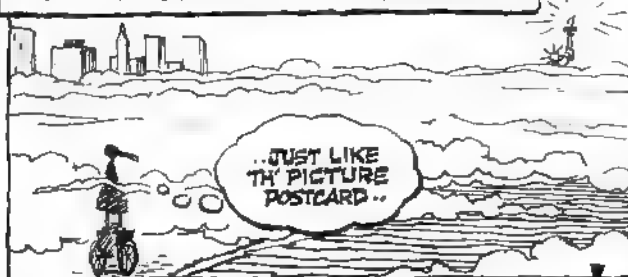
Six weeks later, Oat rolled into the Big Apple. It was blanketed with the thickest, gooey-ist, most impenetrable **FOG** in recorded history!



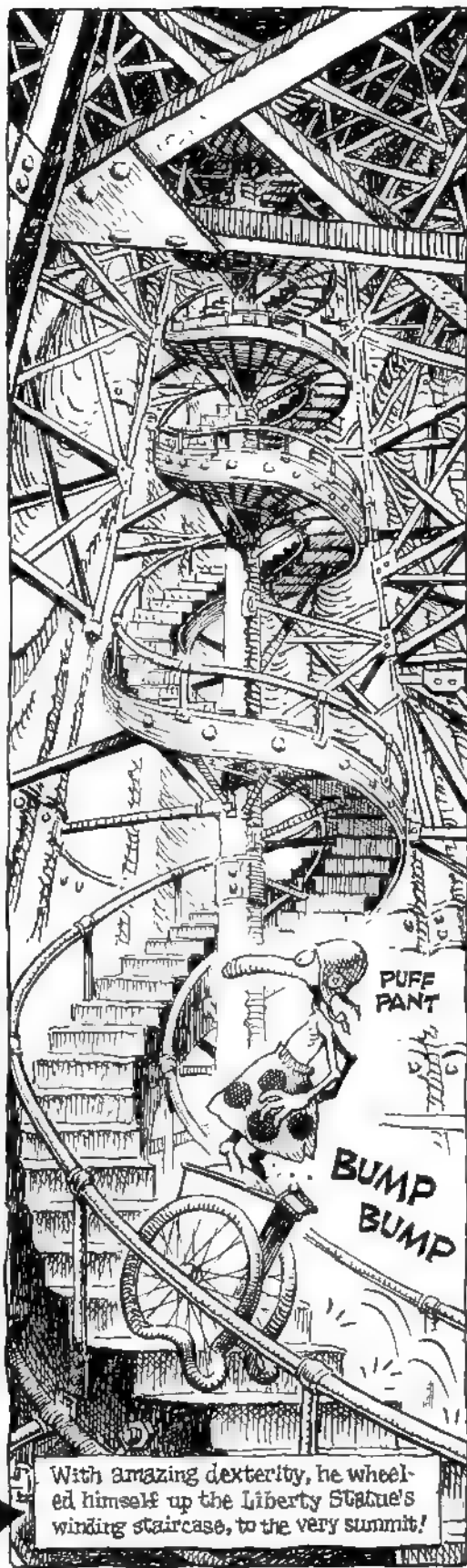
The piteous cries of stranded motorists plucked at Oat Willie's tender heart strings.



Above the fog, he saw a glimmer of light, and knew that he'd found the **ANSWER!**



Fortunately, (as Oat never learned to swim), his bucket floated him right out to Liberty Island.



Guided by an irresistible impulse, Oat climbed out on the statue's crown and **INTRODUCED HIMSELF...**



As if foreordained, the Goddess of Liberty handed him her lamp!



THEN, the awesome changes wrought by the alchemy of radon, LSD, clean living, and a life-time fiber diet were **REVEALED**, as the lamp continued to **SHINE** -



— lit by Oat Willie's own **RADI-OAT-TIVITY!!**



Racing back through Manhattan's snarled streets, Oat Willie led the fog-bound motorists to safety, giving them hope with his now-famous clarion call:



But on the fourth day, the fog skulked away, revealing a city without a single traffic jam!



Exhausted, Oat barely made it to his friends' place before collapsing with a fervent plea.

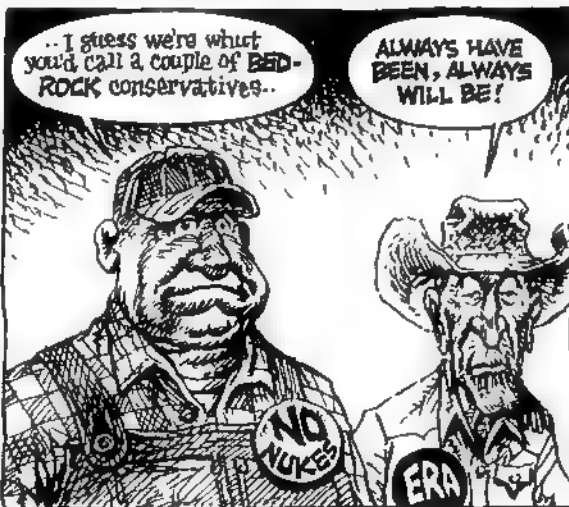


Back home in Austin, they went into business, opening a "head" shop, only one of Oat Willie's many civic-minded endeavors. Yet he remains modest and shy, "the most thoughtful guy in the world."



# Chewin' and Spittin' at the General Store

IDEA: SWEENEY  
ART: JAXON

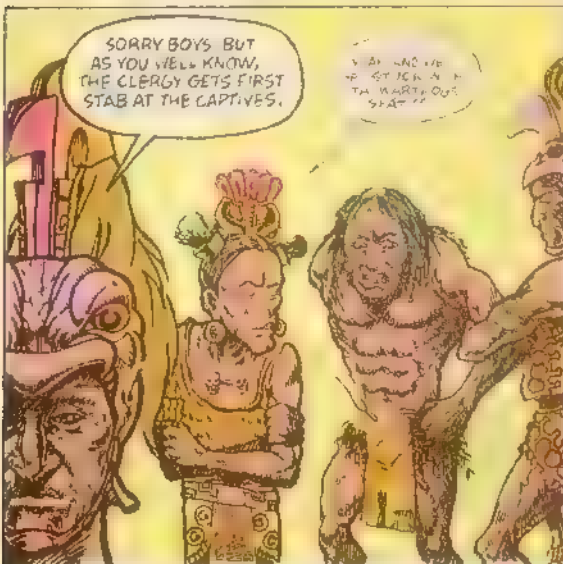
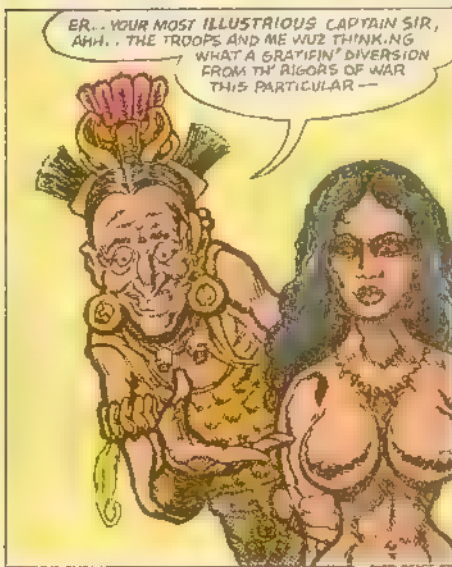
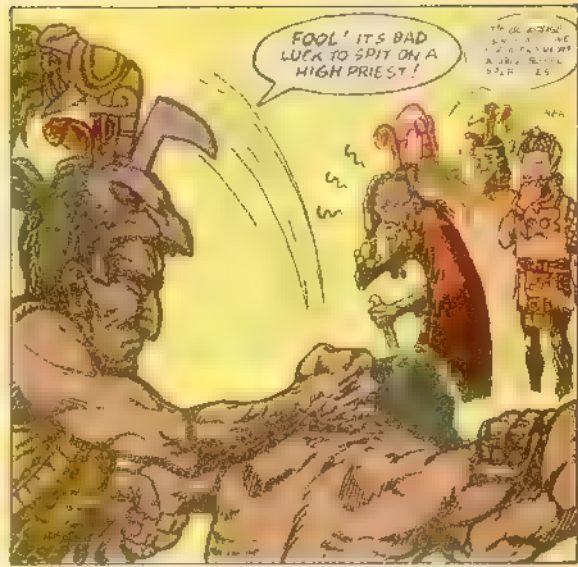


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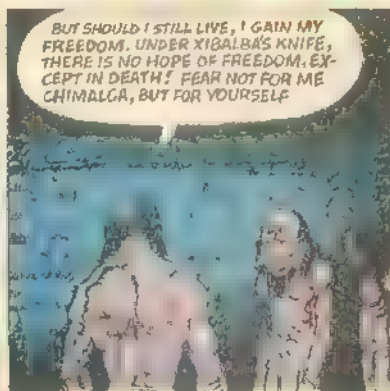
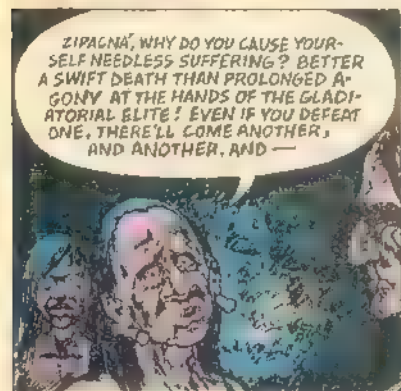
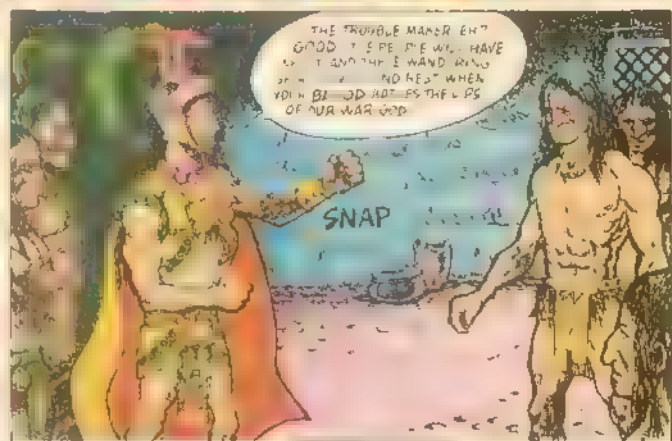
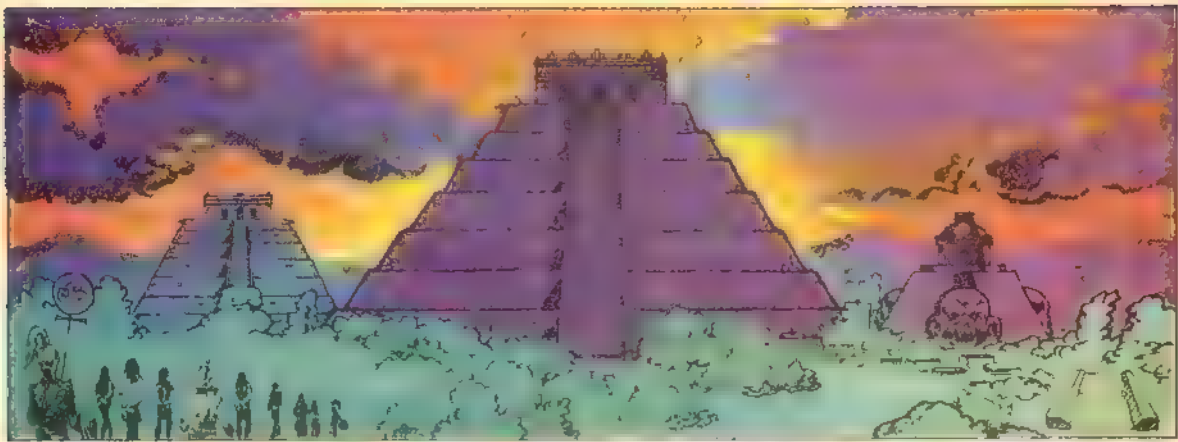


# DEATH RATTLE





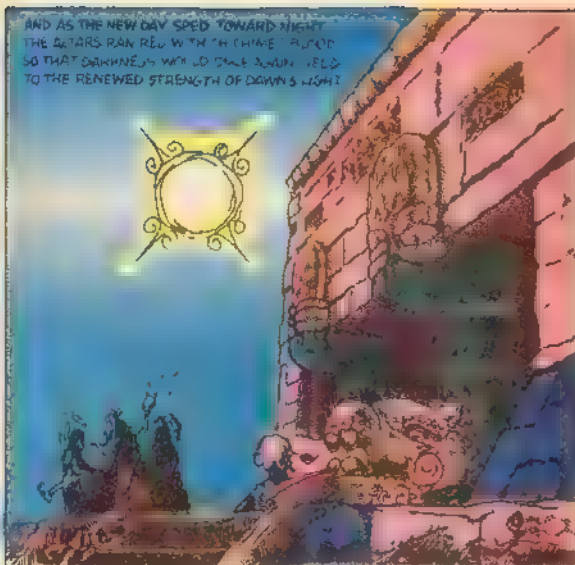




AT THE APPOINTED TIME THE SUN ROSE, WEARY AND  
FAMISHED FROM ITS STRUGGLE WITH THE STARS.

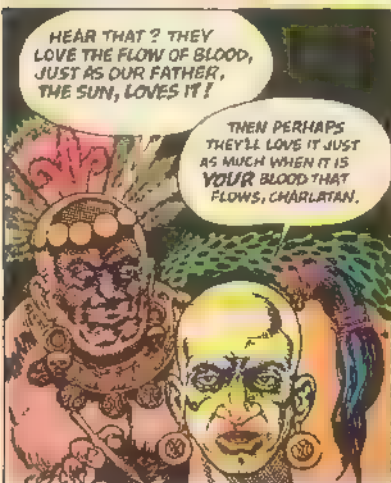


AND AS THE NEW DAY SPED TOWARD NIGHT  
THE STARS RAN RED WITH CHINESE BLOOD  
SO THAT DARKNESS WOULD COME AGAIN, YET  
TO THE RENEWED STRENGTH OF DAY'S LIGHT.



HEAR THAT? THEY  
LOVE THE FLOW OF BLOOD,  
JUST AS OUR FATHER,  
THE SUN, LOVES IT!

THEN PERHAPS  
THEY'LL LOVE IT JUST  
AS MUCH WHEN IT IS  
**YOUR BLOOD** THAT  
FLOWS, CHARLATAN.



RAVE ON, DOOMED MAN! MANY HAVE I  
PREPARED AS NOW I ANNOUNCE YOU, YET  
THOSE THAT SURVIVED NUMBER FEWER  
THAN THE FINGERS OF ONE HAND.

WHAT OF THE  
GIRL? WHEN WILL  
SHE DIE?



SPEAK NOT OF HER  
TONIGHT HER DESTINY  
WILL PASS BEYOND—

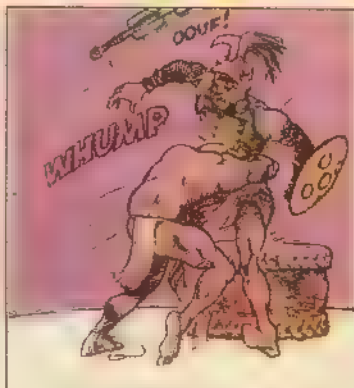
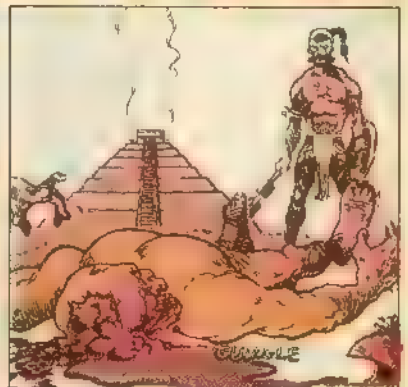
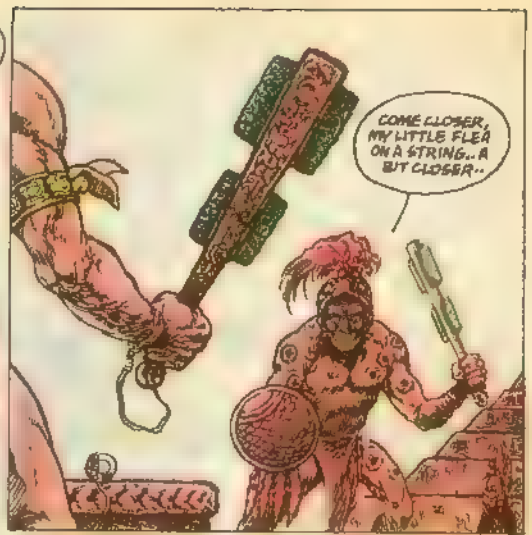
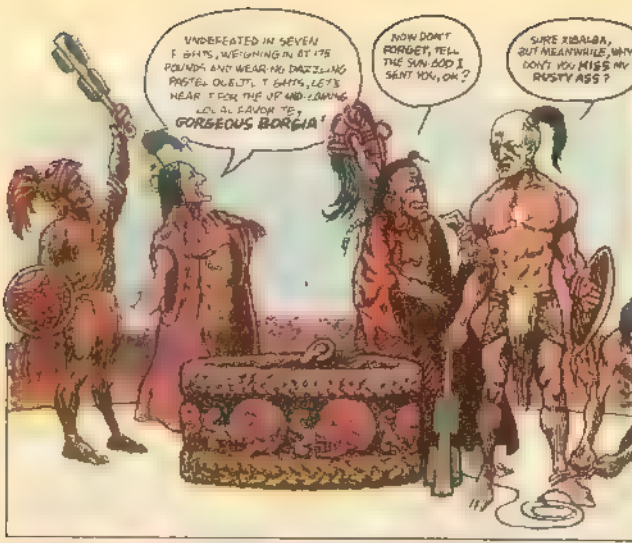
BRING HIM!

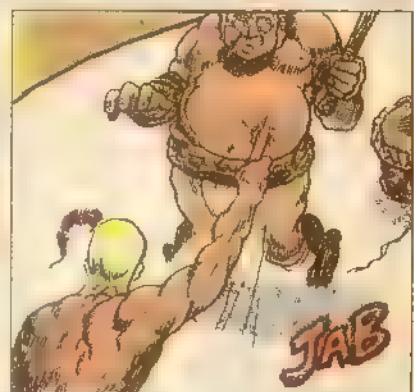
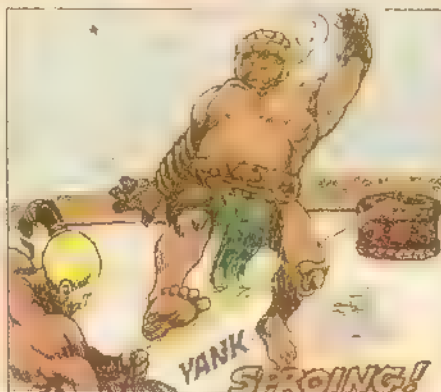
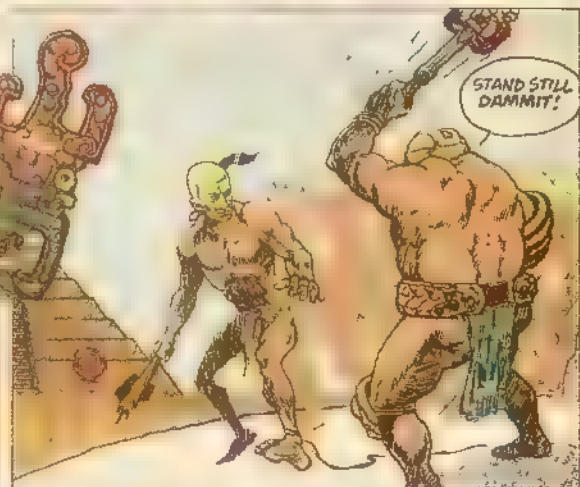
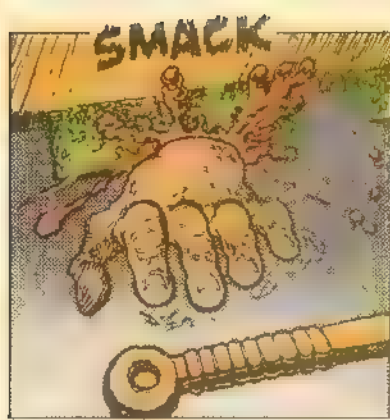


ZIPACNA WAS THRUST INTO THE BLINDING GAZE  
OF THE GOD TRIUMPHANT AND LED TO THE CIRCULAR  
ALTAR OF RITUAL COMBAT FOR THE EAGERLY  
AWAITED 'MAIN EVENT' OF THE DAY.











ZIPACNA IS EXPORTED TO THE COUNTY LINE WITH GREAT ROAR

AND DON'T  
COME BACK

MEANWHILE BACK AT THE FESTIVAL, XIBALBA'S TEMPLE IS A CITADEL OF  
RINDU MIND! A CHURNING SEA OF DRUNKEN REVELRY  
POLISH OFF ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL HOLIDAY.

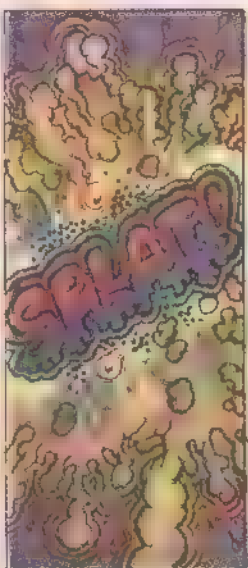
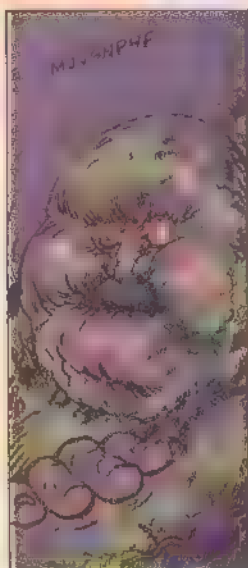
DEED WITHIN THE SINKER WALLS THE PAUL TOUCHES

LET ME KISS YOU  
BECAUSE I  
WILL BE THE ONLY ONE  
WHO CAN  
DO THAT

NOW! TO SUMMONS THE  
BRIDEGROOM! AND SO, WE MUST  
LEAVE YOU, MY PRETTY, TO THE RAP-  
TURES OF NUPITAL BLISS, FOR NO MORTAL  
EYES ARE PERMITTED TO WITNESS  
THE HIGH CONJUGAL SPLENDOR  
OF MIGHTY TEZCATLIPOCA!

THE BRIDE GROOM COMETH!

CREAK..

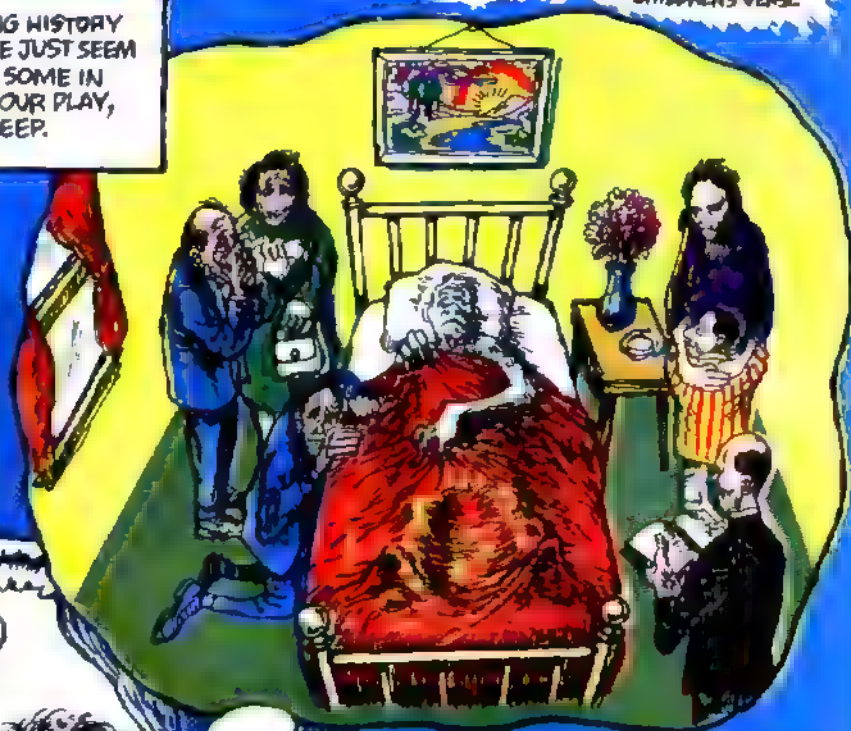




# THE LIGHT IN THE DISTANCE

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP  
PRAY THE LORD MY SOUL TO KEEP.  
— CHILDREN'S VERSE

MY FAMILY HAS A LONG HISTORY  
OF HEART FAILURE. WE JUST SEEM  
TO DROP LIKE FLIES. SOME IN  
OUR WORK, SOME IN OUR PLAY,  
AND SOME IN OUR SLEEP.



IT'S THE FEAR OF THE LAST ONE —  
DYING ASLEEP — THAT I FEEL SURE  
GIVES ME THE HORRIBLE NIGHT-  
MARES. WEIRD GLIMPSES THAT  
FLING ME FROM MY BED SHAK-  
ING, BATHED IN SWEAT, DESPER-  
ATE TO ESTABLISH TO MYSELF  
THAT I HAVE AWAKEN AS THE  
SAME BEING THAT CLIMBED INTO  
BED EARLIER THAT NIGHT.



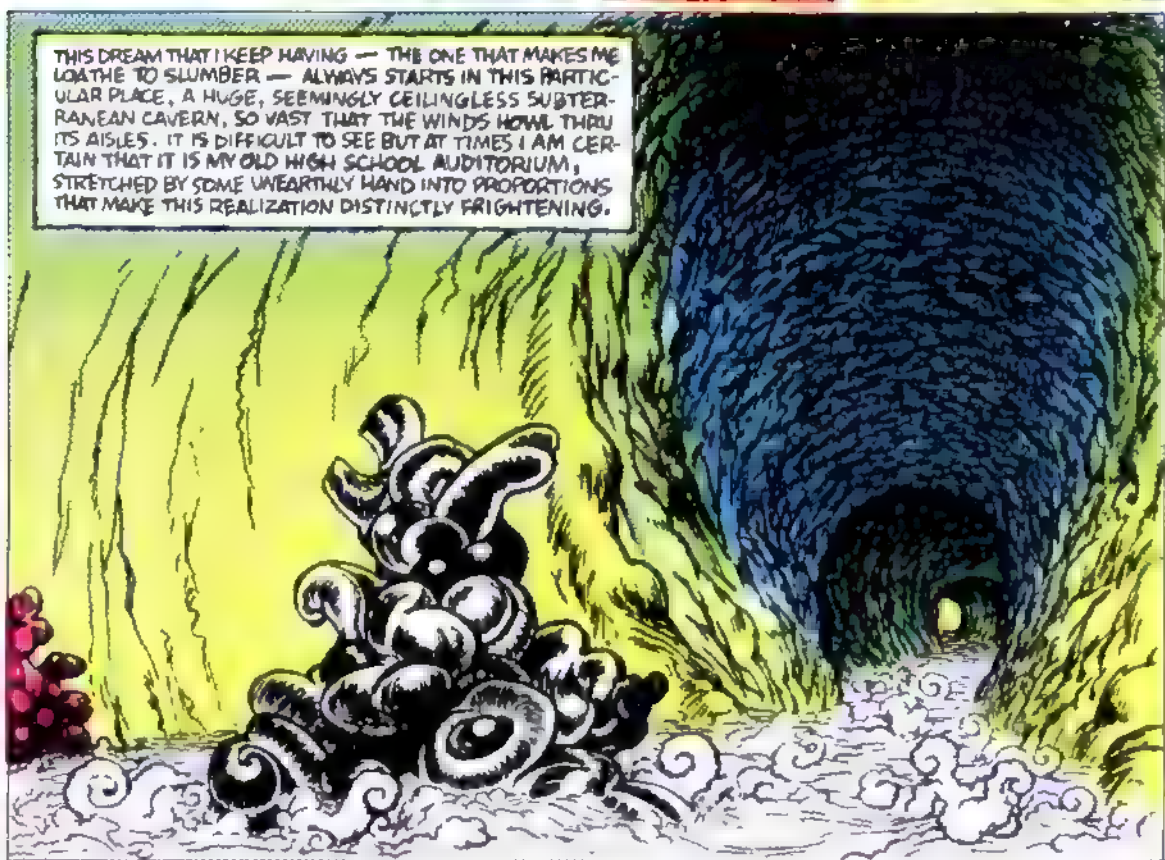
FOR BACK IN MY MIND IS THE GNAWING PREMONITION THAT A PERSON WHO DIES WHILE IN THE DIMENSION OF DREAMS WILL NEVER KNOW WHETHER HE WAS IN FACT DEAD, OR IS STILL MERELY DREAMING.



A PSYCHE SET ADRIPT, UNABLE TO RETURN TO ITS VESSEL, CAPTURED THERE, FORCED TO LIVE AN ILLUSION AS REALITY, CURSED WITH THE LIVING MEMORY OF THIS EXISTENCE, FOREVER TORMENTED WITH THE AWARENESS THAT SOMETHING IS DREADFULLY AMISS — BUT LET ME ILLUSTRATE.



THIS DREAM THAT I KEEP HAVING — THE ONE THAT MAKES ME LOATHE TO SLUMBER — ALWAYS STARTS IN THIS PARTICULAR PLACE, A HUGE, SEEMINGLY CEILINGLESS SUBTERRANEAN CAVERN, SO VAST THAT THE WINDS HOWL THRU ITS AISLES. IT IS DIFFICULT TO SEE BUT AT TIMES I AM CERTAIN THAT IT IS MY OLD HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM, STRETCHED BY SOME WEARTHLY HAND INTO PROPORTIONS THAT MAKE THIS REALIZATION DISTINCTLY FRIGHTENING.

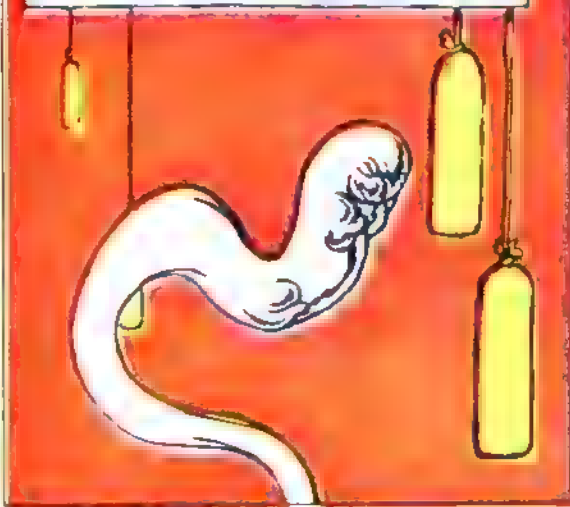




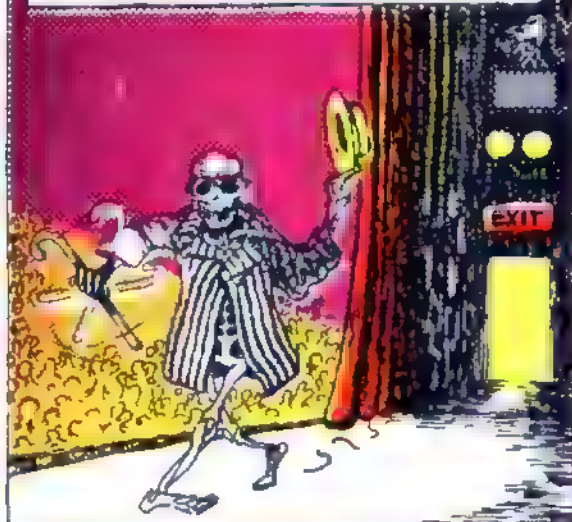
I AM ALWAYS ALONE, STANDING AMIDST  
THE SHIFTING SANDS OF TIME



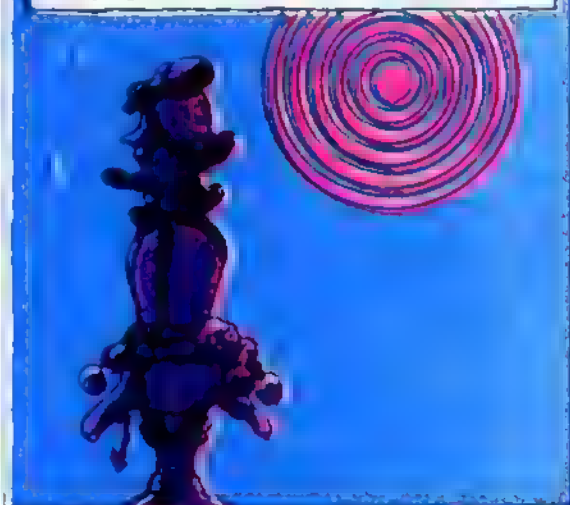
I FLOAT THRU THE VOID I BUMP 'NTO ROPES AND SAND  
BAGS AND I KNOW THAT SOMEWHERE HERE IS A STAGE



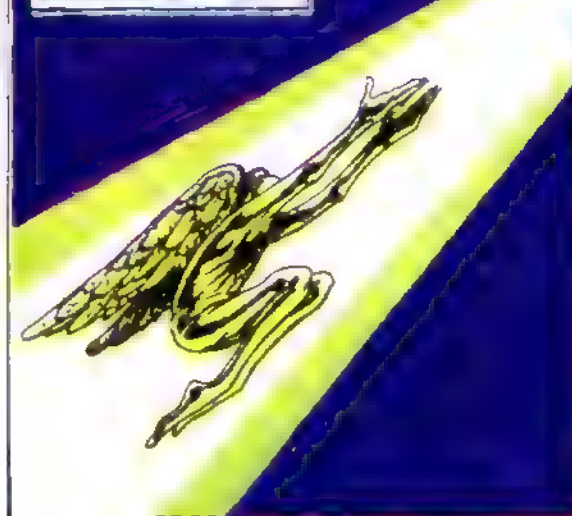
THEN I'M POSITIVE THAT IT'S AN AUDITOR UM, AND I'M AN  
ACTOR, AND I'M ALMOST AT THE POINT OF KNOWING WHAT TO DO



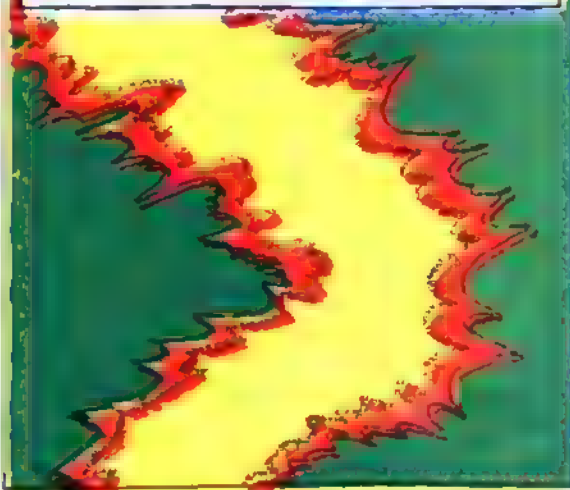
I SEE A PINPOINT OF LIGHT IN THE DISTANCE, AS IF FROM A  
PROJECTION BOOTH. PERHAPS IF I ASKED SOMEONE WHERE  
I WAS, I COULD GET MY BEARINGS AND REMEMBER MY LINES..



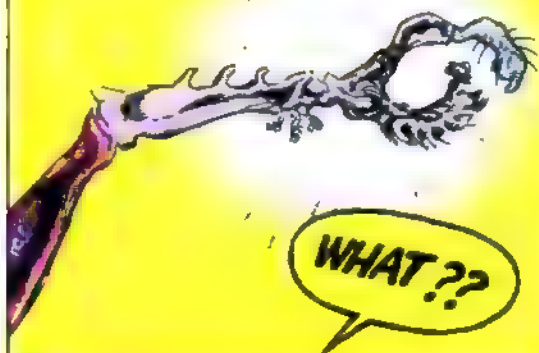
SO I DRIFT TOWARD THE LIGHT



BUT JUST AS I AM NEARING THE LIGHT, I HEAR THIS NOISE, LIKE  
A STUCK CARNHORN BREAKING THE STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT, OR AN  
ELECTRIC ALARM CLOCK THAT DROBES UNATTENDED, AND I WAKE UP!

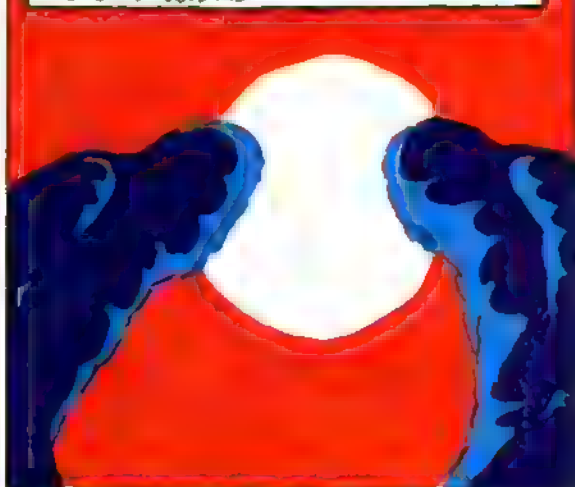


INSTINCTUALLY I LIFT MY ARM TO PRESSURE MYSELF THAT IT WAS ONLY A DREAM AND THAT I'M SAFE AND AWAKE, BUT ALSO TO SHADE MY EYES FROM THE MORNING SUN, WHICH IS VERY BRIGHT.



WHAT??

VOICES MUTTER FROM THE GLARING LIGHT. I STRAIN TO HEAR WHAT THEY ARE SAYING, STRAIN TO FOCUS ON THE FORMS ABOVE ME.



THEN I KNOW THAT SOMETHING IS DREADFULLY WRONG, FOR I HEAR WHAT THEY ARE SAYING...

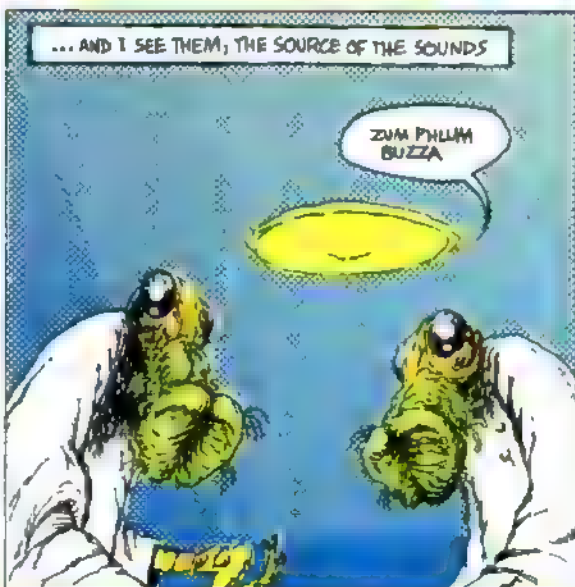
SCRIT CHIT  
ZERCHI CHBEG

ZERUNK  
PERCHIT



... AND I SEE THEM, THE SOURCE OF THE SOUNDS

ZUM PHLUM  
BUZZA



I AM STRUCK WITH PANIC AND I FIND THAT I CANNOT RISE

OH GOD! THERE'S  
BEEN A TERRIBLE MIS-  
TAKE! LET ME OUTTA  
HERE - I'M SOMEONE  
ELSE! OH GOD!

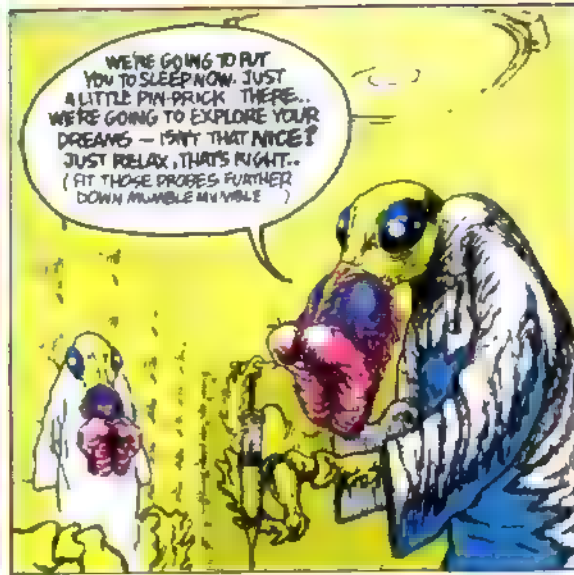
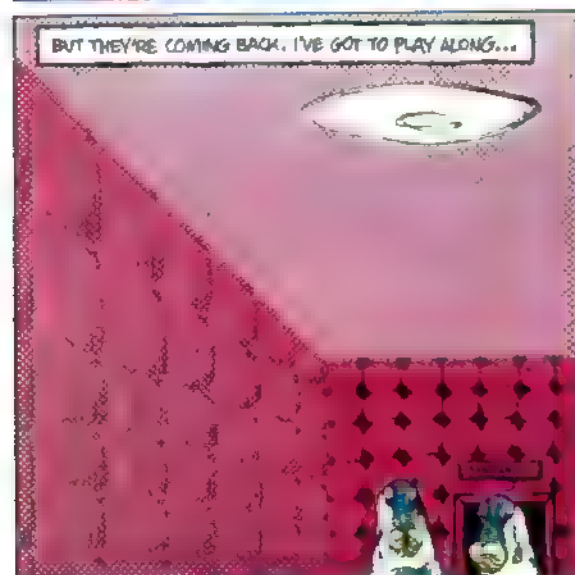


THE CREATURES MERELY LOOK AT ONE ANOTHER AND SHAKE THEIR HEADS KNOWINGLY.

TSK  
TSK

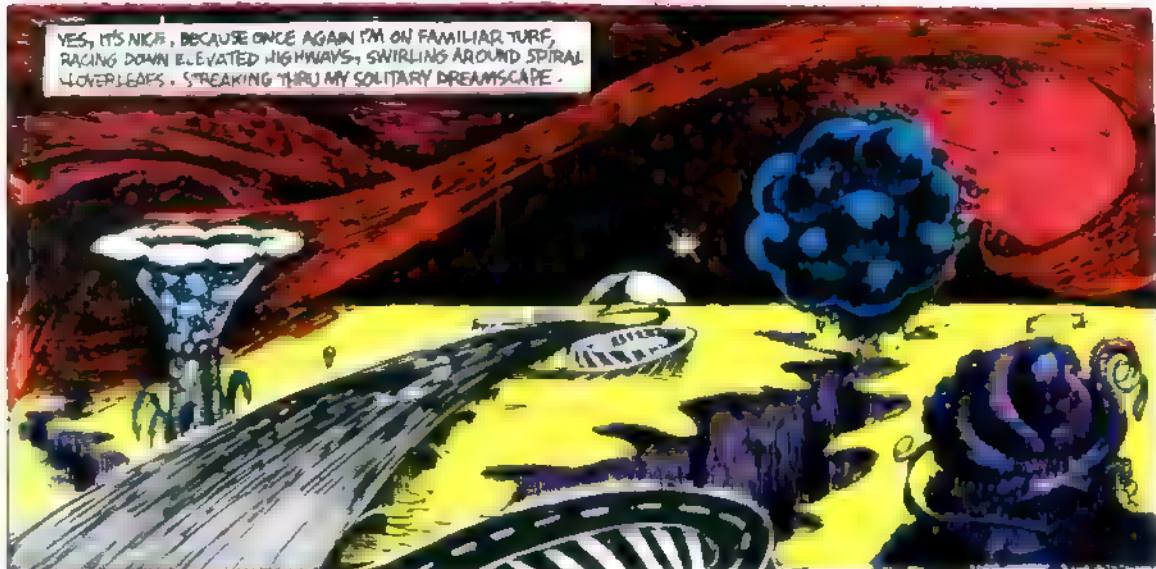








YES, IT'S NICER, BECAUSE ONCE AGAIN I'M ON FAMILIAR TURF, RACING DOWN ELEVATED HIGHWAYS, SWIRLING AROUND SPIRAL LOVERLEAPS, STREAKING THRU MY SOLITARY DREAMSCAPE.



EXCEPT NOW I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR, WHAT I MUST FIND TO BE FREE OF THAT MADNESS BACK THERE



UP AHEAD! THE CEMETARY NEAR WHERE I WAS BORN

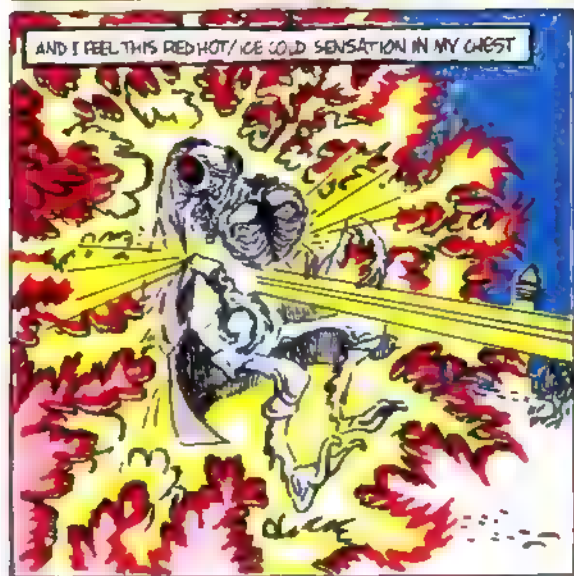
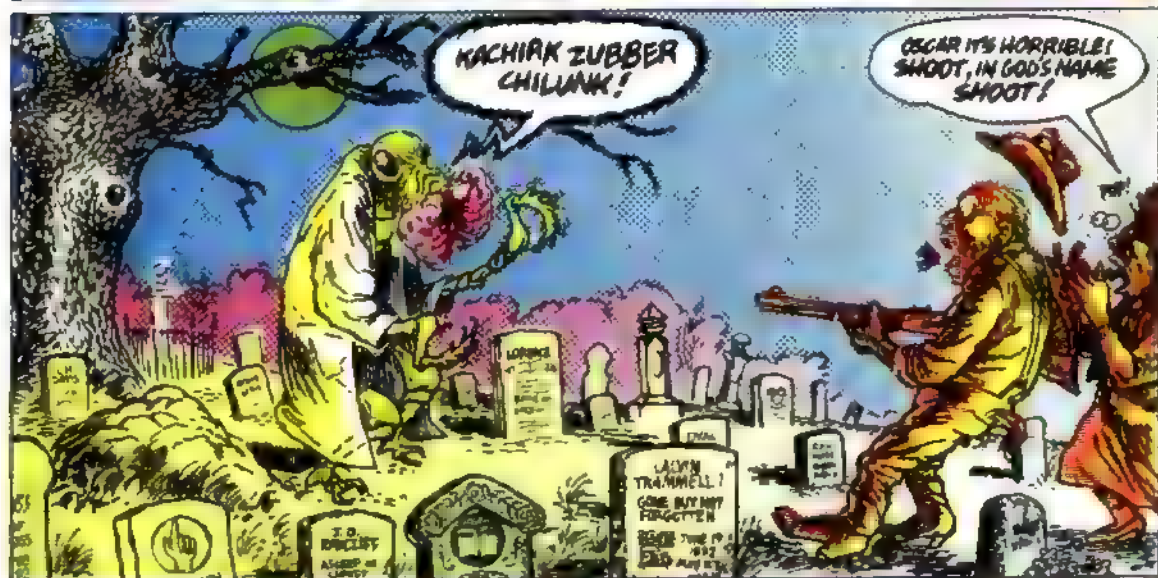


MY FATHER'S BURIAL PLOT SHOULD BE ABOUT HERE... AH, A NEW ONE JUST AS THICKET—MY GRAVE! BUT HE NOT IT BE CERTAIN.

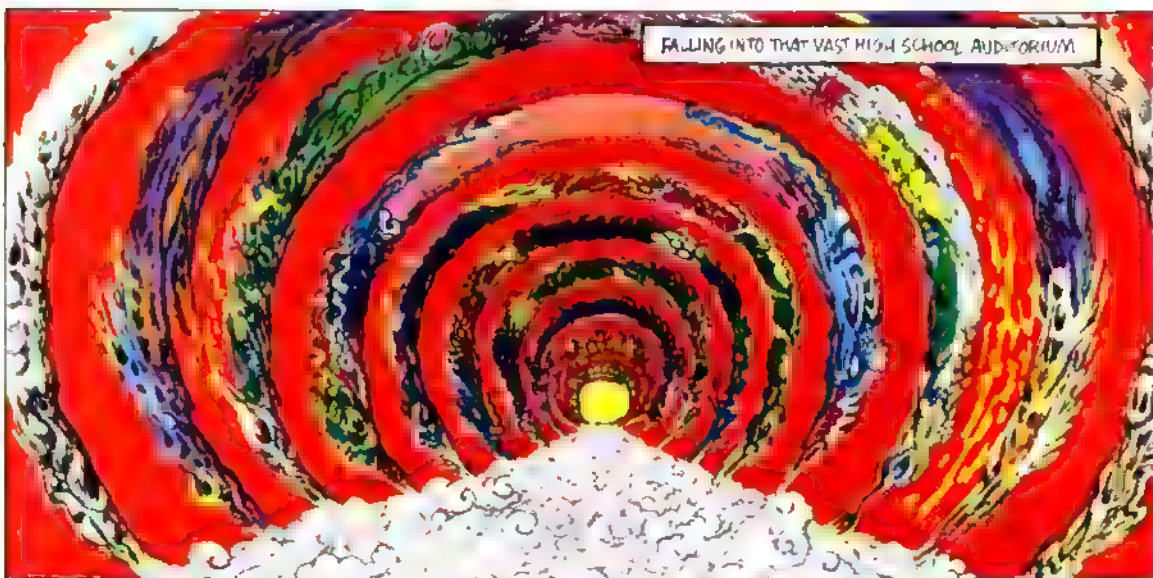


EH? WHAT'S THAT? SOMEONE'S COMING! THEY MUST STOP ME — NOT UNTIL I KNOW!

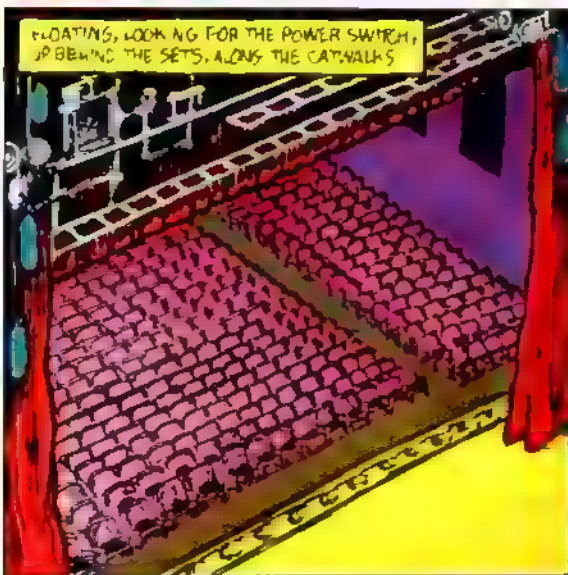








FALLING INTO THAT VAST HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM



FLOATING, LOOKING FOR THE POWER SWITCH,  
UP BEHIND THE SETS, ALONG THE CATWALKS



WHEN I SPOT A BEAM OF LIGHT..  
A LIGHT! SOMEONE WILL KNOW.



IT GETS CLOSER AND MY MIND SHUTS WITH A RESOUNDING 'RASH!'

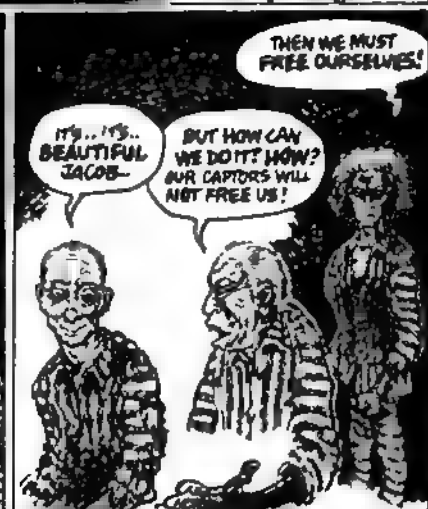
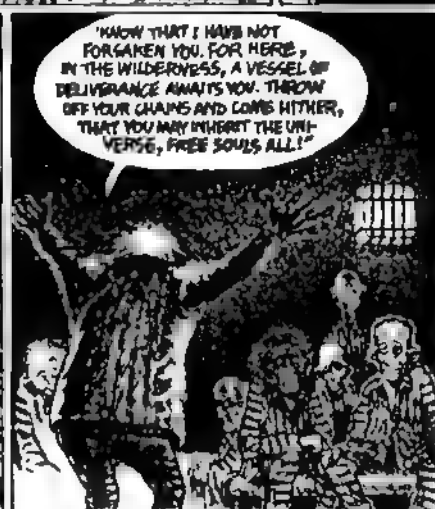


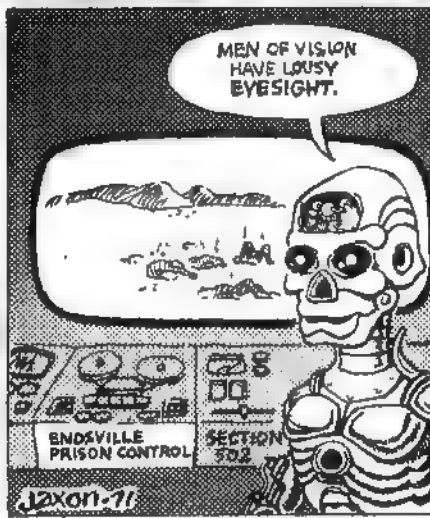
A FINE SPECIMEN,  
WOULDN'T YOU SAY, NURSE?

WAH!

THE END  
OF THE  
REBELLION

# THE VISION





ENDSVILLE  
PRISON CONTROL

SECTION  
502

12X01-71

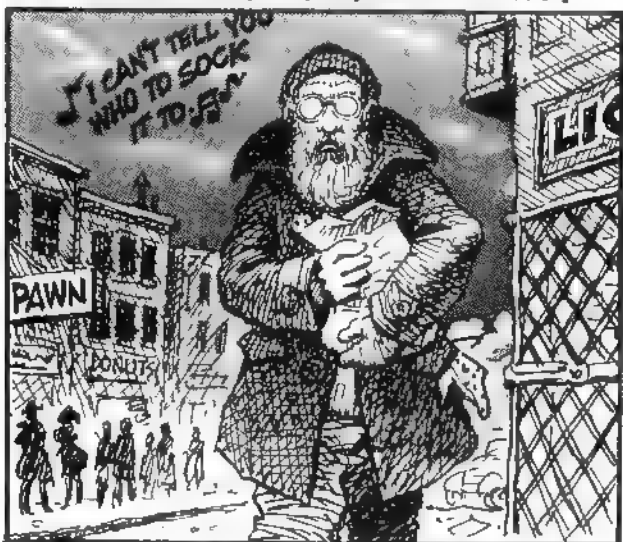


SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 1969. THE CITY IS BLEAK, COLD, FOG-BOUND.

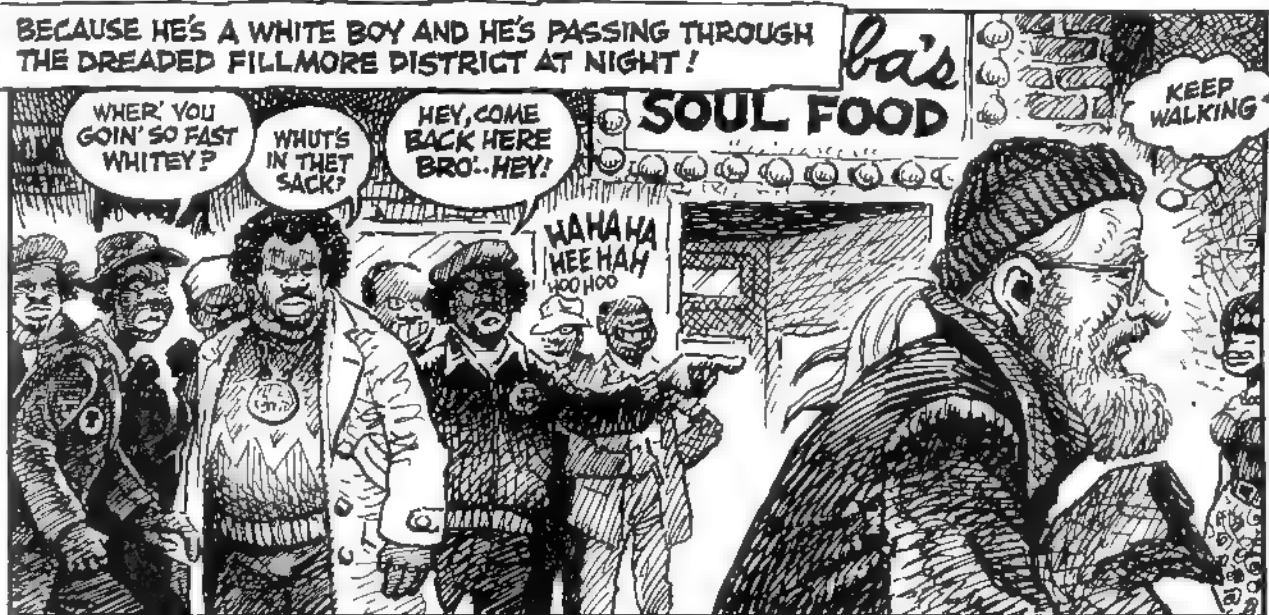


A LONE HIPPIE SCUTTLES ALONG THE DARK STREETS AS UNOBTUSIVELY AS POSSIBLE.

WHY IS HE SCUTTling, HIS EYES GLUED TO THE PAVEMENT IN FRONT OF HIM??



BECAUSE HE'S A WHITE BOY AND HE'S PASSING THROUGH THE DREADED FILLMORE DISTRICT AT NIGHT!



AT LAST OUR CAUCASIAN LONGHAIR REACHES HIS DESTINATION: A RAMBLING, RUN-DOWN OLD BUILDING ON THE FRINGES OF THE GHETTO.

# RIP OFF PRESS

## THE GOLDEN ERA



ONCE A GRAND EDIFICE, URBAN RENEWAL HAS MOWREY'S OPERA HOUSE SLATED FOR DEMOLITION — ALONG WITH THE REST OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD. BUT UNTIL THE BULLDOZERS ROLL, FREAKS INHABIT MOWREY'S LOFT AND HOOKERS PROWL THE STREETS BELOW.

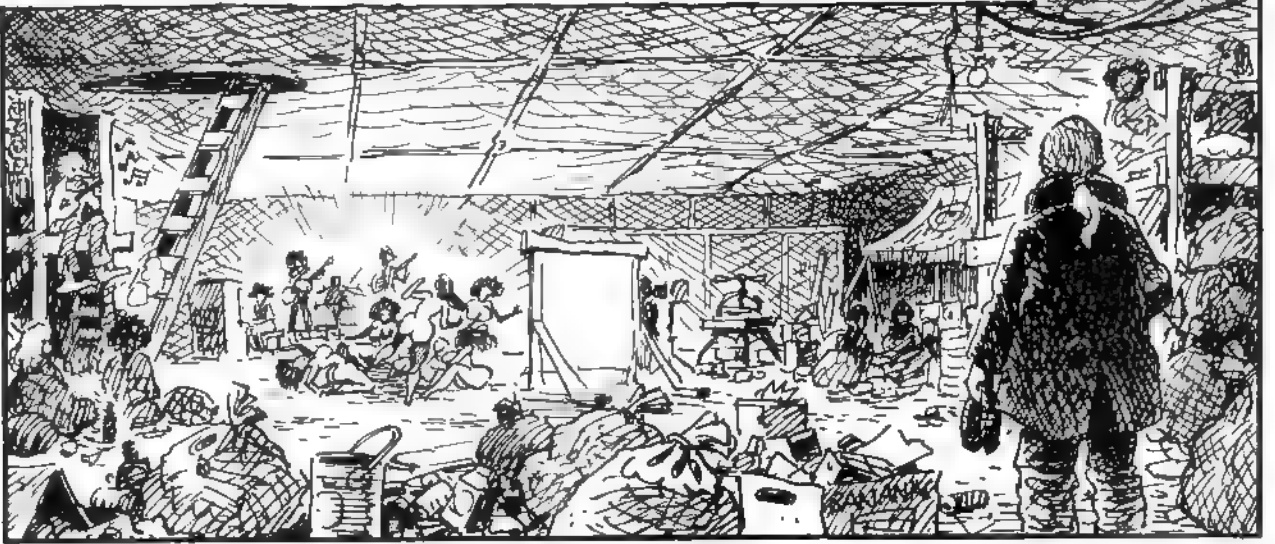
NERVOUSLY HE FUMBLES WITH HIS KEYS  
AS THE CIRCLE TIGHTENS AROUND HIM.



EVADING THE HORDE OF MERCENARY BAN-SHEES, YOUNG FRED TODD RIDES THE FREIGHT ELEVATOR UPWARD INTO THE PITCH-BLACK VOID.



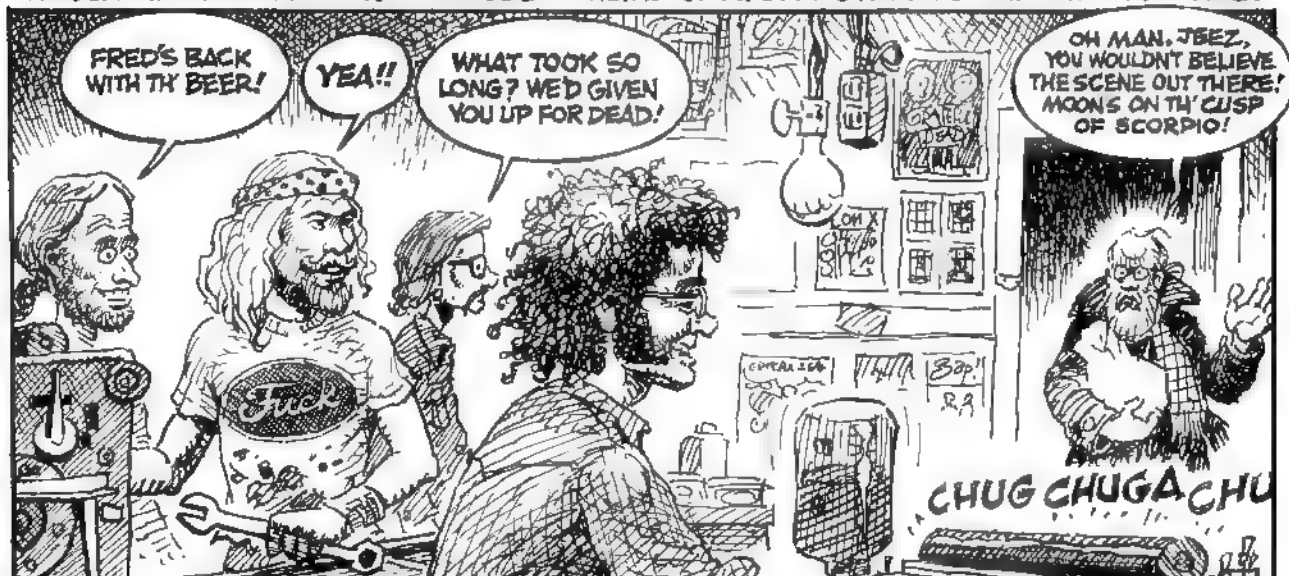
IT MIRACULOUSLY LABORS TO A HALT ON THE 3<sup>RD</sup> FLOOR AND FRED PICKS HIS WAY THROUGH A MINEFIELD OF COUNTERCULTURAL ACTIVITY.



WAY DOWN ON THE END, PAST THE NUDE DANCING TROUPE, THE LIGHTSHOW SETUP, THE IMPROVISED BANDSTAND, AND ASSORTED WORKSHOP/LIVING SPACE, IS A PARTITIONED CORNER.



INSIDE ARE TWO PRINTING PRESSES — HOME OF APEX NOVELTIES AND RIP OFF PRESS.



IT'S EASY TO TELL WHICH PRESS BELONGS TO THE RIP OFF CREW...



CONSISTING OF TODD, GILBERT SHELTON, DAVE MORIATY AND ME — JACK JACKSON — EXPATRIATE TEXANS, ALL TRYING TO AVOID ANYTHING THAT VAGUELY RESEMBLES WORK.



BEING PERPETUALLY STONED AND TOTALLY WITHOUT PRINTING SKILLS, OUR NAME "RIP OFF PRESS" IS PRETTY CLOSE TO REALITY.



BUT AT LEAST WE HAD FUN BACK THEN, BEFORE WE HAD TO BECOME COST-EFFECTIVE CAPITALISTS TO SURVIVE IN THE DOG-EAT-DOG FUNNY BOOK PUBLISHING BIZ.





WATCHING THE GHETTO SELF-DESTRUCT AROUND US,  
WE KNEW OUR LOW-RENT DAYS WERE NUMBERED.



IN MAY OF 1969 MOWREY'S — WHICH HAD SURVIVED THE EARTHQUAKE AND GREAT FIRE OF 1906 — PERISHED IN ONE OF THOSE RANDOM BLAZES THAT NOBODY EVER KNEW WHO STARTED.



AMAZINGLY OUR PRINTING PRESS AND ANTIQUE PAPER CUTTER SURVIVED THE CONFLAGRATION.

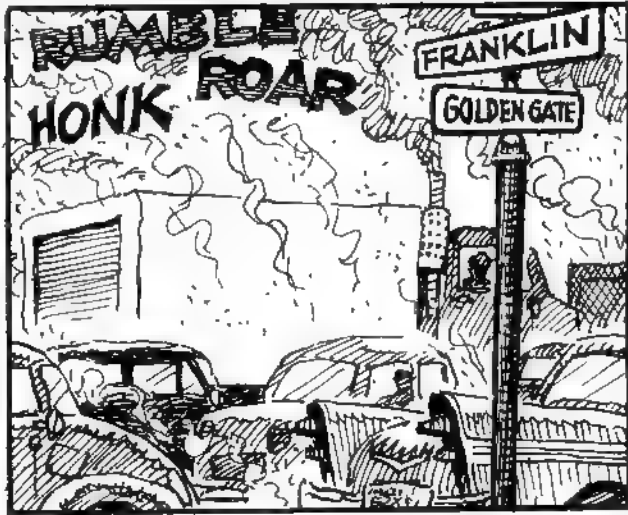


BUT OUR INVENTORY WAS WIPED OUT, AND APEX SHARED THE SAME FATE.





AFTER THE GREAT FIRE, RIP OFF PRESS WAS SHUFFLED FROM PLACE TO PLACE BY THE SAN FRANCISCO REDEVELOPMENT AGENCY. FIRST WE MOVED IN THE OLD FAMILY DOG OFFICE ON GOUGH ST., THEN A FEW BLOCKS AWAY TO ONE OF THE BUSIEST INTERSECTIONS IN TOWN.

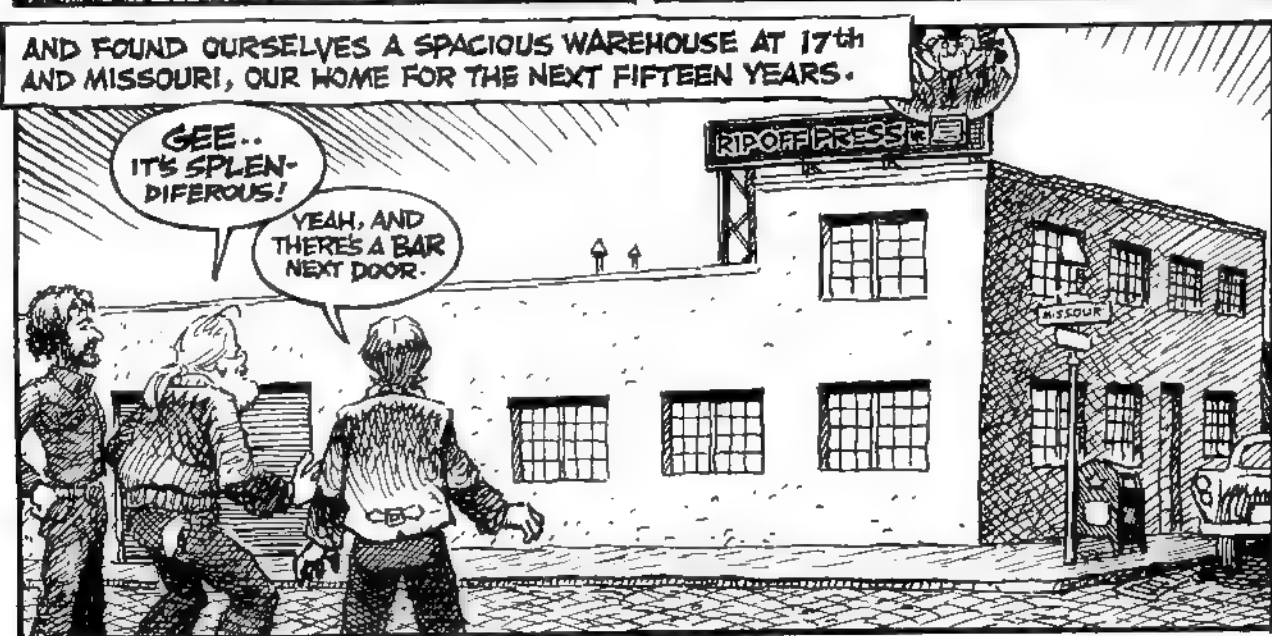


DURING THIS HECTIC PERIOD, ROP CONTINUED DOING COMIX BUT SURVIVED MAINLY ON "COMMERCIAL" PRINT JOBS.

WE FINALLY TIRED OF LIVING WITH THE REDEVELOPMENT AX OVER OUR HEAD...



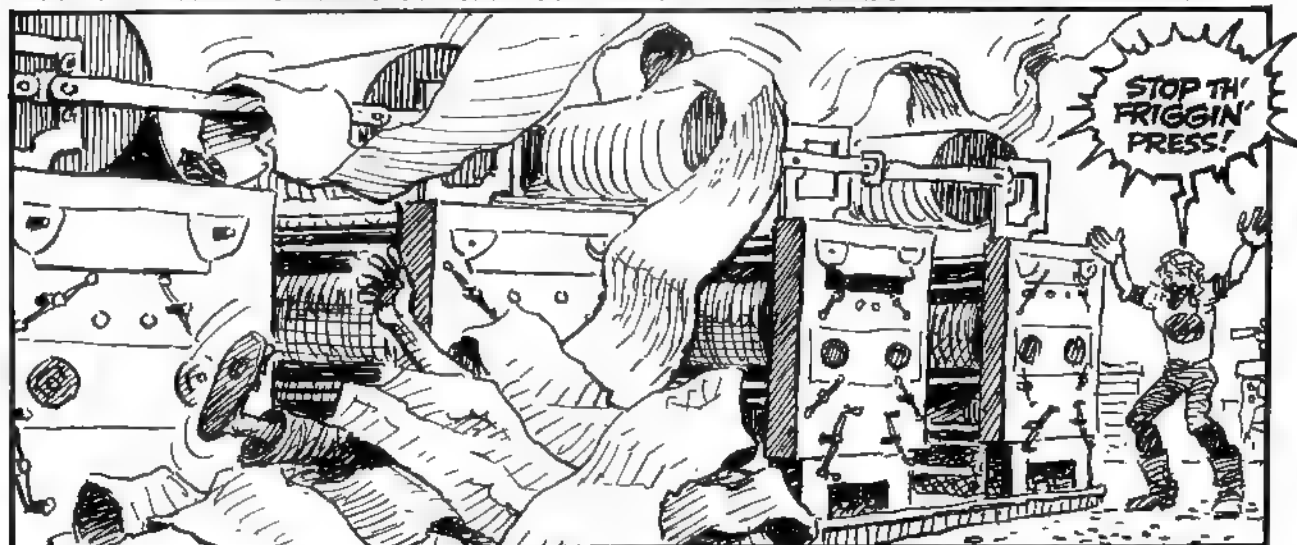
AND FOUND OURSELVES A SPACIOUS WAREHOUSE AT 17th AND MISSOURI, OUR HOME FOR THE NEXT FIFTEEN YEARS.



WE RENTED OUT THE EXTRA SPACE TO A VARIETY OF ODD-BALL ENTERPRISES. ONE WAS A "NATURAL FOODS" OUTFIT THAT ATTRACTED A PLAGUE OF RODENTS.



DREAMS OF GRANDEUR PROMPTED US TO BUY A HEMONGOUS WEB PRESS — THE KIND THAT HAS TO RUN CONSTANTLY AT PEAK EFFICIENCY OR LOSE MONEY. IT WAS A DISASTER.




THE LEGENDARY *WILD PARTIES* THROWN BY RIP OFF EVOKE FONDER MEMORIES...



A black and white comic strip panel depicting a chaotic scene in a workshop. On the left, a man in a light-colored shirt is swinging a mallet. In the center, a woman with glasses holds a glass. On the right, a man is being hit by a large, round object, with a large 'WHAP' sound effect bubble. Above him, a 'NYAAH!' sound effect bubble is visible. The workshop is filled with various tools, a desk with a lamp, and a filing cabinet. A small, round object is flying through the air in the upper left.

OH YES — I ALMOST FORGOT THE MAIN REASON FOR ALL THIS MADNESS: A STRING OF TOP-QUALITY UNDERGROUND COMIX THAT KEPT AMERICA LAUGHING THROUGHOUT THE NIXON-REAGAN YEARS. AND THAT WEREN'T EASY FOLKS!





# exile into consciousness







Fugitive from the  
Son of Darkness





the white ship  
june 1968







The Friendly  
-a-Hehner  
68



Family Tree '69  
Jaxon







He sees her,  
but she can't see  
him - just her own  
reflection.





Homage  
to Hitler

7/65



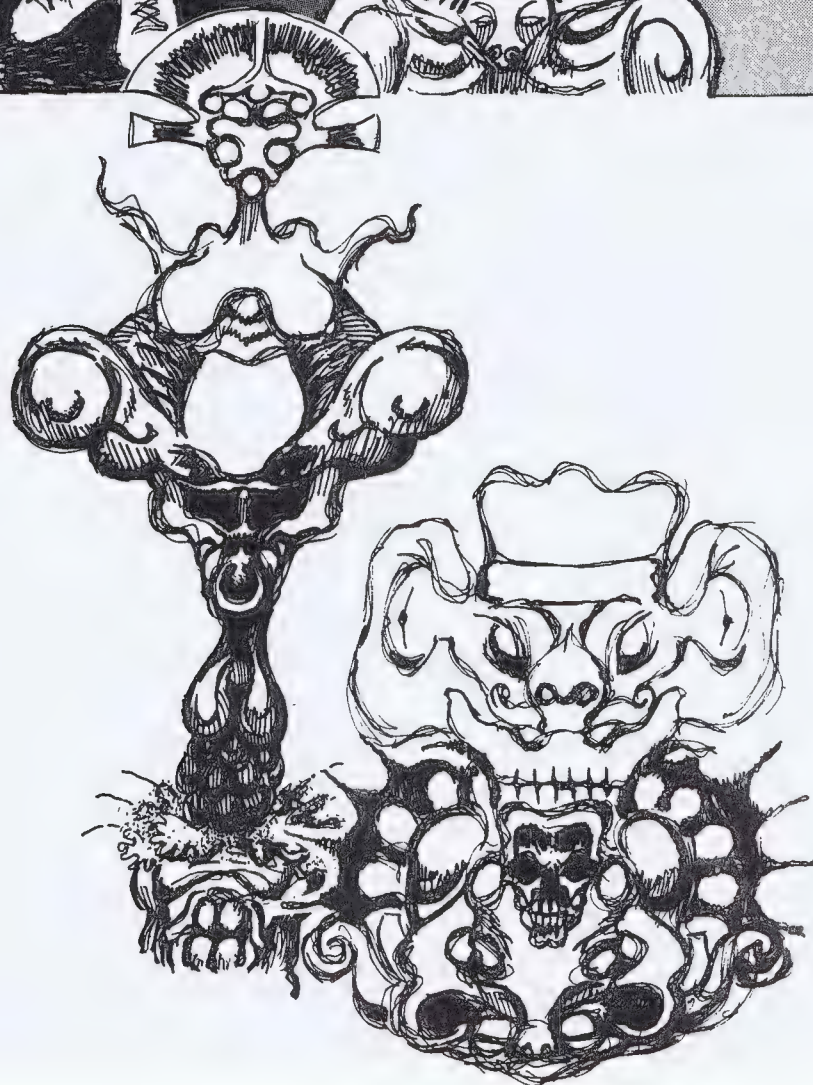
Black Saint and Sinner Lady



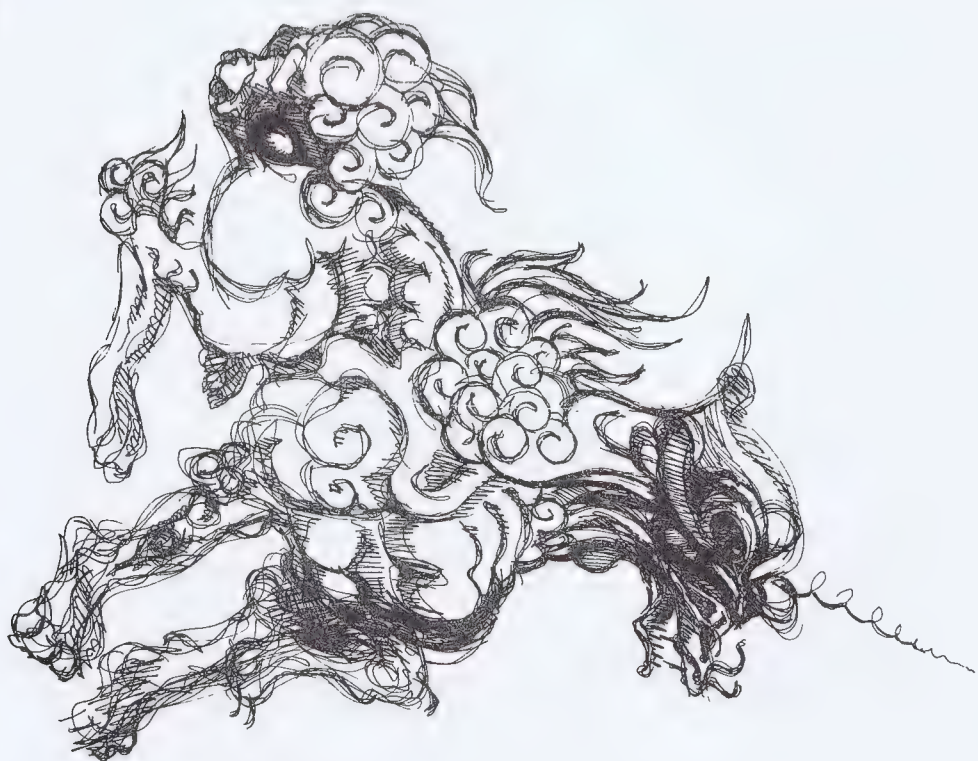
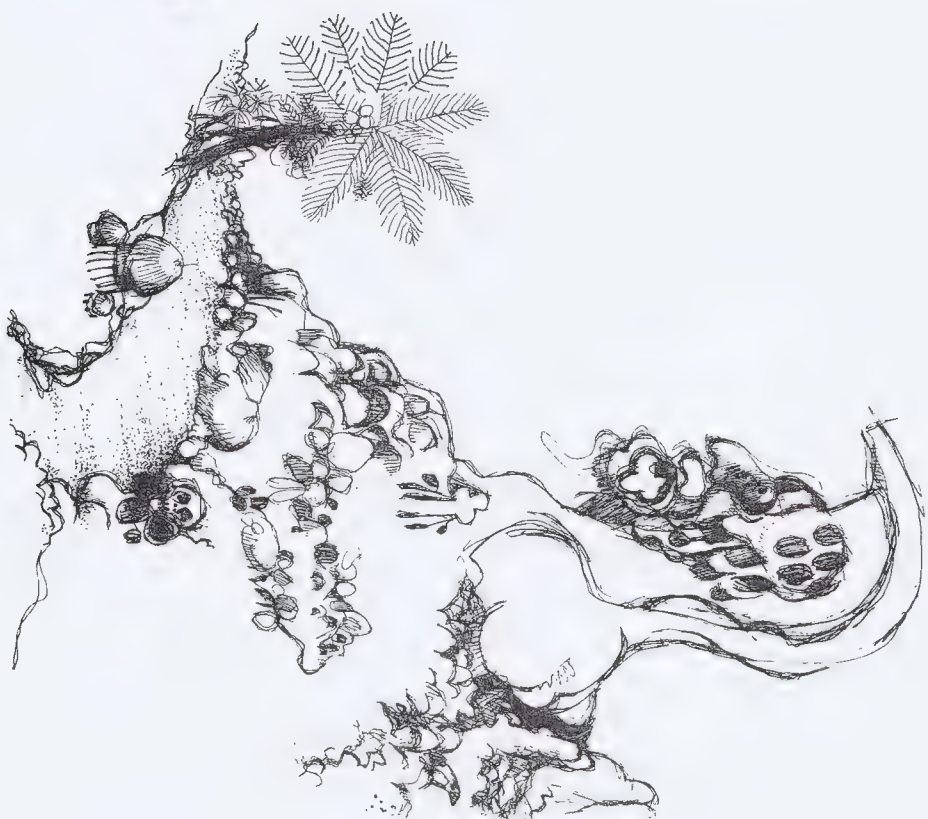


Don't laugh  
at the  
Squee God











Valley of shadows



Digitized by  
eGangotri  
17/3





Holo Tree  
7/40



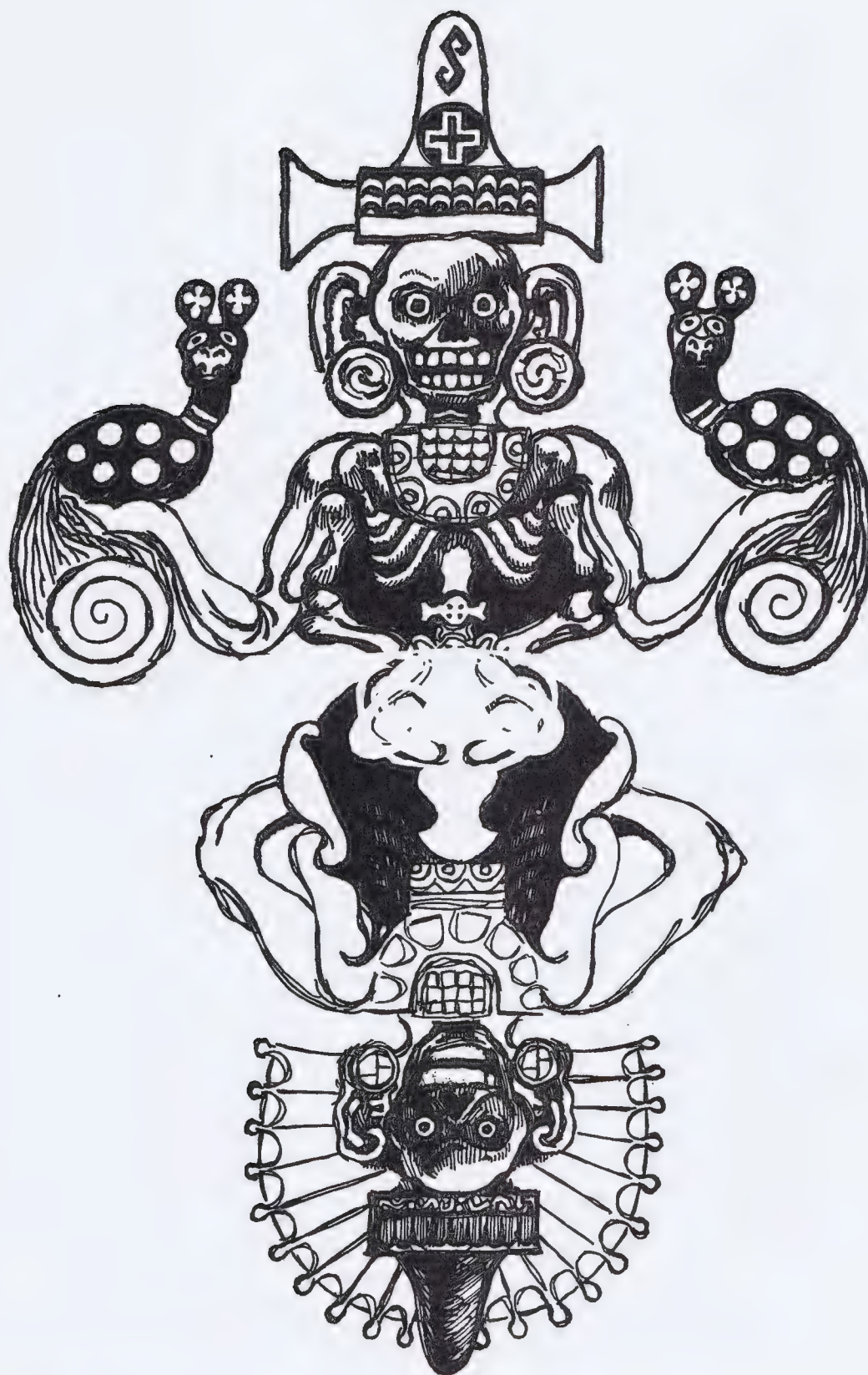




*The Field Mouse  
meets Santa Claus*

















The Sad Fate of  
Anthill #9





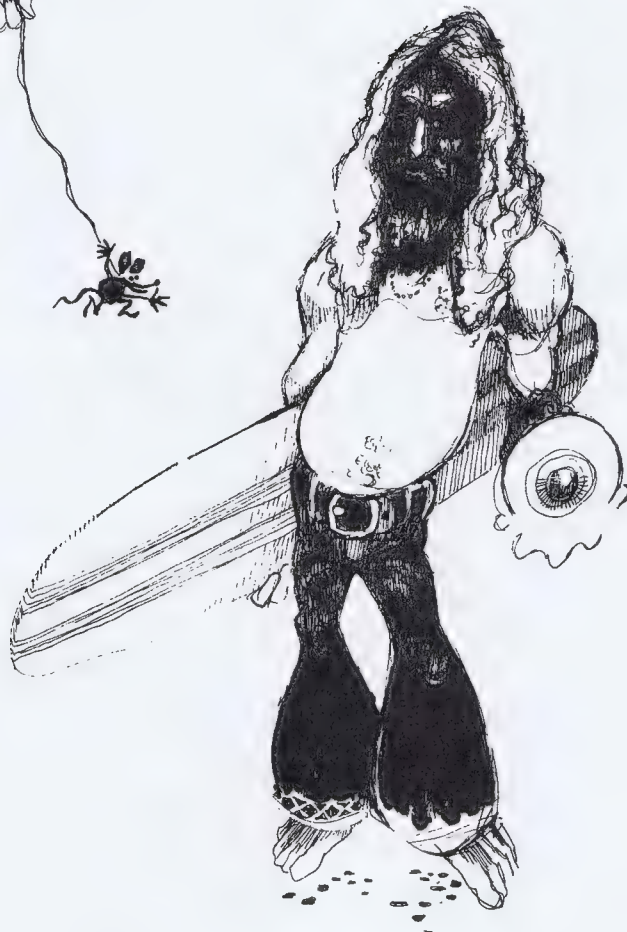
Mr. Minister of the Interior

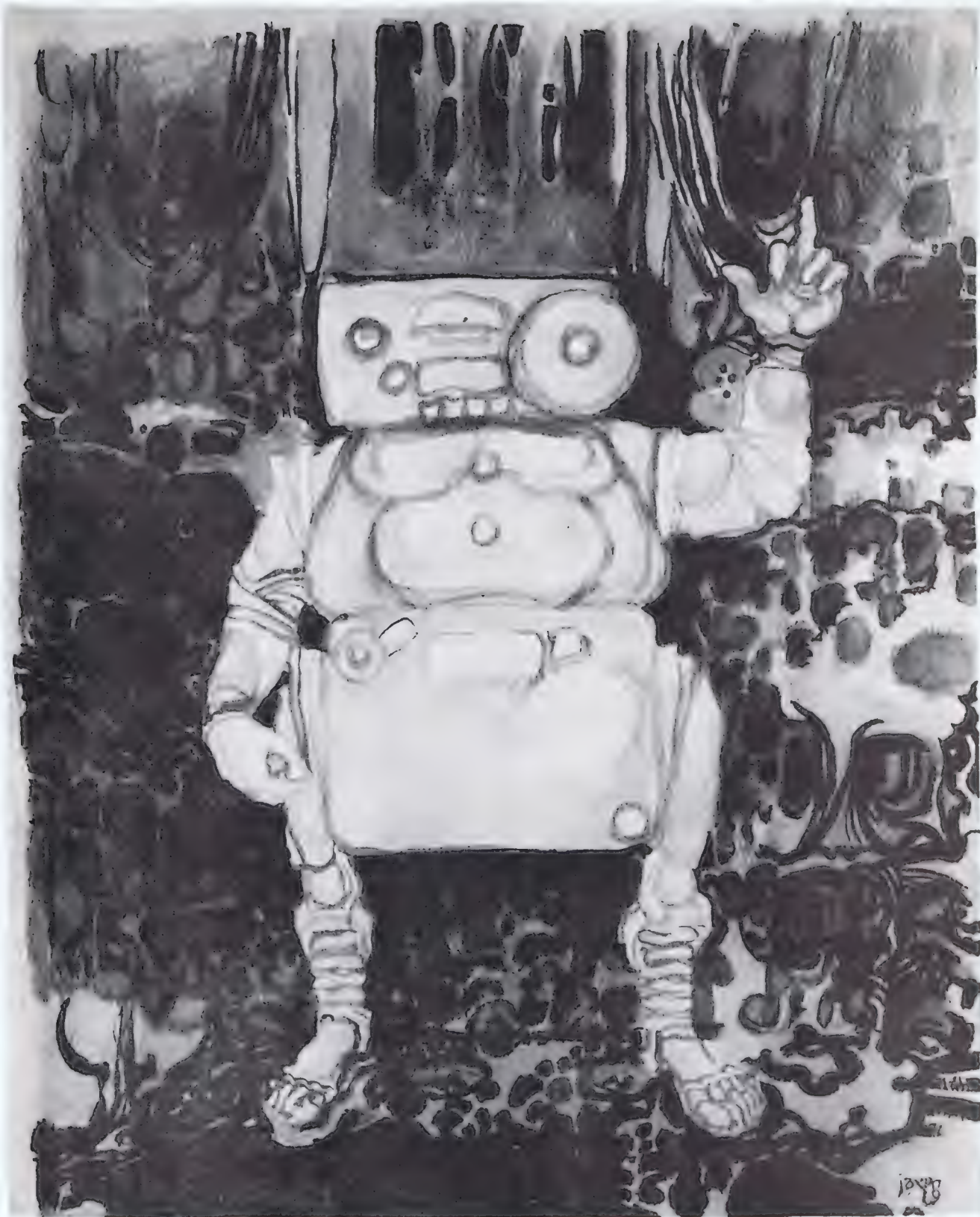




give her love  
ask no return  
give her light  
just to watch  
it burn

for McGREW  
film





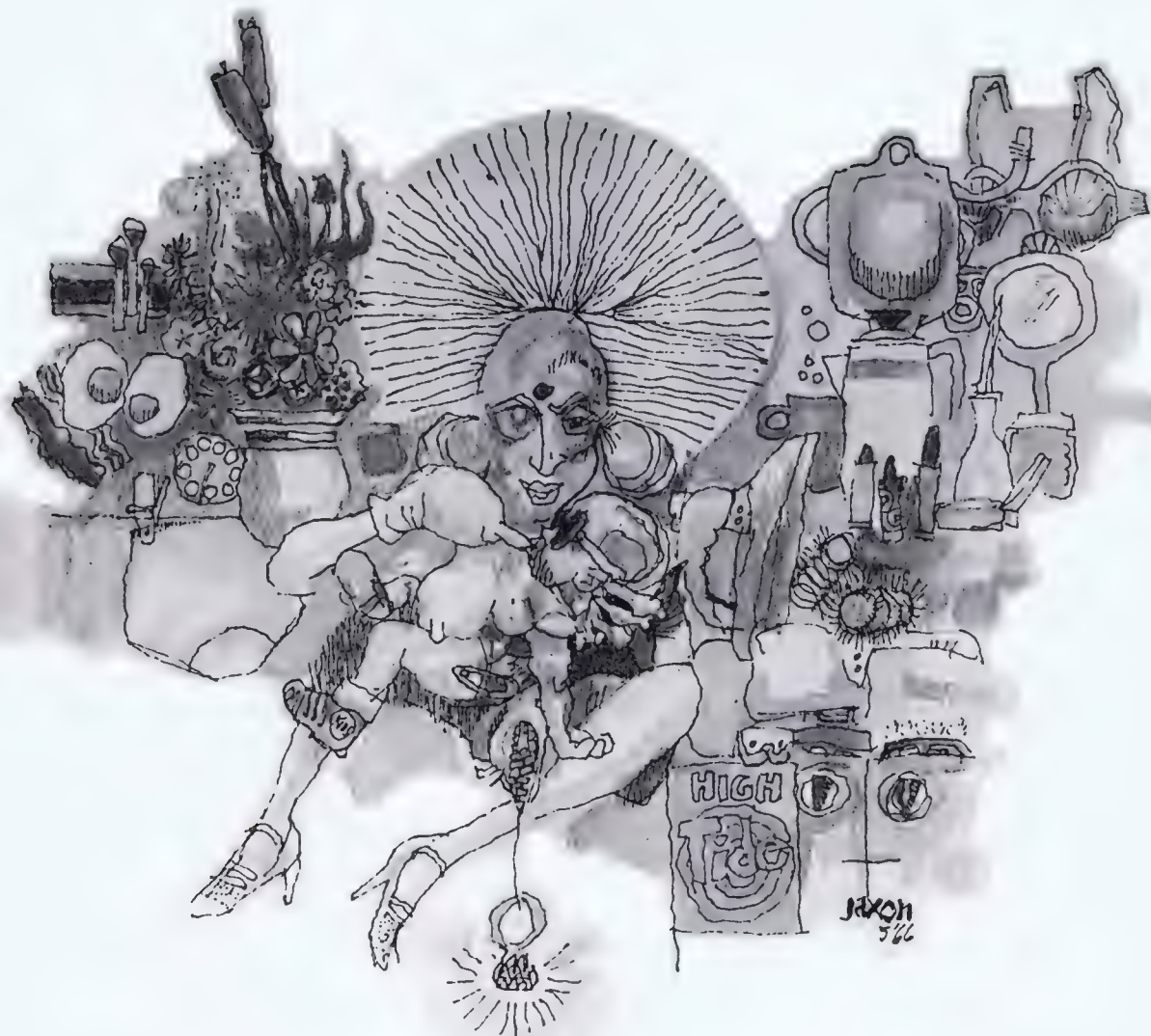


I'd walk a camel for a mile  
and tickel his wampas  
to watch him smile. 8/66









Proud Mother + Home Appliances









BE REALISTIC  
MADAME



7/67



Virgin tending her growing flower.



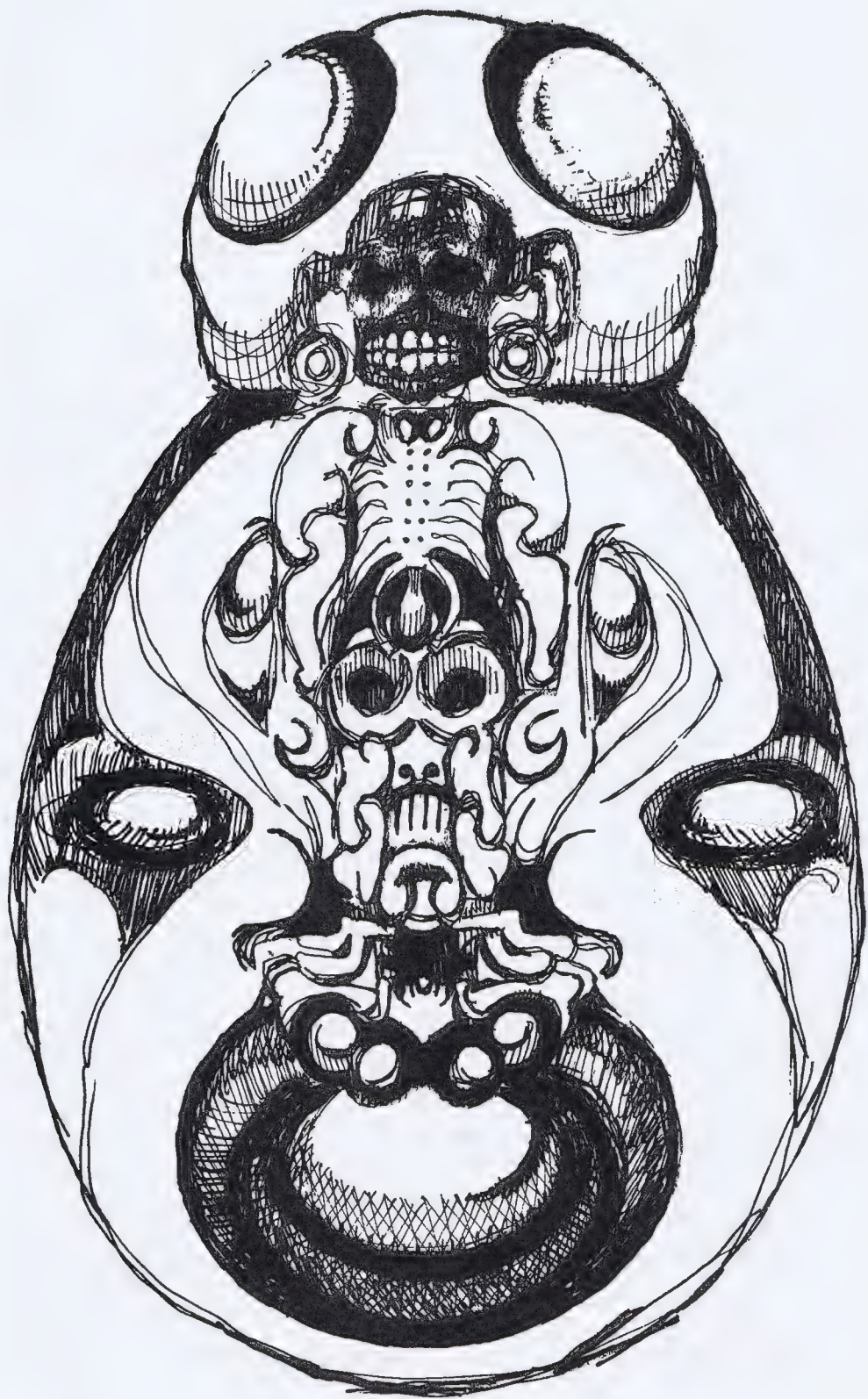
NileFetish  
5/18





YOU WANT  
ME TO LEAD  
A SOCIAL  
MOVEMENT?





Iz'at so P





Left Handed  
Magician #2



Our Lady of the Snakes

JAXON-69







Man of Action





jaxdh  
6/15-



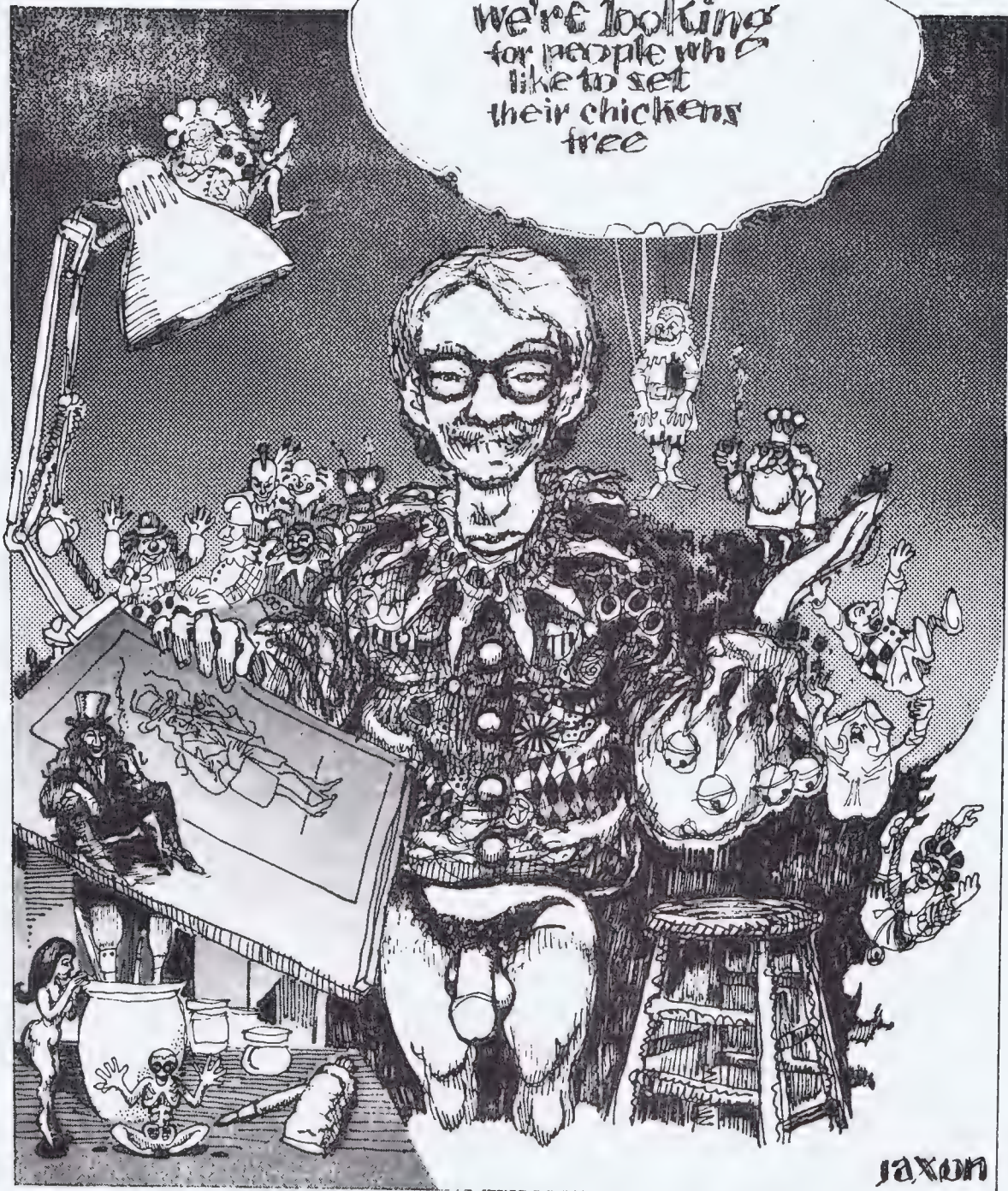
Serious Cumulus  
cloud Formation

I just don't  
want to talk  
about it.





we're looking  
for people who  
like to set  
their chickens  
free









JAXON-69





The Martyr  
the Resistance  
12/68





Hopi Likes Me





Hi Mom! #2



Easter Egg Hunting  
3/07



The Juggler





Locust

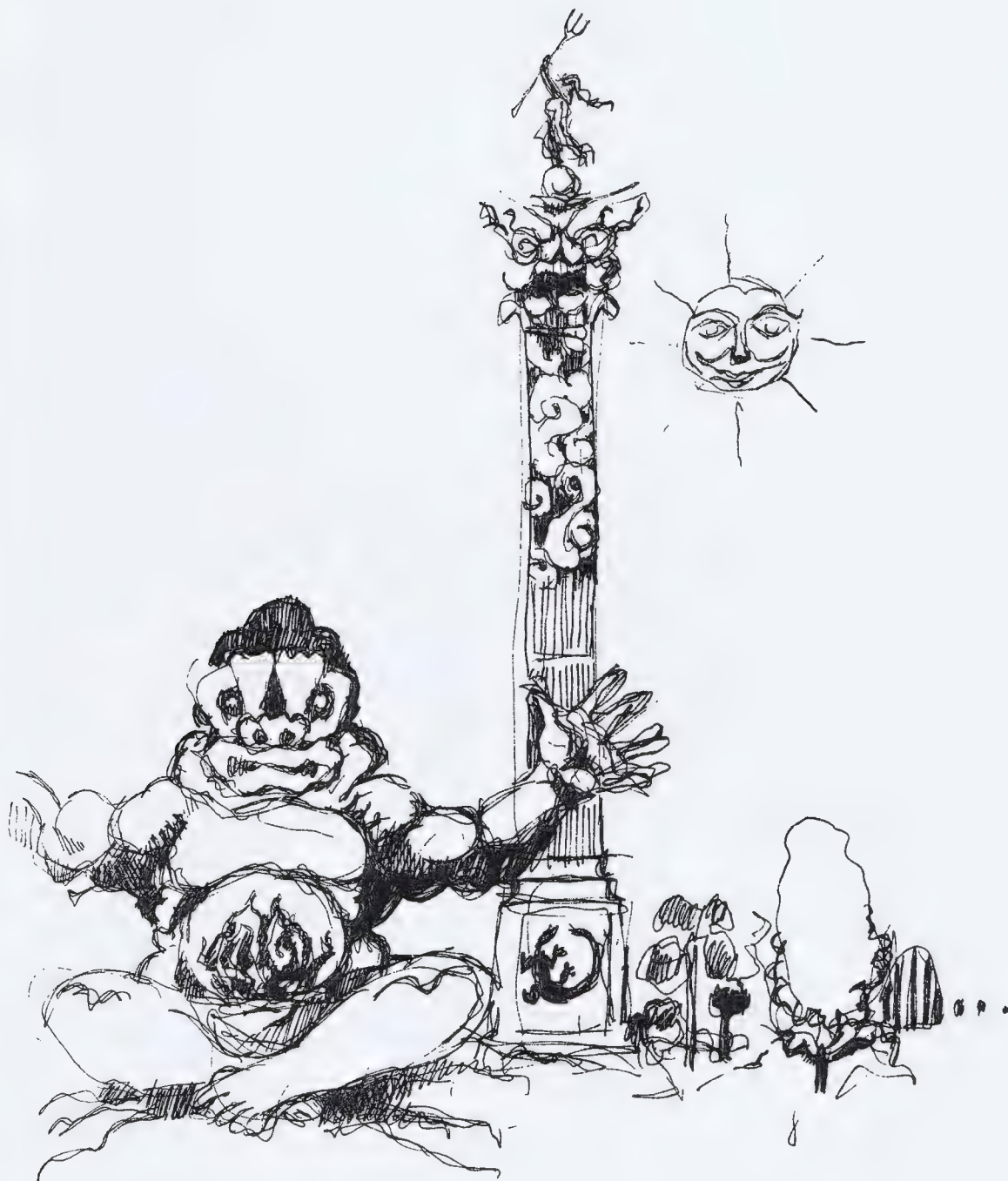




jaxon

Firefly





Union Square  
6/68

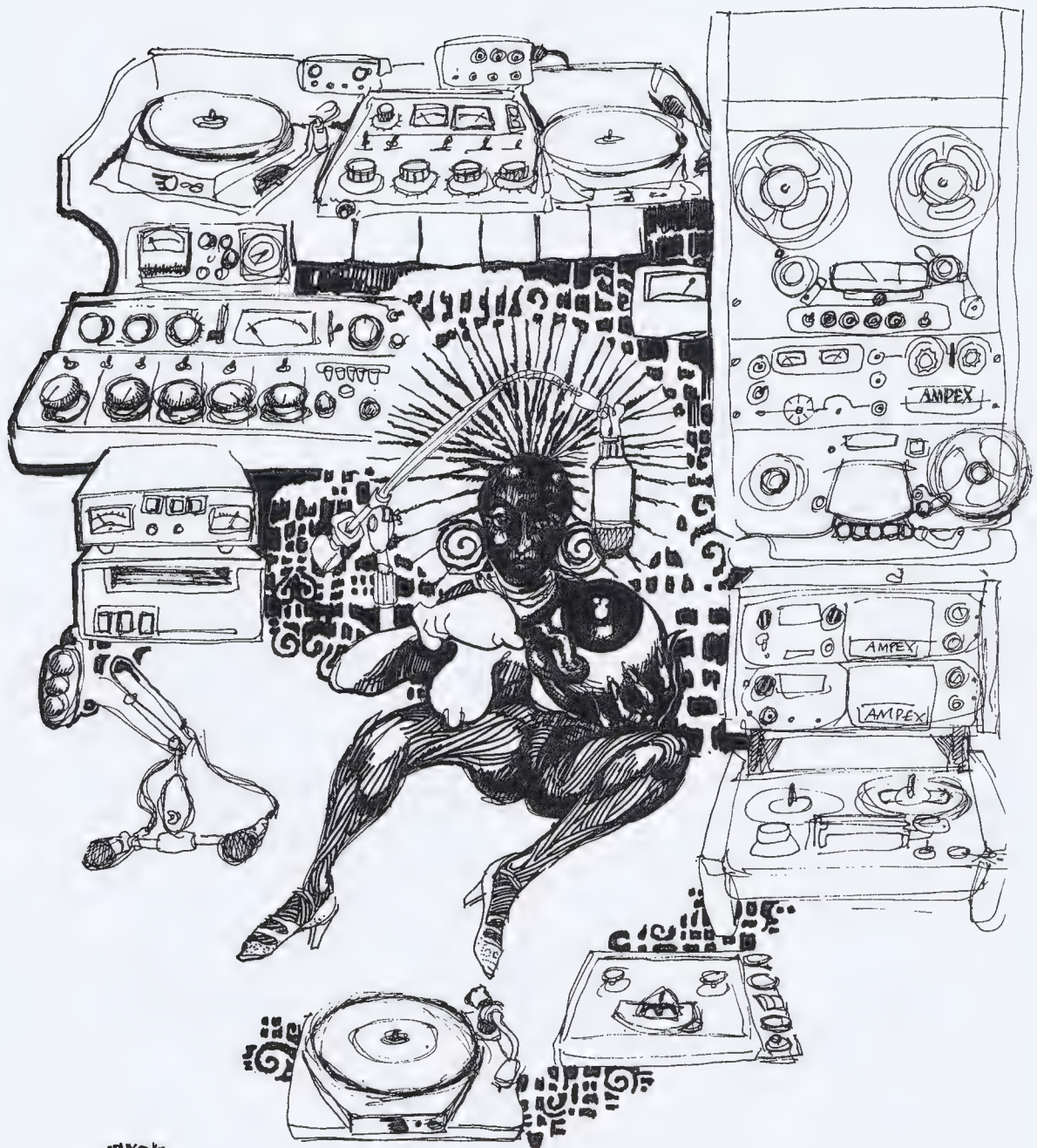




Up From the Deep







Jaxon  
6



The Magician.









# EXILE INTO CONSCIOUSNESS

SELECTED PEN DRAWINGS, WATERCOLORS, AND PAINTINGS FROM THE PERIOD 1962-69

Born May 15, 1941, the only son of working class parents, Jack Jackson demonstrated an inclination for drawing at an early age. Such a tendency, however, is not encouraged in the semi-literate, fundamentalist, rural environment of the central Texas sandhills. When it came time for him to consider a career, it was a practical decision that prevailed. He took a degree in accounting from Texas A&I, a small south Texas college, and moved to Austin in 1962, where he found employment in the basement of the State Capitol.

Soon he made friends with the lunatic fringe around the campus and eventually became a contributor to the University humor magazine, the *Texas Ranger*. The *Ranger* was acknowledged as one of the best college humor publications in the country, guided by the genius of Gilbert Shelton and staffed by an imposing dynasty of cartoonists and humorists. After several years of running censorship battles with the regent-controlled student and faculty "governing board," the entire staff was fired for daring to run a photo of the girl-of-the-month with naked breasts beneath her blouse.

Shelton, Tony Bell, Joe E. Brown, and Jackson—who by this time had taken the pen name, "jaxon" in order to prevent his employers in the Capitol Building from learning of his off-the-job antics—responded to the firing by starting an off-campus publication called *THE*, short for *The Austin Iconoclastic Newsletter, Magazine, One-Eyed Snake, Blunderbuss & Adult Comix*. The venture, true to its masthead proclamation, was "doomed to commercial failure thru the ignorance and apathy of the local populace," but it did succeed in publishing four newsletters and two magazines.

In 1964, shortly before he quit the Controller's Department, jaxon financed the printing of 1000 copies of his legendary "underground" cartoon character God Nose and sold them on the sidewalk to students registering for the fall semester. The book was hailed as the "nadir of Bad Taste" by the granny-lady mentality and jaxon, basking in notoriety, split to Europe. It was there, mellowing in the Spanish sun, that the style and content of his favorite artists—Goya, Kley, Scarfe, and Davis—began to ferment in his mind's eye, until he developed the style reflected by the early pen drawing in this collection. A style that deals deftly and unsparingly with subject of oppression, disillusionment, hypocrisy, absurdity, and frivolity; a style tempered by the encroaching specter of Charcot-Marie-Tooth's disease on his life and work. This is a rare disease of the peripheral nervous system which causes the muscles of the hands to gradually atrophy and waste away—not a pleasant prospect for a young artist, but certainly a situation offering a genuine basis for creative tension and a keen awareness of the significance of time. One drawing from this period is titled, "He who has but one eye must see twice as good," and perhaps expresses the artist's reconciliation to the dictates of Fate.

After Europe, jaxon went to San Francisco where he discovered a contingent of the "Texas Mafia"—acquaintances from the creative complex known as the "Ghetto" scene of Austin—in full psychedelic array. One of these members of the highly secretive brotherhood, Chet Helms, offered him a job as director of the budding dance poster end of his operation, the *Family Dog*. Jaxon, with his knowledge of accounting and passion for graphics, organized the poster department into a profitable venture, financially as well as creatively. He stayed with *Family Dog* for a year and then split to Hawaii to rest and continue his drawing.

During this period his work explores the psychedelic imperative that all of mankind's graphic motifs throughout history flow from the same source deep within and attempt to express a universal vision. Consequently he was led into a study of the various ancient civilizations—Oriental, Mexican, Celtic, and Oceanic—as well as contemporary industrial designs, logos, trademarks, etc. This research and the far-out visual conceptions of San Francisco's poster scene, with its constant flow of captivating ideas, has had a definite influence on jaxon's recent work:

Shortly thereafter, "underground" comics became the medium of expression favored by many of the artists prominent in the poster scene, due to the sterling example set by Robert Crumb, who, like jaxon, was to be found hawking his brainchild on the sidewalks—this time in the Haight-Ashbury. *God Nose* was reissued and another book, *Happy Endings*, which represented a radical departure from the traditional comic book format, was published. Presently jaxon is contributing strips to various "underground" books and undergoing a series of operations which will hopefully restore the damage sustained by his hands.

Here are a few of his thoughts on his work:

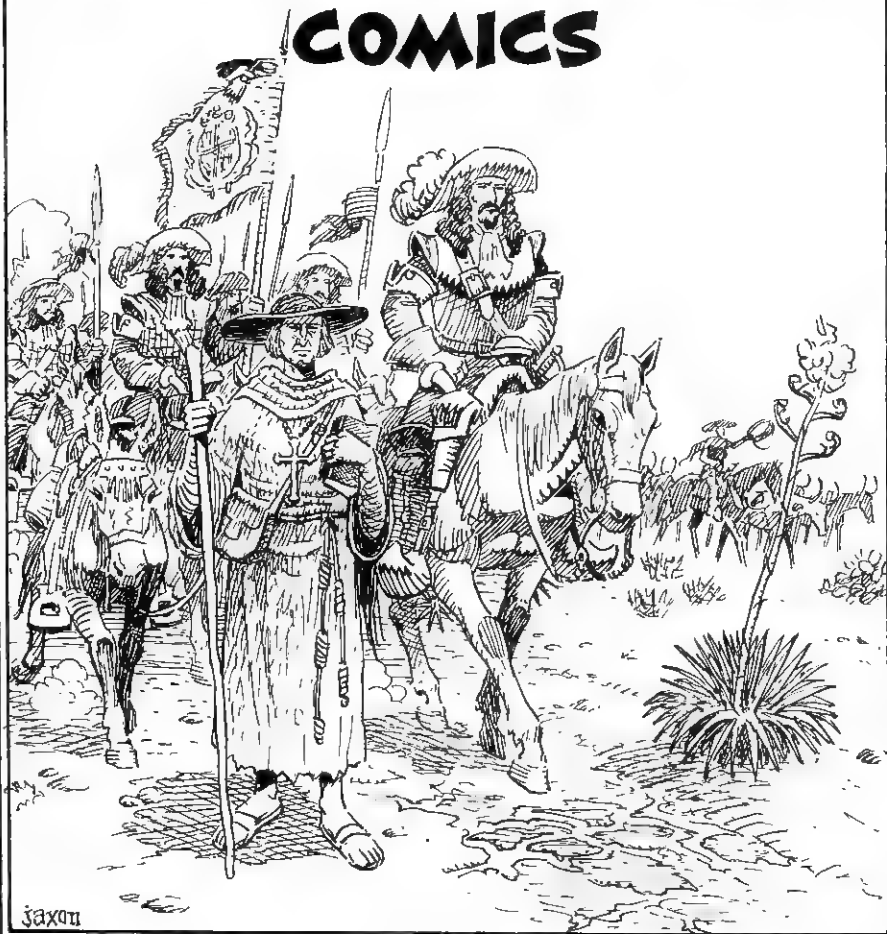
The success of art is not related to how "pretty" or how "ugly" the creation is, but rather to the fascination which it evokes. This quality of "fascination" is its true source of power, and it cannot be contained by time or space. It flies free, out of reach. The meaningful function of the artist is similar to that of the shaman, the priest, the scientist, or any of the other guises taken by those who probe the improbable. Art suggests symbols that in our imagination we either know, or pretend not to know, or once knew but have forgotten. It alone can wake us to ourselves. A pity that we take ourselves so seriously. Throughout the ages men of vision have brought back the message that our highly esteemed reality is but a dream—unlike other dreams only in its haunting continuity. It is morning and my work is now yawning, seeking those who have had the same dream.

COPY 608: JAXON



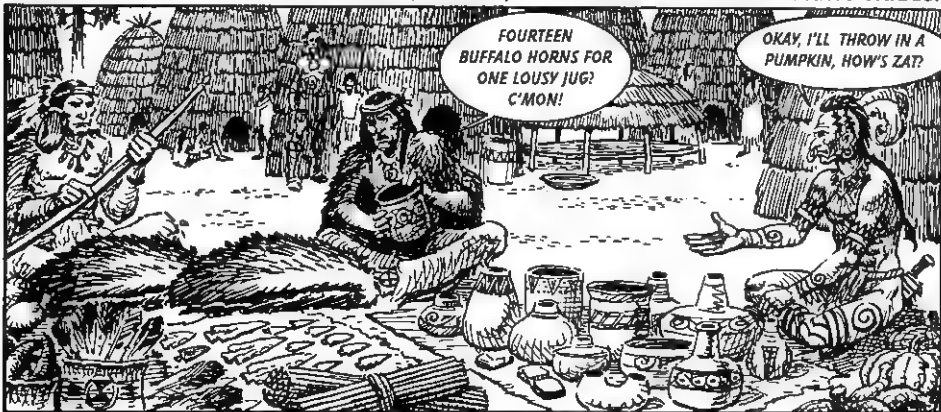
# Camino Real

## COMICS



THE KING'S HIGHWAY ACROSS TEXAS

LONG BEFORE ANY EUROPEANS ARRIVED, TEXAS WAS CRISS-CROSSED BY INDIAN TRAILS. THE INDIANS TRAVELED THEM TO HUNT, GATHER, AND TRADE WITH NEIGHBORING TRIBES.



THE ROADS WEREN'T VERY FANCY, BUT KEEP IN MIND THAT THERE WEREN'T A LOT OF TOURISTS IN THOSE DAYS EITHER.



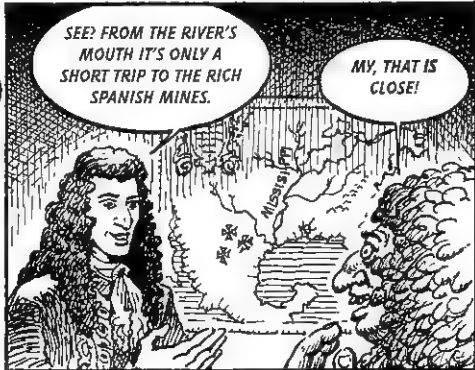
FOR 200 YEARS AFTER COLUMBUS "DISCOVERED" AMERICA THE INDIANS OF TEXAS WERE LEFT PRETTY MUCH TO THEMSELVES.



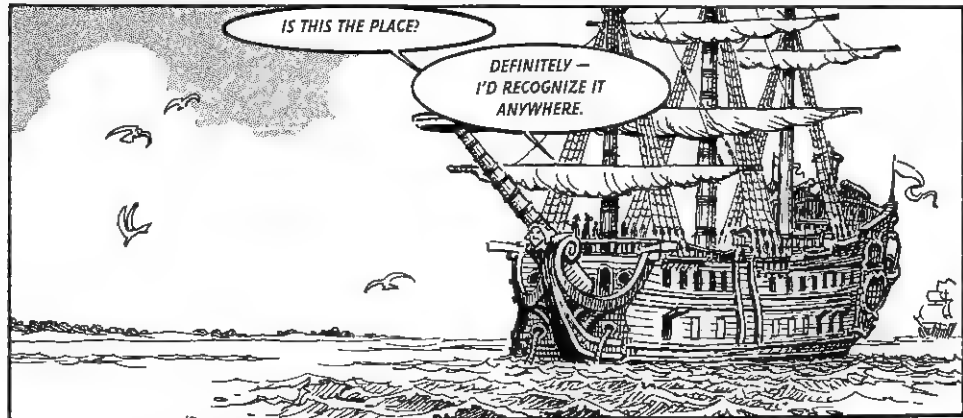


ALL THIS CHANGED IN 1684, WHEN THE FRENCH "SUN KING," LOUIS XIV, DECIDED TO ESTABLISH A COLONY ON THE LOWER MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

THE BRAINS BEHIND THE SCHEME WAS SIEUR DE LA SALLE, WHO HAD FLOATED ALL THE WAY DOWNRIVER FROM CANADA TWO YEARS EARLIER.



LA SALLE THOUGHT THAT THE MISSISSIPPI ENTERED THE GULF RIGHT NEXT TO THE RIO GRANDE.



SO HE WENT ASHORE AT MATAGORDA BAY, FIGURING IT WAS THE MISSISSIPPI DELTA, AND HIS SHIPS SAILED BACK TO FRANCE.



WHILE LA SALLE LOOKED FOR THE MIGHTY MISSISSIPPI, SO HE COULD REACH CANADA, AND GET HELP, HIS COLONY SUFFERED FROM SICKNESS AND STARVATION.



ON ONE OF THESE EXPLORATIONS, LA SALLE WAS KILLED NEAR THE TRINITY BY SOME OF HIS MEN.



THE INDIANS FINISHED OFF WHAT WAS LEFT OF HIS PITIFUL COLONY, BUT A FEW PEOPLE MANAGED TO SURVIVE.



WORD OF LA SALLE'S DARING VENTURE SOON REACHED OFFICIALS IN NEW SPAIN, AS MEXICO WAS CALLED IN THOSE DAYS.



GUIDES WERE USED ON THE FIRST SPANISH ATTEMPTS TO LOCATE THE FRENCH INTRUDERS IN THE UNCHARTED WILDERNESS.



ON HIS FOURTH EXPEDITION, IN 1689, GENERAL ALONSO DE LEÓN FINALLY FOUND THE FRENCH FORT.

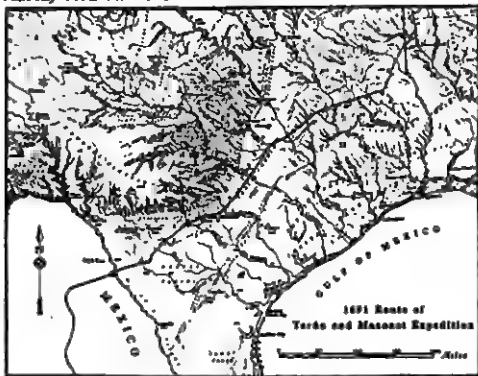


DE LEÓN CAME BACK A YEAR LATER, TO BURN WHAT WAS LEFT OF THE RUINS. THEN HE WENT FURTHER NORTH, TO THE NECHES RIVER, AND ESTABLISHED A MISSION FOR THE TEJAS INDIANS.



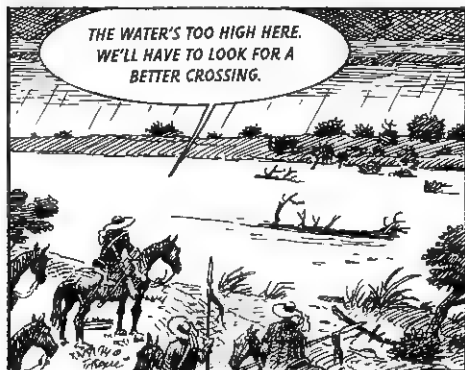
IN 1691, DOMINGO TERÁN, THE FIRST GOVERNOR OF TEXAS, STRUCK OUT AGAIN FROM COAHUILA. HE WANTED TO BUILD MORE MISSIONS IN EAST TEXAS.

TERÁN'S EXPEDITION FORGED THE ROUTE ACROSS TEXAS KNOWN TO US EVER SINCE AS EL CAMINO REAL, THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

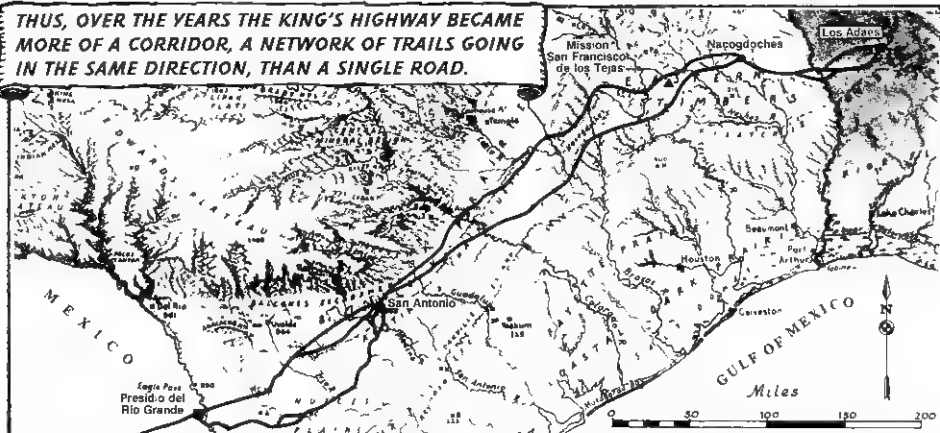


ALTHOUGH TERÁN'S ROAD WAS THE MOST POPULAR ROUTE TO NACOGDOCHES FOR MANY YEARS, LATER TRIPS OFTEN HAD TO TAKE DETOURS.

SOMETIMES THE PROBLEM WAS JUST THE OPPOSITE.

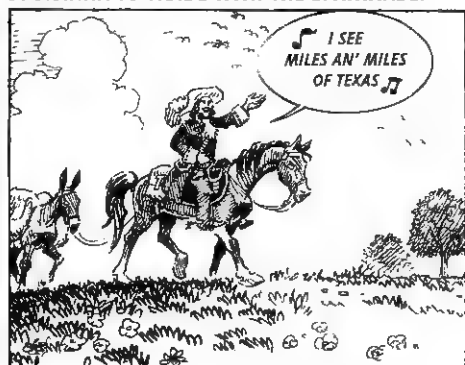


THUS, OVER THE YEARS THE KING'S HIGHWAY BECAME MORE OF A CORRIDOR, A NETWORK OF TRAILS GOING IN THE SAME DIRECTION, THAN A SINGLE ROAD.



WHEN THE EAST TEXAS MISSIONS WERE CLOSED IN 1693, THE KING'S HIGHWAY GREW UP WITH WEEDS AND STAYED THAT WAY FOR TWENTY YEARS.

THEN, IN 1714, A YOUNG FRENCHMAN NAMED SAINT-DENIS CAME DOWN THE TRAIL FROM LOUISIANA TO TRADE WITH THE SPANIARDS.





AFRAID THAT OTHER BOLD FRENCHMEN  
WOULD FOLLOW SAINT-DENIS' TRACKS,  
SPAIN DECIDED TO REOCCUPY EAST TEXAS.



SAN ANTONIO WAS FOUNDED IN 1718 AS A WAY-  
STATION ON THE ROAD BACK TO NACOGDOCHES.



THREE YEARS LATER A NEW GOVERNOR, THE MARQUÉS DE AGUAYO, EXTENDED THE KING'S HIGHWAY  
ON EASTWARD TO THE LOUISIANA BORDER, WHERE HE BUILT A STRONG FORT.



THIS PRESIDIO AT LOS ADAES (PRESENT ROBELINE,  
LA.) WAS THE CAPITAL OF TEXAS FOR FIFTY YEARS,  
AND THE END OF THE LINE FOR PEOPLE TRAVELING  
UP THE CAMINO REAL FROM MEXICO.



DURING THE 1740s, A MORE SOUTHERN ROUTE WAS  
OPENED BETWEEN SAN JUAN BAUTISTA AND SAN  
ANTONIO, CALLED THE "LOWER PRESIDIO ROAD."



HOSTILE INDIANS ALSO MADE TRAVEL ON THE UPPER ROAD UNCOMFORTABLE.



FROM SAN ANTONIO TO LOS ADAES THE ROAD STAYED THE SAME AND CONTINUED TO BE CALLED "CAMINO DE LOS TEJAS."

IT TOOK A MULE TRAIN ABOUT A MONTH TO TRAVEL BETWEEN THE SETTLEMENTS.



TO GO TO SALTILLO, THE BIG MARKETPLACE IN COAHUILA WHERE TEXAS GOT MOST OF ITS SUPPLIES, TOOK ANOTHER MONTH.

THERE WEREN'T ANY MOTELS OR CAFES ALONG THE WAY EITHER. JUST SOME FREQUENTLY USED PARAJES (ROADSIDE RESTSTOPS OR CAMPSITES).



IF THE APACHES OR COMANCHES WERE ON THE WARPATH, TRAVELERS HAD TO WAIT UNTIL A LARGE MILITARY ESCORT WAS AVAILABLE.

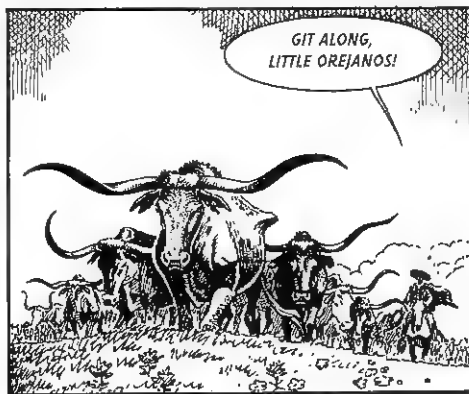


A MAIL SERVICE DIDN'T EXIST UNTIL 1779.



THE 1200-MILE TRIP BETWEEN NACOGDOCHES AND THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT IN ARISPE, SONORA, WAS A LONG LONELY HAUL FOR POSTMEN.

BEGINNING IN THE MID-1770s THE CAMINO REAL HEADING SOUTH WAS USED AS A CATTLE TRAIL.



AFTER SPAIN DECLARED WAR AGAINST ENGLAND IN 1779, HERDS ALSO WENT UP THE TRAIL TO LOUISIANA.



THUS, THE SPANISH ARMY THAT FOUGHT THE BRITISH ALONG THE GULF DURING THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION ATE TEXAS BEEF!

KINDA TOUGH BUT IT SURE BEATS SALT PORK.



THIS TRADE WITH LOUISIANA, WHICH HAD ALWAYS BEEN ILLEGAL, PROVED HARD TO STOP ONCE THE WAR WAS OVER.

SOMEBODY TOOK A BIG HERD THROUGH HERE LAST NIGHT.



IF CAUGHT, SMUGGLERS LOST THEIR CATTLE, HAD TO PAY STEEP FINES, AND WERE PUT TO WORK ON PROJECTS LIKE ROAD REPAIRS.

IF WE CAN'T FIND ANY CONVICTS TO KEEP THESE HOLES FILLED, THEN WE SOLDIERS HAVE TO DO IT.

NEEDLESS TO SAY ..




THE CAMINO REAL AND ITS NETWORK OF ADJOINING ROADS ALSO SERVED AS BOUNDARIES FOR VARIOUS LAND GRANTS.

OUR RANCH RUNS THIS FAR DOWN TH' ROAD, RIGHT, FATHER?



AT FIRST THE MISSIONS GOT MOST OF THESE GRANTS, AND THEY WERE LARGE — UP TO ELEVEN LEAGUES (OVER 48,000 ACRES).

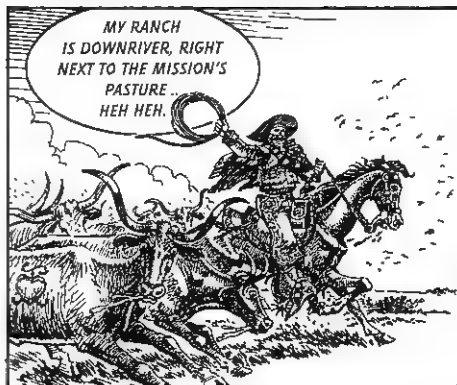
WE NEED LOTS OF PASTURE LAND 'CAUSE WE OWN LOTS OF COWS.



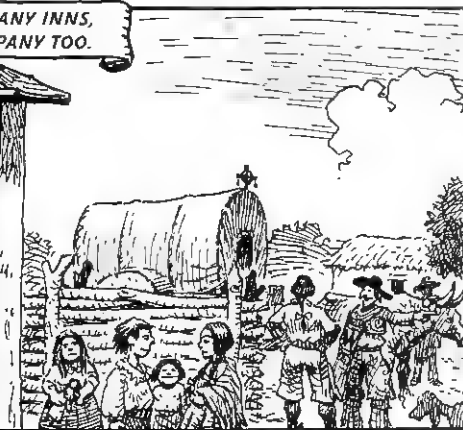


BUT WHEN THE DEMAND FOR BEEF PICKED UP, PRIVATE CITIZENS ALSO APPLIED FOR LAND TOO.

RANCH HOUSES WERE USUALLY BUILT CLOSE TO ROADS, SO THEY MADE CONVENIENT REST STOPS.

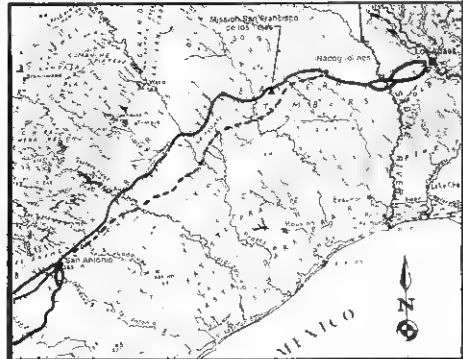


THIS HELPED TRAVELERS, SINCE THERE WEREN'T ANY INNS, AND IT GAVE THE LONELY RANCHERS SOME COMPANY TOO.



THE CAMINO DE LOS TEJAS, GOING FROM SAN ANTONIO TO NACOGDOCHES, CHANGED JUST BEFORE THE TURN OF THE CENTURY.

ABOVE PRESENT-DAY SAN MARCOS IT BRANCHED OFF THE OLD ROUTE. MODERN STATE HIGHWAY 21 FOLLOWS ITS COURSE TO EAST TEXAS.



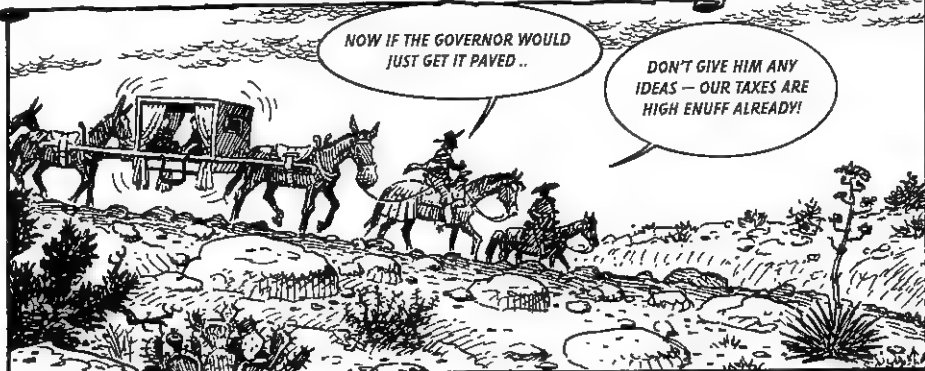
THIS MEANT THAT TRAVELERS TAKING THE NEW ROAD COULD NO LONGER ENJOY THE ICE-COLD SPRINGS AT THE SITE OF MODERN AUSTIN.



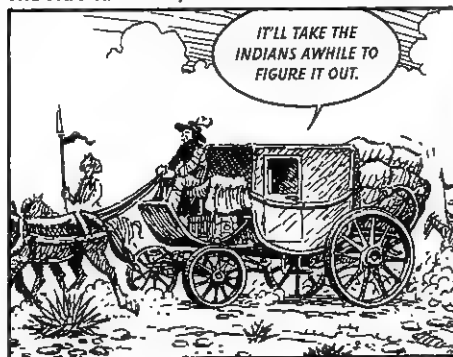
THE NEW ROUTE WAS CALLED THE CAMINO ARRIBA (HIGH ROAD), EVEN THOUGH IT RAN BELOW THE ABANDONED CAMINO DE LOS TEJAS ROUTE.



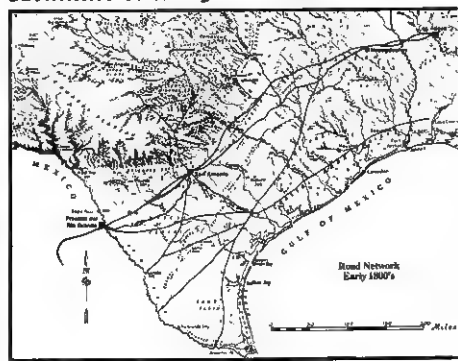
AROUND 1806 GOVERNOR ANTONIO CORDERO ORDERED THE OLD UPPER PRESIDIO ROAD REOPENED. IT BECAME KNOWN AS THE CAMINO PITA.



PITA TRAIL, AS IT WAS LATER CALLED, TOOK A DIFFERENT APPROACH TO SAN ANTONIO FROM THE FRIO RIVER ON, MUCH LIKE TERÁN'S ROUTE.



BESIDES THE CAMINO REAL CORRIDOR, TEXAS HAD ONLY A FEW OTHER MAIN ROADS AT THE BEGINNING OF THE 19<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY.



THIS IS UNDERSTANDABLE BECAUSE SPAIN  
WANTED TO KEEP FOREIGNERS OUT OF TEXAS.



STILL, AMERICANS BEGAN TO TRICKLE  
IN, USING INDIAN TRAILS OR CUTTING  
NEW ONES THROUGH THE WOODS.



SOME OF THEM, LIKE PHILIP NOLAN, WERE AFTER WILD HORSES.



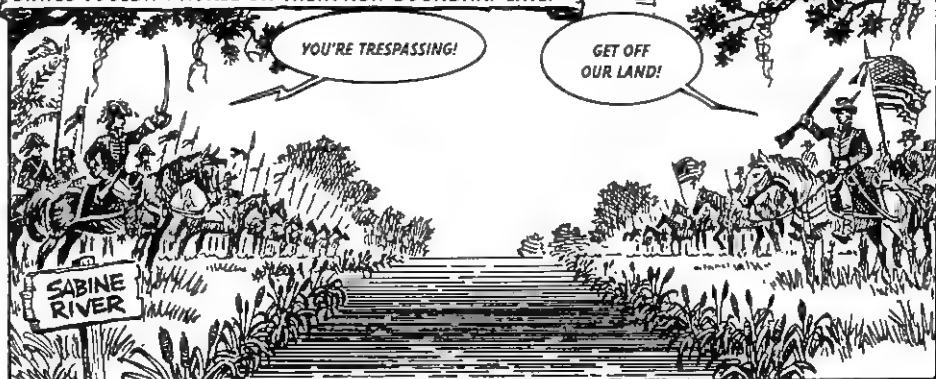
NOLAN'S DEATH IN 1801 DIDN'T DO MUCH TO STEM  
THE FLOW OF AMERICANS PUSHING WESTWARD.



THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE OF 1803 MADE THE  
SPANIARDS EVEN MORE ANXIOUS ABOUT  
PROTECTING THEIR EXPOSED TEXAS FRONTIER.



WAR ALMOST BROKE OUT BECAUSE SPAIN AND THE UNITED STATES COULDN'T AGREE ON THEIR NEW BOUNDARY LINE.



EVERYTHING BETWEEN THE RED RIVER AND THE SABINE WAS DECLARED A "NEUTRAL GROUND," OR NO-MAN'S-LAND, UNTIL DIPLOMATS COULD SETTLE THE QUESTION. TRAVEL BECAME DANGEROUS.



IN RESPONSE TO THE THREAT TWO NEW SETTLEMENTS WERE FOUNDED ON THE CAMINO REAL — AT THE SAN MARCOS AND TRINITY RIVER CROSSINGS. IT WAS TOO LITTLE, TOO LATE.



THE COMANCHES RAN THE SETTLERS OUT OF SAN MARCOS DE NEVE, AND TRINIDAD DE SALCEDO NEVER AMOUNTED TO MUCH.





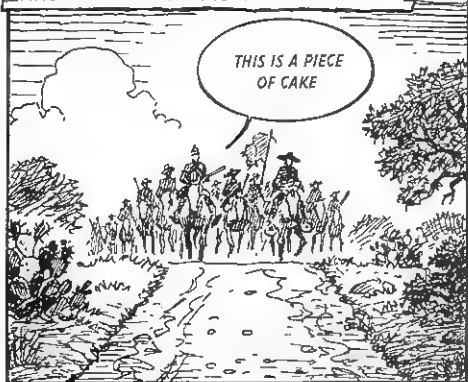
SEVERAL YEARS LATER AN ARMY OF FILIBUSTERS USED THE CAMINO REAL TO RIDE INTO NACOGDOCHES.



GUTIÉRREZ AND MAGEE, THE EXPEDITION'S LEADERS, DECLARED TEXAS A REPUBLIC WHEN THEY REACHED THE DESERTED TRINITY OUTPOST.



NEXT THEY TOOK LA BAHÍA (GOLIAD) AND HEADED FOR OLD SAN ANTONIO.



BUT A SPANISH ARMY UNDER GENERAL JOACHIN DE ARREDONDO QUICKLY MARCHED UP FROM LAREDO.



AT A BATTLE NEAR THE MEDINA RIVER HE DEALT THE REBELS A SMASHING BLOW.



ONE OF ARREDONDO'S OFFICERS, COLONEL IGNACIO ELIZONDO, CHASED THE SURVIVORS UP THE CAMINO REAL TO THE TRINITY RIVER.



IN 1820 AN AMERICAN NAMED MOSES AUSTIN RODE DOWN THE KING'S HIGHWAY, OR OLD SAN ANTONIO, WITH HOPES OF SETTLING THREE HUNDRED FAMILIES IN TEXAS.



AFTER ARREDONDO'S PURGE, TEXAS WAS A WASTELAND FOR YEARS.

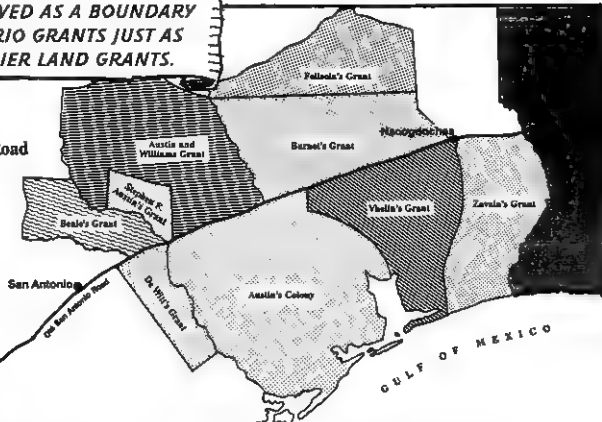


WHEN MOSES DIED, THE EMPRESARIO CONTRACT HE HAD OBTAINED FROM MEXICO PASSED TO HIS SON, STEPHEN.



THE OLD SAN ANTONIO ROAD SERVED AS A BOUNDARY LINE FOR SOME OF THE EMPRESARIO GRANTS JUST AS VARIOUS CAMINOS HAD FOR EARLIER LAND GRANTS.

# Grant Boundaries Along The Old San Antonio Road In 1837

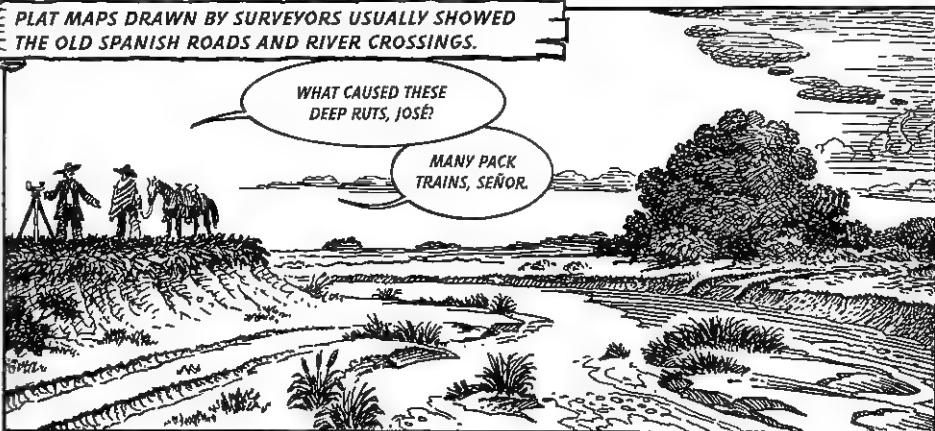


AS ANGLO COLONISTS MOVED INTO TEXAS DURING THE 1820s, NEW TOWNS SPRANG UP AND THE NETWORK OF ROADS RAPIDLY EXPANDED.

EMPRESARIOS WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR MAINTAINING THE NEW ROADS IN THEIR GRANTS.



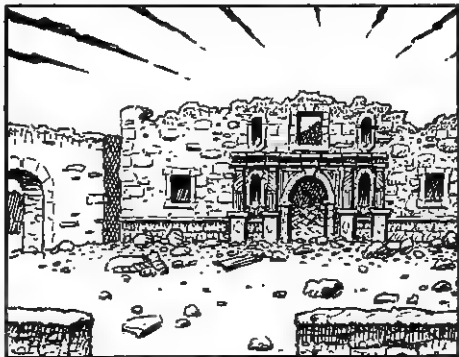
PLAT MAPS DRAWN BY SURVEYORS USUALLY SHOWED THE OLD SPANISH ROADS AND RIVER CROSSINGS.



THE CAMINO ARRIBA WAS STILL TRAVELED BUT THE OLDER TEJAS TRAIL SAW LESS AND LESS USE AS OTHER ROADS CAME INTO BEING.



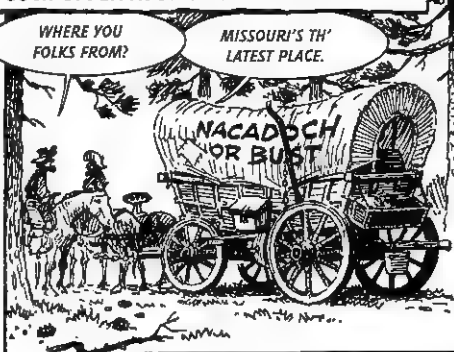
DURING THE TEXAS REVOLUTION, A MAJOR BATTLE TOOK PLACE AT AN OLD MISSION THAT SAT SQUARELY ON THE CAMINO REAL.



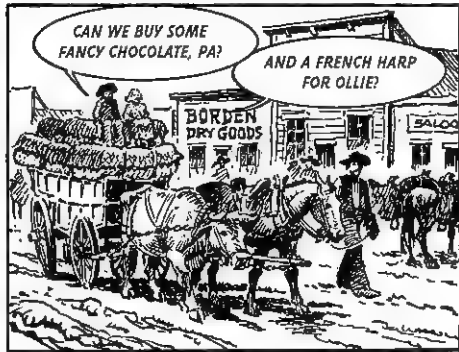
THE EXPANDED ROAD SYSTEM WAS CRITICAL TO TROOP MOVEMENTS ON BOTH SIDES.



AFTER INDEPENDENCE PEOPLE POURED INTO TEXAS FROM THE UNITED STATES OVER SUCH UPPER ROUTES AS TRAMMELL'S TRACE.



PORTS WERE OPENED AND MORE NEW ROADS LINKED THE INTERIOR TO THESE BUSTLING TRADE CENTERS ALONG THE GULF COAST.





IN 1839 PRESIDENT MIRABEAU LAMAR MOVED THE CAPITAL FROM HOUSTON TO A REMOTE SPOT WHERE THE CAMINO DE LOS TEJAS CROSSED THE COLORADO RIVER.

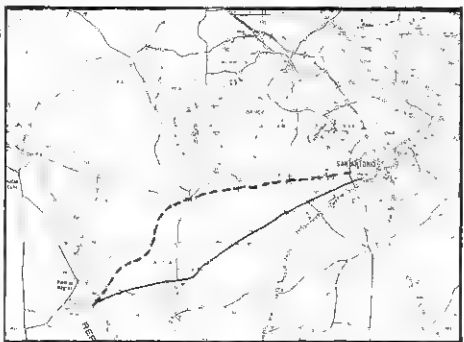


DURING THE REPUBLIC SEVERAL MEXICAN RAIDS WERE LAUNCHED AGAINST TEXAS BUT NONE GOT PAST SAN ANTONIO.

I HEREBY DECLARE  
YOU TO BE CITIZENS  
OF MEXICO — AGAIN!

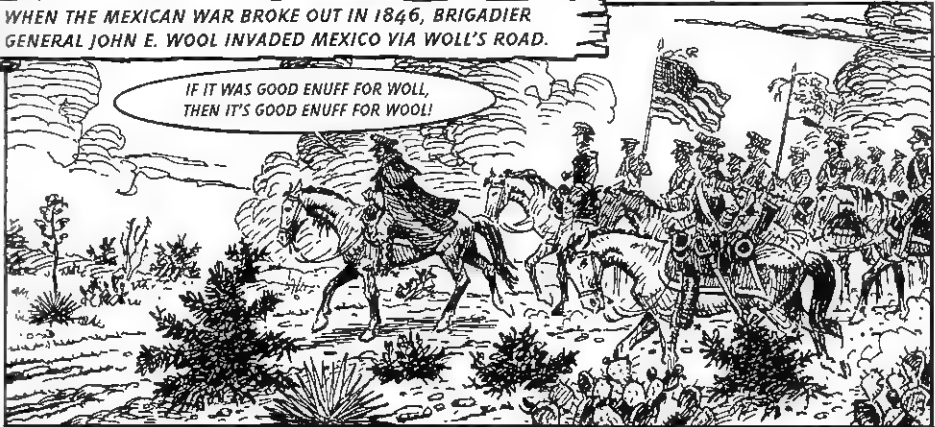


ONE OF THESE FORAYS, LED BY GENERAL ADRIAN WOLL, TOOK A ROUTE ABOVE THE OLD UPPER PRESIDIO ROAD. "WOLL'S ROAD" IS NOW U.S. HIGHWAY 90 BETWEEN UVALDE AND SAN ANTONIO.

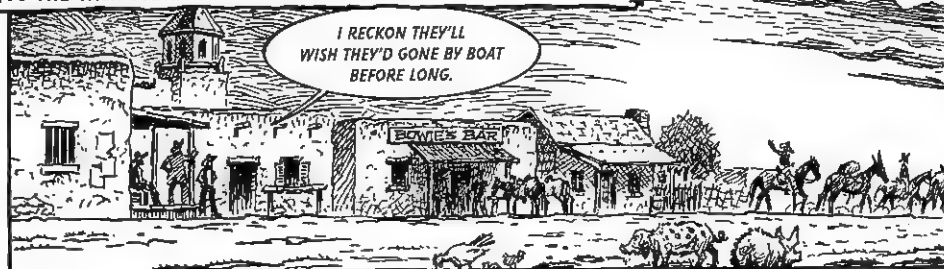


WHEN THE MEXICAN WAR BROKE OUT IN 1846, BRIGADIER GENERAL JOHN E. WOOL INVADIED MEXICO VIA WOLL'S ROAD.

IF IT WAS GOOD ENUFF FOR WOLL,  
THEN IT'S GOOD ENUFF FOR WOOL!



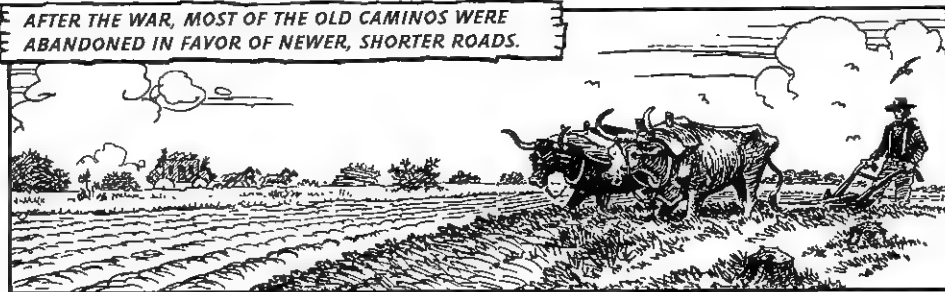
THE OLD SAN ANTONIO ROAD SAW SOME USE AS PEOPLE RUSHED TO THE CALIFORNIA GOLD MINES TO STRIKE IT RICH ..



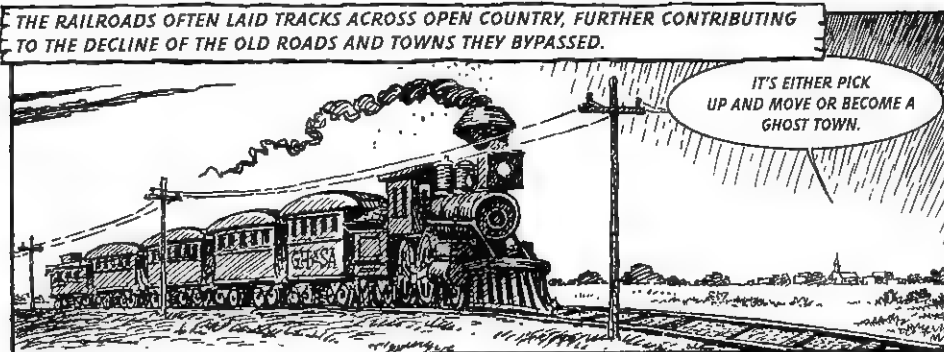
COTTON WENT DOWN IT AND TROOPS UP IT DURING THE CIVIL WAR.



AFTER THE WAR, MOST OF THE OLD CAMINOS WERE ABANDONED IN FAVOR OF NEWER, SHORTER ROADS.



THE RAILROADS OFTEN LAID TRACKS ACROSS OPEN COUNTRY, FURTHER CONTRIBUTING TO THE DECLINE OF THE OLD ROADS AND TOWNS THEY BYPASSED.



SOME SECTIONS OF THE KING'S HIGHWAY WERE ALMOST LOST TO MEMORY.



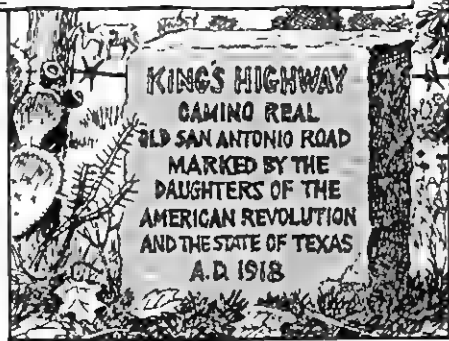
FINALLY, IN 1911 MRS. CLAUDIA NORVELL, A MEMBER OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, DECIDED THAT THE OLD SAN ANTONIO ROAD DESERVED SOME ATTENTION.



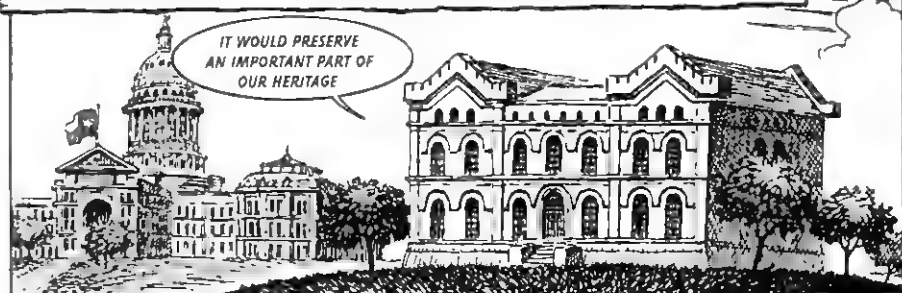
SHE WORKED WITH A CIVIL ENGINEER, V.N. ZIVLEY, WHO DID A CAREFUL SURVEY OF THE SPANISH CAMINO REAL



PINK GRANITE MARKERS WERE PLACED EVERY 5 MILES ALONG THE ROUTE FROM THE SABINE TO THE RIO GRANDE.



AFTER THE CREATION OF THE STATE HIGHWAY DEPARTMENT IN 1917, SOME PEOPLE URGED THAT A MODERN HIGHWAY BE BUILT FOLLOWING ZIVLEY'S SURVEY.



IT NEVER HAPPENED, BUT A NUMBER OF DIFFERENT HIGHWAYS STILL RUN NEAR PORTIONS OF THE ANCIENT TRAIL. THIS YEAR, 1991, MARKS THE 300<sup>TH</sup> ANNIVERSARY OF THE FIRST ROAD ACROSS TEXAS, EL CAMINO REAL, LATER KNOWN AS THE OLD SAN ANTONIO ROAD.

DAWN BREAKS OVER THE ANCIENT CITY OF CUSCO. ITS GREAT CATHEDRAL  
LOOMING ABOVE MASSIVE STONES OF THE DEMOLISHED INCA SUN TEMPLE.



WITHIN, AN OLD FRIAR SITS ALONE IN HIS  
CELL, OBVIOUS TO THE NEW DAY.



AHH GOOD MOR-  
NING FRAN WARGOS UP  
EARLY I SEE...



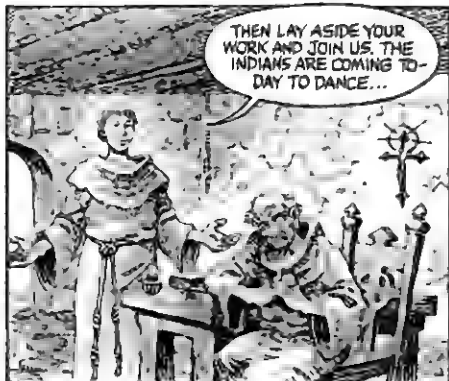
SMELL THAT AIR, EH?  
LISTEN TO THE BIRDS SING-  
ING OUTSIDE. THE WORLD  
S COMING ALIVE!



YESSS I  
HEAR... IT...



THEN LAY ASIDE YOUR  
WORK AND JOIN US. THE  
INDIANS ARE COMING TO-  
DAY TO DANCE...



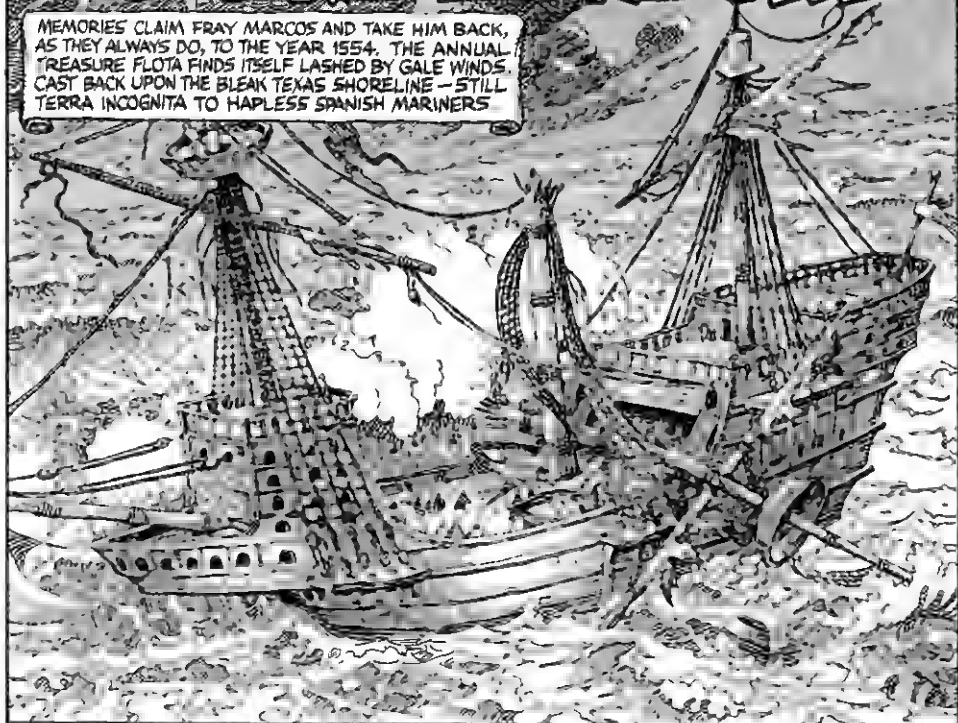
NO NO - IT'S SO  
PEACEFUL NOW I...  
I THINK I'LL STAY  
HERE, SAFE IN  
GOD'S GOD'S





# God's Bosom

MEMORIES CLAIM FRAY MARCOS AND TAKE HIM BACK, AS THEY ALWAYS DO, TO THE YEAR 1554. THE ANNUAL TREASURE FLOTA FINDS ITSELF LASHED BY GALE WINDS. CAST BACK UPON THE BLEAK TEXAS SHORELINE - STILL TERRA INCOGNITA TO HAPLESS SPANISH MARINERS



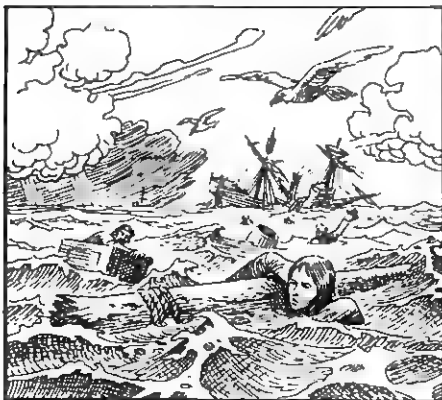
ADMIRAL: WE'VE HIT A SANDBAR! THE SHIP IS BREAKING UP!!

THEN WE MUST CAST OURSELVES UP ON GOD'S BOSOM - THE SEA

BUT THE RAGING SEA OFFERS NO PROTECTION FOR MANY OF ESPÍRITU SANTO'S PASSENGERS.



UNLESS ONE CONSIDERS THE WATERY DEPTHS A SHELTER... AND THE COLD FINGERS OF DEATH A WELCOME EMBRACE.



LESS THAN A THIRD OF THE DAZED, DISHEVELED VOYAGERS SURVIVE TO REACH SHORE. AMONG THEM IS FRAY MARCOS DE MENA, A YOUNG DOMINICAN FRIAR BOUND FOR THE EASY LIFE BACK IN SPAIN.



IGNORING BOXES AND CASKS OF PROVISIONS THAT WASH ASHORE THEY SET OUT DOWN THE COASTLINE EMPTY HANDED, BELIEVING TAMPICO TO BE ONLY THREE DAYS JOURNEY.



AFTER WALKING SIX DAYS HUNGER GNAWS AT THEIR VITALS, A HUNGER THAT NOT EVEN FEAR CAN CONQUER.



SUCH AS FEAR OF THE SAVAGE KARANKAWAS!



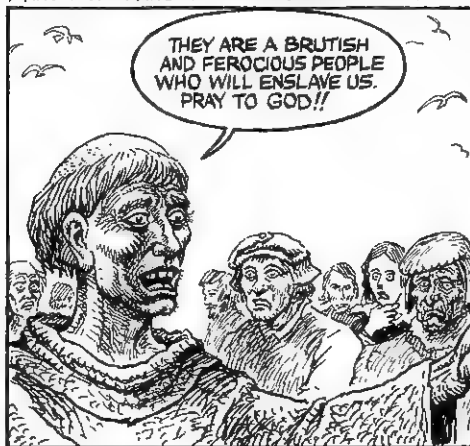
ABANDONING HIS PRIZE, PEDRO MENDEZ FLEES.



THE NEWS SPREADS CONSTERNATION.



A FEW, LIKE FRAY MARCOS, HAVE READ CABEZA DE VACA'S RECENT BOOK OF HIS WANDERINGS AND MANY TRIBULATIONS IN THIS DESOLATE LAND.



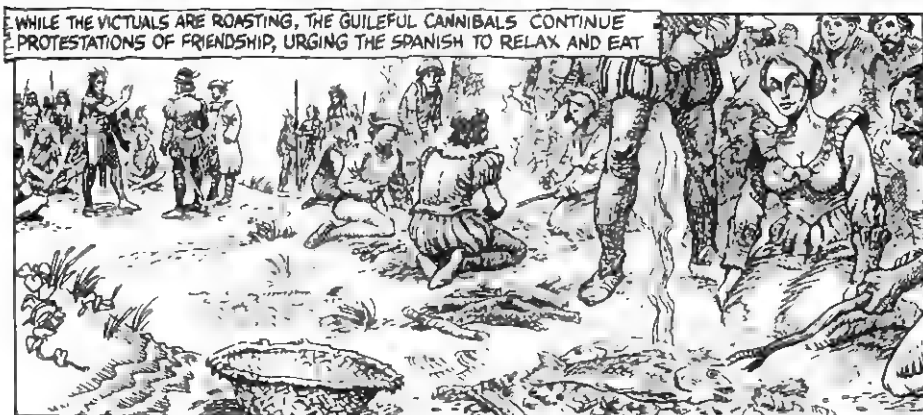
MERCIFULLY, THESE CASTAWAYS ARE IGNORANT OF A GRIM CUSTOM THE KARANKAWAS HAVE ADOPTED SINCE THEIR MEETING WITH DE VACA'S DESTITUTE PARTY — CANNIBALISM!



NONETHELESS, WITH MIXED EMOTIONS THEY AWAIT THE COMING OF THE PAGANS.







BUT HIS ADMONITIONS ARE SOON FORGOTTEN WHEN THE FEASTING BEGINS.



...WHICH IS WHAT THE INDIANS HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR!



ARMED WITH NOTHING BUT A FEW SWORDS AND TWO CROSSBOWS, THE SPANIARDS REPEL THEIR ATTACK...



... AND FLEE DOWN THE BEACH, EMPTY STOMACHS STILL GROWLING.



FIRE ON THEIR HEADS, BURNING SAND BELOW.  
THE HASTY RETREAT TURNS INTO A ROUT.



THIRST BEGINS TO TAKE ITS TOLL. STRAGGLERS ARE EASY  
PREY FOR THE KARANKAWAS, ALWAYS CLOSE BEHIND.



FINALLY COMING TO THE RIO BRAVO, THE SPANISH CROSS IN IMPROVISED RAFTS.  
ONLY WELL-PLACED BOLTS FROM THE CROSSBOWS KEEP THEIR PURSUERS AT BAY.



ON THIS CROSSING A TRAGIC MISTAKE OCCURS. FRAY MENA, THINKING TO LIGHTEN HIS OVERLOADED RAFT, TOSSES A BUNDLE OVERBOARD. IT CONTAINS THE PRECIOUS CROSSBOWS



WITH IT, THEIR HOPES SINK TO THE RIVER'S BOTTOM.



THE INDIANS FOLLOW, MORE DARING NOW AS THEY REALIZE THE FEARED WEAPONS ARE GONE.



FASTER AND FASTER RUN THE REFUGEES BUT IT IS NEVER ENOUGH TO ESCAPE THE KARANKAWAS' LONGBOWS





WHEN THEY CAPTURE TWO MEN, FORCE THEM TO UNDRESS AND RELEASE THEM, HOPE RISES



SO THE CASTAWAYS DISROBE, LEAVING THEIR APPAREL IN A PILE TO PLACATE THE CHILDLIKE INDIANS



MODEST PRIESTS AND BLUSHING CASTILIAN BEAUTIES, ARE NO EXCEPTION...



A FEW, TOO PROUD TO ENDURE THE EMBARRASSMENT, ARE QUICKLY DISPATCHED BY THE SAVAGES WHO WAVE ALOFT THEIR BLOODY TROPHIES TO THE NAKED GROUP.



THE MISERABLE TREK CONTINUES, NOW EXPOSED TO AN INCREASINGLY HOSTILE TERRAIN.



EVEN SO, LUST BORN OF UNVEILED DELIGHTS — OR PERHAPS MADNESS — SLOWS THE PACE FOR SOME.



AN INTOLERABLE SITUATION WHICH LEADS THE PRIESTS TO SEND THE WOMEN ON AHEAD, IN ORDER TO PRESERVE CHRISTIAN DECENCY.



IT SOON BECOMES APPARENT THAT THEIR RELENTLESS ENEMIES HAVE NOT GIVEN UP PURSUIT.



AND INDUCING THE SPANIARDS TO CAST OFF THEIR GARMENTS WAS ONLY A GUISE TO HUMILIATE THEM.



AS THE WOMEN REACH THE RIO de las PALMAS, PLACING THEM IN FRONT PROVES AN ILL-FOUNDED MEASURE.



FOR THERE OTHER INDIANS WAIT IN AMBUSH, AND THEY TAKE A TOLL ON MORE THAN CASTILIAN MODESTY.



WHEN THE MEN CATCH UP, NOT ONE OF THE GENTLER SEX OR ANY OF THE CHILDREN REMAIN ALIVE.



EXCEPT A FEW — PERHAPS BETTER OFF DEAD — DRAGGED TO THE MONTE FOR FIENDISH REASONS.



AMIDST THIS SAD SCENE, THE MASSACRE IS RENEWED.



UNTIL ONLY A HANDFUL ARE LEFT, ALL GRIEVOUSLY WOUNDED. THEY CROSS THE RIVER AND SCATTER INTO THE BRUSH, EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF.



STRUGGLING PITEOUSLY ONWARD, THEIR OPEN WOUNDS FESTER AND BECOME FLY BLOWN.





A NEGRESS, WHO HAD SOMEHOW ELUDED THE SAVAGES, CREEPS FROM HIDING TO NURSE HER FORMER MASTERS



BUT OUT FORAGING ONE MORNING, SHE IS DISCOVERED



WITHOUT HER HELP, FRAY MARCOS CANNOT CONTINUE. HE IS BURIED BY HIS COMPANIONS, BUT IN SUCH A WAY SO HE CAN BREATHE UNTIL DEATH COMES.



HE FALLS INTO AN EXHAUSTED SLEEP, SO DEEP THAT HE DOES NOT HEAR STEALTHY FEET PASS HIM BY.



WAKING, RESTORED BY THE SAND'S WARMTH, THE PRIEST CLAWS OUT OF HIS SHALLOW GRAVE AND STAGGERS ON.



SOON HE COMES UPON THE GHASTLY REMAINS OF THOSE WHO HAD LEFT HIM, THINKING TO ESCAPE THEIR MERCILESS TORMENTORS.



IN HIS DELIRIUM EVERY BUSH BECOMES A CLUMP OF INDIANS BRISTLING WITH ARROWS TO INFLICT MORE PAIN



WHEN HE TRIES TO SLEEP, SAND CRABS COVER HIM, EATING THE MAGGOTS OUT OF HIS TORTURED FLESH.



FEVERISH FROM THIRST, AT LAST THE WEARY CLERIC REACHES A LARGE STREAM BUT ITS WATERS ARE TOO SALTY TO DRINK. IT IS THE LAST STRAW...



SEEING INDIANS APPROACHING IN A CANOE, HE WELCOMES THE DEATH THAT THEY MOST CERTAINLY BRING



BUT THESE ARE CIVILIZED, NOT HOSTILE, INDIANS. THEY BRING GOOD NEWS...



AND SET HIS FEET ON THE PATH OF DELIVERANCE.



COLLAPSING OUTSIDE A VILLAGER'S HUT, AT LAST FRAY MARCOS' ORDEAL IS OVER



YEARS LATER FINDS HIM LIVING IN CLOISTERED SECLUSION IN A SMALL CONVENTO ROOM ATOP WHAT WAS ONCE CUZCO'S TEMPLE OF THE SUN



BUT TWO RETIRED, FRAY MARCOS IS STILL HARD AT WORK. JUST AS HE HAS BEEN FOR THE PAST THIRTY YEARS!



This is a true story, based on Fray Augustin Davila Padilla's account published in 1560. Of the 300 shipwreck victims only Fray Marcos de Neta and one other Spaniard (who returned to the wreck site) survived.

END

YOYO PINTADO, SUB-SUPERINTENDENT OF MISSION ESPADA, TOLERATES NO FOOLISHNESS AT THE ANNUAL CORN HARVEST.

C'MON, C'MON, LET'S LOOK ALIVE, PEOPLE. YOU'RE WAY BEHIND THE OTHERS!



HE'S ONE PAJALACHE WHO FINALLY HAS THINGS GOING HIS WAY AND IS MAKING PROGRESS IN THIS WORLD.

YES, YOYO REPRESENTS THE HOPE OF THE FUTURE FOR ESPADA'S INDIAN POPULATION, ONLY A GENERATION REMOVED FROM BARBARIC SAVAGERY..

...SO DIFFERENT FROM THOSE WHO EMBRACE CHRISTIANITY, ONLY TO RENOUNCE IT AND RETURN TO THEIR WICKED WAYS..

FISCAL! SOME COASTAL RENEGADES ARE COMING.



WELL, WELL, LOOK AT THESE DUMB INDIANS, BUSTIN' THEIR ASS TO MAKE THE PRIESTS RICH.

YEAH, A REAL PATHETIC BUNCH, AIN'T THEY?



DON'T COME AROUND HERE, TRYIN' TO MESS THINGS UP FOR US. WE GOT THE GOOD LIFE..

YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT



LIKE THOSE VICIOUS APOSTATES FORMERLY AT THE BAHIA MISSIONS, WHO HATE NOTHING SO MUCH AS INDIANS CONTENT TO REMAIN DOMESTICATED.

THANK HEAVEN THAT SHINING EXAMPLES OF PIETY AND RECTITUDE — LIKE YOYO PINTADO — HAVE REWARDED THE MISSIONARIES' NOBLE EFFORTS!

HA! TH' GOOD LIFE IS DOWN ON TH' COAST. IT'LL BE EVEN BETTER WITH THIS PRETTY THING.

EEEEK!

IF YOU MUSSIES EVER GET UP THE NERVE, COME 'N JOIN US!



TAKE CHARGE WHILE I GO TELL THE PADRE..

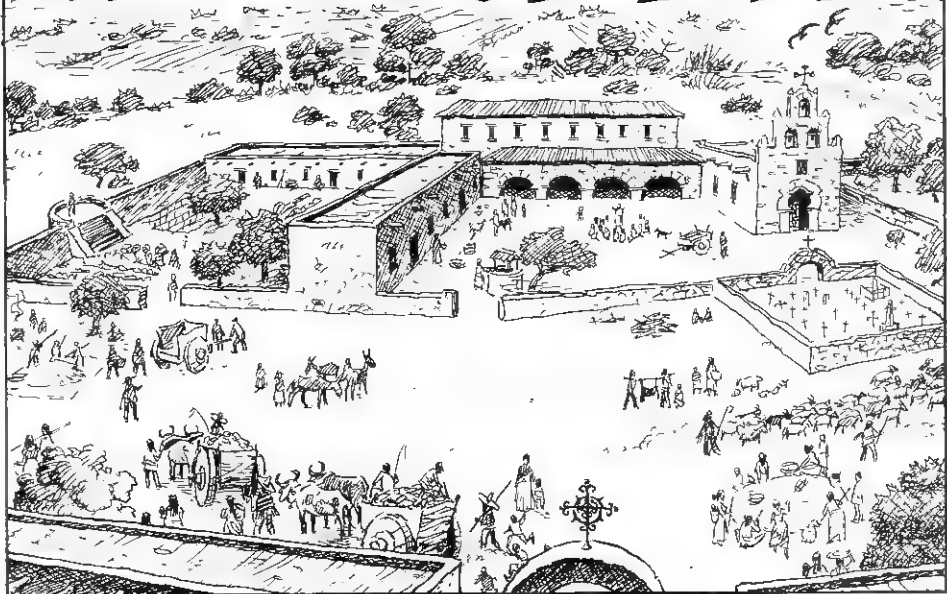
HAHAHA.. WHHELPP!!





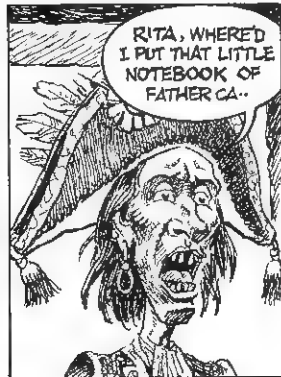
MISSION ESPADA: SAFE HARBOR FOR THE VARIOUS TRIBAL GROUPS LIVING WITHIN ITS WALLS — LIKE YOYO'S PAJALACHES— OFFERING THEM AN OPPORTUNITY FOR SALVATION, CIVILIZATION, AND FULL TUMMY. IT IS A BOLD EXPERIMENT AND NOT ALL SPANIARDS SUBSCRIBE TO ITS UTOPIAN IDEALS...

# THE GOOD LIFE



AS FISCAL PINTADO ENTERS THE MISSION COMPLEX HE REMEMBERS SOMETHING HE WAS SUPPOSED TO DELIVER TO HIS SUPERVISOR, FATHER CAMARENA.

IT IS UNUSUAL FOR YOYO TO RETURN FROM THE FIELDS SO EARLY.



NOT ONLY UNUSUAL, BUT ON THIS DAY, QUITE UNFORTUNATE..



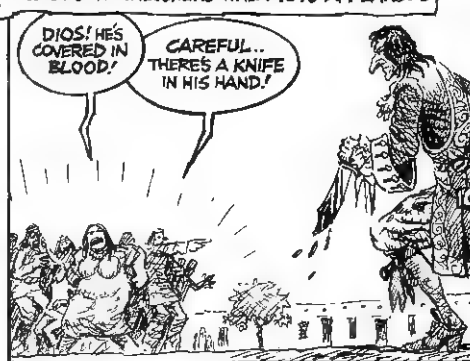
THE SCREAMS FROM THE PINTADO CUBICLE DRAW KNOWING SMILES FROM THEIR NEIGHBORS.



AS THE SHRIEKS GROW LOUDER, A CROWD GATHERS IN THE YARD.



FINALLY THE COMMOTION SUBSIDES, BUT A GASP ESCAPES THE ONLOOKERS WHEN YOYO APPEARS.



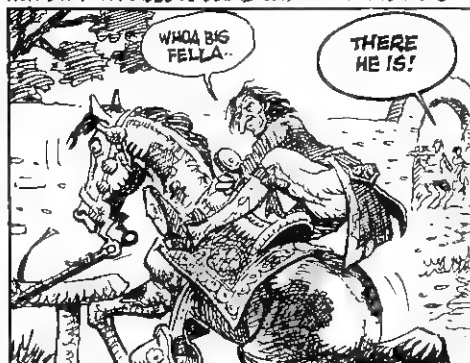
YES. A BIG BUTCHER KNIFE, GIVEN TO HIM BY THE PRIEST AS A REWARD FOR LAST YEAR'S BOUNTIFUL HARVEST; HE SHARPENS IT EVERY EVENING, WITHOUT FAIL.



YOYO BOLTS FOR THE NEAREST GATE AND THE THRONG FOLLOWS... BUT NOT TOO CLOSELY!



OUTSIDE, YOYO — FRANTIC NOW — FINDS A SADDLED HORSE AND MANAGES TO CLIMB ON, NOVICE THO HE IS.



HAD HIS MIND NOT BEEN SO DISTRACTED HE WOULD HAVE RECOGNIZED THE PINTO PONY AS BELONGING TO A VAQUERO FROM THE COASTAL MISSION, A DARK, SWARTHY FELLOW WITH THE REPUTATION OF A LADIES' MAN.



MEANWHILE, SEVERAL WOMEN APPROACH THE DEATHLY-QUIET PINTADO HOUSEHOLD.



THEIR NEWLY-CHRISTIANIZED NERVES ARE NOT READY FOR THE SIGHT THAT ASSAULTS THEM.





YOYO WAS PRAYING TOO — PRAYING THAT THEY DIDN'T CATCH HIM! HE WHIPPED THE PAINT HORSE MERCILESSLY ONWARD.

IT WAS TOO DANGEROUS TO TRAVEL THE BAHIA ROAD. HE MIGHT MEET SOME SOLDIERS WHO WOULD WANT TO SEE HIS PASS, QUESTION HIS RIGHT TO BE AWAY FROM THE MISSION.



SO HE KEPT OFF THE BEATEN PATH UNTIL THE BRUSH GOT TOO THICK TO CONTINUE..



HIS FINE COAT WAS HANGING IN TATTERS BEFORE HE REACHED THE MEDINA RIVER.



STILL HE RODE ON, LOOKING BEHIND HIM LESS FREQUENTLY NOW.





THE FRIGHTENED PAJALACHE KEPT RIDING UNTIL HE REALIZED HE DIDN'T KNOW WHERE HE WAS GOING. THEN HE PAUSED TO LOOK AROUND HIM. A BEAUTIFUL TWILIGHT WAS SETTLING UPON THE LAND; IT WOULD BE DARK SOON. HAD TO THINK, TO PLAN HIS ESCAPE. IT WOULDN'T DO TO BE RUNNING AROUND IN THE WOODS AT NIGHT. EVIL SPIRITS MIGHT BE AFoot. YOYO SHUDDERED AT MEMORIES OF THAT AWFUL SCENE BACK IN THE BLOOD-SPATTERED ROOM.



HE WHEELED THE PAINT HORSE AND RETRACED HIS STEPS TO THE RUINS HE'D PASSED BACK ON SKULL CREEK.



HIDING HIS HORSE IN THE BUSHES JUST AS DARKNESS FELL,  
YOYO CROPT TO THE GUTTED, ABANDONED BUILDING.



HE COLLAPSED BENEATH A LOWER WINDOW, WHERE  
HE'D BE SURE TO HEAR APPROACHING HOOFBEATS.



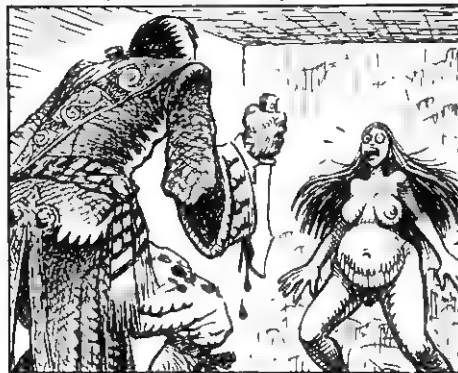
THE STARS BEGAN TWINKLING AS YOYO EXAMINED HIS  
CHANCES. HE WASN'T SORRY FOR WHAT HE'D DONE THAT  
AFTERNOON - A LITTLE SCARED, PERHAPS, BUT NOT SORRY.



NO, THAT MAN - WHOEVER HE WAS -  
DESERVED TO HAVE HIS THROAT CUT.



AND HIS ADULTEROUS WIFE, SHE'D DESERVED HEIRS TOO.



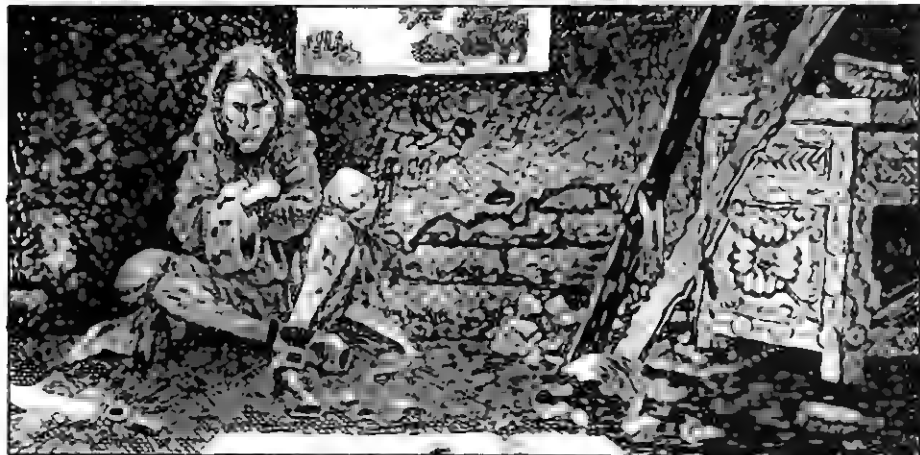
"TELL ME THE TRUTH," HE'D SAID, "AND I'LL SPARE YOU." SO SHE FOOLISHLY ADMITTED THAT HIS DAUGHTER AND THE CHILD SHE CARRIED BELONGED TO THE STRANGER IN HIS HOUSE. THE DEAD MAN GURGLED ON THE FLOOR. IT DIDN'T MATTER NOW; HE'D FIXED THEM ALL. THEN YOYO REMEMBERED THE BULGE IN HIS COAT-POCKET.

HE TOOK OUT THE TROPHIES AND EXAMINED THEM CURIOUSLY IN THE MOONLIGHT, WONDERING IF THEY MIGHT SERVE AS A NECKLACE ORNAMENT OF SORTS.

PROBABLY NOT. THEY DIDN'T HAVE ANY KIND OF BONE INSIDE LIKE A FINGER DID. HE TOSSED THE USELESS ITEMS ON THE FLOOR AND CONSIDERED HIS SITUATION.



HE COULD NEVER GO BACK TO ESPADA, OR ANY OTHER MISSION... MUCH TOO DANGEROUS. SOONER OR LATER HE'D BE LINKED WITH YOYO PINTADO, THE ESCAPED KILLER. THAT WAS A SHAME. JUST WHEN LIFE WAS GOING HIS WAY. HE CURSED HIS FAITHLESS WIFE, REMEMBERING ALL THE TIMES HE'D COME HOME TO FIND HER GONE. WELL, HE'D BEEN TOO BUSY TO DO OTHER THAN TRUST HER — TRYING TO GET AHEAD, TO IMPROVE HIMSELF. A WOMAN WAS SUPPOSED TO HELP, TO COMFORT HER MAN AND BRUSH AWAY WORRISOME THINGS... BUT RITA HADN'T HELPED; SHE'D RUINED HIM, COST HIM HIS JOB, AND GOTTEN HIM IN A HELL OF A FIX. HE WISHED HE'D HAD TIME TO MAKE HER PAY FOR HER SINS IN PROPER FASHION. THE LOW-DOWN, DECEIVING BITCH.



WHAT NOW? YOYO PULLED HIS TORN COAT CLOSER ABOUT HIM, SHIVERING IN THE AUTUMN NIGHT'S CHILL. IT WAS TOO RISKY TO BUILD A FIRE. HIS HAT — HE'D LOST HIS AWE-INSPIRING HAT. DAMNIT! AND THE OTHER THINGS HE'D HAD TO LEAVE BEHIND, LIKE HIS SERAPE. THAT INCONSIDERATE WHORE, RUINING EVERYTHING..

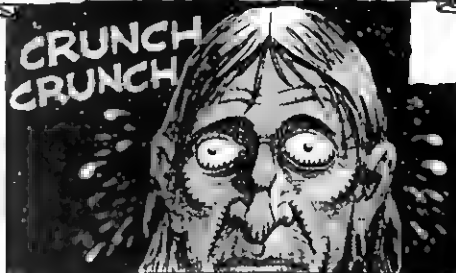
THEN THE NIGHTTIME SYMPHONY BEGAN. WOLVES BEGAN TO HOWL, THE SOUND OF THE PACK COMING NEARER. A PANTHER SCREAMED FROM THE HILL ABOVE.



CHRIST, THERE WERE WILD BEASTS IN THESE WOODS AS WELL AS EVIL SPIRITS! YOYO HAD BEEN BORN AND RAISED IN A MISSION; HE DIDN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT ROUGHING IT. OH SURE, HE'D HEARD THE OLD PEOPLE TALK ABOUT LIFE IN THE STICKS BUT IT HAD SEEMED LIKE A FAIRY TALE, LIKE STORIES THE PRIESTS TOLD. MISSION INDIANS WERE ALWAYS INSIDE THE WALLS OF THE COMPOUND BEFORE DARK, SAFE FROM PROWLING THINGS IN THE WILD.

HE STARTED. FOOTSTEPS WERE SOFTLY CRUNCHING THE TURF OUTSIDE THIS ANCIENT WALL. WHATEVER IT WAS OUT THERE WOULD SOON BE REACHING THE WINDOW.

YOYO SWALLOWED HARD AND CROUCHED ON THE FLOOR EXPECTING SATAN TO STICK HIS HORNED HEAD INTO THE ROOM AT ANY MOMENT. HIS HEART WAS POUNDING.



THE SHUFFLING NOISE STOPPED.

AGAINST HIS WILL YOYO PEERED UP...

DIOS, IT WAS SATAN!!





YOYO SCRAMBLED TO HIS FEET AND FLED, NEVER DARING TO LOOK BACK.



IMAGINE, THEN, THE PANIC OF THE BILLY GOAT THAT HAD UNWITTINGLY POKED ITS HEAD INTO THE WINDOW, LOOKING FOR A SUITABLE PLACE TO SPEND THE NIGHT!



YOYO CHARGED OUT OF THE RUINS, STUMBLING OVER ROCKS AND CACTUS. IT WAS A FOOLISH THING TO DO.



THE HORSE, ALREADY SKITTISH BECAUSE OF THE PANTHER'S SCREAMS, BOLTED AT ALL THE COMMOTION IN THE DARK.



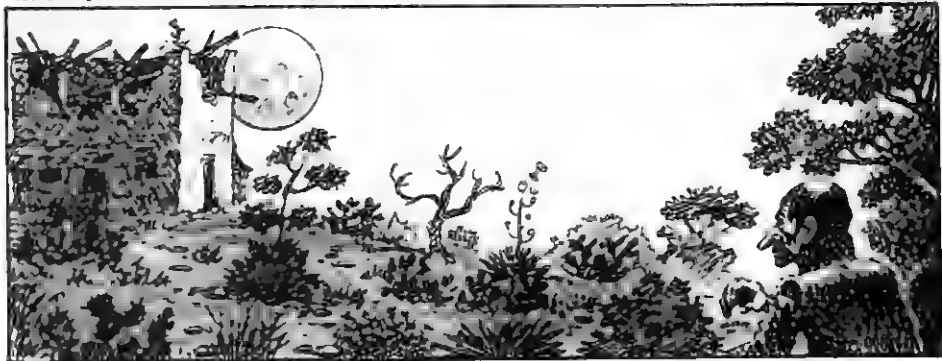
IT WRENCHED ITS REINS FREE AND THUNDERED OFF, HEADING DOWN THE ROAD TOWARD THE COAST AND HOME.



CONVINCED THAT WHATEVER MONSTER HAD BEEN IN THE STABLE WAS NOW IN HOT PURSUIT, THE TERRIFIED GOAT ABANDONED THE BAHIA ROAD FOR THE BRUSH, BLEATING AS IT WENT. THE HOVERING WOLF PACK CLOSED IN...



MEANWHILE, YOYO WAS ON THE VERGE OF INSANITY. HE COVERED IN THE MESQUITE SCRUBS, ANXIOUSLY SCANNING THE RUINS TO SEE IF EL DIABLO WAS STILL THERE. MAYBE SATAN HAD DECIDED TO GO AFTER THE HORSE INSTEAD OF YOYO PIN'ADO.



GODDAMN THAT RITA - WHAT A BIND SHE'D PUT HIM IN! STUCK OUT HERE IN THIS ANWFUL PLACE. CRAWLING WITH FIENDISH GHOULS... NOW HE WAS S-T-RANDED ON FOOT!

HORRIBLE SOUNDS WERE COMING FROM THE ARROYO CALAVERAS. THE DEVIL HAD CAUGHT HIS PAINT HORSE AND WAS DRAGGING IT TOWARD THE PORTALS OF HELL.



ITS CRIES WERE SO AGONIZINGLY PITIFUL THAT IT DIDNT EVEN SOUND LIKE A HORSE ANYMORE.



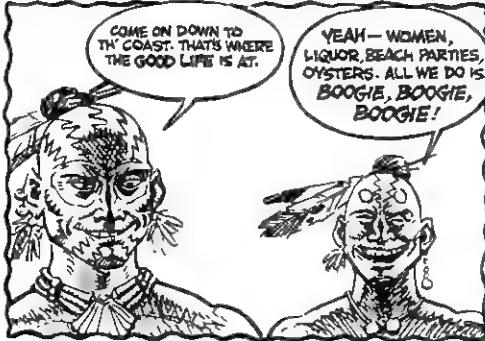
AFTER AN ETERNITY THE RACKET STOPPED AND YOYO CLIMBED A TREE, TO BE SAFE FROM THINGS THAT SLITHERED ON THE GROUND. OF COURSE IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO GET ANY SLEEP, SO HE SPENT THE HOURS TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHY HIS LIFE HAD SUDDENLY TURNED TO SHIT. THERE HAD TO BE AN EXPLANATION.



WHAT WAS IT THE PRIESTS SAID? "THOU SHALT NOT KILL." MAYBE THAT WAS THE REASON. BUT THEY ALSO SAID "AN EYE FOR AN EYE" AND HAD A LONG LIST OF OTHER THINGS A PERSON SHOULD OR SHOULD NOT DO. IT WAS ALL TERRIBLY CONFUSING. SOONER OR LATER MERE MORTALS WERE BOUND TO MESS UP, ESPECIALLY IF THEY WERE MERE INDIAN MORTALS! ONLY SPANISH PRIESTS SEEMED ABLE TO LIVE BY THE RULES..



THEN THE ANSWER CAME TO YOYO: HE WOULD JOIN SOME BAND OF WILD AND CRAZY APOSTATE INDIANS. THEY WOULDN'T LET THE PRIESTS GET HIM. FUCK THE PRIESTS ANYWAY—HE WAS TIRED OF BEING THEIR SLAVE. "YOYO DO THIS, YOYO DO THAT" ALL THY TIME. WELL, HE'D BE A FREE MAN AND HAVE SOME FUN FOR A CHANGE!!



# THE SAVAGE WITHIN

PLACIDO GUTIERREZ HI-YAAD AT HIS BONY COWS, TRYING TO GET THEM BUNCHED UP SO THE BASTARDS WOULDN'T BOLT WHEN THEY REACHED THE MISSION GATE.



THIS WAS HIS BRIEF MOMENT IN THE LIMELIGHT, WHEN HIS IMPORTANCE TO MISSION ESPADA COULD NOT BE DENIED. THAT IDIOT FISCAL, YOYO PINTADO, MIGHT STRUT ABOUT AND GIVE ORDERS BUT IT TOOK A REAL MAN TO PUT MEAT ON THE TABLE.

FRAY CAMARENA, TRAILED BY AN EXCITED GROUP OF CHILDREN, WAS ON HAND TO WATCH THE GRAND PROCESSION.

BEFORE THE PRIEST COULD INSPECT HIS PRECIOUS CARGO OF BEEF, A WOMAN'S SCREAMS MADE HIM STOP AND TURN.





SHE WAS BESIDE HERSELF WITH TERROR. BLOOD STAINED HER DRESS.

WHAT IS IT,  
MY CHILD? WHO'S  
DYING? WHO?

THE WIFE OF YOYO  
PINTADO, YOUR GRACE.  
STABBED WITH A KNIFE..  
= SOB = JUST AWFUL!!

FATHER JOSEF RUSHED TOWARD THE  
PINTADO HUT ALONG THE SOUTH WALL.

EVERYBODY ELSE IN THE MISSION HEADED  
THERE TOO, THE COWS NOW FORGOTTEN.

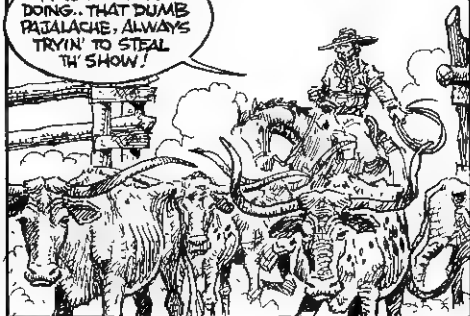


WHAT COULD BE OF GREATER INTEREST THAN HIS COWS?  
PLACIDO WATCHED THE MASS EXODUS WITH AMAZEMENT.

HE SPAT INTO THE DUST, JABBING  
HIS HORSE WITH WICKED SPURS.



PROBABLY YOYO'S  
DOING.. THAT DUMB  
PAJALACHE, ALWAYS  
TRYIN' TO STEAL  
TH' SHOW!



THE WEATHERED OLD FOREMAN COULD NOT HAVE BEEN MORE CORRECT.

STAND ASIDE!  
MAKE WAY!!



A HORRIBLE SIGHT GREETED THE PRIEST INSIDE THE FISCAL'S APARTMENT, A SIGHT THAT HIS BRIEF TENURE ON THE NORTHERN FRONTIER HAD NOT PREPARED HIM FOR.

..GOD IN HEAVEN..



THERE WERE THREE BODIES IN THE WRECKED ROOM — FOUR, IF YOU COUNTED THE SHAPELESS LUMP AGAINST THE FAR WALL.



THE FISCAL LAY FACE DOWN ON THE FLOOR, A HASTILY-DONNED SHIRT HALFWAY ON...



BESIDE HIM WAS HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER, CRUEL STAB WOUNDS PUNCTURING HER FRAIL TORSO.



THEY WERE BOTH DEAD, BUT THE RAVAGED FORM IN THE BACK CORNER YET BREATHED.

IT WAS RITA PINTADO, THE FISCAL'S YOUNG WIFE, WHO LAY WELTERING IN HER OWN GORE ON THE PALLET THAT SERVED AS THE FAMILY BED



AT LEAST IT APPEARED TO BE HER. WHAT HAD ONCE BEEN AN ATTRACTIVE, BUXOM WOMAN WAS HARDLY NOW RECOGNIZABLE AS SUCH



SHE CLUTCHED A GAPING HOLE IN HER ABDOMEN, ARMS QUIVERING, COVERED IN BLOOD TO THE ELBOWS.



THE PRIEST STEPPED ON ONE OF HER SEVERED BREASTS IN THE DIM LIGHT



RITA DID NOT SEE HIM. HER EYES WERE ALREADY SET ON THE COMING VISTA OF DEATH.



HER LIPS PARTED AND SHE MADE A DEEP, RASPING SOUND THAT TRAILED OFF INTO A GUTTURAL MOAN...



FATHER JOSEF COULDN'T MAKE IT OUT. SINCE THE POOR WOMAN WAS OBVIOUSLY BEYOND CONFESSION, HE COULD ONLY PERFORM THE SACRAMENT OF EXTREME UNCTION.



THERE WASN'T TIME TO FETCH HIS OILS TO DO IT RIGHT. THINGS WERE NEVER AS THEY SHOULD BE IN THIS VIOLENT LAND, NOT EVEN WITH FINAL RITES.



ALMOST BEFORE HE FINISHED, RITA PINTADO WAS GONE...

STILL ON HIS KNEES, FATHER JOSEF TURNED TO SURVEY THE SCENE OF THE DREADFUL CRIME: SOME DERANGED MANIAC HAD COME INTO THE FISCAL'S HOUSE AND BUTCHERED ITS OCCUPANTS — THE WHOLE FAMILY, MURDERED WHILE TAKING A LATE SIESTA!





FINALLY THE PRIEST BECAME AWARE OF ALL THE PEOPLE PACKED AROUND THE OPEN DOOR, PEERING IN AT THE ABATTOIR AND SPEAKING IN HUSHED WHISPERS.

GO AWAY MY CHILDREN! THE DEVIL WAS BEEN HERE



LEAVE, OR THE EVIL WILL BLAST YOUR SOULS! GO PRAY IN THE CHURCH!



ZOMBIE-LIKE HE WALKED THROUGH THE CARNAGE. THEN HE FELL ON HIS KNEES AGAIN, HIS PRAYERS DROWNING OUT THE BUZZ FROM THE CELL'S SMALL WINDOW.

OH LORD, WHY YOU ALLOW SUCH THINGS TO HAPPEN IS HARD FOR US TO UNDERSTAND



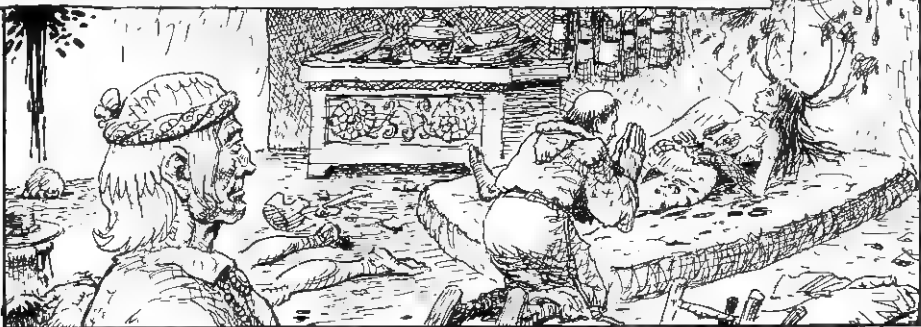
WHEN TWO MEN ENTERED THEY FOUND HIM STILL BESIDE THE BLOODY REMAINS OF THE FISCAL'S FAMILY.



YOUNG FATHER GARCIA TOOK ONE LOOK AND BOLTED FOR THE DOOR, BUT THE OTHER WAS MADE OF STERNER STUFF.



FRANCISCO ROJAS, THE MISSION SUPERINTENDENT, CLOSED THE DOOR AND LOOKED AROUND. HE SAW THE WOMAN'S BODY, THE WHITE-WASHED WALLS ABOVE HER SPLATTERED AND SMEARED WITH BLOOD, LIKE SHE HAD CRAWLED THERE, BEGGING FOR MERCY WHILE HER ATTACKER WORKED.



ROJAS WAS NO STRANGER TO SCENES OF VIOLENCE. HIS SPECIALTY HAD BEEN FALLING UPON THE ENEMY'S SLEEPING CAMPS. BUT THAT WAS A LONG TIME AGO.

FRAY CAMARENA SMILED, THANKFUL FOR THE PRESENCE OF ANOTHER LIVING SOUL IN A ROOM TAINTED WITH SO MUCH DEATH.



THE PRIEST, NOT UNDERSTANDING, TURNED  
TO THE MALE CORPSE ON THE DIRT FLOOR.

EH?

WHAT FRANCISCO SAID WAS TRUE.

YAAA!

THUD

THE MISSIONARY RECOILED IN HORROR, REELING, SLIPPING AND LOSING HIS BALANCE  
IN THE LARGE POOL OF BLOOD THAT SEEPED FROM UNDER THE DEAD MAN'S BUTTOCKS



YEAH, THAT'S CASI LOCO  
PLUMB CRAZY, YOUR EMI-  
NENCE... ALWAYS FOOLING  
AROUND WITH OTHER  
MEN'S WIVES...

FATHER JOSEF WAS IN SHOCK..

HOW LONG HAS  
THIS BEEN GOING ON  
FRANCISCO?

OH FOR A LONG TIME  
PADRE I THINK YOYO  
WAST HAVE FINALLY GOTTEN  
WISE OR MAYBE HE JUST  
BLUNDERED INTO IT

IF THE PRIEST WAS HAVING TROUBLE STRUCTURING THE DAY'S EVENTS, ROSAS COULD SEE THEM WITH CLARITY. RITA HAD KNOWN THAT ON SATURDAY HER HUSBAND WOULD BE KEPT BUSY IN THE FIELDS AND DOWN AT THE CORRAL, WHEN THE CATTLE ARRIVED.

SHE HAD INVITED HER LOVER HERE, RATHER THAN MEETING HIM AT THE CREEK AS SHE USUALLY DID.

THEY WERE ENGAGED IN SEX, THE LITTLE GIRL PLAYING ON THE FLOOR BESIDE THEM.



BUT YOYO UNEXPECTEDLY CAME HOME; IF CASI'S BODY WERE ROLLED OVER, DOUBTLESS HIS GENITALS WOULD BE MISSING.

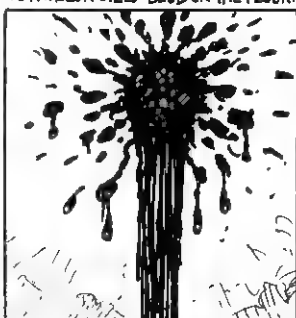
THEN HE HEMMED HIS UNFAITHFUL WIFE IN THE CORNER AND CURSED HER FOR A WHORE.



SHE HAD LIED AND IT SENT YOYO INTO A RAGE. HE WAS LIKE THAT, TOO JEALOUS; TOO PROUD TO LET IT GO BY.

CISCO NOTICED THE BLOODY SPLATTER ON THE FAR WALL, TRICKLING DOWN TO A MELON-SIZED BLOB ON THE FLOOR.

SO YOYO HAD RIPPED THE UNBORN CHILD FROM RITA'S WOMB AND FLUNG IT ACROSS THE ROOM. THEN HED DONE THE REST.



A DREADFUL THING BUT THE OLD SUPER HAD SEEN IT BEFORE; PAJALACHES WERE LIKE THAT, MEAN AND VICIOUS WHEN RILED.



FRAY CAMARENA WAS STILL STRUGGLING WITH THE REALIZATION THAT IT WAS NOT YOYO LYING DEAD ON THE FLOOR.



ROJAS SHRUGGED. HE KNEW THAT YOU DID NOT MESS IN ANOTHER MAN'S DOMESTIC AFFAIRS. IT WAS NOT THE INDIAN WAY. NO, THE FISCAL'S WRETCHED LOVE LIFE WAS NOT HIS PROBLEM.



BUT OF COURSE THE REVEREND FATHER DIDN'T THINK ABOUT IT IN A REASONABLE WAY HE ACTED LIKE EVERYONE'S BUSINESS AT THE MISSION WAS HIS BUSINESS TOO, ESPECIALLY THEIR MORALS.



THE PRIEST WAS OVERWHELMED TO THINK THAT, ALL THIS TIME, HE'D BEEN OBLIVIOUS TO THE DARK. SINISTER URGES INSIDE HIS HAND-PICKED REPRESENTATIVE, YOYO PINTADO.



OUTSIDE THE FISCAL'S DOOR NO ONE HAD LEFT, DETAILS OF THE MACABRE SPECTACLE SPREAD LIKE WILDFIRE.



IT WASN'T TH' FIRST TIME...

..DOWN BY THE CREEK..

HE HAD IT COMING..

AND THE HARLOT AS WELL...

JUST AS HE'D FIGURED: THAT CHICKENSHIT FISCAL HAD PULLED SOME KIND OF STUNT TO ECLIPSE HIS ONE DAY OF GLORY!



I SAW HIM HEAD FOR THAT GATE, WAVIN' A BLOODY KNIFE!

HE'S LONG GONE, YOUR GRACE. YOU'LL NEVER CATCH HIM!

HIS COWS PENNED, PLACIDO GUTIERREZ STROLLED OVER JUST IN TIME TO SEE ROJAS AND THE PRIEST EMERGE FROM YOYO'S HUT.



WHERE IS THE FISCAL PINTADO?

PLACIDO COULD CATCH HIM, PROBABLY THE ONLY MAN AT THE MISSION THAT COULD. BUT HE DIDN'T WANT TO GO OUT AND ROPE SOME CRAZY PAJALACHE WITH A FETISH FOR BUTCHER KNIVES.



..RODE OFF ON A PAINT HORSE..

NO, PLACIDO GUTIERREZ COULD THINK OF MORE PLEASANT WAYS TO SPEND THE EVENING. HE MELTED INTO THE SHADOWS ALONG THE WALL LEST FATHER CAMARENA SHOULD NOTICE HIM...



# POSSUM ON A STICK



TIME WAS WHEN A PATALACHE COULD RUN FOR DAYS WITHOUT END. BUT THAT WAS BEFORE THE TRIBE GAVE UP THE CHASE AND ACCEPTED MISSION LIFE, BEFORE THEY ALLOWED THEIR BODIES TO BECOME SO SOFT.

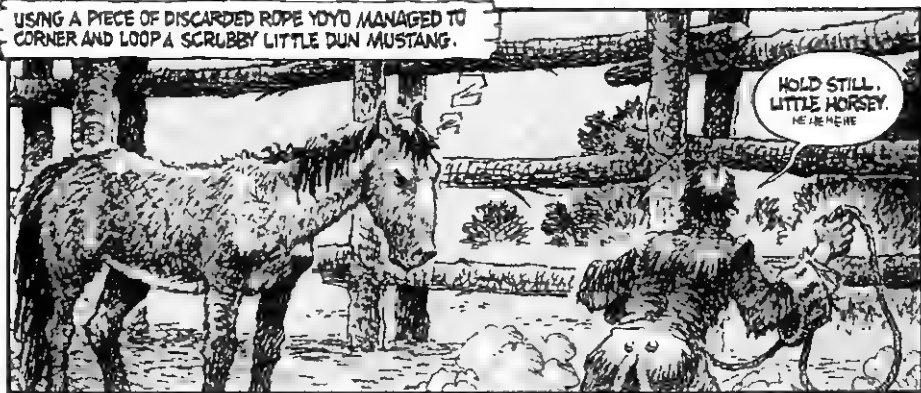
THUS YOYO PINTADO WAS ALREADY DEAD TIRED WHEN HE REACHED THE CIBOLO. HE KNEW HE'D NEVER MAKE IT TO THE COAST ON FOOT. NO, HE'D GOTTEN TOO SOFT; HIS ONLY CHANCE FOR ESCAPE WAS DOWN IN THAT SPANISH CORRAL.

HE WISHED THAT HE KNEW MORE ABOUT HORSES, HOW TO PICK A GOOD ONE FROM THOSE THAT WEREN'T SO GOOD.

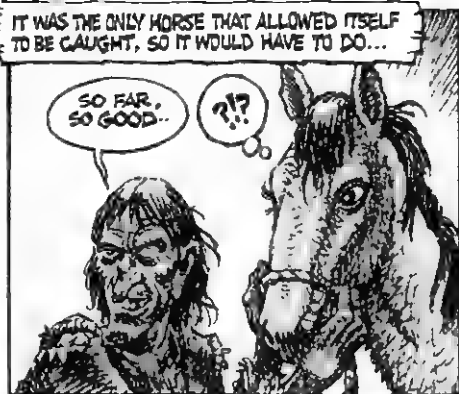
BUT HE DIDN'T. AT ESPADA THE TACAMES WERE THE HORSEY SET. HIS PEOPLE MOSTLY DUG DITCHES + PICKED COTTON.



USING A PIECE OF DISCARDED ROPE YOYO MANAGED TO  
CORNER AND LOOP A SCRUBBY LITTLE DUN MUSTANG.



IT WAS THE ONLY HORSE THAT ALLOWED ITSELF  
TO BE CAUGHT, SO IT WOULD HAVE TO DO...



JUST AS YOYO FOUND THE CORRAL GATE, A DOG  
STARTED BARKING UP AT THE RANCH HOUSE.



HE FUMBLING WITH THE POLES;  
THE BARKING INTENSIFIED.



BARELY HAD HE FLUNG HIMSELF UPON  
THE DOG'S BACK THAN THE MUTT  
SPRANG AT HIS LEG, SNARLING SAVAGELY.



SOFT FEET GLIDED TO-  
WARD HIM IN THE DARK.





INSIDE THE HOUSE DIEGO GORTARI HAD BEEN HALF LISTENING TO JOSEFA'S TOUGH OLD PET DOG. YELLER WAS ALWAYS BARKING AT SOME KIND OF FARMIN' ALL DURING THE NIGHT.



BUT THEN THE BARKING HEADED TOWARD THE CORRAL LOUDER AS IF WENT. MIGHT BE THAT PANTHER. COME BACK AGAIN FOR THE FOAL.



DIEGO ONLY HAD TIME TO LEVEL HIS GUN AT THE SOUND OF HOOFES BEARING DOWN ON HIM.



IT WAS HIS FAVORITE SADDLE HORSE, "SLEEPY," WITH A RIDER CROUCHING LOW ON HIS NECK.



AS SLEEPY ROARED BY, DIEGO CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF PANTALOONS AND COATTAILS FLAPPING.



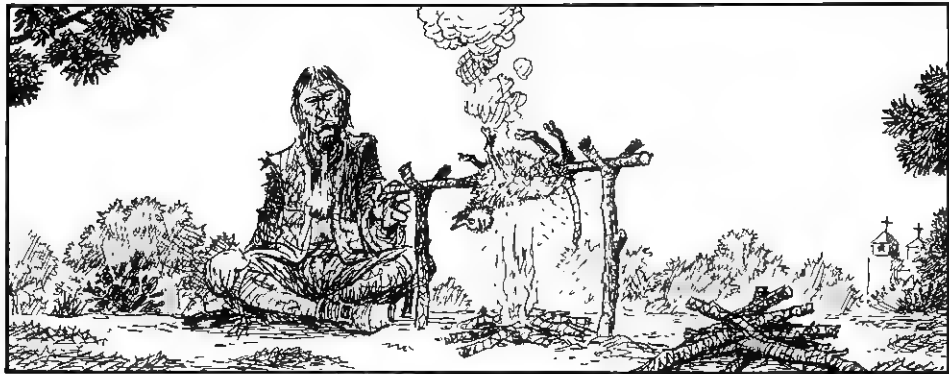
OUT OF FRUSTRATION HE FIRED HIS SHOTGUN INTO THE AIR ABOVE THE BOLD LADRON.



THE BOOM AND DIEGO'S CURSES BROUGHT THE WIDOW GUERRA'S HOUSE TO LIFE.

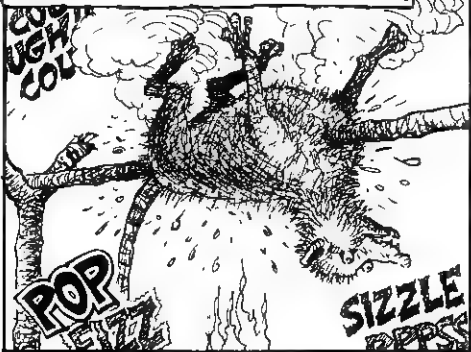


FOUR DAYS LATER YOYO PINTADO SAT ROASTING A POSSUM IN A MESQUITE THICKET NEAR THE DEFUNCT MISSION ROSARIO.



HED JUST HAD HIS FIRST GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP SINCE THIS MAD ADVENTURE BEGAN. THE HUTS AT ROSARIO WERE MUCH LIKE ESPADAS, BUT IT WAS TOO RISKY THERE IN THE DAYTIME.

A GOOD REST AND NOW A GOOD MEAL; THINGS WERE BEGINNING TO GO RIGHT FOR HIM AT LAST.

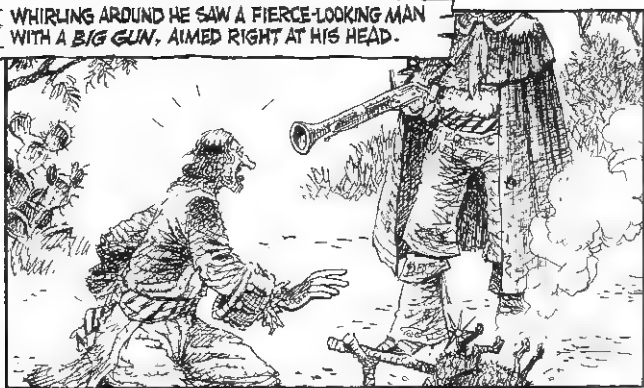


HE WONDERED HOW LONG HED HAVE TO KEEP HIDING IN THE BUSHES BEFORE SOME APOSTATE INDIAN HAPPENED BY. NOT LONG, HE HOPED. THIS WAS DEFINITELY NOT THE GOOD LIFE HED COME ALL THE WAY DOWN HERE TO FIND.

JUST AS YOYO WAS READY TO TAKE HIS BREAKFAST OFF THE SMOLDERING FIRE HE HEARD AN OMINOUS NOISE BEHIND HIM.



WHIRLING AROUND HE SAW A FIERCE-LOOKING MAN WITH A BIG GUN, AIMED RIGHT AT HIS HEAD.



SO YOU'RE NOT A SPANIARD AFTER ALL, JUST SOME DAMNED INDIAN. DO YOU SPEAK THE KING'S TONGUE, ROGUE?



OOH SEÑOR, PLEASE DON'T SHOOT ME. I AM A CHRISTIAN, A GOOD INDIAN...



DIEGO NODDED TO HIS DUN MUSTANG TIED IN THE THICKET.



NOT VERY GOOD AT STEALING SPANISH HORSES THO' ARE YOU? THAT ONE OVER THERE IS MINE!

YUYO'S EYES WIDENED IN TERROR. IT WAS USELESS TO TRY AND BULLSHIT HIS WAY OUT OF THIS MESS.

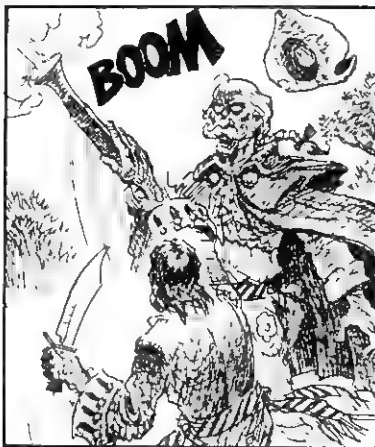
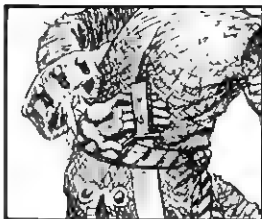


IN THE NAME OF THE BLESSED SAVIOR, LET ME EAT BEFORE YOU TAKE ME IN. LOOK, THERE'S MY MEAT ON THE FIRE...

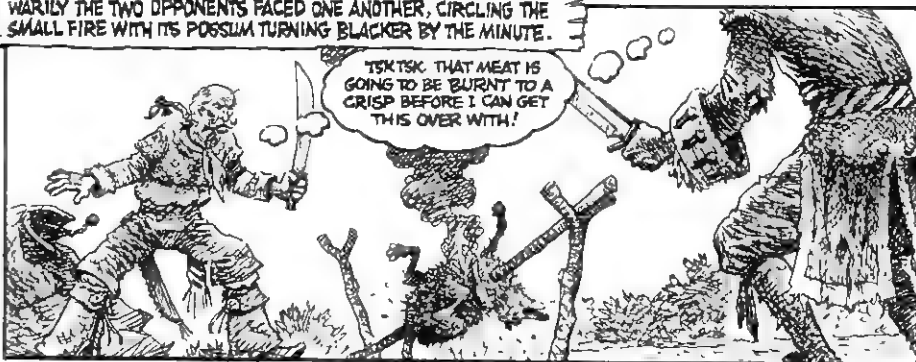




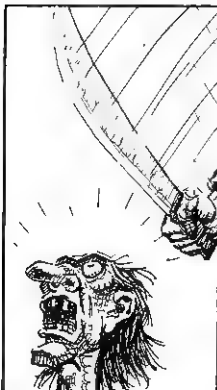
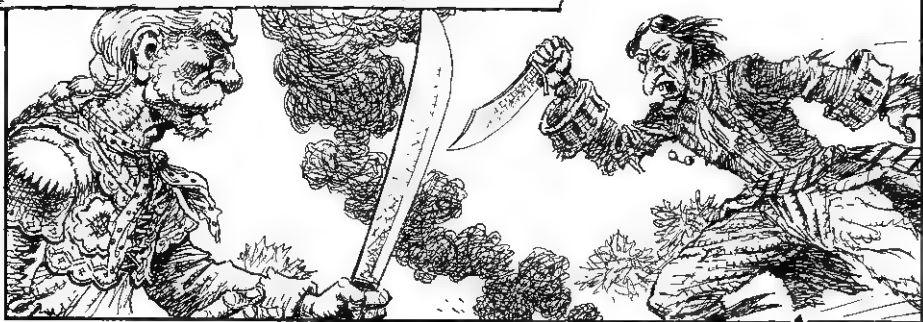
THE SCOUT GLANCED PAST HIS WORTHIEF, ROASTED POSSUM. HE'D SMELLED IT CREEPING UP THROUGH THE BRUSH... A REAL SHAME TO LET SUCH A DELICACY GO TO WASTE...



WARILY THE TWO OPPONENTS FACED ONE ANOTHER, CIRCLING THE SMALL FIRE WITH ITS POSSUM TURNING BLACKER BY THE MINUTE.



SINCE IT WAS YOYO'S POSSUM HE MOVED FIRST. HASTY OF HIM...



BUT DIEGO WAS ALSO HASTY. INSTEAD OF SPLITTING YOYO'S HEAD LIKE A MELON, THE SCOUT'S MACHETE GLANCED OFF HIS THICK SKULL, MERELY CLEAVING AN EAR.



YOYO GINGERLY PICKED HIS EAR OUT OF THE DIRT AND, CHILD-LIKE, TRIED TO STICK IT BACK ON HIS HEAD.



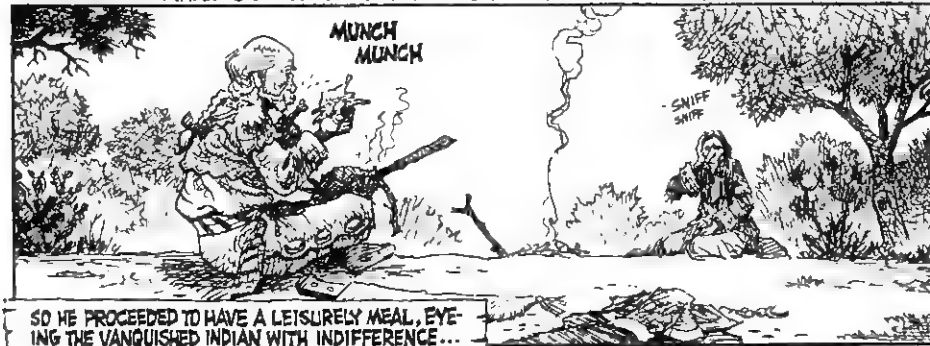
EACH TIME IT PLOPPED TO THE GROUND HE HOWLED ANEW.



THE OLD SCOUT SQUATTED, PICKED UP THE SMOKING POSSUM, AND SCRAPED AWAY THE CHARRED FLESH.



HAD DIEGO GORTARI KNOWN OF YOYO'S MONSTROUS DOINGS BACK AT MISSION ESPADA, DOUBTLESS HE WOULD HAVE FINISHED HIM OFF RIGHT THERE IN THE BRUSH. BUT DIEGO HAD ACCOMPLISHED HIS OBJECTIVES: HIS BELOVED MUSTANG WAS BACK SAFE AND SOUND, THE CULPRIT SAT HUMBLING IN THE DUST AT HIS FEET, AND BREAKFAST WAS READY.



SO HE PROCEEDED TO HAVE A LEISURELY MEAL, EYING THE VANQUISHED INDIAN WITH INDIFFERENCE...



HOW COME YOU PICKED MY HORSE TO STEAL? OF ALL THE HORSES IN TEXAS, WHY DID YOU TAKE MY SLEEPY?

TELL ME THAT, LADRON.

THE SCOUT GRINNED AND WAITED FOR AN ANSWER. HE WAS IN NO HURRY.

A black and white illustration of a man with a distressed expression, sweating and holding his hand to his face. The man has long, dark hair and a mustache. He is looking down with a pained or worried expression, and his hand is raised to his forehead. There are several sweat droplets visible on his face and around his head. The style is a detailed line drawing with cross-hatching for shading.



DIEGO REPLIED GOOD NATUREDLY...

YES, IT IS A TERRIBLE THING TO LOSE LOVED ONES. AND NOW YOU HAVE LOST AN EAR AS WELL..

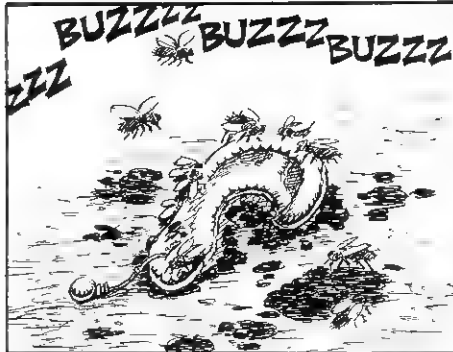
BUT AT LEAST YOU STILL POSSESS YOUR WORTHLESS LIFE. BE THANKFUL FOR THE SMALL THINGS IN THIS WORLD, LADRON.

YOYO WAS DISCONSOLATE. HE KNEW IT WAS NO GOOD TRYING TO ESCAPE. THE COUNTRY WAS TOO OPEN AROUND HERE; IF HE RAN, THIS RUDE FELLOW WOULD ONLY FIND HIM AND HUMILIATE HIM FURTHER.

ISN'T THAT RIGHT? HAH  
HAHAHAHA

HE STARED FORLORNLY AT HIS EAR. FLIES WERE ON IT AND THE BLOOD WAS STARTING TO CAKE.

THE SCENE IN HIS HOUSE CAME BACK TO HIM—THE MUTILATED BODIES, ALL THE GORE. YOYO TRIED TO SORT THINGS OUT BUT DIDN'T KNOW WHERE TO BEGIN.



**YIKES!** THINGS WERE  
BRUTAL IN THE AMERICAN WEST  
BEFORE THE GUYS IN WHITE HATS  
ARRIVED! INDIANS. SPANIARDS—HACK-  
ING AWAY AT ONE ANOTHER. LET'S REVISIT  
THE PLACE AFTER FOLKS BECAME...UH,  
MORE SOPHISTICATED AND TURNED  
GENOCIDE INTO A FINE ART!!

HE HE



# THE COLT REVOLVER

and the  
TEXAS RANGERS

TEXAS DURING ITS DECADE AS A REPUBLIC WAS BESET BY MEXICAN INVASIONS AND CONSTANT INDIAN TROUBLE. RANGING COMPANIES WERE AUTHORIZED TO PROTECT THE SETTLEMENTS AND ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS WAS LED BY A YOUNG TENNESSEAN, JOHN COFFEE "JACK" HAYS.

Which is the renowned Jack Hays, implacable foe of ornery Mexican and pesky Redskin?



THE ONLY REAL WAY TO FIGHT THE INDIANS WAS FROM HORSEBACK, BUT WHEN IT CAME TO MOUNTED WARFARE, NO ONE WAS SUPERIOR TO THE WILD COMANCHES.



THE TEXANS' MUZZLE LOADERS WERE CLUMSY AFFAIRS AND COULDN'T BE FIRED EFFECTIVELY OR RELOADED AT A GALLOP.



THIS MEANT THE RANGERS HAD TO DISMOUNT AND FIRE ONE VOLLEY, AFTER WHICH THE CIRCLING INDIANS SWOOPED IN TO ATTACK WHILE THE TEXANS WERE DESPERATELY TRYING TO RELOAD.



AS LONG AS THIS SITUATION EXISTED, THE RANGERS WERE COMPELLED TO WAGE A STRICTLY DEFENSIVE WAR AND COULDN'T DO MUCH DAMAGE TO THE HARD-RIDING COMANCHES.



OUCH  
@A!!!

You fellers need  
to try some modern  
weapons—BOWS N  
ARROWS!

All this changed in 1839 when a youthful Swedish trader named Svante M. Swenson carried back to Texas with him a dozen new fangled pistols obtained from the New York agent of a young inventor named Samuel Colt.



THESE THINGS  
OUGHTA SELL LIKE  
HOTCAKES..

That same year another Colt booster visited the Republic of Texas, this one with friends in high places. He was John Fuller, an old acquaintance of the republic's new militaristic poet president, Mirabeau B. Lamar.



If chaste Texas but had an Arme  
to give the fiendish foe a whack,  
from heaving bosom now aswarm  
WE'D DRIVE TH' BASTARDS  
BACK!

MY SENTIMENTS  
EXACTLY  
I'LL DRINK TO  
THAT

Fuller showed the 5-shooters to President Lamar, hoping to drum up a little business for the starving inventor.



FIVE SHOTS! Hmum  
NOW THAT'S A CONCEPT  
WHOSE TIME HAS COME.

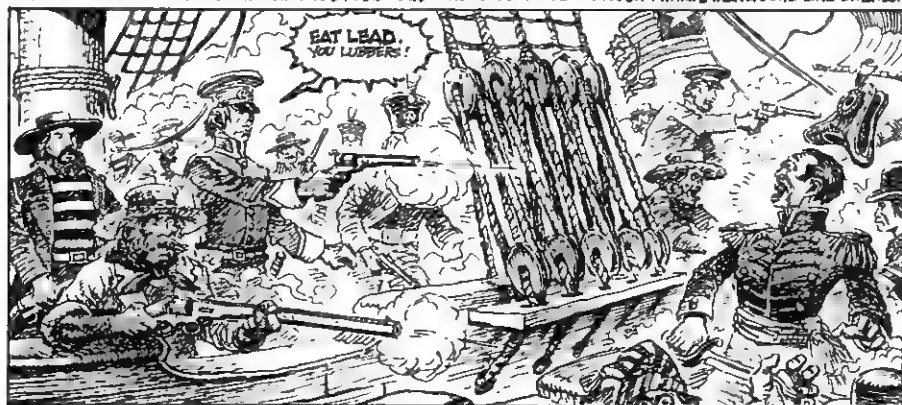
Lamar sent Hays two of the revolvers as a gift and the intrepid ranger was quick to see their merits.



BOYS, THIS IS  
WHAT WE'VE BEEN  
WAITING FOR.



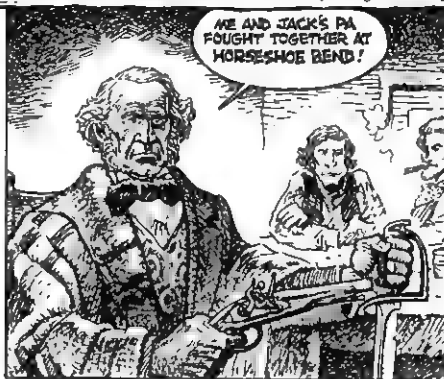
BUT CAPTAIN HAYS WAS TO BE FRUSTRATED IN HIS ATTEMPT TO GET COLTS FOR HIS RANGERS. THE FIRST ORDER OF 100 PISTOLS WENT TO LAMAR'S BRASH NEW NAVY AND HAYS' ONLY SUPPLY WAS THROUGH PRIVATE MERCHANTS LIKE SWENSON.



SOME UNITS OF THE REGULAR ARMY WERE ALSO EQUIPPED WITH THE PATERSON COLT, OR "TEXAS MODEL". THESE ESTEEMED WEAPONS WERE ALWAYS DESTROYED BEFORE ALLOWING THE ENEMY TO CAPTURE THEM.



Then Sam Houston became president for the second time. With Lamar's wild expansionistic schemes put to rest, the needs of Hays' frontier Rangers were finally recognized.



On New Year's Day, 1844, Houston met with Jack Hays and released to him 227 pistols, formerly used by the Navy.



THAT SPRING HAYS GOT HIS CHANCE. IN THE PEDERNALES HILLS HE ASTOUNDED A COMANCHE WARPARTY, LONG ACCUSTOMED TO A FOE WITH ONLY ONE ROUND OF FIREPOWER.



THIS BATTLE MARKED A TURNING POINT IN INDIAN WARFARE ON THE FRONTIER. FOR THE FIRST TIME THE TEXANS HELD THE ADVANTAGE IN A RUNNING FIGHT.

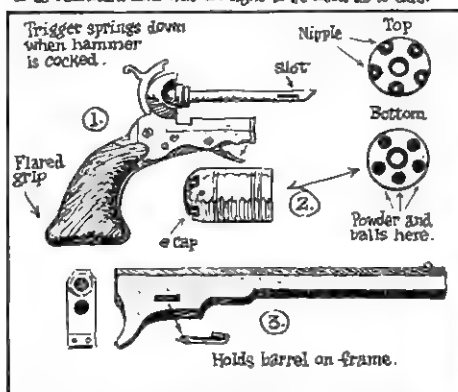


BEFORE LONG, THE COMANCHES CAME TO FEAR THE MEN "WITH A SHOT FOR EACH FINGER" AND THEIR POWER BEGAN TO STEADILY DECLINE.



Despite its advantages the Paterson Colt had some problems. It had to be broken down into three parts to be reloaded and was too light to be used as a club.

So Hays and another young Ranger, Samuel Walker, worked on some improvements to make the weapon more suited to the needs of mounted fighting men.



When the Mexican War commenced, the Rangers signed on as a special regiment of mounted volunteers. They served General Taylor's army as scouts, skirmishers, and couriers, carrying their Colts with them.



After the surrender of Monterrey, Walker went to see Colt in New York with a whitened model of what the Rangers wanted, based on their own experience.

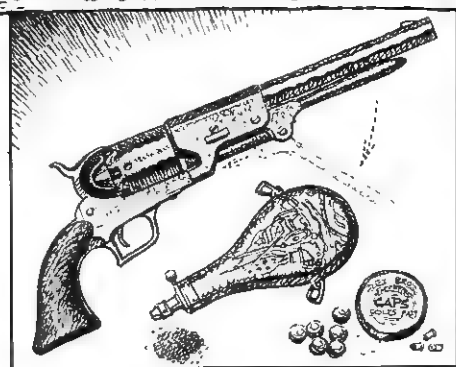
Colt's 5-shooter had met with little success, apart from its popularity in Texas. He was bankrupt and had difficulty even locating one of his No. 5 prototypes.



NEVERTHELESS, THE 32 YEAR OLD INVENTOR ENTHUSIASTICALLY SET ABOUT TO PRODUCE A REVISED VERSION AND FILL THE ORDER FOR A THOUSAND PISTOLS THAT WALKER HAD BROUGHT FROM TEXAS.



What he came up with was an awesome weapon—six shots instead of five, .44 instead of .36 caliber, a lever which permitted reloading without tearing down the gun, a trigger guard, and a hefty weight of 4½ pounds.



He named it the WALKER COLT, in honor of the dashing young war hero who had helped him improve his design—and convince the U.S. Army to buy it!



BY THE TIME THESE PISTOLS WERE DELIVERED, THE THEATRE OF WAR HAD MOVED TO VERA CRUZ... ALL THE TEXAN VOLUNTEERS UNDER COL. KAY'S WERE EQUIPPED WITH TWO OF THE NEW 6-SHOOTERS.





THEY PROVED THEIR WORTH IN THE HANDS OF "LOS DIABLOS TEJANOS" AND CAPT. WALKER WAS ARMED WITH A SPECIAL PRESENTATION BRACE WHEN HE FELL IN THE STORMING OF HUAMANTLA, OCT. 9, 1847.



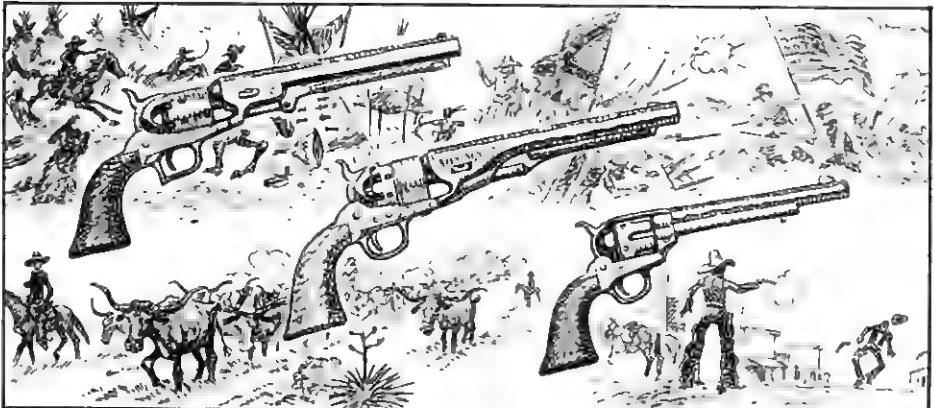
SEVERAL LATER MODELS, THE NAVY COLT AND THE COLT DRAGOON, HAD CYLINDER ENGRAVINGS COMMEMORATING EXPLOITS OF THE TEXAS NAVY AND THE BRAVE RANGERS.



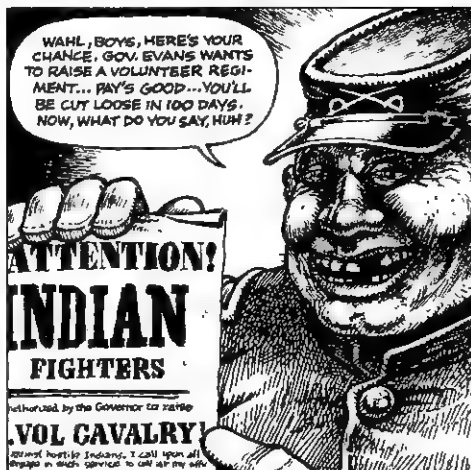
COLT'S PATENT NO.



Thus the 6-shooter went on to take its place in the winning of the West. Samuel Colt never forgot the Texans for their help in proving his firearm. He wrote, "TEXAS has done more for me and my armes than all the country..."



**PROLOGUE: EARLY MORNING IN A DENVER SALOON FINDS TWO CITIZENS SERIOUSLY HUNG OVER.**





**'NITS  
MAKE  
LICE'**

IT'S COLD AND BLEAK ON THE PLAINS THIS NOVEMBER OF 1864 AS THE 3<sup>RD</sup> REG. OF COLORADO VOLUNTEERS MAKES ITS WAY TO SNOWBOUND FT. LYON.

*Jaxon 75*

SO COLD THAT SLUG AFTER SLUG OF CHEAP WHISKEY FAILS TO WARM THEIR INNARDS.



YES IT'S **COLD**, BUT NOT COLD ENOUGH TO FREEZE THE AMBITIONS OF THE BEAR-LIKE EX-METHODIST PREACHER THAT LEADS THIS MOTLEY CREW, BECAUSE TIME IS RUNNING OUT FOR COL. J.M. CHIVINGTON, AND HE IS NOT A MAN TO LET OPPORTUNITY SLIP BY.

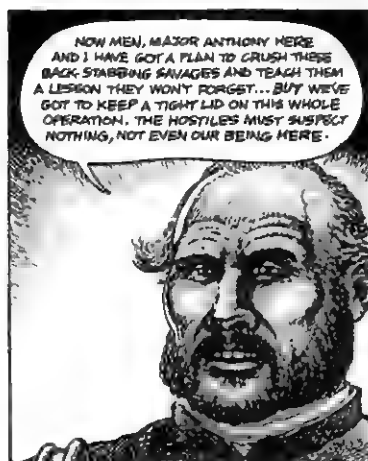
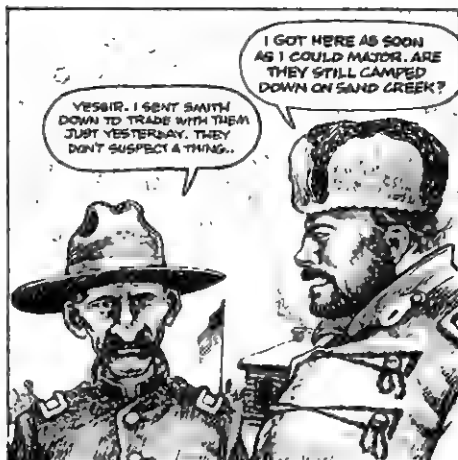


**CHIVINGTON!** THE MAN WHO, DISDAINING A "PRAYING COMMISSION", BLOCKED THE WAY TO THE REBS IN NEW MEXICO AND RETURNED TO DENVER A CONQUERING HERO.

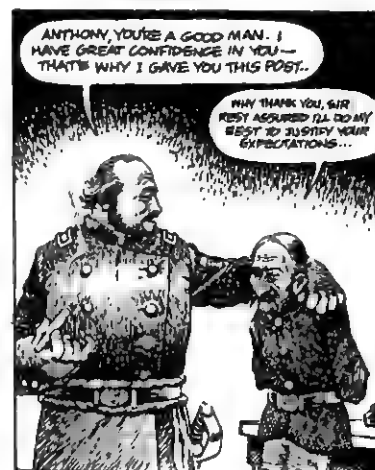
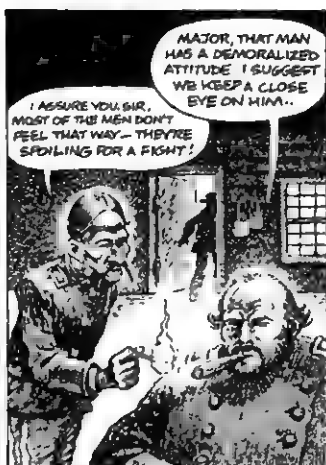
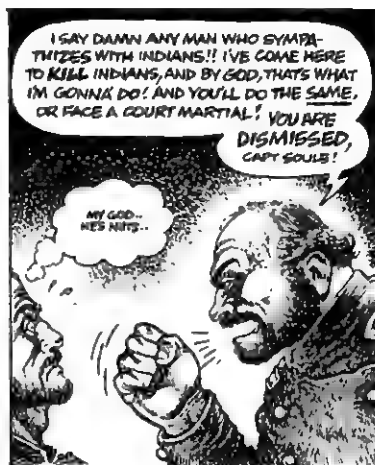


A MAN WHO WILL STOP AT NOTHING TO BOLSTER HIS FAL-  
LING POLITICAL STOCK, AND AS EVERYBODY IN THE COLO-  
RADO TERRITORY KNOWS, THERE'S NO WAY TO DO THAT  
LIKE **KILLING INDIANS**.









AS THE GREY WINTER DAWN BREAKS OVER SAND CREEK, THE CHEYENNES REST SNUGLY IN THEIR ROBES, CONFIDENT OF THEIR ABSOLUTE SAFETY.



HOOVES DRUMMING ON THE SAND FLATS WAS THE ONLY WARNING OF SOMETHING AMISS..



AS THE ALARM GOES OUT, BRAVES STUMBLE, HALF DRESSED, FROM THEIR WARM BEDS..



THE TRADER, GREY BLANKET SMITH, AND HIS MILITARY ESCORT FROM FT. LION ARE AS ASTOUNDED AS THE INDIANS AT THE SIGHT THAT GREETS THEIR SLEEP-BERUDDLED EYES.



REALIZING THE TROOPERS' DEADLY INTENT, SMITH AND LT. LOUDERBACK TURN AND BOLT FOR THEIR TENT.



THE SOLDIERS CHARGE AND THE CHEYENNES SCATTER, LIKE A COVEY OF FRIGHTENED QUAIL.



BLACK KETTLE, ALARMED BUT STILL TRUSTING, TRIES TO CALM HIS PEOPLE AND GATHER THEM TOGETHER...



..UNDER HIS HUGE AMERICAN FLAG, A GIFT FROM GREAT FATHER LINCOLN.



AS BULLETS GOUGE INTO THE HUDDLED MASS AROUND BLACK KETTLE'S LODGE, WHITE ANTSLOPE SINGS HIS DEATH SONG..



..UNTIL A SHOT ENDS HIS LIFE.



THEN THE CARNAGE BEGINS...







...AND RENDERED UP GRISLY MEMENTOS TO THE  
VALOR OF THE THIRD COLORADO VOLUNTEERS.



SOME SOLDIERS, LIKE CAPT. SOULE, POWERLESS TO  
STOP THE BUTCHERY, WANDER ABOUT IN A DAZE...



...UNABLE TO BELIEVE THE INHUMANITY THAT ASSAULTS THEIR SENSES.



SAD DAY THIS, WARRIORS OF THE CHEYENNE,  
FOR YOU TO BE AWAY, HUNTING THE BUFFALO.



.. AS THE SCALPING KNIVES REAP THEIR GRIM HARVEST  
AMONG YOUR ELDERS, YOUR WOMEN, YOUR CHILDREN...



.. AS YOUR PONY HERDS ARE ROUNDED  
UP TO SERVE NEW MASTERS...



.. AS YOUR ROBES, PELTS AND OTHER THINGS OF VALUE  
TO THE WHITEMAN ARE PILED HIGH BY GREEDY HANDS..



.. AND THE REST CONSIGNED TO FLAMES.



EXULTING IN THE GORE, J.M. CHIVINGTON SPINS POLITICAL  
DREAMS, ALREADY IN HIS MIND RECEIVING THE ACCOLADES  
OF A GRATEFUL CONSTITUENCY BACK IN DENVER.



CONGRESSMAN, HELL,  
THIS COULD MAKE ME  
GOVERNOR!

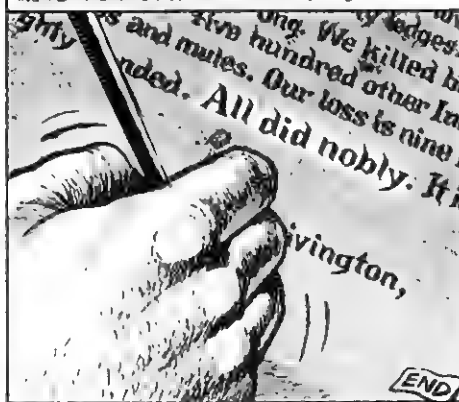


EXCUSE ME, SIR,  
BUT COMPANY C JUST  
BROUGHT IN A BATCH  
OF PRISONERS -



PRISONERS ???!  
DONT BOTHER ME WITH CRAP  
S&T. WE'RE NOT TAKING PRISON-  
ERS - BIG OR LITTLE. DONT YOU  
KNOW THAT HITS MAKE LICE?

VAGUELY ANNOYED AT THE STUPIDITY OF SERGEANTS CHIVINGTON  
RETURNS TO HIS REPORT, TOTALLY OBVIOUS TO THE SCREAM-  
ING ABRUPTLY SILENCED BY A VOLLEY OF SHOTS.



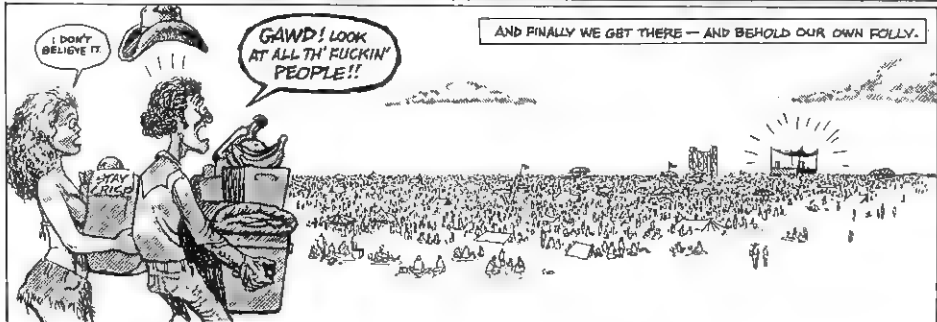
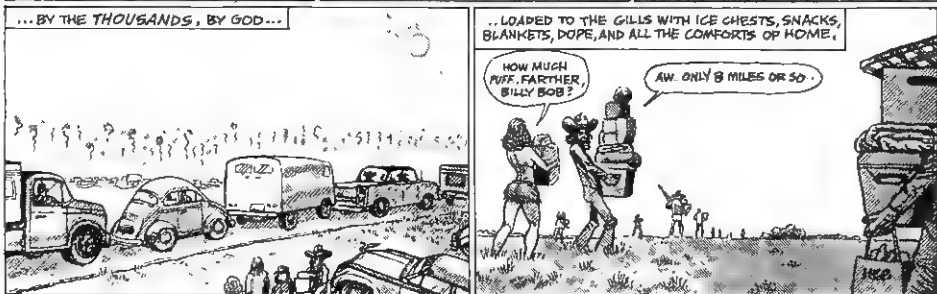
... We killed ...  
... and mules. Our loss is nine ...  
... All did nobly. It ...  
... Chivington,

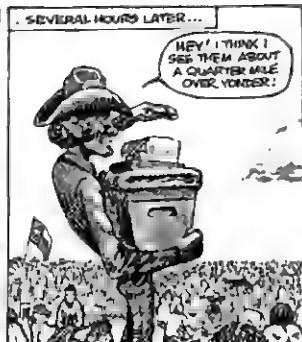
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# YOU GOTTA HAVE A LOTTA SOUL..

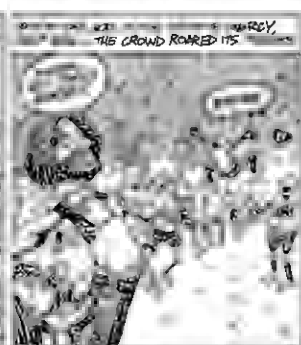
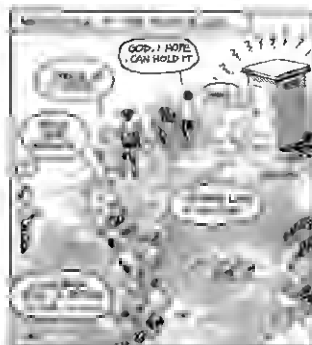
## TO ATTEND A WILLIE NELSON 4<sup>th</sup> OF JULY PICNIC!

EVERYBODY LOVES A PICNIC, RIGHT? ESPECIALLY WHEN IT'S GOT COLD BEER, B-B-Q, FIREWORKS, MUSIC, AND LOTS OF OTHER NEAT THINGS GETTIN' IT ON TEXAS-STYLE. WELL, HERE'S HOW IT WENT AT THE 3<sup>rd</sup> ANNUAL BLAST OUT AT LIBERTY HILL...









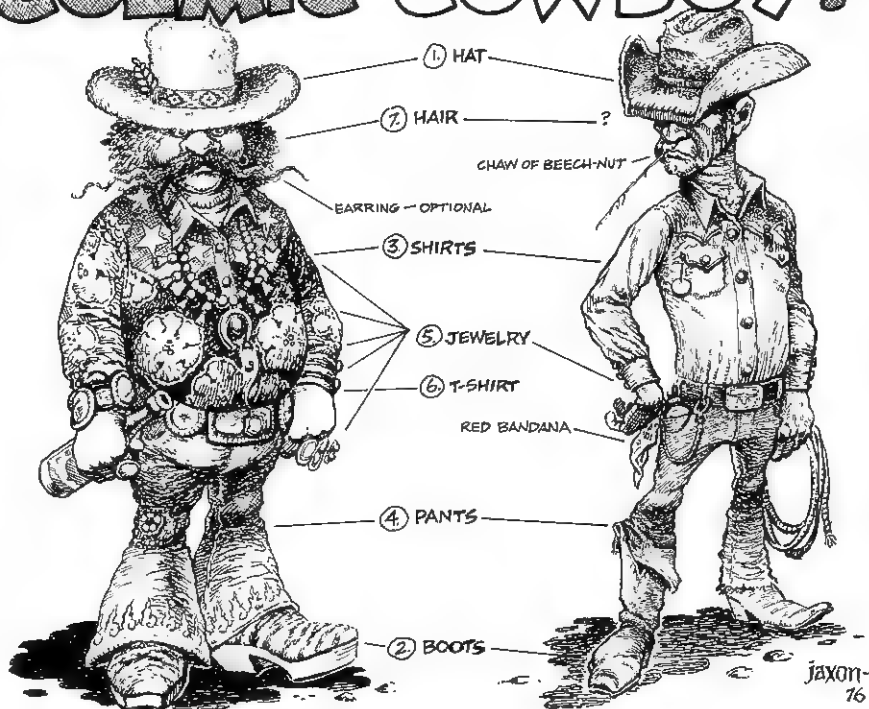
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# GREAT MOMENTS IN AUSTIN MUSIC AT HOUSTON PRICES: R&B STAR PUTS IT TO HIS LOYAL FANS AT \$10 A WHACK



**HANDY GUIDE FOR OUT-OF-STATERS** ~ IF YOU'RE ONE OF THOSE COUNTLESS RECENT ARRIVALS TO THE ROMANTIC LONE STAR STATE, DOUBTLESS YOU'LL WANT TO VIEW THE GLAMOROUS COSMIC COWBOY CLOSE UP IN HIS NATIVE HABITAT. **BEWARE!** YOU COULD MAKE THE FATAL SOCIAL BLUNDER OF MISTAKING THIS NEW, RELATIVELY HARMLESS SUB-SPECIES FOR THE REAL THING ~ THE GENUINE BAD ASS REDNECK TEXAS COWPOKE! THIS COULD LEAD TO SERIOUS CONSEQUENCES FOR YOUR TENDER EGO ~ LIKE A SWIFT KICK IN THE BUTT! SO, TO EASE YOUR CRITICAL TRANSITION FROM THE CROWDED, VIOLENT, SMOG-RIDDEN EASTERN CITIES TO THE PURE, WIDE-OPEN SPACES, WE PROUDLY PRESENT, FOR THE FIRST TIME EVER, A LONG OVERDUE SURVIVAL MANUAL ON HOW TO IDENTIFY THE MUCH-PUBLICIZED BUT STILL MYSTERIOUS

# COSMIC COWBOY!

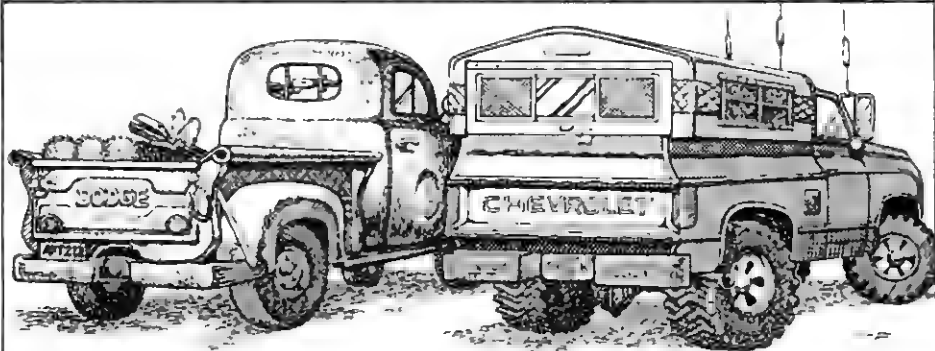


## FIRST, APPAREL & ACCESSORIES:

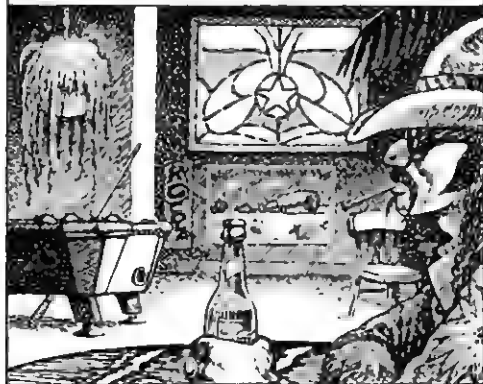
- ① **HATS** ~ THIS IS A TOUGHIE, CAUSE ALL COWBOYS WEAR HATS, EVEN WHEN THEY BATHE! SWEAT AND GRIME-STAINED, PUNKY STRAW HATS ARE THE TRADEMARK OF THE TRUE COWBOY, HIGH ROLLER FELT OR FUZZY JOBS WITH FEATHER BOAS OR RATTLESNAKE BANDS MEAN HE'S COSMIC.
- ② **BOOTS** ~ SCUFFED, CRACKED ACRES USUALLY BELONG TO THE REAL THING. LIZARD, RHINO, HIPPO, OR SNAKE SKIN VARIETIES POINT TO COSMIC TYPES. PLATFORM COWBOY BOOTS ARE A DEAD GIVEAWAY.
- ③ **SHIRTS** ~ SOLID COLORS OR LOW-KEY PATTERNS WITH PEARL SNAPS ARE THE FAVORITE OF THE WORKING CATTLEMAN. COSMIC COWBOYS LIKE LOUD COLORS, OUTRAGEOUS PATTERNS ~ SOME EVEN WITHOUT POCKETS! NO REAL COWBOY WOULD EVER BUY A SHIRT WITHOUT POCKETS. THEY MAY BE DUMB, BUT THEY AIN'T STUPID.
- ④ **PANTS** ~ PANTS INSIDE OF BOOTS, ANOTHER DEAD GIVEAWAY. COSMIC TYPES ARE MUCH TOO FASTIDIOUS FOR THAT SORT OF THING. ALSO CHECK FOR BELLS, BEADS, LEATHER FRINGE OR EMBROIDERED PATCHES. ANY SELF-RESPECTING COWBOY WOULD THROW AWAY RAGGEDY-ASSED JEANS AND BUY NEW ONES.

- ⑤ **JEWELRY** ~ TIMEPIECES: REAL COWPUNCHERS WEAR THE BIG, ROUND JOBS, ATTACHED TO THEIR PANTS BY A CHAIN. IF THEY'RE PROGRESSIVE, THEY MIGHT HAVE A BULOVA OR AN ELGIN WRISTWATCH. COSMIC COWBOYS, ON THE OTHER HAND, HAVE ELABORATE, FOREIGN, COMPUTERIZED, NEVER-WIND-UP JOBS ~ SET AMIDST GAUDY TURQUOISE OR OTHER AUSTINATIOUS STUFF. THEY'RE ALSO FOND OF WEARING NECKLACES ~ PUKA SHELL, HEISHI BEADS, COKE SPOONS, AND PONDEROUS SQUASH BLOSSOM AFFAIRS ~ AS WELL AS COVERING THEIR FINGERS WITH RINGS OF ALL SHAPES, SIZES, AND DEGREES OF BAD TASTE. REAL COWBOYS KEEP IT PRETTY BASIC ~ BELT BUCKLE AND WEDDING BAND.
- ⑥ **T-SHIRTS** ~ IF YOU'RE STILL HAVING TROUBLE DECIDING, ASK TO SEE HIS T-SHIRT. IF IT'S AN ESOTERIC OR PSYCHEDELIC NUMBER, YOU'RE OKAY. IF IT'S NOT, SLOWLY PICK YOURSELF UP AND BACK OFF. HE'S GOT YOU FIGURED FOR A FAG, UNLESS YOU'RE A GIRL...
- ⑦ **HAIR** ~ IF ALL ELSE FAILS, OBSERVE LENGTH OF HAIR... TRUE COWBOYS HAVEN'T LEARNED ABOUT SHAMPOO YET, SO THEY KEEP IT SHORT TO COPE WITH DIRT, GREASE AND SWEAT ~ THINGS COSMIC COWBOYS RARELY COME IN CONTACT WITH.

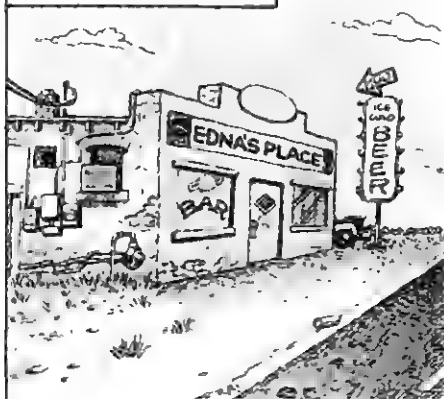
**HABITS:** IF YOU CAN'T SPOT A COSMIC COWBOY FROM THE WAY HE LOOKS, SOMETIMES HIS HABITS AND LIFESTYLE WILL HELP OUT. FOR INSTANCE, HIS **TRUCK**. CLOSE SCRUTINY IS NECESSARY TO PICK OUT THE SUBTLE CLUES. YOU MAY BE FOOLED AT FIRST. LOOK FOR THINGS LIKE TAPE DECKS, CB UNITS, FAT TIRES, GUN RACKS, FENCE BUILDING EQUIPMENT, AND BALES OF HAY.



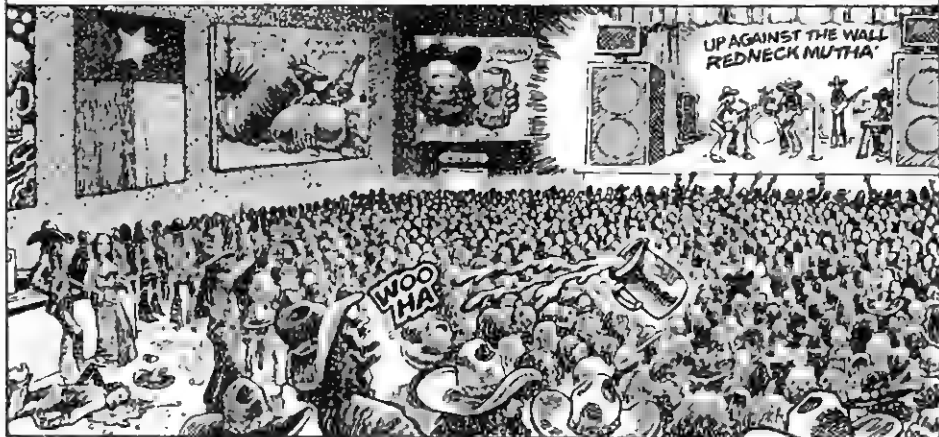
CHECK OUT THEIR **BARs**: COSMIC COWBOYS LIKE BARs WITH HANGING PLANTS, ARMADILLO ART, AND STAINED GLASS. SALVAGED FROM DEMOLISHED TEXAS HISTORICAL LANDMARKS.



REAL COWBOYS DON'T GIVE A SHIT, LONGS AS THE BEER'S COLD.



THE BIG THING, OF COURSE, IS THE MUSIC SCENE. IT'S HERE THAT COSMIC COWBOYS REIGN SUPREME. THEY'RE ON SOLID GROUND NOW FOR SURE, NO DOUBT ABOUT IT. EVERYBODY LONGS 'EM — NASHVILLE FAINS OVER THEM, THE MASS MEDIA DESCENDS. CULT FIGURES ARE ENSHAINED, A SENSE OF DESTINY, OF SACRED PURPOSE IS SPANNED — WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN ???





MEANWHILE, THE TRUE COWBOY TAKES HIS MUSIC WHERE HE CAN GET IT ~ NOT TOO AVANT-GARDE, BUT SOULFUL AS WELL. HE'S STILL GLIDING SOMEWHERE OVER THOSE RUNNY TEXAS DANCEHALL KAWDUST FLOORS, COMBING TO THE RISING AND FALLING STARS ON THE PILGES OF BILLBOARD. AFTER ALL YOU CAN SEE THE REAL THING MOST ANY NIGHT IN THAT BIG TEXAS SKY.



THEIR WOMEN: TEXAS WOMEN ARE TEXAS GOLD, ANY WAY YOU SLICE IT. YANKEE LAD ENJOY POSSIBLE LIES TOO WITH A LITTLE LEARNING ~ BUT THERE'S THOUSANDS OF THEM, AND SO LITTLE TIME.



REAL COWBOYS USUALLY WIND UP MARRYING GIRLS THEY'VE KNOWN ALL THEIR LIFE. NIGHT AS WELL, CAUSE YOU CAN'T SHACK UP IN THE BOARDWALKS WITHOUT THE WHOLE COUNTRY KNOWING ANYWAY.



DRINKING: NO HELP HERE. THEY BOTH DRINK GOD-AWFUL AMOUNTS OF BEER. A CLOSER LOOK, HOWEVER, SOME-TIMES REVEALS THE DIFFERENCE.



ASK IF HE'S GOT ANY ROLLING PAPERS. IF HE HANDS YOU BUGLERS, FORGET IT. MINTHOLATED STRAWBERRY AMERICAN FLAG BICENTENNIAL PAPERS ARE A SAFE BET.



CONSCIOUSNESS EXPANDERS: REAL COWBOYS WILL OFFER YOU A CHAIN OF BEECH-NUT. COSMIC COWBOYS PREFER PEPPERS OR, IF YOU'RE LUCKY, COCAINE AND QUALITIES.



READING MATERIAL: THIS IS A REALLY TOUGH ONE, CAUSE NEITHER KIND OF COWBOY CAN READ. HOWEVER, REAL COWBOYS LIKE TO LOOK AT THE PICTURES IN FARM AND RANCH JOURNAL... WHEREAS COSMIC COWBOYS PREFER THOSE IN THE ROLLING STONE...



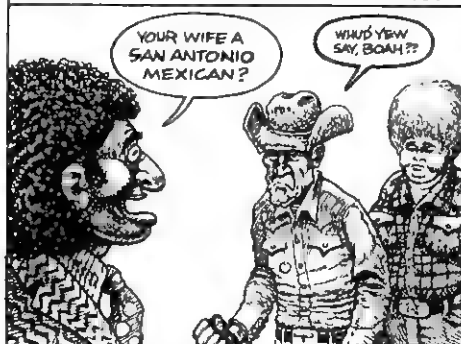
HE LOOKS AT ROLLING STONE BECAUSE HE WANTS TO SEE HIS PICTURE THERE. BUT MOSTLY HE WANTS OTHER PEOPLE TO SEE HIS PICTURE THERE.



IF NATIONAL RECOGNITION OF THE TEXAS SCENE FALTERS, WE SHUDDER TO THINK OF THE MEASURES PERMISSIVE COUNTRY MUSICIANS MIGHT ADOPT TO REGAIN THE SPOTLIGHT ~ THINGS LIKE PROGRESSIVE COUNTRY S+M, REDNECK GLITTER ROCK, NEEDLEFREAK TEXAS SWING, G+W SODOMY.



THINGS TO AVOID: ONCE YOU ARE ABLE TO IDENTIFY THE GENUINE COWBOY, HERE'S SOME THINGS TO AVOID, CAUSE THEY MIGHT MAKE HIM MAD, AND YOU DON'T WANT TO DO THAT... BELIEVE ME. FIRST, TRY TO SHUCK YOUR FOREIGN ACCENT AS SOON AS POSSIBLE. DON'T SAY "SAN AN-TON-IO" ~ IT'S SAN ANTONIO. LIKEWISE, "MEXICAN" ~ IT'S MEXIKIN. FAILURE TO MASTER THESE LINGUISTIC NICETIES WILL MAKE YOU STAND OUT LIKE A SORE EYE.



DON'T TRY TO IMPRESS REAL COWBOYS. THEY'RE NOT EASILY IMPRESSED. SAFER OPENING CONVERSATION DEALS WITH EXISTENTIAL, NITTY-GRITTY MATTERS LIKE THE WEATHER.



BE CAREFUL ABOUT INSULTING REMARKS TO THEIR WOMEN ~ ESPECIALLY WAITRESSES. COWBOYS ARE OVERLY PROTECTIVE OF THIS, THE FINEST EXAMPLE OF TEXAS WOMANHOOD.



NOW THAT ALL YOU VISITIN' FOLKS KNOW THE ROPES, WE'RE SURE YOU'LL WANT TO RUSH RIGHT DOWN AND DECK YOURSELF OUT IN THE PROPER DUDS. HAPPY TRAILS, FUDNER.



Jaxon • END

# the RISE and RAPID DECLINE of *Austin Tacious*

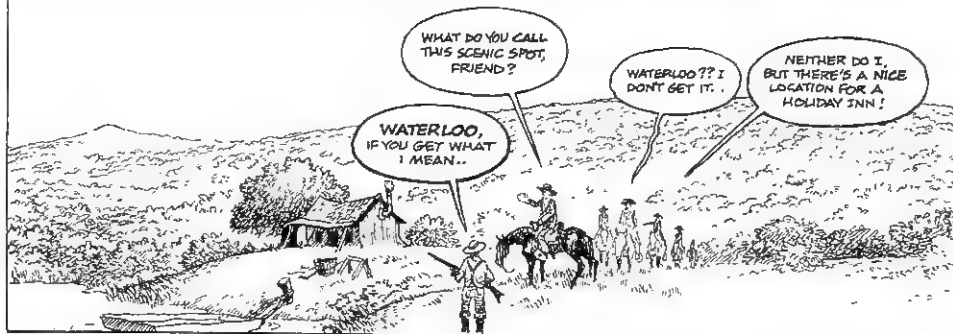
WAY BACK IN 1837 THE CAPITAL OF TEXAS WAS A TENT CITY THROWN UP IN A PESTILENCE-RIDDEN BAYOU AREA BY A.C. ALLEN, A CLEVER REAL ESTATE DEVELOPER FRIEND OF SAM HOUSTON'S.



EVERYBODY HATED IT EXCEPT POSSIBLY ALLEN AND THE MAN IT WAS NAMED AFTER...



WHEN LAMAR BECAME PRESIDENT, HE DIDN'T MUCH CARE TO PRESIDE OVER THE REPUBLIC IN A TOWN NAMED FOR HIS ARCH-ENEMY. HE FOUND A PLACE MORE TO HIS LIKING WHILE HUNTING BUFFALO ON THE COLORADO RIVER, DEEP IN INDIAN TERRITORY.



WHEN SURVEYORS MOVED IN UNDER EDWIN WALLER, THE LOCAL RESIDENTS WERE DISMAYED..



AN EIGHT FOOT STOCKADE WAS ERECTED AROUND THE NEW CAPITOL BUILDING TO KEEP THE PESKY REDSKINS OUT.



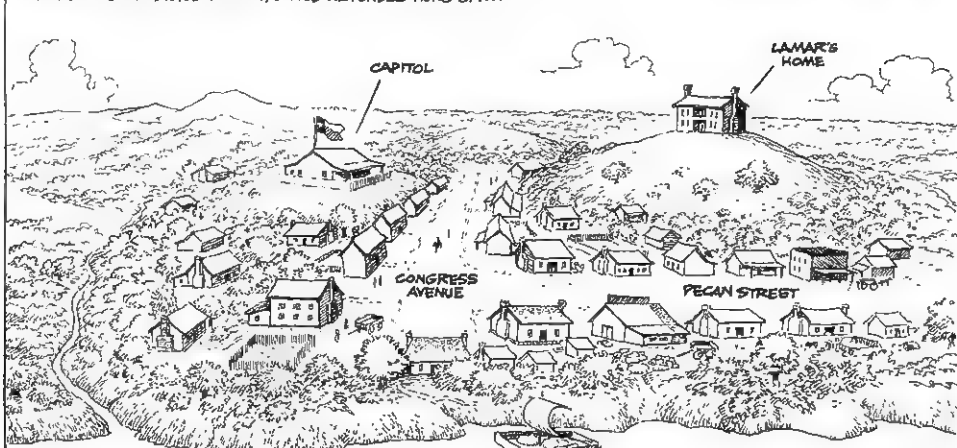
BY 1850 THE POPULATION HAD DWINDLED DOWN FROM A RECORD 856 TO A MERE 629 CITIZENS.



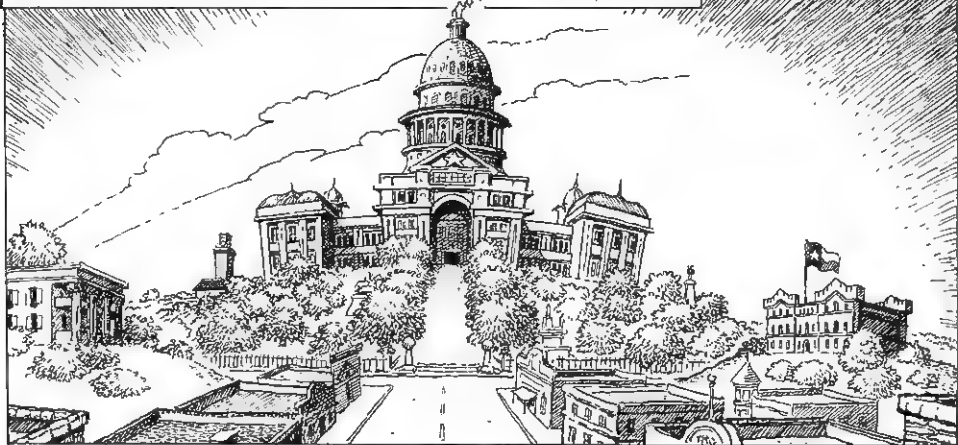
SAM HOUSTON NEVER CARED MUCH FOR THE PLACE AND KEPT TRYING TO MOVE THE CAPITAL SOMEWHERE ELSE.



BUT DESPITE HOUSTON'S ENMITY, LITTLE WATERLOO HUNG ON...



...AND GREW INTO THE GEM OF A CITY WE ALL KNOW AND LOVE — AUSTIN, TACIOUS!



Next: The Beginning of the End.



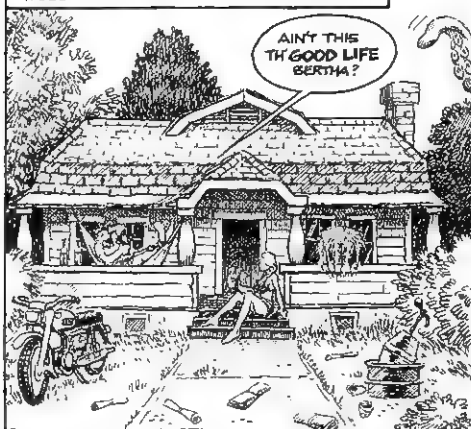
USED TO BE, APPROACHING AUSTIN FROM ANY DIRECTION, TWO AND ONLY TWO MONUMENTS BROKE THE FLAT SKYLINE—ONE DEDICATED TO EDUCATION AND THE OTHER TO POLITICS.



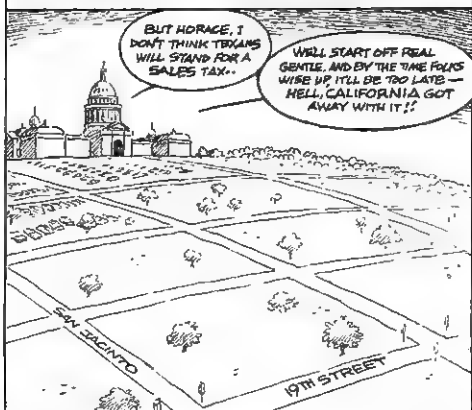
BUT IN THE MID-SIXTIES THE LITTLE MONSTERS CAME OF AGE AND BEGAN TO EXTEND THEIR GRASPING TENTACLES, UPROOTING AND DESTROYING THE PEACEFUL RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOODS BETWEEN AND TO THE EAST OF THEM.



WHAT HAD ONCE BEEN LOW-COST, FURNISHED HOUSES FOR STUDENTS AND OFFICE WORKERS..



.. BECAME ACRES OF PARKING LOTS, AN EMPTY, DESOLATE CHESSBOARD, SET FOR FUTURE POWERPLAYS BY THE SPRAWLING RIVAL BUREAUCRACIES.



THE CONCEPT OF STUDENT HOUSING WAS REDEFINED TO FIT THE PIGEON-HOLE MENTALITY OF OUR NEW SOCIETY.

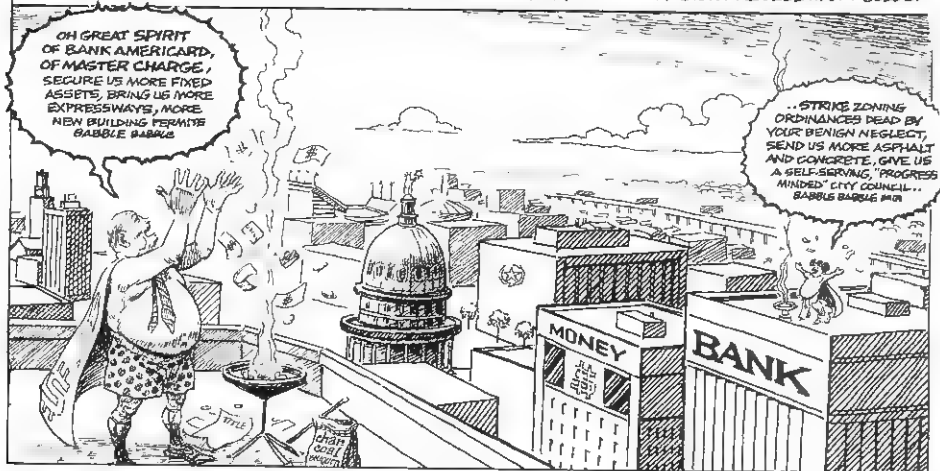


AND SO, LIKE A LASTING TRIBUTE TO MEDIOCRITY, AUSTIN'S FUTURE GHETTOS SPRING INTO BEING.

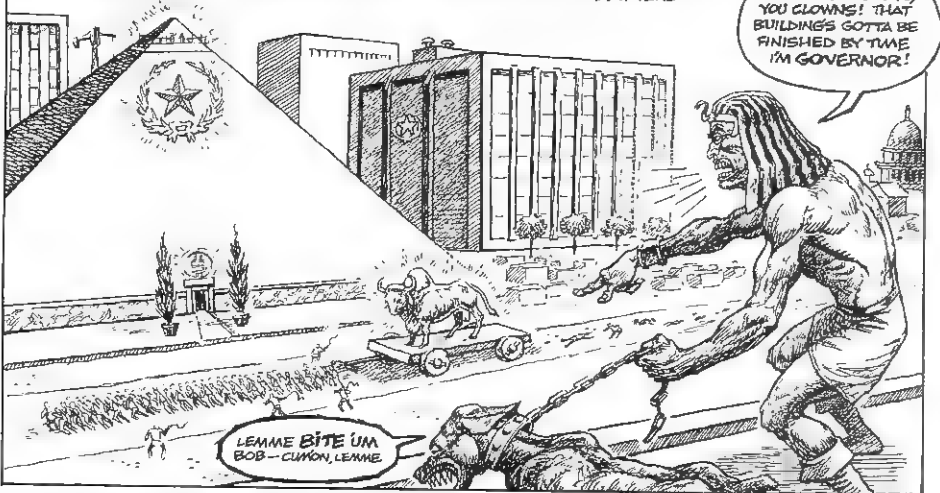


Next: The Shit Hits the Fan.

THEN, SLOWLY AT FIRST, AUSTIN'S SKYLINE BEGAN TO CHANGE. THE LARGE-BREADED DOME AND THE PHALLIC TOWER BECAME LOST IN A MAZE OF STERILE LINEAR MONUMENTS TO A THIRD GOD—BUSINESS. WHAT DARK MYSTERIES THE HIGH PRIESTS OF GREED EXPLORE IN THESE INSCRUTABLE TEMPLES, ONLY THE ANCIENT AZTECS MIGHT GUESS.



NOT TO BE OUTDONE BY THE PUSHY UPSTARTS DOWNTOWN, PUSHY POLITICIANS RACE TO GLORIFY THEMSELVES WITH PYRAMIDS BUILT BY THE SWEAT OF OPPRESSED TEXAS TAXPAYERS.



THE RICH FARMLANDS, GRAZING LANDS, AND PICTURESQUE HILL COUNTRY AROUND AUSTIN ARE BEING SWALLOWED UP BY MONEY-HUNGRY DEVELOPERS THAT WOULD CAUSE EVEN HOUSTON'S ENTERPRISING FOUNDER TO BLUSH WITH ENVY.

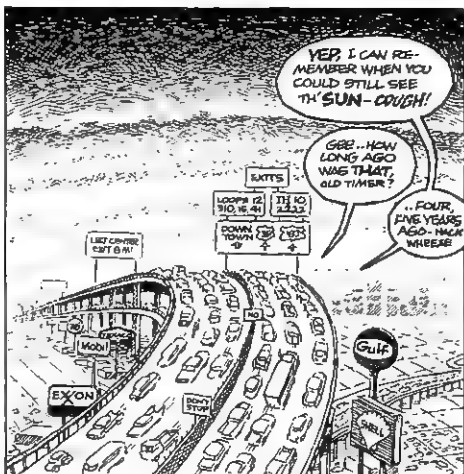


Next: Austin Tomorrow.

NO PLACE, NO MATTER HOW PRETTY, IS SACRED TO THE REAL ESTATE HUSTLERS — NOT EVEN BARTON SPRINGS, ONCE DESCRIBED AS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL NATURAL SPRING IN CENTRAL TEXAS, BUT NOW A CESSPOOL FOR THE TACKY BOMES PERCHED ON ITS RIM. WHAT'S NEXT, A MACDONALD'S ON TOP MT. BONNELL?



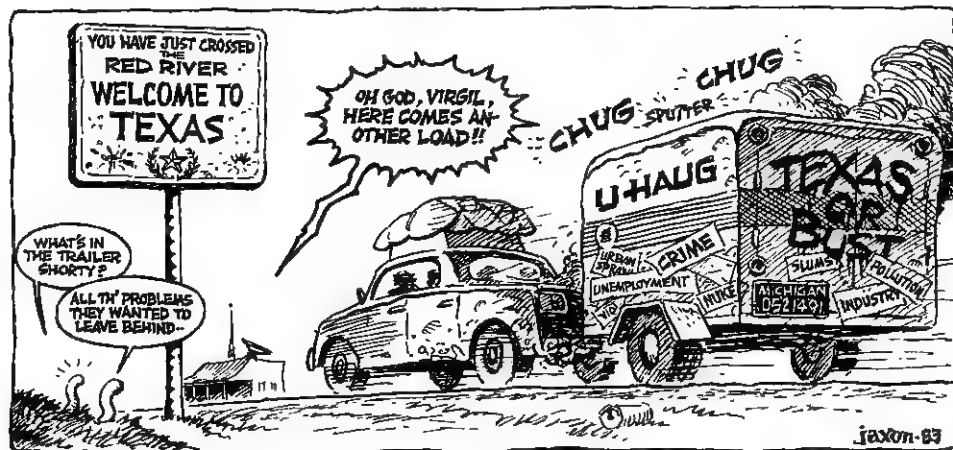
OF COURSE, ONCE THE MESS IS IN TH' POT, WE'VE GOT TO HAVE SOME WAY TO STIR IT, RIGHT? SMOG AND POLLUTION CAN'T BE FAR AWAY FOR OUR CLEAR BLUE SKIES.



WE HEAR A LOT OF NOISE THESE DAYS ABOUT "FUTURE PLANNING" AND "CONTROLLED GROWTH", BUT IS THIS REALLY WHAT WE WANT OUR TOWN TO LOOK LIKE?



# SILENT INVASION



# WHY DO TEXANS HATE YANKEES SO MUCH?

## (LET ME COUNT THE WAYS...)

Some authorities think the defense mechanisms that Texans have had to adapt for survival accounts for the saying that everything here either **STICKS, STINGS or STINKS**.



The first humans to arrive (from the NORTH, naturally) felt it...



... but since they couldn't beat the primordial Texans, learned to join 'um.



Animosities were heightened when the savage Comanches visited Texas...



\*"Caca-do-wah" translates as "Snowbird", possibly the very first use of this term for uninvited seasonal guests.



...and liked it so much they decided to stay.



Like the uppity Comanches, these snobbish Europeans didn't think much of the local talent.



Or at least they thought they did until the Real McCoy showed up!



While the poor "natives" were nursing bruised heads, the Spanish struck in the back door.



However, the first Spaniards easily adjusted to laid-back Texan ways. Soon they too knew a Yankee on sight.



But even these obnoxious, hard-assed types were quickly absorbed and became mellow Texans...



\* Author's note: Secret documents from the Papal Archives reveal that "Techas"-- from which Texas is derived-- really means "Yankee Go Home," not "Friends" as the Spanish missionaries pretended.

...after they had cleaned out the aborigines, of course.



Before long the early arriving whites were also able to detect when a Yankee was in the vicinity.



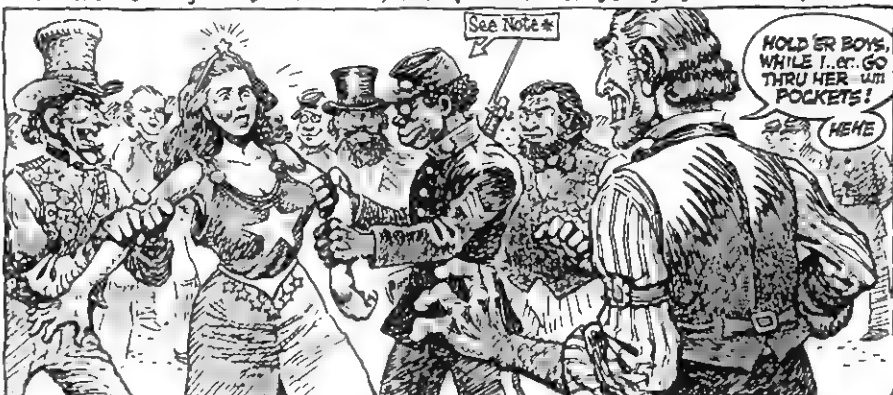
This subtlety was somewhat lost on the older inhabitants, along with a lot of other things.



Ignoring EONS of prehistory, experts are fond of saying that the anti-Yankee attitudes of most Texans came with the collapse of the Confederacy...



...and the beginning of "Reconstruction", a fancy word for Gang-Banging on a cultural scale.



\* THIS IS NOT A BLACK SOLDIER. IT IS A WHITE PRIEST DODGER CLEVERLY DISGUISED TO LOOK LIKE A BLACK SOLDIER. ACTUALLY THERE WERE NO NEGROES IN TEXAS DURING RECONSTRUCTION, ALL HAVING MOVED TO DETROIT IN THE BIG HEAT WAVE OF '64.

While being ripped off at home, Texans tried to make a living by trailing cows to northern markets. Granted their reception did little to inspire any great modification of feelings toward Yankees.



But Reconstruction was a drop in the bucket compared to the PRESENT PHASE, shortened to "Construction"; altho some prefer Development, Sun Belt Mania, Real Estate Boom, Land Bonanza, etc etc.



While it's sometimes true that if you "stretch" a Texan deep enough you'll find a Yankee; most Texans eventually develop a thick skin...

...always necessary to survival in this neck of the woods...



...but never more so than now.

# SUTHERLY BREEZE

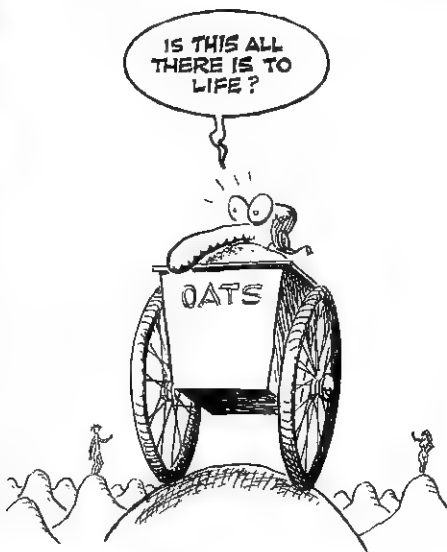
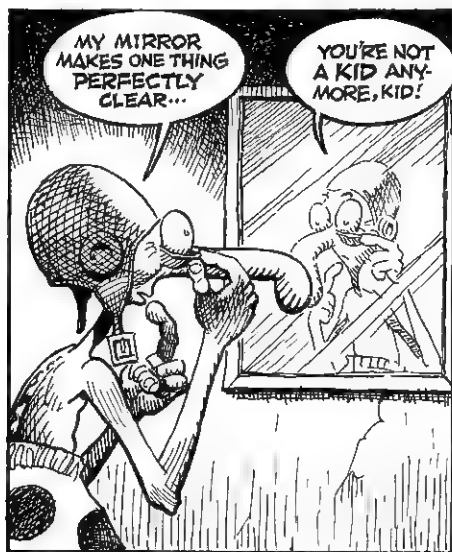
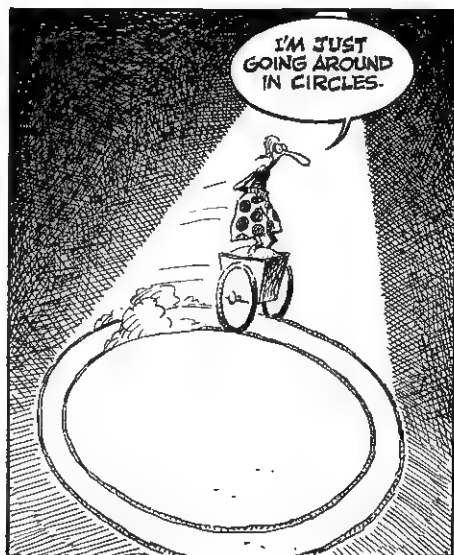
A MODEST ARMADILLO TRUCK FARM SOMEWHERE BETWEEN BASTROP AND LULING... 2001 A.D.



\* (STNP South Texas Nuclear Project)

THE END

# OAT WILLIE'S MID-LIFE CRISIS





REMEMBER HOW WE USED TO SMUGLY SAY, "WE ARE THE PEOPLE  
OUR PARENTS WARNED US AGAINST?" WELL, LATELY I'VE FOUND  
MYSELF SAYING THE SAME THINGS MY PARENTS USED TO SAY TO ME!



WHATEVER HAPPENED TO OUR DREAMS ???



**RING!!**  
**RING!!**

..CLICK..

WE'RE GLAD YOU PHONED  
SORRY, GOD'S NOT HOME  
BUT HE'LL BE BACK  
BEFORE TOO LONG

HE'S ON THE COAST  
WITH THE HOLY GHOST  
JUST LEAVE YOUR NAME  
WITH TH' HEAVEN'LY HOST

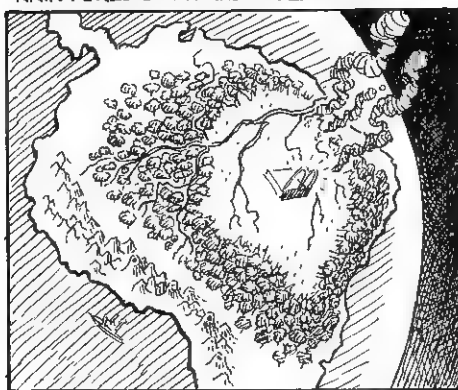
WE GIVE A HOOT  
AS DOES TH' SNOOT  
SO SPEAK RIGHT UP  
WHEN YOU HEAR GABE TOOT!

**BLAAAAAT!!**





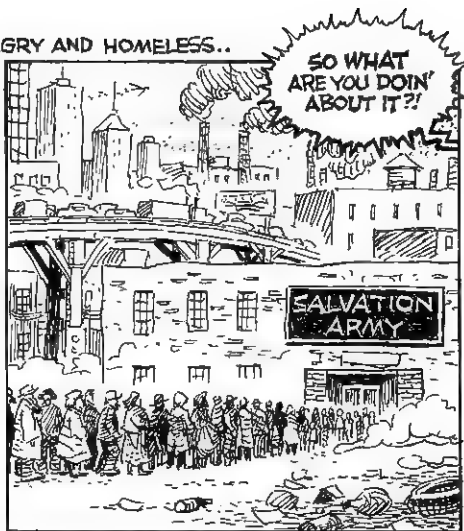
"THEY'RE DESTROYING THE WORLD'S RAIN FORESTS TO MAKE PAPER BAGS!"



"THERE'S A HOLE IN THE OZONE LAYER DOWN AT TH' SOUTH POLE!!"



EACH YEAR MORE AND MORE PEOPLE GO HUNGRY AND HOMELESS...



OH, I SEE! GETTING A LITTLE UPTIGHT ABOUT MORTALITY, ARE WE?

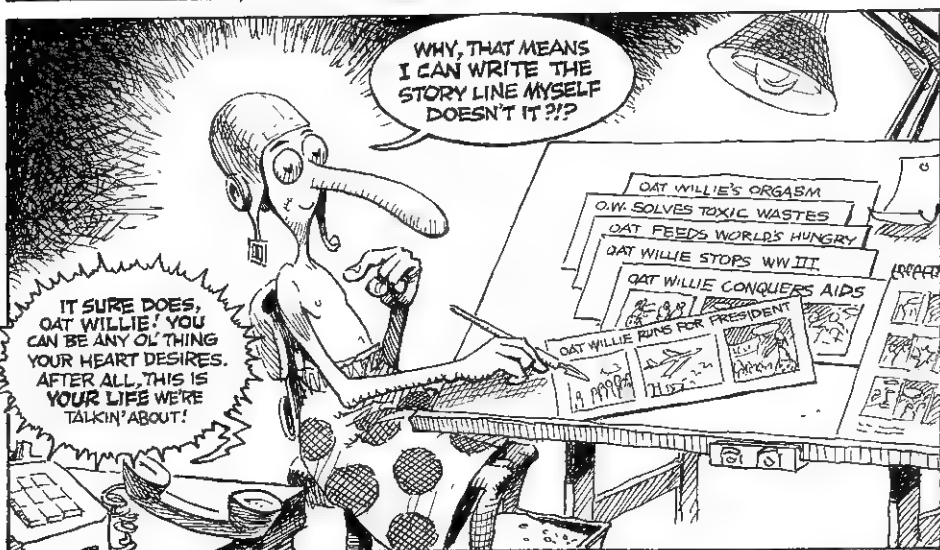
WELL, SORTA... EVEN WITH MY RADIO-ACTIVE POWERS, I'M NO MATCH FOR THE REALLY BIG PROBLEMS. LIFE IS TOO BLINKIN' SHORT, NOSE!!



HEY, MAN! I'VE DONE YOU A FAVOR WITH TH' SHORT LIFE-SPAN BIT. YOU HUMANS CAN'T CARRY TH' WURL'S WEIGHT FOR LONG... THAT'S MY PART!

...one thousand nine hundred eighty six, one thousand nine hundred eighty seven, one thousand....







**JAXON & 'BULTO' RETURN!**

No. 12  
**MATURE  
READERS**  
**\$2.00**  
(\$2.80 Canada)

# DEATH RATTLE







# Introduction

What is a *Bulto*? One will search in vain to discover the archaic meaning of the word in modern Spanish dictionaries. Like so many other words, it has lost its primal usage and is now a rather commonplace way of saying "bulk," or referring to a bulky object. But in the early Spanish southwest—and especially in Texas—the "bulk" referred to was often of sinister proportions and inspired a nameless dread in those who felt its presence.

*Bultos* came in two varieties: good (*blanco* or "white") and bad (*negro* or "black"). Both were associated with buried treasure, usually ill-gotten. *Un bulto blanco* was a spirit that manifested itself in white (such as a white animal or a woman dressed in white), and would often appear to lead people to hidden riches. *Un bulto negro*, however, was a malevolent apparition duty-bound to stand guard over a cache of gold or silver and discourage any molestation of it. Hence, most encounters with *bultos* happened at random to "innocent bystanders." Typical is the tale of a terrorized herdsman, who had accidentally camped too near the site of some unsuspected foul play.

Folklorists tell us that it was customary for Spaniards in the old days to bury their treasure first and then, over it, a dead man. The *dons* may have simply copied an older Indian practice, now lost to memory. But a *bulto* spawned in this manner was almost always *negro*. Its rattling, clanking chains and dismal howling or blood-curdling screams were a sure sign that one had ventured too close to the spot where it was anchored. From a distance, lights could be seen playing around such unhallowed ground.

Other *bultos* were more physical. According to one of J. Frank Dobie's Mexican informants, even "white" ones

could be terrifying. Asleep one night in a desolate sheep camp (where three travelers had earlier been murdered for their money), the herdsman Santos woke to find something heavy on his chest and stomach. It felt like a "great round keg" and kept him pinned to the ground. "I tried to yell, to speak, but all I could do was pant. My tongue would not move and my teeth were locked." Straining to reach his pistol, he touched the *bulto's* hand, "icy cold...like the hand of a dead man." Yet the thing seemed to be round, without any hands or feet. After tiring of such foolery, the *bulto* went its merry way, leaving poor Santos scared out of his wits and anxious to vacate the site.

If a mere buried bag of coins could be so effectively protected by benign spirits, imagine what a legion of vengeful *bultos* could do, set loose in ritualistic, methodical fashion. That this occurred in 18th century Texas on a grand scale—first by Indians, followed by Spaniards—is our conviction. To anyone who has ever felt the nape of his or her neck tingle for no reason at all, such a premise does much to explain the brooding, menacing aspect of the land. Chances are that we have stumbled upon a place once touched by evil, an evil that not even centuries of rain can cleanse.

*Bultos*, though weakened by the passage of time, still reside in these parts. As a number of bankrupt real estate tycoons have recently learned, it takes more than the erection of a spiffy shopping mall to shake their icy grip on our souls. Greed still exists, and as long as it does, so will the gruesome specters that we conjure to guard against avarice greater than our own.

—Jack Jackson  
Austin, Texas  
October, 1989

# Chapter I



*Cosmic Slug*

# Bulto...

## "THE COSMIC SLUG"



I AM OLD NOW, BUT SO IS MY STORY. IT IS AS OLD AS THIS LAND WE WALK UPON, AS OLD AS THE COLORS OF THE SUNSET, AS OLD AS THE CONVOLUTIONS OF THE HUMAN MIND. PERHAPS OLDER... HOW OLD IS THAT? NO ONE CAN REMEMBER. MYSELF, I ONLY KNOW THAT THE STORY WHEN TOLD ME WAS ALREADY LOST IN THE MISTS OF TIME.

WHO AM I TO  
SPEAK OF SUCH  
THINGS? WELL MAY  
YOU ASK...

HERE, THIS WILL  
TELL YOU! YES, THE  
MARK OF THE BROTHER-  
HOOD, KEEPERS OF  
HIDDEN MYSTERIES...

AND THE STORY? LET US START  
WHEN WOODPECKER SET ABOUT  
TO FASHION HUMAN BEINGS...

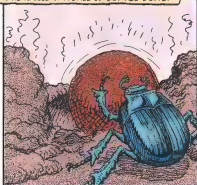


WHILE WOODPECKER WORKED,  
MRS. DUNG BEETLE SLIPPED AWAY.

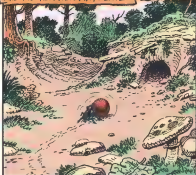




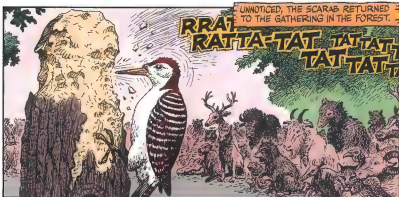
SHE ROLLED UP A BALL OF BUFFALO DUNG.



INSIDE, SHE PLANTED THE SEED OF MANKIND AND HID HER WORK IN A CAVE.



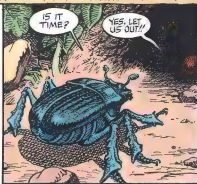
UNNOTICED, THE SCARAB RETURNED TO THE GATHERING IN THE FOREST.  
**RRAT RATTA-TAT TATTAT TAT TAT**



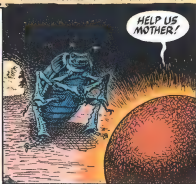
MUCH LATER, MAN AND WOMAN WERE READY TO EMERGE... BUT PASSING CENTURIES HAD HARDENED THE CRUST.

IS IT TIME?

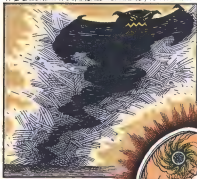
YES. LET US OUT!!



HELP US MOTHER!



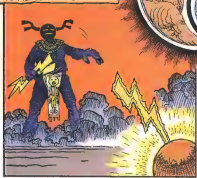
THE DUNG BEETLE TRIED EVERYTHING TO RELEASE  
IT'S CHILDREN. IT SUMMONED TORNADOS, TO NO AVAIL.



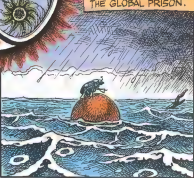
IT USED WINTER'S ICY BLASTS BUT  
THE BALL WOULD NOT CRACK.



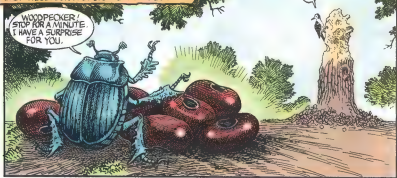
BOLTS OF LIGHTNING FAILED  
TO PIERCE ITS SURFACE.



NEITHER COULD RAINS  
WITHOUT END MELT  
THE GLOBAL PRISON.



FINALLY THE DUNG BEETLE REALIZED THAT  
ONLY WOODPECKER COULD DO THE JOB.

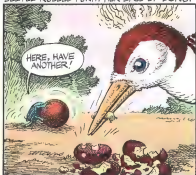


WOODPECKER!  
STOP FOR A MINUTE.  
I HAVE A SURPRISE  
FOR YOU.

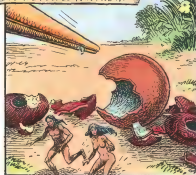
WOODPECKER WAS VERY FOND OF MESCAL BEANS BECAUSE THEY OFTEN CONTAINED TASTY MORSELS AND LEFT HIM FEELING RELAXED AND MELLOW.



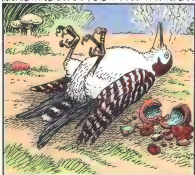
SOON WOODPECKER WAS STUPIFIED AND THE BEETLE ROLLED FORTH HER BALL OF DUNG.



HIS SHARP BILL BROKE IT OPEN AND THE PEOPLE RAN AWAY.



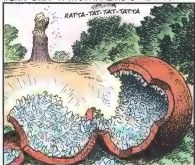
BUT THE FOOLISH BIRD, HIS SENSES NUMBED BY THE INTOXICATING BEANS, DIDN'T SEE THEM ESCAPE.



WHEN WOODPECKER'S HEAD CLEARED HE CONTINUED TO PECK AWAY AT CREATING HUMAN BEINGS, NOT SUSPECTING THAT THEY WERE ALREADY LOOSE IN THE WORLD.



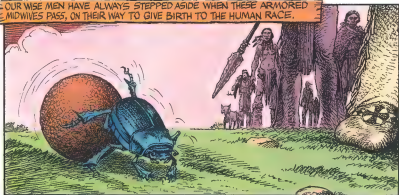
INTENT ON HIS GREAT TASK, HE NEVER NOTICED THE DUNG BEETLE'S SHATTERED SHELL, IT'S FRAGMENTS LINED WITH SPARKLING CRYSTALS.



THUS, THE FARAONES HOLD THE LOWLY TUMBLE BUG IN REVERENCE FOR THE GREAT JOKE IT PLAYED ON WOODPECKER, WHO STILL LABORS AT A JOB LONG SINCE DONE...



OUR WISE MEN HAVE ALWAYS STEPPED ASIDE WHEN THESE ARMORED MIDWIVES PASS, ON THEIR WAY TO GIVE BIRTH TO THE HUMAN RACE.



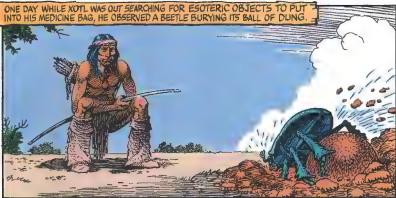
FOR WE KNOW THAT BEFORE CREATURES CAN FLY THEY MUST CRAWL THE EARTH IN LOWLY FORMS.



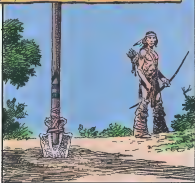
THIS KNOWLEDGE SERVED US WELL, AT LEAST UNTIL THE TIME OF XOTL, A YOUNG MAN UNTRUSTING OF THE OLD WAYS, SKEPTICAL OF THE GREAT MYTHS.



ONE DAY WHILE XOTL WAS OUT SEARCHING FOR ESOTERIC OBJECTS TO PUT INTO HIS MEDICINE BAG, HE OBSERVED A BEETLE BURYING ITS BALL OF DUNG.



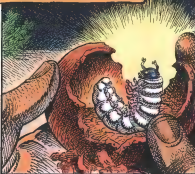
HE, A VENGEFUL SORT, MARKED THE SPOT.



SOME MONTHS LATER HE RETURNED AND DUG UP THE SECRET CACHE.



HE BROKE THE BALL OPEN, BUT FOUND ONLY A FAT GRUB INSIDE.

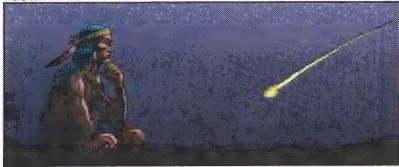


DISGUSTED, XOTL SAT DOWN TO PONDER THIS ENORMOUS LIE...





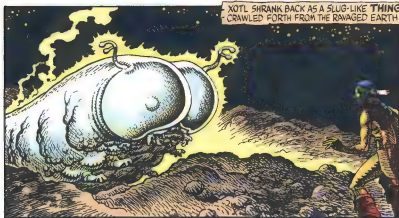
THERE HE REMAINED THROUGH THE NIGHT, UNTIL AT LAST A BLAZING STAR FELL FROM THE SKY.



IT STRUCK THE EARTH NEAR HIS PLACE OF VIGIL... AND OPENED A GREAT CRATER.



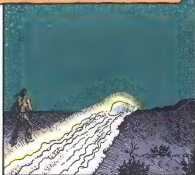
XOTL SHRANK BACK AS A SLUG-LIKE **THING** CRAWLED FORTH FROM THE RAVAGED EARTH.



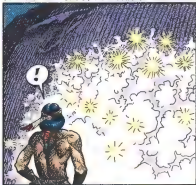
... LEAVING A TRAIL OF OOZY SLIME IN ITS WAKE.



CAUTIOUSLY HE FOLLOWED THE CREATURE'S TRAIL INTO THE DARKNESS...



A TRAIL THAT ENDED AT A WALL OF SOLID ROCK.



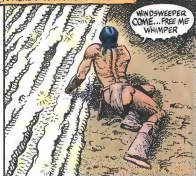
CURIOUS AT THIS MYSTERY, XOTL STUCK HIS HAND INTO THE THICK RESIDUE, MARVELLING AT ITS FROTHY TEXTURE AND GLISTENING SHEEN.



BUT AS HE DID, THE SLUSH SOLIDIFIED, HOLDING HIS HAND FAST.



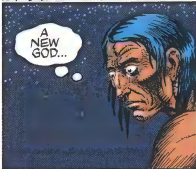
BUT NO SPIRIT-GOD OF THE APACHE PANTHEON ANSWERED.



TRAPPED, THE TRIBAL CYNIC CALLED UPON THE GODS TO RELEASE HIM.



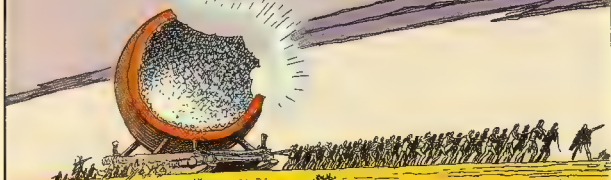
FINALLY XOTL REALIZED THAT THE CREATURE FROM BEYOND THE STARS WAS GREATER THAN ANY FORCE KNOWN TO THE FARAONES.



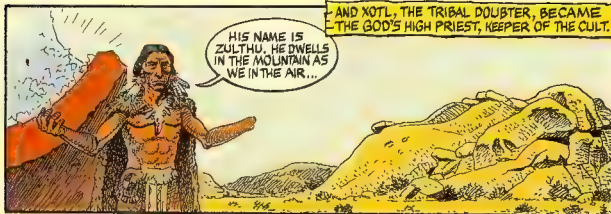
REALIZED THAT THE OLD GODS WERE POWERLESS AGAINST HIM.



# Bulto...



SO IT CAME TO PASS THAT THE FARAONES WORSHIPPED A NEW GOD, A BEING THAT HAD REVEALED ITSELF TO THEM ALONE.



HIS NAME IS ZULTHU. HE DWELLS IN THE MOUNTAIN AS WE IN THE AIR...

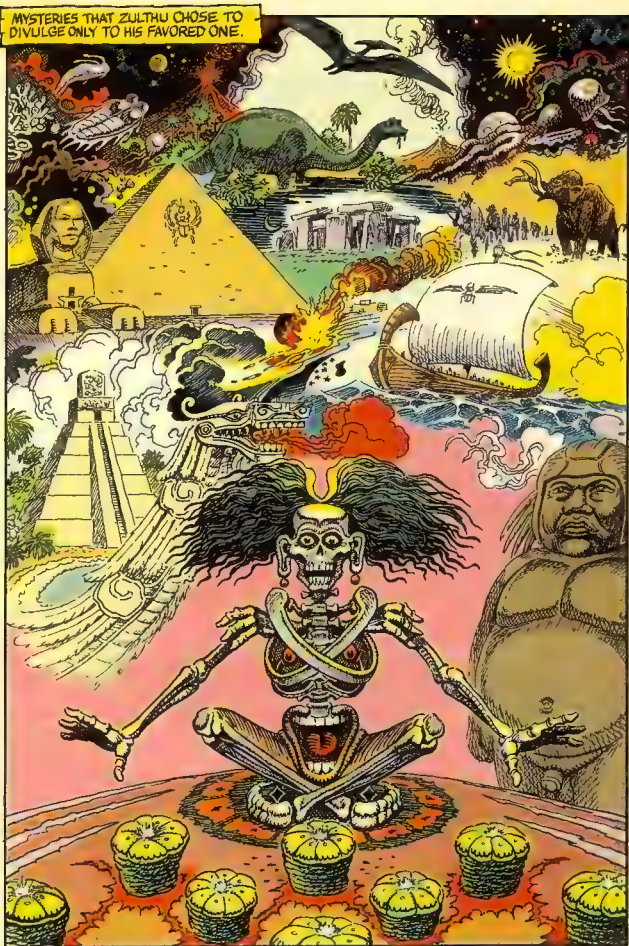
AND XOTL, THE TRIBAL DOUBTER, BECAME THE GOD'S HIGH PRIEST, KEEPER OF THE CULT.

THROUGH HIM, WE, THE CHOSEN PEOPLE, LEARNED OF THE COSMIC SLUG AND ITS MYRIAD ENIGMAS.



THIS SPARKLING METAL IS THE MARK OF HIS PASSAGE!!

MYSTERIES THAT ZULTHU CHOSE TO  
DIVULGE ONLY TO HIS FAVORED ONE.





ALTHO WE COULD NOT UNDERSTAND THESE STRANGE VISTAS, WE WERE ALLOWED TO GLIMPSE THEM BY RITUALS TAUGHT US.



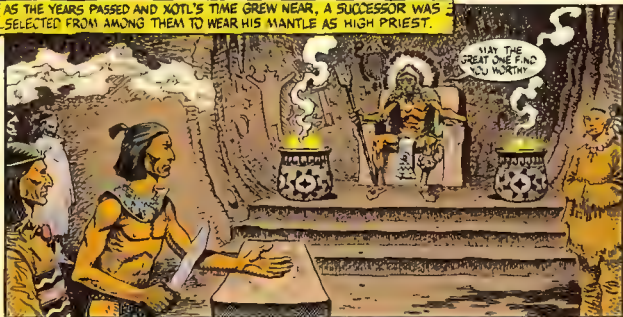
AS A MARK OF OUR RITES, WE WORE OBJECTS FASHIONED FROM THE GOD'S GLEAMING SWEAT.



SOME OF OUR MORE ADEPT SONS WERE INITIATED INTO THE SECRETS OF ZULTHU IN HIDDEN PLACES.



AS THE YEARS PASSED AND XOTL'S TIME GREW NEAR, A SUCCESSOR WAS SELECTED FROM AMONG THEM TO WEAR HIS MANTLE AS HIGH PRIEST.



AFTER HIM THERE FOLLOWED AN UNBROKEN CHAIN OF OTHERS...



AND THOUGH WE WANDERED FAR AND NEAR, THESE GRANITE HILLS WERE ALWAYS OUR SACRED GROUND...



THESE CAVES OUR HOLY PLACES, FOR HERE ZULTHU ABIDES AND HERE THE FARAONES FIRST WELCOMED HIM TO THIS DIMENSION.



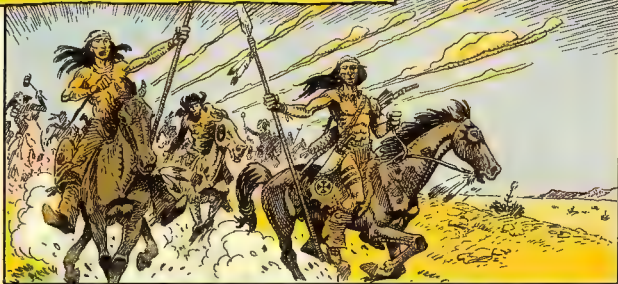
IN RETURN HE GAVE US THE GOD-DOG.



A CREATURE THAT RELINQUISHED ITS POWER TO SOAR THE CELESTIAL HEIGHTS...



...SO THAT WE MIGHT FLY UPON THE WINGS OF THE WIND...



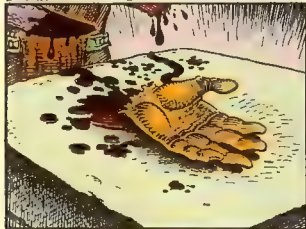
TO SCATTER OUR ENEMIES BEFORE US AND KEEP ZULTHU'S SECRET SAFE!



GUIDED BY MANY HOLY MEN, THIS FORMIDABLE ALLIANCE LASTED FOR GENERATIONS. OUR POWER GREW...



IN THE YEAR OF FROTHING SKUNK, THE HONOR OF HIGH SHAMAN FELL TO ME, COYOTE TWO FEET. I OFFERED MY HAND TO ZUTHU IN THE GRAND TRADITION.



THE GREAT ONE REVEALED MANY SECRETS TO ME, AMONG THEM THE POWER TO CONTROL BULTOS.



BULTOS, THE SPIRITS THAT LINGER ON EARTH AFTER DEATH AND MAY BE BENT TO THE WILL OF THE LIVING. IF ONE IS WISE ENOUGH — OR **STRONG ENOUGH**.





BUT THEN, INTERRUPTING MY ARCAINE PURSUITS, TWO STRANGERS CAME. OF THESE, THE HATED COMANCHES, SWEEPING DOWN FROM THE HIGH PLAINS, WERE THE MOST TO BE FEARED.



FOR THEY, TOO, HAD THE GOD-DOG AND USED IT WITH RUTHLESS EFFICIENCY.

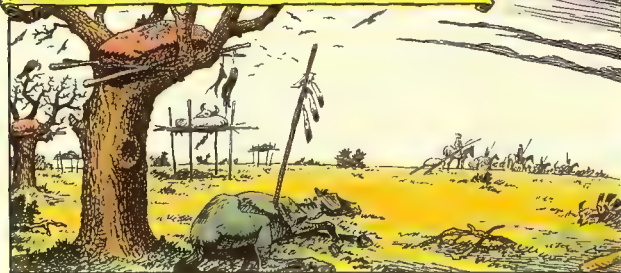
IN THE STILLNESS OF NIGHT THEY FELL UPON OUR SLEEPING CAMPS



THEY INVADDED OUR OLD HUNTING GROUNDS AND KEPT US FROM TAKING THE BUFFALO.



THE PLAINS BECAME A VAST FARAON GRAVEYARD. WE WERE DRIVEN BACK EVER CLOSER TO OUR SACRED HILLS AND THE SECRET GUARDED THERE.

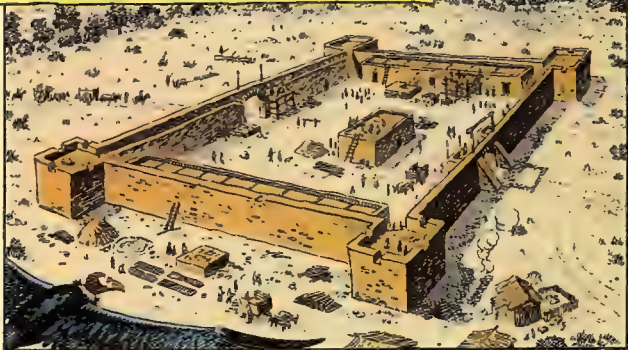




COMPARED TO SUCH FIERCE ENEMIES, THE SPANIARDS FROM THE SOUTH WERE ALMOST WELCOME ARRIVALS.



WE DID NOT MIND EVEN WHEN THEY BUILT A FORT IN OUR MIDST.



BECAUSE THEY BROUGHT WITH THEM "HORSES."  
MANY GOD-DOGS, POORLY GUARDED...



WHEN THEY BEGAN TO SHELTER OUR ENEMIES AT  
THEIR FORT, THEY BECAME OUR ENEMIES ALSO.

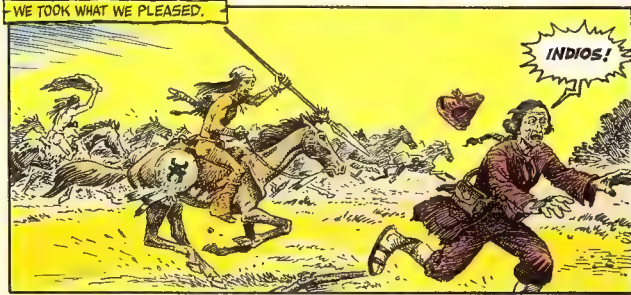


SESHA UMA  
KA-KLES-ISHT,  
YA' CHAKA..\*

WHAT'S HE  
SAYING?

I DON'T KNOW BUT  
THEY'VE COME! THAT'S  
THE MAIN THING...

WE TOOK WHAT WE PLEASED.



INDIOS!

\* "THE FARAONES TAKE OUR WOMEN, MAKE US THEIR SLAVES..."

AND THE GREY-ROBES, ALWAYS HOPING TO WIN OUR FRIENDSHIP, KEPT THE SOLDIERS IN THEIR LITTLE FORT.



YES, THE COMANCHES - NOT THE SPANISH - WERE THE ONES TO BE FEARED. THEIR RAIDS NEVER CEASED, AND THE WAILING OF OUR WOMEN GAVE US NO REST.



OUR LAND WAS FILLED WITH WANDERING BULTOS; THEIR PITIFUL CRIES FOR RELEASE ECHOED ON THE FOUR WINDS.

SO OUR WISE MEN DEVISED A PLAN. WE WENT TO THE PLACE CALLED SAN ANTONIO DE BÉXAR.



AT THEIR FORT WE EMBRACED THE SOUTHERN INVADERS.



IN A GREAT CEREMONY WE CAST THE IMPLEMENTS OF WAR INTO A PIT.

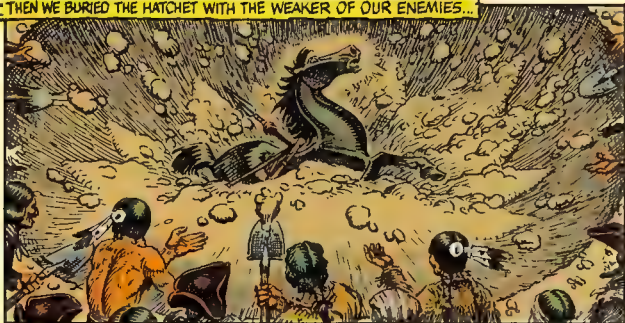




OUR CHIEFS JOINED HANDS WITH THE SPANISH CAPTAINS AND JOYFULLY DANCED AROUND THE OPEN PIT.



THEN WE BURIED THE HATCHET WITH THE WEAKER OF OUR ENEMIES...



... AND PROMISED TO LOVE THEIR DEAD GOD.

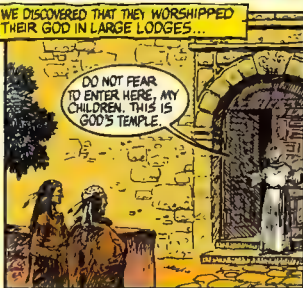




WHILE AT THEIR FORT WE LEARNED MUCH ABOUT  
THE PALE-FACED INTRUDERS INTO OUR DOMAIN.



WE DISCOVERED THAT THEY WORSHIPPED  
THEIR GOD IN LARGE LODGES...



... DARK LIKE OUR SACRED CAVES.



MOST OF ALL WE LEARNED THAT, DESPITE WHAT THE SPANISH MEDICINE MEN SAID —



IN TRUTH THEY WORSHIPPED "SILVER."



YOU - WITCH DOCTOR!  
TAKE THIS AND BE RE-  
MINDED OF ME WHO DIED  
FOR YOUR SINS!!



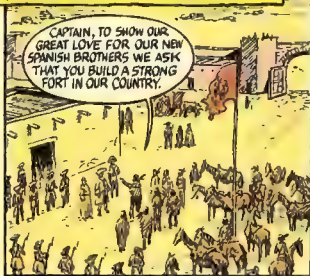
SILVER - THE SAME SHINY SUBSTANCE EXUDED BY MIGHTY ZULTHU!



LOOK HOW THE  
SAVAGES ARE AWED  
BY THE IMAGE OF  
THE SAVIOR.

IN TIME THEY  
WILL EMBRACE HIM  
CAPTAIN. IN TIME..

WE SAVED THE MOST SERIOUS BUSINESS  
UNTIL THE TIME OF OUR DEPARTURE.



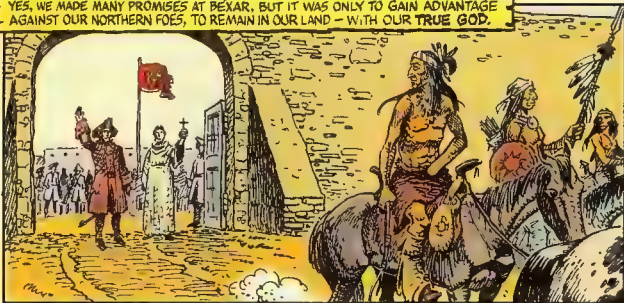
THIS REQUEST CAUSED OUR HOSTS  
TO QUARREL AMONG THEMSELVES



SAY YES, URRUTIA,  
LEST WE MISS THE  
CHANCE TO REDEEM  
THEIR SOULS!

IMPOSSIBLE, PADRE.  
ONLY THE KING CAN  
DECIDE A MATTER SO  
IMPORTANT!

YES, WE MADE MANY PROMISES AT BEXAR, BUT IT WAS ONLY TO GAIN ADVANTAGE AGAINST OUR NORTHERN FOES, TO REMAIN IN OUR LAND - WITH OUR TRUE GOD.



BUT STILL THE COMANCHES PUSHED US, MORE MERCILESS THAN BEFORE. WE RETREATED BUT IT DID NOT STOP THE SLAUGHTER.



OUR NEW ALLIES AND THEIR DEADLY THUNDERSTICKS WERE USELESS TO US UNLESS WE COULD LURE THEM INTO THE CONTESTED GROUND - TO FIGHT BESIDE US.

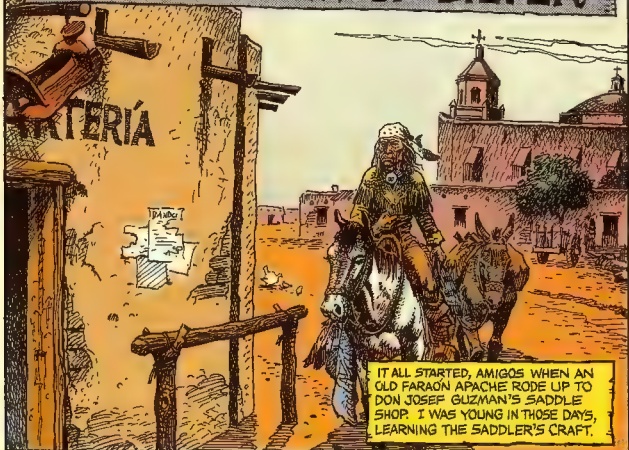


THINKING OF WHAT HAD BEEN LEARNED IN THE SPANISH CAMP, I DEVISED ANOTHER PLAN...



# Bulto...

## "A MOUNTAIN OF SILVER"



IT ALL STARTED, AMIGOS WHEN AN OLD FARAON APACHE RODE UP TO DON JOSEF GUZMAN'S SADDLE SHOP. I WAS YOUNG IN THOSE DAYS, LEARNING THE SADDLER'S CRAFT.

HE CARRIED A LEATHER BAG OF SOMETHING HEAVY ON HIS MULE. RAW SILVER... THE LARGEST CHUNKS I'D EVER HEARD OF!



MY PATRON, WHO'D DONE SOME MINING IN HIS TIME, WAS FLABBERGASTED.

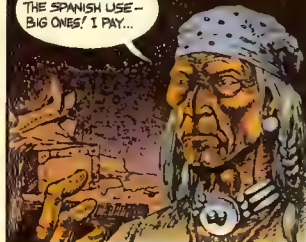
WHERE DID YOU GET THIS, OLD MAN?





OF COURSE THE APACHE WOULDN'T SAY

CONCHOS! LIKE  
THE SPANISH USE—  
BIG ONES! I PAY...



SO DON JOSEF FASHIONED AT LEAST SIXTY  
DISCS FROM THE PRECIOUS METAL, EACH AS  
BIG AS A TORTILLA. COCHATA WAS PLEASED

MAKE MORE!  
ALL DIFFERENT  
SIZES! MUCHO!



THE OLD INDIAN BECAME A REGULAR FIXTURE AROUND THE SHOP,  
ALWAYS BRINGING MORE SILVER AND WANTING MORE CONCHOS...

TILL NEXT  
TIME, TACU!



HELL, HE MUST  
BE SUPPLYING THE  
WHOLE TRIBE!



WITH EACH NEW LOAD, DON JOSEF BECAME  
CONVINCED THAT THIS PLATA CAME FROM  
THE RICHEST MINE IN ALL NUEVA ESPAÑA

NEVER SEEN  
IT SO PURE

PUT DESIGNS.  
EN TACU? LIKE  
THESE!



NATURALLY THE PATRON WAS ALWAYS AFTER THE  
INDIAN TO TELL HIM WHERE HE GOT THE STUFF.

UP THERE,  
TACU FROM  
THE STARS!

MORE  
BULLENT!





AFTER ABOUT A YEAR OF NAGGING, ONE DAY GUZMAN CAUGHT THE OLD FARAÓN IN A GOOD MOOD...



HE ALWAYS CALLED DON JOSEF "TACU" WHICH MEANT "SHORTY" IN APACHE.



OF COURSE THE BOSS EAGERLY AGREED. HE SWORE ON THE CROSS THAT HE WOULD NEVER TELL A SOUL.

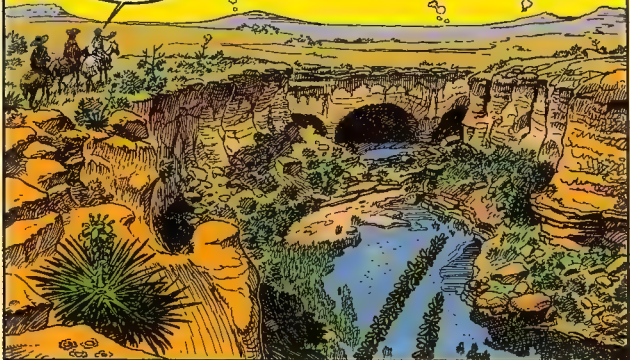


WE LOCKED THE PLACE UP, AND HEADED NORTH THAT AFTERNOON - JUST THE THREE OF US.

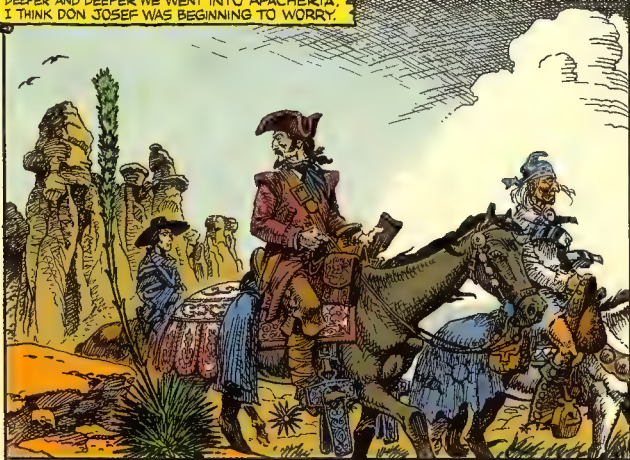


ONCE OUT IN THE MONTE, IT SOON BECAME EVIDENT THAT OTHERS KNEW OF OUR COMING.

IF MY PEOPLE  
FIND OUT ABOUT THIS,  
OLD COCHATA A DEAD  
MAN! WE ALL BE  
DEAD MANS!!



DEEPER AND DEEPER WE WENT INTO APACHERIA,  
I THINK DON JOSEF WAS BEGINNING TO WORRY.



FINALLY, AFTER THREE DAYS WE  
REACHED THE ARROYO SAN MIGUEL.



UNTIL WE REACHED THE MOUTH OF A CAVE,  
CONCEALED WITH ROCKS AND BRUSH.



WE WORKED OUR WAY UP A CANYON ON FOOT...



BEFORE ENTERING OLD COCHATA  
CAST A NERVOUS LOOK BEHIND HIM.



CENTURIES OF BAT GUANO COVERED THE DANK CAVERN FLOOR AND THE ODOR WAS FRIGHTFUL.



A DEAFENING MULTITUDE OF FRENZIED WINGS ALMOST EXTINGUISHED OUR TORCH.



WE HADN'T GONE TWENTY PACES WHEN SOMETHING GLEAMED AT US OUT OF THE DARKNESS.



A VEIN OF SOLID SILVER, OPENING RIGHT OUT OF THE WALL. MY PATRON WAS BESIDE HIMSELF...



DIEGO!!  
LOOK AT THIS!  
LOOK!



HE GRABBED THE TORCH AND SLOSHED THROUGH THE WATER AND BAT SHIT, UTTERING CRIES OF DELIGHT FAR BACK INTO THE CAVE

SAN LUIS POTOSI!  
ZACATECAS - I'VE  
SEEN THEM ALL, BUT  
NOTHING LIKE THIS!  
NOTHING!!



SLURSH

OLD COCATATA JUST SMILED

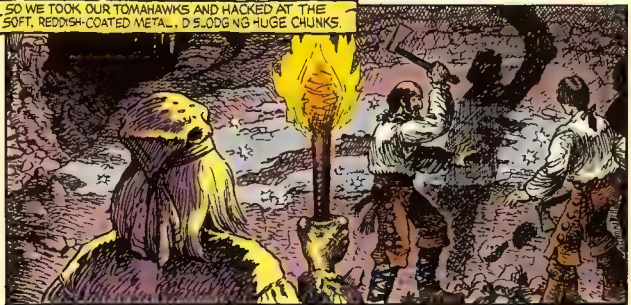
NOW YOU SEE WHY I  
SHOW YOU... PLENTY FOR  
INDIAN AND SPANISH BOTH..  
MUCHO PLATA! BUT RE-  
MEMBER WHAT YOU  
PROMISE!



YES YES, WE'LL  
REMEMBER! DIEGO,  
DON'T JUST STAND  
THERE - USE YOUR  
HEAD, BOY...



SO WE TOOK OUR TOMAHAWKS AND HACKED AT THE  
SOFT, REDDISH-COATED METAL, D S...ODG NG HUGE CHUNKS.





MY PATRON'S EYES WERE TOO BIG.



HIS COAT RIPPED ITS SEAMS AND HE ONLY GOT HALF OF WHAT I CARRIED OUT OF EL CERRO THAT DAY.



OUR BENEFactor LEFT US TO RETURN ALONE.



HE TOLD US WE WERE WELCOME TO THE PLATA — AND REMINDED US OF OUR VOW.



WE RODE HOME TO BEXAR WITH OUR HEARTS IN OUR MOUTHS...



TWICH WE WERE ALMOST CAUGHT BY FARAÓN  
WARRIORS, SCOUTING THEIR VAST DOMAIN.



BUT GUZMAN WAS UN HOMBRE DEL CAMPO...  
THE BEST FRONTIERSMAN IN ALL TEXAS!



WE MADE IT BACK SAFE TO THE SADDLE SHOP AND SAT LOOKING AT OUR PILE OF RAW SILVER.



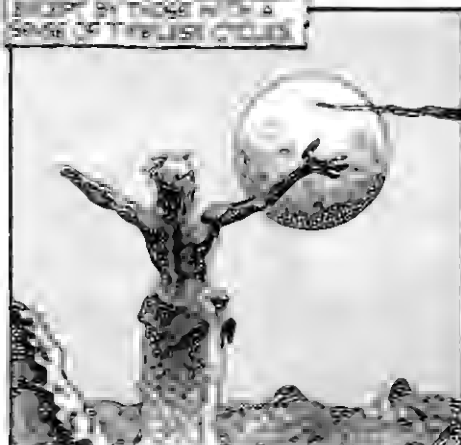
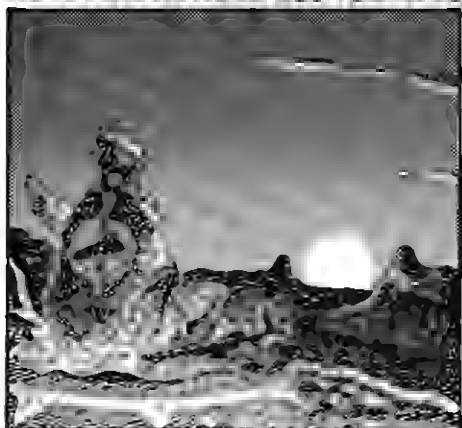
DIEGO MY  
BOY, WE'RE RICH!  
HE HE HE...

YES, RICH, BUT FOR ONE SMALL DETAIL. E. C. THORNTON, A. G. GARE, LES LEE, AND A. C. R. A.



AND ITS INTERESTS ARE NOT USUALLY ILLUSTRATED

EXCEPT BY THOSE WHO ARE  
SOME OF THE LASH CLOUT



STORY AND THE NEW YORK TIMES





AND WHO KNOWS... AS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT... IT MAY BE...



AT THE NEXT FULL MOON, THE HEAD SHAMAN LEADS HIS PEOPLE ON THEIR SACRED PILGRIMAGE.

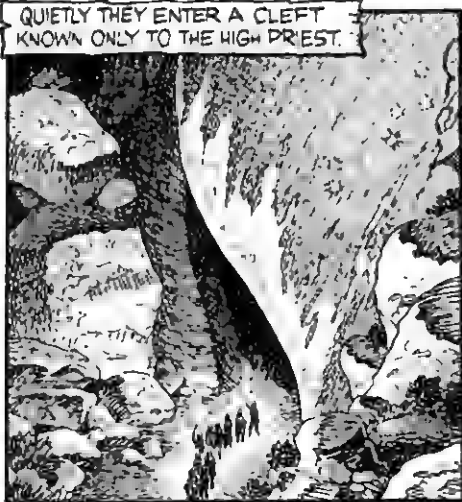


THEY BEAR GIFTS TO APPEASE THE GREAT SPIRIT THAT RULES THESE MIGHTY HILLS AND LIMESTONE CAVERNS - BUT ONE GIFT IS SPECIAL.



THEIR DESTINATION IS A MASSIVE GRANITE DOME, RISING OUT OF THE PLAINS, FLECKED WITH PYRITES THAT GLITTER IN THE MOONLIGHT, LIKE THE RESIDUE OF SOME GIANT, MEANDERING **SLUG**...

QUIETLY THEY ENTER A CLEFT KNOWN ONLY TO THE HIGH PRIEST.





THREADING A TREACHEROUS MAZE THE PROCESSION ARRIVES AT A VAST SUBTERRANEAN VAULT. BEFORE THEM TOWERS A CALCITE FORMATION - LOOMING LIKE SOME PIECE OF GROTESQUELY MISSHAPEN SCULPTURE NOT CONCEIVED IN THIS WORLD - AND AT ITS BASE IS A BOTTOMLESS POOL.



TO THIS OBSCENE MONSTROSITY THE INDIAN SHAMAN SPEAKS...



HER EYES GLAZED BY SOME POTENT CONCOCTION,  
THE CHOSEN BRIDE STANDS POISED AND READY...

ARISE!  
ACCEPT OUR  
OFFERING...



AND AT HIS SIGNAL SHE GRACEFULLY DIVES  
INTO THE POOL — A POOL OF LIQUID SILVER!

..NOW!

ZULTHU, I  
AM YOURS!



ONCE THE FARAON MAIDEN PLUMMETS BENEATH  
ITS SHIMMERING SURFACE, THE POOL ERUPTS



ZULTHU, GALACTIC VOYAGER, WHOSE PINK GRANITE TEMPLE RISEN FROM THE EARTH'S MOLTEN CONVULSIONS  
THESE FARAONES HAVE HELD IN REVERENCE EVER SINCE LEARNING THE SECRET THAT AB DES HERE



AHH, MY FRIENDS, DO YOU KNOW HOW HARD IT IS, KEEPING A MOUNTAIN OF SILVER A SECRET? IMPOSSIBLE!



SO THE NEXT YEAR WE LED LT. GENERAL BERNARDO MIRANDA'S EXPEDITION UP THE LLANO.



THE APACHES SAW US RIDE THROUGH THE CEDAR BREAKS. THEIR SIGNALS WERE EVERYWHERE.



WHEN THEY GUESSED WHERE WE WERE HEADED, THEY SET THE COUNTRY AFIRE TO DESTROY OUR SIGNS, OUR GUIDEPOSTS...



BUT THEY RECKONED WITHOUT THE SKILL OF DON JOSEF DE GUZMAN. WE FOUND CERRO DEL ALMAGRE, HIDDEN IN THE CHARRED, DESOLATE LANDSCAPE.





WE FOUND THE GULLY, TOO, AND  
THE OPENING OF THE CAVE...


BUT INSIDE, WE FOUND SOMETHING  
WE DIDN'T EXPECT TO FIND —



THE MUTILATED BODY OF OUR OLD APACHE, HEAPED WITH THE CONCHOS GUZMAN AND I HAD MADE...



THEN, BEFORE OUR VERY  
EYES, COCHATA'S CORPSE  
BEGAN TO CHANGE!



WE RECOILED IN HORROR FROM  
THE SINISTER APPARITION — ALL  
BUT FRAY LOPEZ, WHO STOOD FAST.

BACK, DEMON  
FROM HELL —  
BACK!!

IN A STRUGGLE AS OLD AS TIME, FINALLY THE BULTO YIELDED...

THE BLOOD  
OF CHRIST COM-  
MANDS YOU!

SSCHULN

"IT IS SAFE NOW, MY CHILDREN," SAID THE PRIEST, "SATAN HAS DEPARTED." BUT AT THE SIGHT OF THE OLD APACHE'S REMAINS, OUR COURAGE FAILED US AGAIN...



WE KNELT TO GIVE THANKS FOR THE MIRACLE, BUT OUR SPINES STILL SHIVERED FROM THE BULTO'S ICY TOUCH



AS THE PRIEST ENGAGED IN WISTFUL RITES OF PURIFICATION, GUZMAN AND I TOOK MIRANDA DEEPER INTO THE CAVE...



TO SAY THAT DON BERNARDO WAS PLEASED IS INADEQUATE. HE STRUTTED AROUND LIKE PIZARRO IN THE INCA TREASURE ROOM.

BUT THE ECHO OF HIS FIENDISH LAUGHTER, STRANGLING HIDEOUSLY ON ITS RETURN FROM THE BOWELS BEYOND, QUICKLY DROVE SMILES AWAY.



EAGER FOR THE WHOLESOME TOUCH OF SUNLIGHT, WE SET ABOUT FILLING OUR SACKS.

THE GUTTURAL RUMBLING GREW LOUDER, AS IF THE CURSE LEFT ON THE APACHE SILVER WAS APPROACHING OUT OF THE DARKNESS.



MIRANDA, SHAKEN, DID NOT ARGUE. WE RETREATED WITH WHAT DIGNITY WE COULD MUSTER.



OUTSIDE WE FOUND PANDEMONIUM!



WE WERE MORE CAREFUL  
ON THE HOMEWARD TREK.



UNKNOWN TO US, ON A HILL ABOVE, THE FARAON  
BRUJO, COYOTE TWO FEET, WATCHED OUR PROGRESS.





SAFE IN BEXAR, THE LT. GENERAL WAS GENEROUS WITH OUR DISCOVERY.

HE APPOINTED GUZMAN AND ME SPECIAL SCOUTS WITH GOOD PAY AND LIGHT DUTY.



SAMPLES OF THE ORE WERE SENT SOUTH FOR TESTS. MIRANDA WAS CONFIDENT OF THE RESULTS.



HE ASKED THE VICEROY TO ERECT A SPECIAL PRESIDIO IN APACHERIA TO GUARD MINING OPERATIONS.



NONETHELESS, THE VICEROY'S COUNCIL WAS IMPRESSED WITH THE ASSAY RESULTS.

SO IMPRESSED THAT FALSE FINDINGS WERE CIRCULATED.



WHEN THE LT. GENERAL LEARNED OF THE "POOR" RESULTS, HIS DISAPPOINTMENT WAS SEVERE.

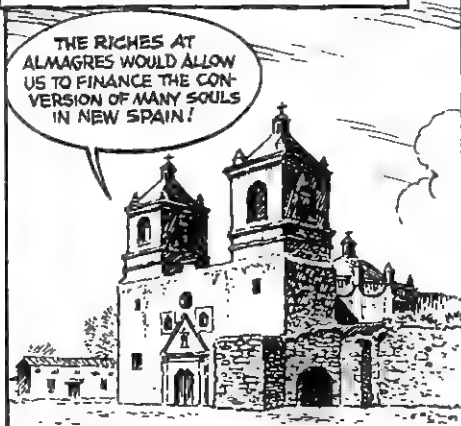
CONVINCED THAT THE VICEROY MEANT TO STEAL HIS MINE, MIRANDA FLED TO FRENCH LOUISIANA.



SOME SAID THAT HE WAS SEEN FREQUENTING NEW ORLEANS TAVERNS IN LATER YEARS, FOOLISHLY WAVING AROUND A CHART...



...AND THAT HE MET HIS END IN A BACK ALLEY. MEANWHILE, FATHER LOPEZ WAS BUSY.



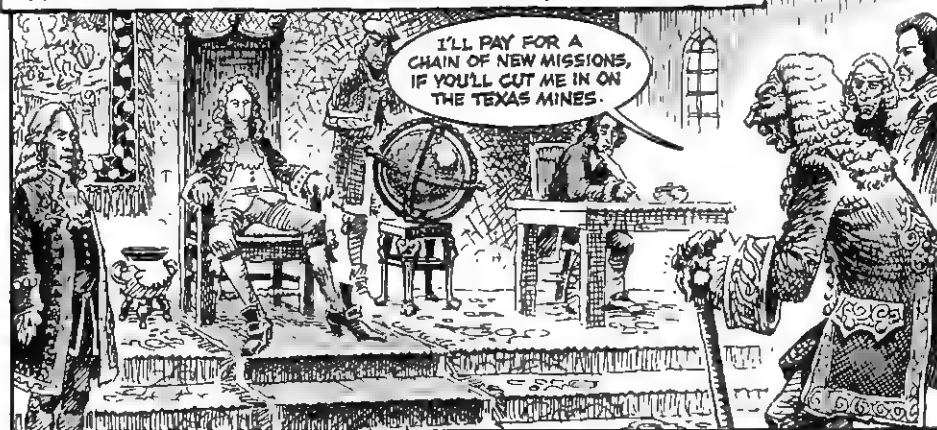
LOPEZ CONVINCED HIS QUERÉTARAN BRETHREN THAT THEY SHOULD MOVE THEIR RECENTLY-FAILED SAN XAVIER MISSIONS TO THE APACHE BADLANDS.



THE ROYAL COUNCIL, SWAYED BY THE ASSAY OF MIRANDA'S ORE, WAS RECEPTIVE TO THE IDEA.



A RICH MINE OWNER NAMED TERREROS PROVIDED THE SOLUTION.



IT JUST SO HAPPENED THAT HIS COUSIN WAS A PRIEST, YEARNING FOR AN OPPORTUNITY AMONG THE HEATHEN APACHE.



THE COUNCIL PICKED A COMMANDER THEY COULD COUNT ON TO BE DISCREET. HIS NAME WAS ORTIZ PARRILLA, AND WITH HIM RODE FRAY TERREROS



FATHER LOPEZ WAS JUBILANT AT THE NEWS OF THEIR COMING...



BUT WHEN TERREROS REFUSED TO ALLOW THE TEXAS MISSIONARIES TO PARTICIPATE IN HIS NEW ENDEAVOR, BITTERNESS QUICKENED.



WHILE THIS FEUD SIMMERED AMONG THE PRIESTHOOD, COYOTE TWO FEET SHOWED UP AT BEXAR.



THAT NIGHT A DISGRUNTLED RELATIVE OF OLD COCHATA CAME TO GUZMAN'S SADDLE SHOP.



HE TOLD US HOW HIS KINSMAN HAD BEEN INSTRUCTED TO BRING US SILVER, THEN WAS DOUBLE-CROSSED AND MURDERED! THE TRIBE WHISPERED ABOUT STRANGE RITUALS IN A CAVE...



LATER HE LED US TO A MINE HIGH ON THE SAN SABA — A MINE FAR RICHER THAN ALMAGRES.





WHAT WE FOUND WHEN WE WENT DEEPER  
WAS EVEN MORE CONFOUNDING...



NEAR THE REAR WALL A STRANGE CONFIGURATION LAY ON THE CAVERN FLOOR, AS IF SOME MONSTROUS INSECT HAD SHED ITS SHELL!!



OUR GUIDE COULD NOT EXPLAIN IT...



THIS TIME OUR RETURN TO BEXAR WAS DOGGED BY COMANCHE, NOT APACHE, WARRIORS. ODD--



## Chapter III



*Presidio San Saba*

# BULTO...

## PRESIDIO SAN SABA

OUR CONFERENCES WITH THE NEW COMMANDER, PARRILLA, SHOWED THAT HE ALREADY KNEW MUCH ABOUT THE VEIN AT ALMAGRES.

... GUARDED BY  
A CURSE OF SOME  
SORT, ISN'T IT ??  
HA HA HA

IT'S NO LAUGHING  
MATTER, EXCELLENCY.  
LUCIFER INHABITS  
THE PLACE !!!



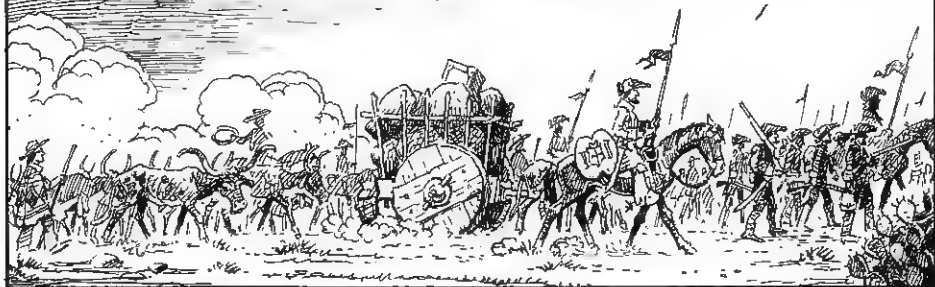
WE TOLD HIM ABOUT OLD COCHATA, ABOUT HIS BULTO NEGRO, AND THEN WE TOLD HIM ABOUT THE NEW CAVE AT SAN SABA.

MUCH  
RICHER,  
YOU SAY ?

YES CAPITÁN,  
AND IT HAS NO  
EVIL TAINT..



SO WHEN THE FOUNDING EXPEDITION MARCHED NORTHWARD,  
IT WAS TO SAN SABA WE HEADED, NOT TO LOS ALMAGRES.



IMAGINE FATHER TERREROS' DISMAY WHEN NOTHING BUT STONY SILENCE  
GREETED OUR ARRIVAL IN THE CANYON FAR FROM CIVILIZATION'S REACH.



AGAINST HIS BETTER JUDGEMENT, CAPTAIN  
BARRILLA SET ABOUT ERECTING A PRESIDIO.

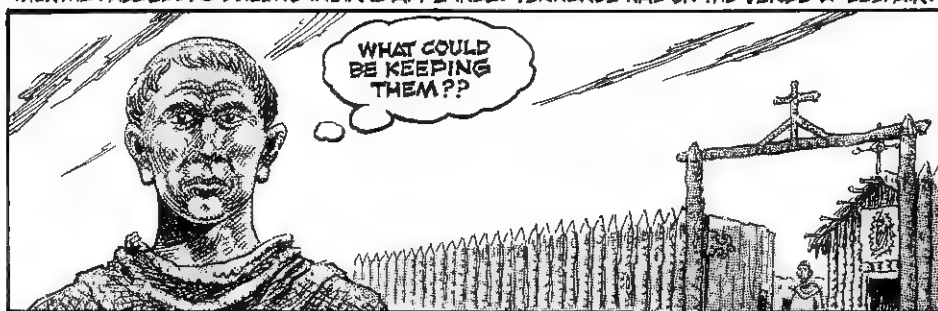


THE PRIEST, HOPING TO AVOID DIFFICULTIES BETWEEN SOLDIERS AND FEMALE CONVERTS, WISELY  
BUILT HIS MISSION THREE MILES DOWNSTREAM.





MONTHS PASSED AND STILL NO INDIANS APPEARED. TERREROS WAS ON THE VERGE OF DESPAIR.



FINALLY COYOTE TWO FEET BROUGHT 3000 OF HIS PEOPLE AND CAMPED NEAR THE MISSION.



THEY OFFERED EXCUSES FOR NOT STAYING.



WITH HEAVY HEARTS FATHER TERREROS AND HIS WORKERS WATCHED THEM GO.



UNBEKNOWNST TO US AT SAN SABA, THAT SUMMER THE APACHES FELL ON THEIR NORTENO FOES—THE COMANCHES AND ALLIED TRIBES—WITH A VENGEANCE!



VILLAGE AFTER VILLAGE THEY RAZED, LEAVING BEHIND SPANISH MEMENTOS.



OCCASIONALLY THEY SPARED A FEW CAPTIVES...



... AND ALLOWED THEM A "MIRACULOUS" ESCAPE.



THUS, WORD OF OUR ALLIANCE WITH THEIR HATED ENEMIES SOON REACHED NORTENO CAMPS.



COYOTE TWO FEET REVELLED IN THE DECEPTION AND KEPT THE GREAT ONE INFORMED.



UNAWARE OF THIS TREACHERY, CAPT. PARRILLA DIRECTED US TO BEGIN MINING OPERATIONS.



SOME OF THE RECRUITS WERE EXPERIENCED PICKMEN, MOSTLY MESTIZO OR MULATTO, WHO HAD WORKED SILVER MINES IN THE INTERIOR.



THE EXTRACTED ORE WAS BROUGHT TO PRESIDIO SAN SABA ON MULES.



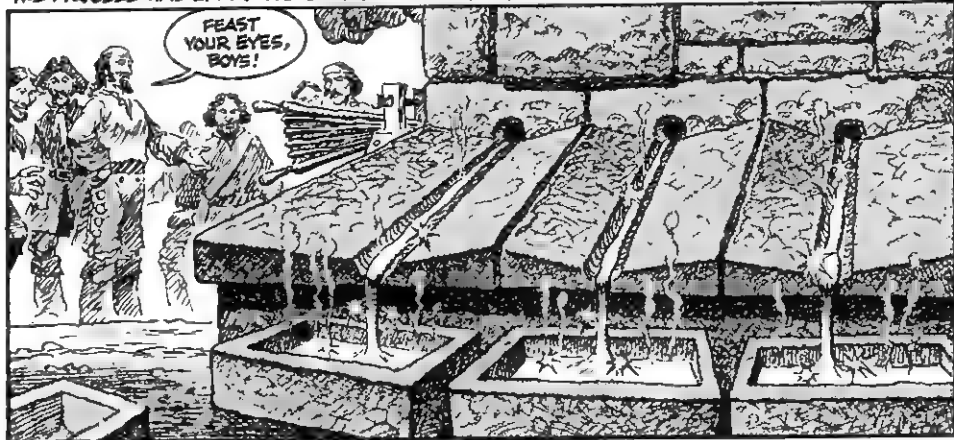
THERE IT WAS CRUSHED AND MIXED WITH CHARCOAL, READY FOR FIRING.



A CRUDE SMELTER WAS CONSTRUCTED UNDER GUZMAN'S DIRECTION.



HIS PROCESS WAS EFFECTIVE BECAUSE THE ORE WAS SO RICH — AND CHARCOAL SO PLENTIFUL.



DESPITE OUR EARLY SUCCESS, PARRILLA KNEW THE LOCATION WAS INDEFENSIBLE.

HE TOOK FATHER TERREROS TO ALMAGRES, HOPING TO TALK SOME SENSE INTO HIM.



THE PRIEST, WHO HIS FAITH IN THE APACHES WAS FADING, REFUSED TO MOVE THE MISSION.

AS WINTER CAME ON, TERREROS' INDIANS RE-APPEARED, LOADED WITH BUFFALO MEAT AND CASTING NERVOUS GLANCES BEHIND THEM.



AS USUAL COYOTE TWO FEET MADE MANY PROMISES...

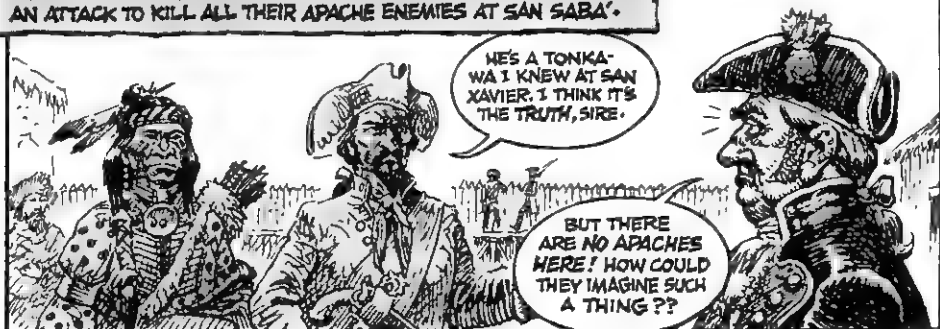




... BUT THEY SOON RODE SOUTH, LEAVING THE PRIESTS MORE DESTITUTE THAN BEFORE.



RUMORS FILTERED IN THAT THE NORTEÑOS WERE MASSING FOR AN ATTACK TO KILL ALL THEIR APACHE ENEMIES AT SAN SABA'.



WHEN NOTHING HAPPENED WE RELAXED. LIFE SETTLED INTO A DULL ROUTINE — HERDING, HUNTING, AND WORK AT THE SMELTER.



OUR MONOTONY WAS BROKEN ONLY BY THE OCCASIONAL ARRIVAL OF SUPPLY TRAINS.



BUT OUR HORSEHERD WAS HIT BY NORTEÑOS AT THE END OF FEBRUARY.



A PURSUING DETAIL FOUND THE HILLS CRAWLING WITH INDIANS AND BARELY ESCAPED THEIR WRATH.

PARRILLA TRIED WITHOUT SUCCESS TO GET THE MISSIONARIES TO COME TO THE FORT.



AT DAWN THE ATTACK CAME, JUST AS WE KNEW IT WOULD.



BY "WE" I MEAN THOSE OF US IN THE PRESIDIO.  
DOWN AT THE MISSION IT WAS ANOTHER STORY.

THE PRIESTS, DESPERATE FOR CONVERTS, WERE  
NOT AS QUICK TO GRASP THE TRUE SITUATION.



ESPECIALLY WHEN THE PRIZE AT THEIR DOORSTEP  
MIGHT BE RICHER THAN EVER DREAMED OF.

THE UNTOUCHED NORTENOS - FAR MORE NUMEROUS  
AND POWERFUL THAN THE APACHES. TO CON-  
VERT THEM WOULD ALMOST ASSURE SAINTHOOD.



ALL THE MONTHS OF FRUSTRATION - THE WAITING,  
THE BROKEN PROMISES - BURST UPON TERREROS.



HIS FATEFUL DECISION WAS MADE IN AN INSTANT. YES, WE AT THE FORT HAD GUESSED THE RESULT.

MORE THAN 2000 PAINTED WARRIORS DESCENDED ON THE MISSION, LOOTING IT, SETTING IT AFIRE, AND KILLING ITS INHABITANTS — INCLUDING FATHER TERREROS.



ALL WE COULD DO WITH A PALTRY 100 MEN WAS HIDE IN OUR LITTLE STOCKADE AND WATCH...



...WATCH AS THE NORTEÑOS PARADED PAST US, BEARING GRISLY TROPHIES BACK INTO THEIR UNCHARTED DOMAIN!!



## Chapter IV



*Stained Honor*



# Bulto

## STAINED HONOR

AFTER THE MASSACRE AT MISSION SAN SABA BECAME KNOWN, ALL OF TEXAS WAITED FOR THE AXE TO FALL.

En el nombre del  
Padre, del Hijo, y del  
Espiritu Santo.



MANY OF OUR SOLDIERS DESERTED, LEAVING THEIR FAMILIES BEHIND. CITIZENS OF BEXAR CLOGGED THE BAHIA ROAD, HEADING FOR THE COAST-- ANYWHERE TO ESCAPE THE PIERCE NORTHERN TRIBES.



EVEN THE APACHES RAN AWAY, LEST THE NORTEÑOS SHOULD STRIKE THEM SUCH A DEVASTATING BLOW.



PARRILLA, FRANTIC, BEGGED TO MOVE HIS MEN TO LOS ALMAGRES AND ITS UNTAPPED WEALTH.



BUT THE ROYAL COUNCIL GOT DON JOSEF TO TALKING ABOUT WHAT WE WANTED TO LEAVE BEHIND.



THE CONCLUSION: SAN SABA WAS TOO RICH TO BE ABANDONED!



PARRILLA TRIED TO MAKE THE BEST OF IT.



HE SENT ME AND DON JOSEF TO  
LURE BACK HIS APACHE 'ALLIES.'

BROTHERS!  
OUR THOUGHTS  
ARE TROUBLED..  
OUR HEARTS  
GRIEVE..



MOST OF ALL HE STARTED AGITATING FOR  
A FULL-SCALE CAMPAIGN AGAINST LOS NOR-  
TENOS SO WE COULD FREELY WORK THE MINE.

SHOW THE VICEROY  
THIS -- MAYBE IT'LL  
CONVINCE HIM.



NOW THAT FRAY TERREROS WAS DEAD, THE BEXAR  
MISSIONARIES TOOK AN INTEREST IN OUR PLIGHT.

HIS COUSIN'S CONTRACT  
IS STILL BINDING,  
PROVIDED OUR WORK  
BE AMONG THE A-  
PACHES!



WE STARTED  
THE CONVERSION OF  
THESE INDIANS AND  
WE'LL FINISH IT!



LOPEZ, WHO WAS KNOWLEDGABLE ABOUT MINING, VISITED THE CAVE OFTEN.

BETTER PUT  
SOME TIMBERS  
OVER HERE.



I TOOK HIM OUT MANY TIMES TO HUNT FOR LITTLE CAVES WHERE OUR MOUNTING STACK OF INGOTS COULD BE STORED UNTIL IT WAS SAFE TO SEND THEM SOUTHWARD

DIEGO, MY SON, PAPER IS PERISHABLE



.. AND WATCHED AS HE FASHIONED DISCS OF COPPER TO MARK THE HIDING PLACES.

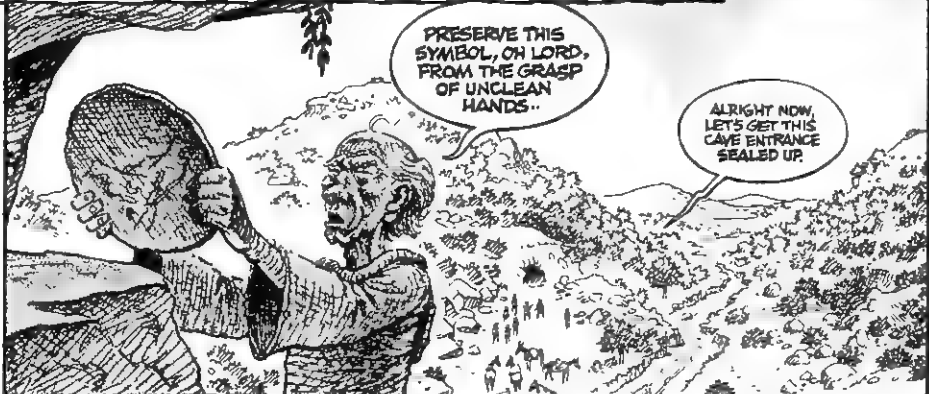
NO USE TO COMMIT SECRETS LIKE THESE TO MERE PAPER!



LOAD AFTER LOAD OF SILVER BARS WE CACHED IN THESE REMOTE SPOTS, THE PRIEST RECORDING EACH WITH HIS TIME-DEFIANT PLAQUES.

PRESERVE THIS SYMBOL, OH LORD, FROM THE GRASP OF UNGLEAN HANDS..

ALRIGHT NOW, LET'S GET THIS CAVE ENTRANCE SEALED UP



TO IDENTIFY MAJOR SITES LOPEZ FASHIONED MORE ELABORATE MEANS, SUCH AS METAL BOXES.



INSIDE HE WOULD PLACE A CRUCIFIX, A ROSARY, OR SOME CLUE RELAYED TO HIS SUPERIORS.

WHEN FUTURE CHURCHMEN FIND THIS, DIEGO, THEY'LL UNDERSTAND WHAT IT SIGNIFIES.



CAPTAIN PARRILLA, WHOSE TIME WAS CONSUMED BY HIS DEFENSIVE MEASURES, WELCOMED LOPEZ'S ZEALOUSNESS. WERE NOT THE INTERESTS OF CHURCH AND STATE THE SAME IN HIS CATHOLIC MAJESTY'S REALM??

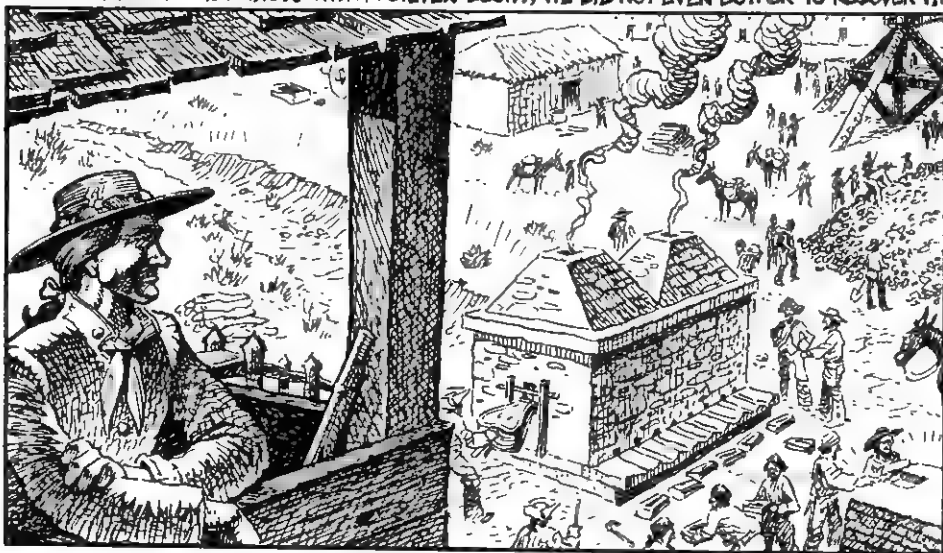
MOST ASSUREDLY SO, AS THE INQUISITION WAS QUICK TO REMIND THOSE WHO DOUBTED IT!



DURING THE LULL AFTER THE MASSACRE, TONS OF ORE WERE TAKEN FROM THE CAVES NEAR SAN SABA. AN ESPECIALLY RICH STRIKE WAS MADE AT BADEÑA DE PLATA, VERY CLOSE BY.



I MYSELF SAT IN THE CROW'S NEST AND WATCHED THE SMELTER WORK. ITS FLOW OF SLAG SOON GLISTENED THE ARROYO WITH A SILVER SCUM; WE DID NOT EVEN BOTHER TO RECOVER IT.





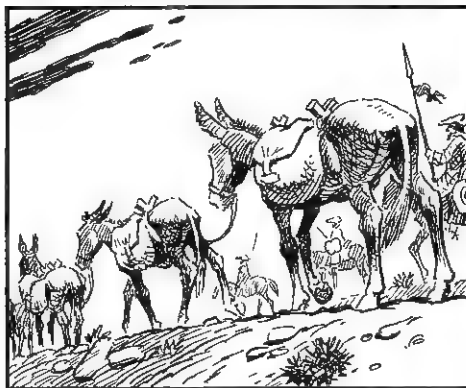
I SAW THE MULES BEING LOADED WITH HEAVY BARS...



AND HELPED BLINDFOLD THE DROVERS SO ONLY FRAY LOPEZ WOULD KNOW THEIR DESTINATION.



NOT ALL THE SILVER WAS HIDDEN - A FEW PACKTRAINS WENT SOUTH - ENOUGH TO KEEP THE VICEREGAL AUTHORITIES' GREED ALIVE.



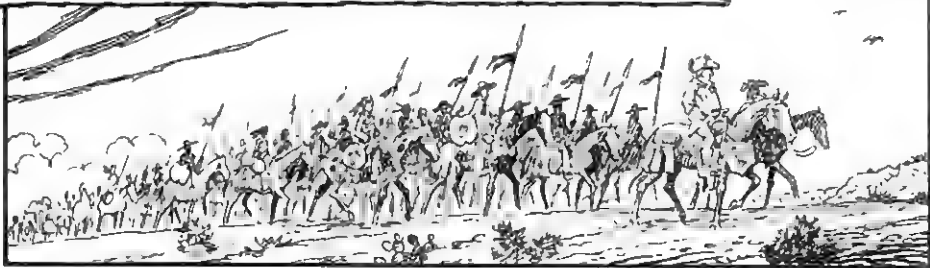
WHEN THEY RETURNED, THE LEATHER-BOUND BOOK THAT THE PRIEST CLUTCHED IN HIS HAND WOULD CONTAIN A NEW MAP, NEW ENTRIES.



THUS PARRILLA'S IDEA OF A BIG CAMPAIGN FOUND FAVOR WITH THE VICEROY. THE HOSTILES MUST BE PUNISHED, THE MINES SAVED.



IN AUGUST OF '59 THE CAPTAIN MARCHED NORTH WITH AN ARMY OF OVER 500 MEN, THE LARGEST EXPEDITION SINCE CORONADO'S DAY.



AT THE BRAZOS WE STRUCK A TONKAWA VILLAGE, TAKING MANY CAPTIVES.



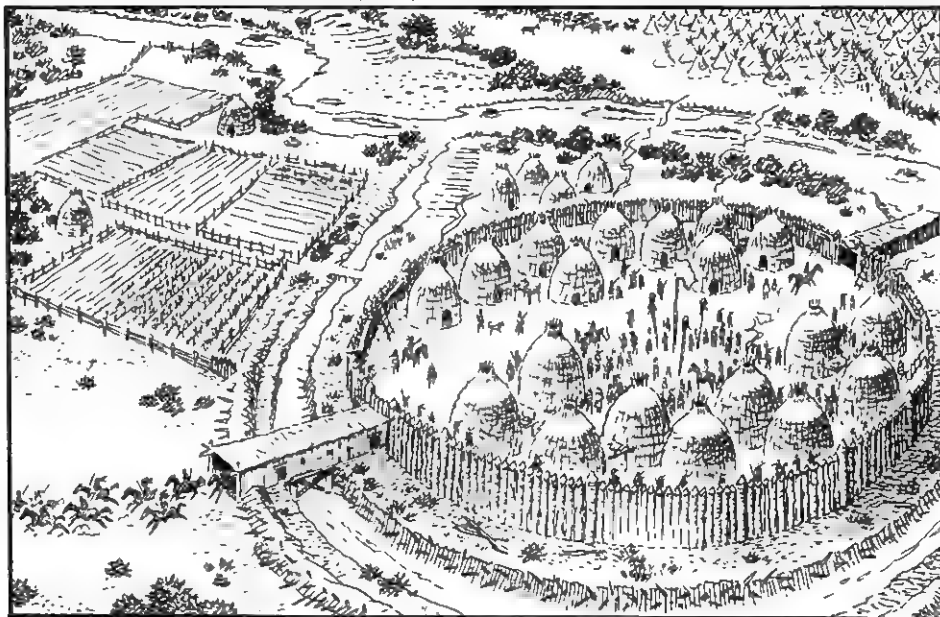
ONE OF THEIR SLAIN WARRIORS WORE PART OF A CASSECK BELONGING TO THE MARTYRED FATHER ALONSO TERREROS..



SOME SAID THAT WE SHOULD TURN BACK, HAVING VINDICATED SPANISH HONOR, BUT PARRILLA WAS NOT ONE TO QUIT. HE WANTED A BIG VICTORY... SO WE PRESSED ON, 200 LEAGUES INTO NOWHERE.



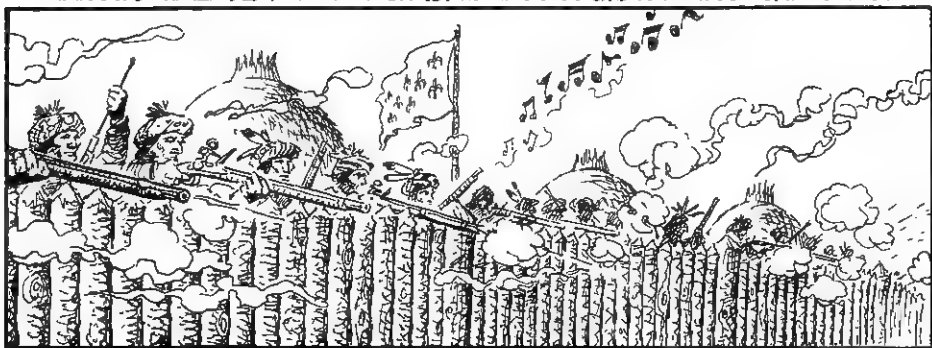
BY MID-OCTOBER WE REACHED THE RED RIVER AND BEHELD A STARTLING SIGHT: NO LITTLE HIDE-COVERED CAMP BUT A REAL FORTRESS, SURROUNDED BY A MOAT AND FLYING A FRENCH FLAG!



TIME AND AGAIN WE CHARGED THOSE STOUT WALLS BUT ALWAYS WITH THE SAME RESULT.



AS THEIR GUNS RAINED DEATH DOWN UPON US, WE HEARD DRUMS AND FIFES PLAYING MERRILY.



WHEN WE BROUGHT UP OUR CANNON THE INDIANS HOOTED AT ITS INEFFECTUAL NOISE AND DROVE US FROM THE FIELD WITH A WELL-DISCIPLINED ASSAULT.



ONLY DARKNESS SAVED OUR SCATTERED FORCE FROM TOTAL ANNIHILATION.



THAT NIGHT THE TAOVAYAS HELD A BIG VICTORY DANCE. FRESH WARPARTIES KEPT ARRIVING.



THEN, AT THE COMMAND OF THEIR ONE-HANDED SHAMAN, OUR APACHE ALLIES ABANDONED US.

THEY WERE NOT THE ONLY ONES TO SLINK AWAY FROM SUCH A FORMIDABLE FOE.

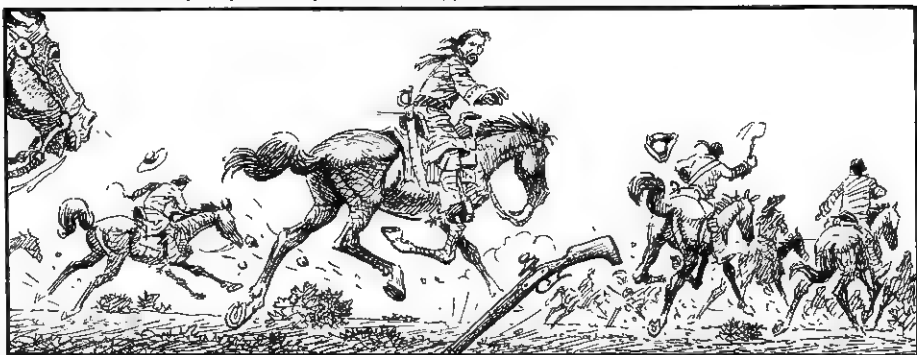


PARRILLA, WOUNDED IN THE DAY'S FIGHTING, CALLED A HASTY COUNCIL OF WAR...

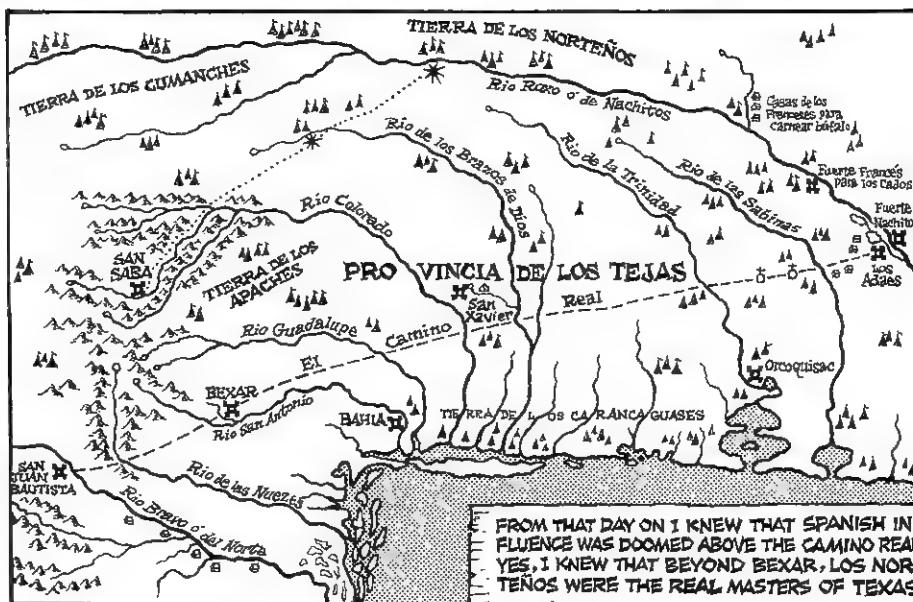




I WILL NOT LIE TO YOU MY FRIENDS... IT WAS NO ORDERLY RETREAT.



POSTED AS A REAR GUARD, I THANK THE SAINTS THAT THE CELEBRATING INDIANS DID NOT PURSUE TO WITNESS OUR DISGRACE.



FROM THAT DAY ON I KNEW THAT SPANISH INFLUENCE WAS DOOMED ABOVE THE CAMINO REAL. YES, I KNEW THAT BEYOND BEXAR, LOS NORTENOS WERE THE REAL MASTERS OF TEXAS!

OTHERS KNEW IT TOO...



IN SADNESS THE FARAON SHAMAN LED HIS PEOPLE AWAY,  
THEIR SACRED MOUNTAINS NOW IN SACRILEGIOUS HANDS.



OUR MORALE WAS BROKEN BY THE RED RIVER FIASCO — AND SO WAS PARRILLA'S CAREER!



THE CAPTAIN RODE SOUTH TO DEFEND HIMSELF BEFORE THE ROYAL TRIBUNAL BUT HE NEVER RETURNED TO TEXAS, NOR DID HE PROFIT FROM THE RICH MINES HE HAD LABORED TO ESTABLISH.

WE REMAINED BEHIND, CUT OFF FROM OUTSIDE HELP, LEFT TO DIE IN OUR MISERABLE PRESIDIO.



ON MANY NIGHTS WE COULD HEAR THE AGONIZED MUTTERING OF DISTANT BULTOS AS FINGERS OF LIGHTNING FLASHED ACROSS THE ACCURSED LAND.



WITH THE EMBOLDENED SAVAGES HOVERING NEAR OUR FORT, THE SMELTER STOOD IDLE. WE THOUGHT ONLY OF SELF-PRESERVATION.

IMAGINE OUR SHOCK WHEN WE LEARNED THAT A NEW CAPTAIN WAS COMING TO SAN SABA - THE INFAMOUS PRIEST KILLER, FELIPE RABAGO!

# Chapter V



*Priest Killer*

# THE PRIEST KILLER

EVERYONE HAD HEARD SOMETHING OF THE SCANDAL AT THE SHORT-LIVED MISSION OF SAN XAVIER, BUT FEW KNEW THE DETAILS LIKE MY UNCLE, SGT. MARCOS MINCHACA.

YOU WANT TO KNOW THE TRUTH ABOUT FELIPE, EH? SHOW ME THE LOWEST LIFE THAT EVER WRIGGLED OUT OF THE PRIMEVAL SLIME AND I'LL SHOW YOU AN ANGEL, COMPARED TO SENIOR FELIPE RABAGO!





I SHOULD KNOW —  
I SERVED UNDER HIM AT  
SAN XAVIER FROM START TO  
FINISH... WORST DUTY OF ALL  
MY 40 YEARS SERVICE  
TO THE KING!!



FACT IS, I KNEW THERE WOULD BE TROUBLE  
WHEN WE FIRST WENT TO SCOUT THE SITE.



THIS IS  
IT, BOYS.

THE INDIAN WOMEN THERE WERE THE BEST LOOKING I'D EVER  
SEEN. BIG TITS, SHAPELY ASSES — A SOLDIER'S DREAM...



THEY WERE FRIENDLY TOO, AND THEIR FAVORS CAME CHEAP.

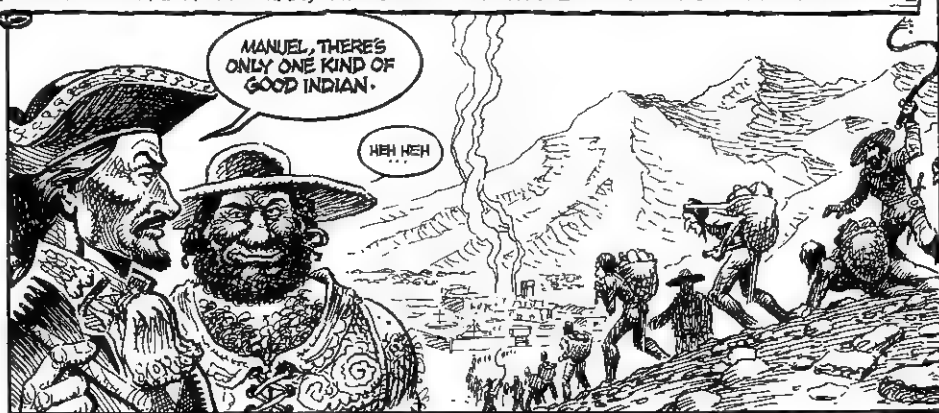


OF COURSE THE PRIESTS CAUSED PROBLEMS.

THEY SAID WE WERE "DISRUPTING THEIR SPIRITUAL WORK." MAYBE SO, BUT OUR TRINKETS MADE THE GIRLS' SPIRITS SOAR — AND THEIR GESTURES OF APPRECIATION LIFTED OUR SPIRITS AS WELL!



FINALLY OUR RUDE HUTS WERE ELEVATED TO PRESIDIO STATUS AND RABAGO WAS APPOINTED CAPTAIN. HE WAS A RICH MAN, HAVING MADE A FORTUNE IN THE MINES OF ZACATECAS.



HE WAS YOUNG, VAIN, OVERBEARING, JEALOUS AND PASSIONATE — ANY ONE OF WHICH MAKES A PERSON UNFIT TO COMMAND.

BUT THESE TRAITS ALSO MADE HIM IRRESISTIBLE TO WOMEN, AND TEXAS WAS NO DIFFERENT.



ON HIS WAY TO SAN XAVIER, RABAGO STOPPED IN BEXAR TO GATHER SOME RECRUITS.



HE DAZZLED THE LOCAL FEMALES, UNACCUSTOMED AS THEY WERE TO THE REFINEMENTS OF HIGH SOCIETY.

ONE, THE WIFE OF JUAN JOSÉ ZEBALLOS, QUICKLY SUCCUMBED TO HIS CHARMS.



WHEN PVT. ZEBALLOS LEARNED OF HIS WIFE'S INDISCRETION, HE MADE SOME BOLD THREATS.



FOR HIS IMPERTINENCE THE FOOLISH FELLOW WAS PROMPTLY CLAMPED IN IRONS.



BUT SWEET MARIA WASN'T THE ONLY ONE TO FIND FAVOR IN FELIPE'S EYES. HIS SEXUAL APPETITE KNEW NO BOUNDS.



THOSE EAGER TO WIN PROMOTION DID NOT SEEM TO MIND FELIPE'S GROTESQUE DINNER ARRANGEMENTS; NEITHER DID THEIR WIVES!



BEFORE WE REACHED SAN XAVIER, THE CAPTAIN'S DOINGS WERE AN OPEN SCANDAL..



ONCE THERE, FELIPE BADMOUTHED THE PROJECT AND WANTED TO MOVE IT... UNTIL HE SAW THE WOMEN.



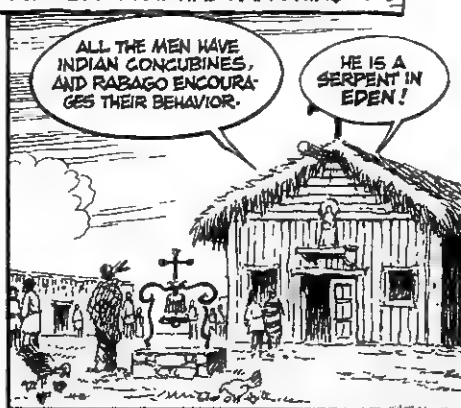
SOON HE HAD HIS LACKEYS PROCURING THE MISSION'S MORE VOLUPTUOUS "CONVERTS."

AFTER FELIPE WAS SATIATED, HE REWARDED HIS MOST DILIGENT PIMPS.



THE PRIESTS AT THE NEARBY MISSION REALIZED WHAT WAS HAPPENING...

BUT IT WAS HIS LIAISONS WITH CHRISTIAN WOMEN THAT THEY FOUND MOST DETESTABLE.



FELIPE INDIGNANTLY DENIED ALL, AND FORBADE FRAY PINILLA TO ENTER THE PRESIDIO.

HE VENTED HIS RAGE ON THE HAPLESS HUSBAND

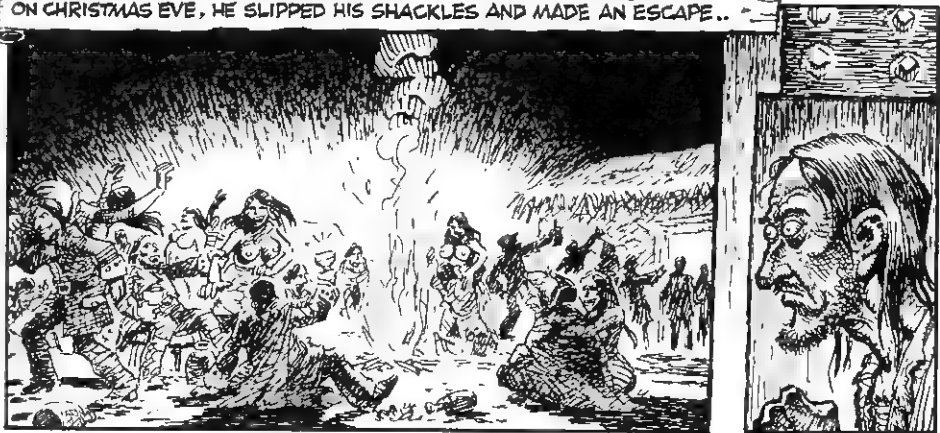




... BY PLACING A BED IN THE PRISONER'S CELL TO COMPLETE HIS HUMILIATION!



POOR ZEBALLOS COULD TAKE NO MORE. DURING THE DRUNKEN ORGY ON CHRISTMAS EVE, HE SLIPPED HIS SHACKLES AND MADE AN ESCAPE..



... PLACING HIMSELF UNDER THE MISSIONARIES' PROTECTION.



WHEN CAPTAIN RABAGO LEARNED OF IT, HE RODE STRAIGHT TO MISSION CANDELARIA.



ENTERING THE CHAPEL ON HORSEBACK HE SEIZED THE FUGITIVE AND CURSED THE PRIESTS.



VIOLATION OF SANCTUARY, OF COURSE, WAS AN AFFRONT NO CHURCHMAN COULD OVERLOOK. RABAGO FINALLY YIELDED ON THE MATTER— BUT REFUSED TO MAKE A PUBLIC APOLOGY.

THE CAPTAIN'S EXAMPLE SPREAD LIKE A MALIGNANCY TO THE MEN UNDER HIM.



BAH! SEND HIM BACK TO THE MISSION, AND HIS WIFE TOO— I'M BORED WITH HER ANYWAY!



DON'T FRET ABOUT IT. I SENT YOUR HUSBAND OFF TO TEND THE HORSES..

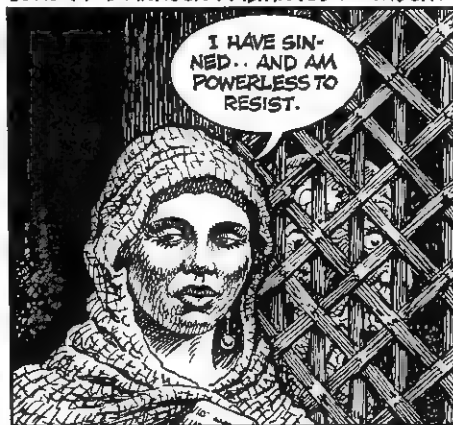
ARRUCHA, FOR EXAMPLE, COMPLAINED THAT CORP CARBAJAL, ONE OF FELIPE'S FAVORITES, WAS SCREWING HIS WIFE.

SEÑORA DE ARRUCHA ADMITTED AS MUCH.



EVERY TIME I'M OUT ON GUARD DUTY, FATHER!

TSK  
TSK



I HAVE SIN-  
NED.. AND AM  
POWERLESS TO  
RESIST.

WHEN FATHER PINILLA EXPOSED THE AFFAIR, CARBAJAL CHARGED HIM WITH VIOLATION OF THE CONFSSIONAL AND DEFAIMATION OF CHARACTER.

AT FELIPE'S BEHEST, THE GARRISON SIGNED A FORMAL PETITION AGAINST THE MISSIONARIES.



FINALLY, REALIZING THEY COULD NOT OTHERWISE CURB THE PRESIDIO'S RAMPLANT VICE, THE GOOD FATHERS TOOK THE ULTIMATE STEP.



THE OUTRAGED SOLDIERS RIPPED PINILLA'S NOTICE TO SHREDS AND BURNED IT.



BUT THEY WERE EVENTUALLY HUMBLLED BY THE PROSPECT OF A BURNING WELL AND SOUGHT ABSOLUTION.



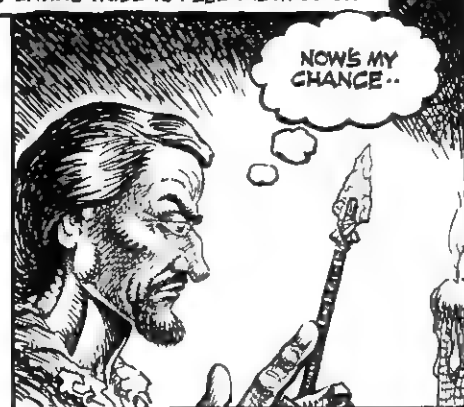
ALL BUT FELIPE. HE SEETHED AGAINST THE PRIESTS AND PLOTTED VENGEANCE.



WHEN TWO COCO WARRIORS ENTERED THE PRESIDIO CARRYING WEAPONS, THE CAPTAIN HAD THEM BRUTALLY WHIPPED.



THIS HARSH TREATMENT CAUSED THE ENTIRE TRIBE TO FLEE THE MISSION.



THAT NIGHT FELIPE SENT SOME OF HIS TRUSTED HENCHMEN ON A DASTARDLY ERRAND.



AT THE MISSION THEY FOUND JUAN JOSE ZEBALLOS DINING WITH HIS BENEFACTORS.



.. AND THEN CHRIST SAID, "I SHALL MAKE YE FISHERS OF MEN."



A SHOT RANG OUT AND ZEBALLOS SLUMPED OVER THE TABLE.



RUSHING TO THE DOOR, FATHER GAN-ZABAL PRESENTED AN EASY TARGET.



ONLY THE EXTINGUISHED CANDLE SAVED FRAY PINILLA FROM HIS SKULKING ASSASSINS.



FELIPE RUSHED TO THE SCENE AND SOLEMNLY PRONOUNCED JUDGMENT.





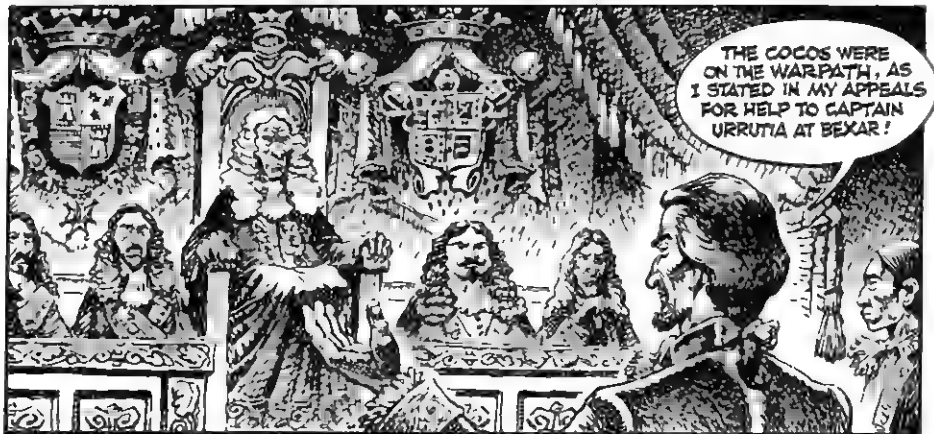
BUT THE MISSIONARIES HAD THEIR DOUBTS...



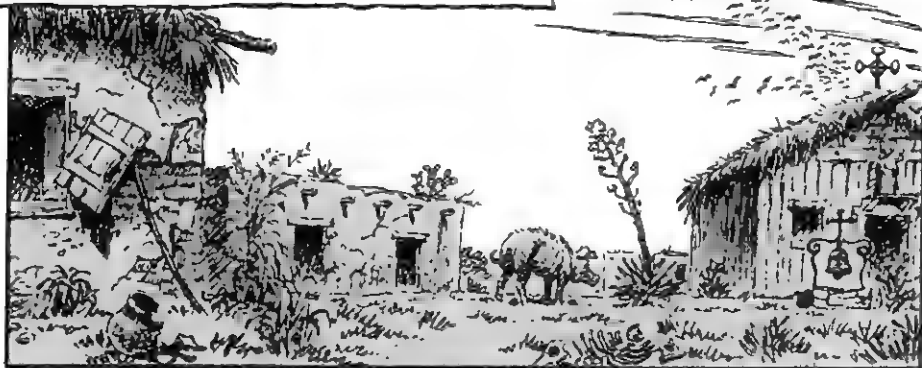
DOUBTS THAT WERE SOON CONFIRMED BY THE TESTIMONY OF A MISSION INDIAN CARRIED ALONG AS AN UNKNOWING ACCOMPLICE.



ALTHO FELIPE GOT ANDRES TO CHANGE HIS STORY, THE UPROAR COST THE CAPTAIN HIS JOB. IT TOOK HIM EIGHT YEARS AND A PILE OF ZACATECAN SILVER TO BEAT THE CHARGES.



MEANWHILE, SAN XAVIER FELL UPON HARD TIMES. THE INDIANS REFUSED TO COME NEAR THE PLACE.



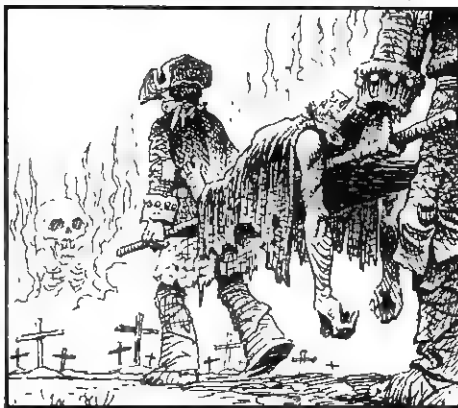
THE RIVER DRIED UP, LEAVING STAGNANT POOLS CLOGGED WITH DEAD FISH.



GREAT RAVINES OPENED IN THE EARTH; FERTILE FIELDS BECAME BRIAR PATCHES; STOCK PERISHED.



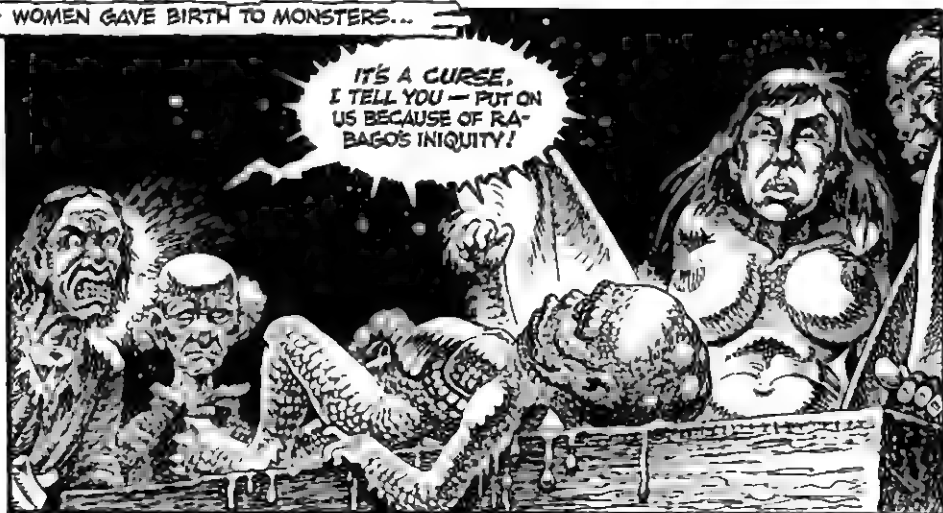
VIRULENT FEVERS SWEEPED THE GARRISON AND A HORRIBLE STENCH HUNG OVER THE VALLEY.



ONE NIGHT A BALL OF FIRE APPEARED IN THE SKY, CIRCLING THE ABANDONED MISSION BEFORE EXPLODING OVER THE PRESIDIO IN A DEAFENING ROAR.



WOMEN GAVE BIRTH TO MONSTERS...



TO SAVE OURSELVES WE RISKED THE KING'S DISPLEASURE AND LEFT THAT GOD-FORSAKEN PLACE.

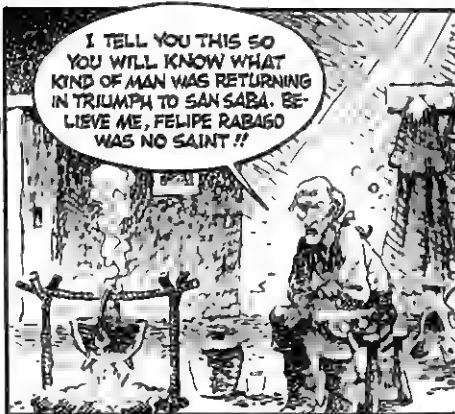


YES AMIGOS, I WAS ONE OF THE FORTUNATE FEW TO SURVIVE, BUT IT LEFT ITS MARK ON ME. ONCE A ROBUST MAN,

NOW I AM AN INVALID, WITH ONLY A SMALL ARMY PENSION TO COMFORT MY LAST YEARS..



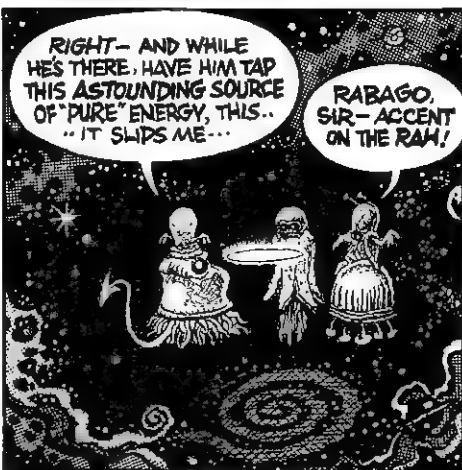
I TELL YOU THIS SO YOU WILL KNOW WHAT KIND OF MAN WAS RETURNING IN TRIUMPH TO SAN SABA. BELIEVE ME, FELIPE RABAGO WAS NO SAINT !!



MEANWHILE, IN A DISTANT GALAXY, THREE DENIZENS HOVER AROUND A COSMIC SCANNER AT THE INSTITUTE FOR UNIVERSAL EVIL.



THEIR WORLD IS ENERGIZED BY BAD VIBRATIONS, THE WORSE THE BETTER.



# Chapter VI



*Rabago's Reign*



# BULLTO

## RABAGO'S REIGN

YOU CAN WELL IMAGINE THE CONSTERNATION WITH WHICH WE WELCOMED OUR NEW COMMANDER. TRUE, CAPTAIN PARRILLA HAD MADE SOME BLUNDERS BUT HE WAS A SOLDIER, A MAN OF HONOR. NOW WE WERE SADDLED WITH THE BIGGEST PROFLIGATE IN NEW SPAIN!



AS USUAL FELIPE HAD A WOMAN WITH HIM, A VULGAR HUSSY WHOSE HUSBAND WAS COMPLIANT.

SMALL WONDER. EVEN THOUGH HE WAS AN ILLITERATE MIXED-BLOOD, FELIPE HAD MADE HIM SECOND IN COMMAND AT SAN SABA.



FATHER LOPEZ AND HIS FRANCISCANS LEFT IN A HUFF THE SAME DAY.

I'LL NOT ADMINISTER SACRAMENTS TO A MURDEROUS FIEND!!



IT DIDN'T MATTER TO FELIPE BECAUSE HE HAD BROUGHT HIS OWN PRIEST WITH HIM, A SINISTER LOOKING "JESUIT" WHO KEPT HIS FACE COWLED.



THE PRESIDIO WAS IN BAD SHAPE. BUT RABAGO ROSE TO THE CHALLENGE, ESPECIALLY AFTER HE LEARNED OUR SECRET.

TELL ME ABOUT THESE RUMORS OF A SILVER MINE HEREABOUTS..

JUST RUMORS, SIRE..



IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO KEEP IT FROM HIM. WHATEVER FELIPE WAS, HE WAS NO FOOL.

NO SILVER, EH GUZMAN? AND I SUPPOSE THIS IS JUST A FANCY OUTHOUSE.



UNDER THREAT OF TORTURE, DON JOSEF AND I SHOWED HIM THE CAVE.

NOT BAD! NOT BAD AT ALL!!



HE HAD A KEEN EYE FOR OTHER PROMISING SITES.

WE'LL WORK THIS PLACE NEXT. THE VEIN IS ASTOUNDING!



RABAGO SOON KNEW THE WEALTH OF THE MINES AND HE MEANT TO HAVE THE STRONGEST PRESIDIO ON THE FRONTIER TO PROTECT THEM.



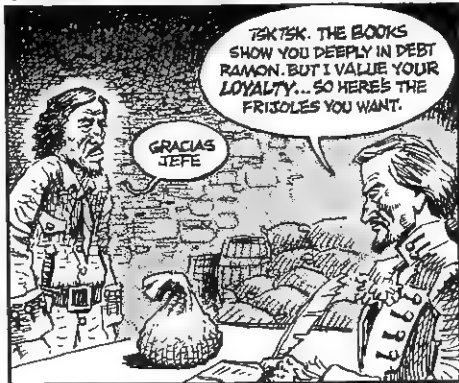
THESE OLD SHACKS, THAT STOCKADE, ALL MUST BE REPLACED WITH STONE.

HE WORKED HIS SOLDIERS LIKE SLAVES, BUILDING THE FORT AND HAULING ORE.



WE'LL HAVE DECENT QUARTERS BY WINTER AT THIS RATE.

THE MEN GRUMBLED. MOST OF ALL THOSE WHOSE WIVES HE DESPOILED, BUT THE NEW CAPTAIN INCREASED HIS HOLD OVER US, SLOWLY BUT SURELY.



TEKTEK. THE BOOKS SHOW YOU DEEPLY IN DEBT RAMON. BUT I VALUE YOUR LOYALTY... SO HERE'S THE FRISIOLES YOU WANT.

GRACIAS JEFE

THOSE WHO TRIED TO DESERT WERE DEALT WITH HARSHLY. FELIPE LOVED TO WORK PEOPLE OVER, AND SO DID HIS SADISTIC CRONIES.



YOU TAKE OVER FOR AWHILE, CHICO. MY ARM IS GETTING TIRED!

MOAN...

MEANWHILE, THE BARS OF SILVER WERE PILING UP. CAPT. RABAGO HAD A SPECIAL ROOM FOR THEM IN HIS NEW BLOCKHOUSE. THE SIGHT MADE HIS WOMEN CRAZY WITH DESIRE!



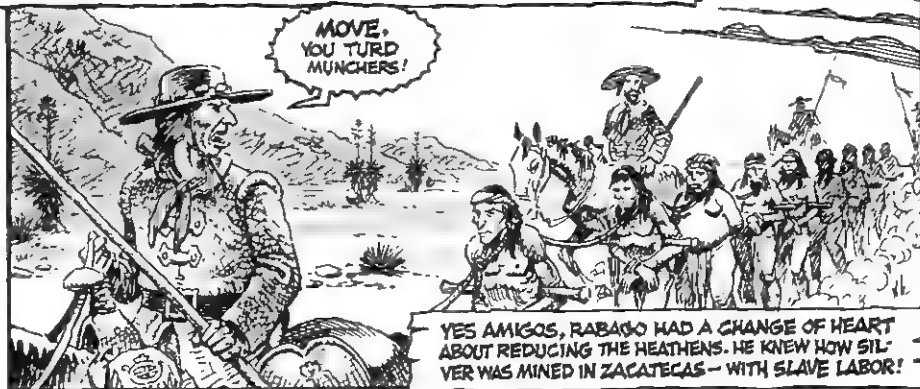
WHEN THE ROOM FILLED UP HE WOULD LOAD THE BARS ON PACK MULES AND HEAD TO THE MONTE WITH A FEW CAPTIVE INDIANS.



THE STRING OF MULES CAME BACK BUT THE CAPTIVES WERE NEVER SEEN AGAIN.



MORE INDIANS WERE ROUNDED UP TO REPLACE THEM IN THE MINES.



YES AMIGOS, RABAGO HAD A CHANGE OF HEART ABOUT REDUCING THE HEATHENS. HE KNEW HOW SILVER WAS MINED IN ZACATECAS - WITH SLAVE LABOR!

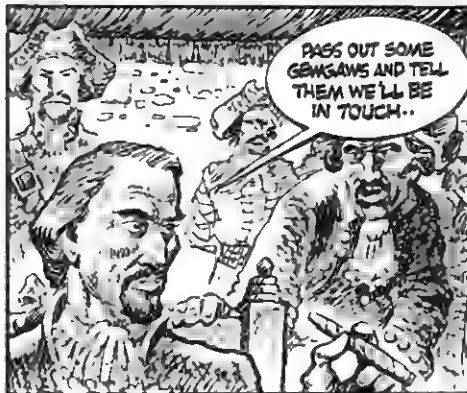
HE SENT ME OFF TO GET COYOTE TWO FEET'S APACHES AND TRIED TO INTEREST THEM IN "SETTLING DOWN."

LIKE RABAGO, THE APACHES WERE NOBODY'S FOOL. THEY COULD SEE THE GREED IN HIS EYES, THE WAY HE COVETED ZULTHU'S SILVER.



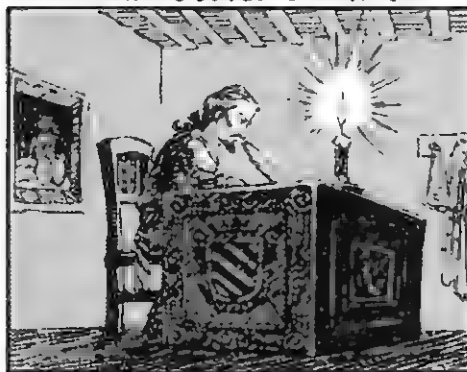
FINE, SAID THE CAPTAIN; HE HAD PLENTY OF TIME. THE MINES AT SAN SABA WERE PRODUCING WEALTH FASTER THAN HE COULD HIDE IT ANYWAY. NO RUSH.

BEFORE LEAVING, THE ONE-HANDED SHAMAN HAD A BRIEF, HUSHED CONVERSATION WITH THE "JESUIT." AN OBJECT PASSED BETWEEN THEM.



AFTER THIS POW-WOW FELIPE WROTE THE FATHER PRESIDENT OF THE RIO BRAVO MISSIONS, INVITING HIM TO COME AND RE-ESTABLISH THE MISSION THAT THE NORTENOS HAD BURNED TO THE GROUND.

THEY LIKED THE IDEA. MAYBE HE HINTED AT THE RICH MINES; MAYBE THEY ALREADY KNEW...





BUT BEFORE THEY ARRIVED FELIPE SENT HIS MYSTERIOUS BLACK-ROBED COMPANION OFF TO THE HILLS, ALONE. WE WERE FORBIDDEN TO SPEAK OF HIM..



THE PRIESTS FROM THE BRAVO WERE IMPRESSED BY THE CHANGE IN THE CONTROVERSIAL OFFICER.

HE AND FRAY XIMENEZ DECIDED ON A SITE FOR THEIR NEW MISSION, SAN LORENZO OF THE HOLY CROSS..



WELL PADRE, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE PLAN?

I MUST SAY, WE ARE WARMED AT YOUR ZEAL FOR CONVERTING THE PAGANS, SENOR.



HERE, IN THIS VALLEY HIGH ON THE NUBES, OUR APACHES FAVOR THE SPOT.

SURE ENOUGH, THE MAIMED MEDICINE MAN SHOWED UP WITH 400 OF HIS PEOPLE FOR THE GROUND-BREAKING CEREMONY.



BROTHERS!! TODAY OUR HEARTS ARE GLAD..

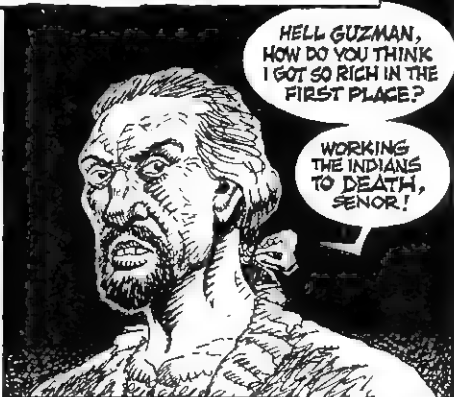
ANOTHER BAND LED BY CHIEF 'CROSS-EYED' ASKED FOR A MISSION NEARBY. THE PRIESTS WERE OVERJOYED.



SO WAS CAPT. RABAGO. HE SETTLED BACK AND WAITED FOR THE PADRES TO TAME HIS MINERS.



WHEN SOME OF US QUESTIONED THE ETHICS OF THIS, FELIPE JUST LAUGHED.



MY PATRÓN LATER ADMITTED TO ME THAT IT WAS A COMMON PRACTICE IN THE INTERIOR.



MEANWHILE, WE WERE ACTIVE. FELIPE WANTED TO SEE ALMAGRES; COCHATA'S BULTO WAS QUIET..



HE MADE A CAREFUL CHART OF EACH NEW PLACE WE FOUND. FELIPE RABAGO WAS A METICULOUS MAN, IN SPITE OF HIS PASSION FOR THE WOMEN.



SOME HE MARKED WITH CANNONBALLS FILLED WITH GOLD NUGGETS, MUCH LIKE FRAY LOPEZ'S METHODS.



AND LIKE THE PRIEST, FELIPE KEPT HIS DIAGRAMS LOCKED UP IN A STRONGBOX.



ALL THIS TIME, THE CAPTAIN WAS HOARDING SILVER, LYING TO US BY SAYING HE WAS SENDING IT TO THE ROYAL EXCHEQUER IN POTOSI.



WE WEREN'T FOOLED. THE KING'S ROAD LAY TO THE SOUTH BUT FELIPE'S LITTLE PACKTRAINS, AFTER HEADING THAT WAY, TURNED OFF THE CAMINO REAL TO GO EAST, WEST, AND NORTH!



EACH NIGHT AFTER HIS BLACK-ROBED SHADOW RETURNED, LIGHTNING FLICKERED AND THUNDER RUMBED ON SOME FAR HORIZON. THE "JESUIT" OBVIOUSLY HAD MASTERED RITES THAT THE APACHE BRUTO WOULD ENVY.



BUT FELIPE'S EL DORADO WAS TOO GOOD TO LAST. IN THE END, AS IN THE BEGINNING, THE APACHES BROUGHT DOWN RUIN ON ALL OUR HEADS.



FEELING SAFE IN THEIR NUECES SANCTUARIES, THEY STARTED RAIDING THE NORTENOS, THEIR TRAIL ALWAYS LEADING BACK TO THE NEW MISSIONS.



FINALLY THE COMANCHES RETALIATED. WE WERE IN A CONSTANT STATE OF SIEGE.



THE STREAM OF SILVER BECAME A MERE TRICKLE.

ANGERED, FELIPE SENT SOLDIERS TO SAN LORENZO.



THE TREACHEROUS SHAMAN AND HIS WARRIORS WERE HAULED TO THE MINE NEAREST OUR PRESIDIO.



THE APACHE WOMEN, OF COURSE, WERE DOLED OUT TO THE CAPTAIN'S HENCHMEN.





BUT NOT BEFORE HIS PERSONAL SPIRITUAL ADVISOR HAD "CONSECRATED" THEM.



THEIR HORRIBLE SHRIEKS PIERCED THE DARKNESS AND WE COULD ONLY GUESS AT WHAT WENT ON IN THE PRIEST'S CELL.



FELIPE'S CRONIES DIDN'T MIND: AFTER A NIGHT WITH THE SO-CALLED "JESUIT" THE INDIAN WOMEN GLADLY SUBMITTED TO THEIR MOST DEPRAVED WHIM— AS IF ANYTHING WAS BETTER THAN BEING SENT BACK TO HIM.



AT THIS LOW POINT, NEWS REACHED US THAT THE KING'S INSPECTOR-GENERAL WAS ENROUTE TO PRESIDIO SAN SABA.

## Chapter VII



*Screams of Delight*

# BULTO

## SCREAMS of DELIGHT

KNOWLEDGE OF THE RICH MINES WAS PERHAPS THE ONLY THING THAT COULD HAVE CONVINCED THE INSPECTOR GENERAL, MARQUES DE RUBI, TO MAINTAIN OUR ISOLATED POST. BUT FELIPE, OF COURSE, WAS FAR TOO GREEDY FOR THAT..



AS SOON AS HE LEARNED OF RUBI'S APPROACH, THE CAPTAIN DISMANTLED DON JOSE'S SMELTER AND COVERED THE SPARKLING ARROYO WITH DIRT.

C'MON, C'  
MON. HURRY  
IT UP!



THEN HE MADE US TAKE AN OATH OF SILENCE.

IF THE KING FINDS  
OUT ABOUT THE SILVER,  
YOU'LL ALL HANG—I'LL  
SEE TO IT MYSELF!



RUBI DOUBTLESS HAD ALREADY HEARD ABOUT RABAGO'S  
BAD CHARACTER AND THE ABUSES RAMPANT AT SAN SABA.

DEAR MAR-  
QUES! WHAT A  
NICE SURPRISE.  
I AM HONORED.

SO THIS IS  
THE NOTORIOUS  
SEÑOR RABAGO.



WHAT HE FOUND ONLY CONFIRMED THE RUMORS.

CARE TO  
REVIEW THE  
TROOPS, SIRE?

...THEN I'LL  
SHOW YOU OUR  
MARVELOUS FOR-  
TIFICATIONS

AS YOU  
WISH, DON  
FELIPE!



FELIPE WAS ONLY 45 BUT HIS DISSIPATION HAD TAKEN A HEAVY TOLL.

DON'T YOUR MEN EVER CLEAN THEIR WEAPONS, CAPTAIN?

MORE RIGOROUS DUTIES CONSUME THEIR TIME HEH... HEH...



THE MEN'S HEALTH WASN'T MUCH BETTER... THEY WERE KEPT AT THE FORT BY DEBT AND THE CAPTAIN'S HENCHMEN, BUT MOSTLY BY FEAR OF BEING SCALPED BETWEEN HERE AND CIVILIZATION.

...WEATHER HERE IS ABOMINABLE. VERY HARD ON EQUIPMENT, WORSE ON MEN...

COUGH  
COUGH



RUBI LATER PRONOUNCED SAN SABA THE WORST PRESIDIO ON THE ENTIRE FRONTIER BUT HE WAS CAREFUL TO KEEP FELIPE FROM KNOWING.



SATISFIED, GENERAL?

QUITE SATISFIED.

RABAGO, BLINDED BY VANITY, THOUGHT THE MARQUES LIKED WHAT HE SAW.

...A PIECE OF CAKE...



SINCE THE LOCAL MINES WERE MOSTLY WORKED OUT, FELIPE SUGGESTED A MOVE TO EL CANON.

THE TWO PITIFUL MISSIONS THERE NEED OUR HELP SURE. IF THEY ARE TO ENRICH GOD'S EARTHLY KINGDOM





REALIZING THAT RABAGO WANTED AN EXCUSE TO DESERT HIS POST, RUBI SLYLY TRICKED HIM INTO STAYING..

NO, CAPTAIN -- THIS INSTALLATION OF YOURS IS THE BULWARK BETWEEN US AND THE SAVAGE HORDES OF THE NORTH! YOU'RE NEEDED HERE!!

THAT IMPORTANT?? I HAD NO IDEA..



WHEN THE INSPECTOR OFFERED TO TAKE ME ON AS A GUIDE FOR THE REST OF HIS TOUR, I JUMPED AT THE CHANCE.

NO, AMIGOS, I DIDN'T WITNESS THE END OF SAN SABA, BUT DON JOSEF DID AND I HAVE NEVER DOUBTED HIS ACCOUNT.

THE CAPTAIN TELLS ME YOU'VE DONE SOME SCOUTING, YOUNG MAN.



IT WAS THE POWERFUL COMANCHES WHO DECIDED THE PRESIDIO'S FATE. FIRST THEY DROVE OFF ALL THE CATTLE AND BLOCKED THE ROAD SO THE GARRISON WOULD STARVE.



THEY ESTABLISHED A POSITION NEAR THE BADEÑA DE PLATA.  
INSIDE WERE FOUND SOME SILVER BARS, PUT THERE IN HASTE.



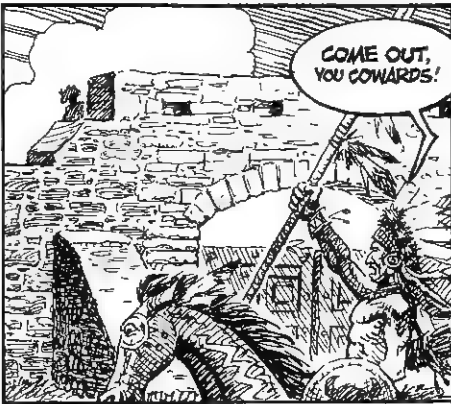
WHAT DO  
THEY DO WITH  
THIS JUNK?

BECAUSE IT  
SHINES, THEY  
THINK IT BIG  
MEDICINE.

THEY HEFTED THEM TO CATCH THE SUN,  
DAZZLING THE MEN INSIDE THE FORT.



THEIR WARRIORS SCORNE OUR SOLDIERS  
AND MADE A MOCKERY OF SPANISH VALOR.



COME OUT,  
YOU COWARDS!

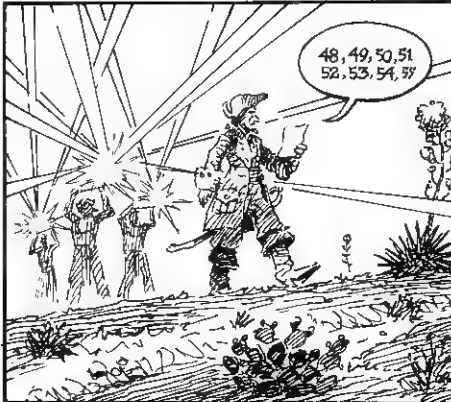
BAND AFTER BAND SHOWED UP, ONE OF  
THEM ACCOMPANIED BY A FRENCHMAN.



BROTHERS,  
WE BRING  
GUNS!

THEN YOU  
STAY FOR THE  
PARTY.

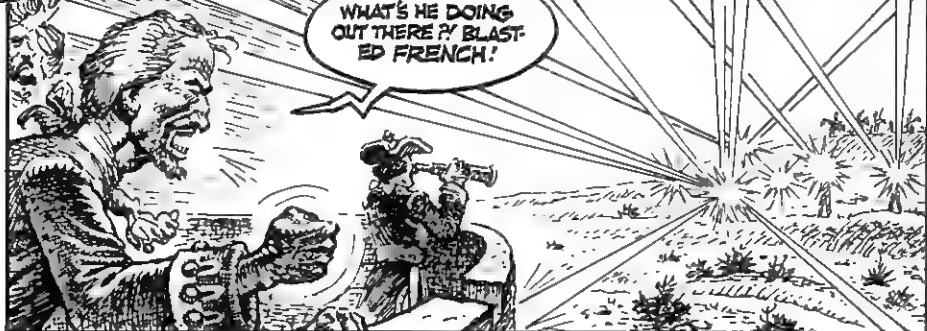
HE CARRIED A CHART AND WAS SOON PEEPER  
INTO CAVES AND STEPPING OFF DISTANCES.



48, 49, 50, 51  
52, 53, 54, 55

RABAGO WAS FRANTIC, BUT HE COULD NOT GO OUT AND FACE THE ASSEMBLED INDIANS. THEY WERE TOO STRONG; THE GARRISON WAS AFOOT AND TOO WEAK.

WHAT'S HE DOING  
OUT THERE? BLAST-  
ED FRENCH!



THAT WINTER AN EPIDEMIC HIT THE STARVING PRESIDIO. IT STRUCK THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST BUT SOON SPREAD TO THE MEN. GUZMAN SAID THE EFFECTS WERE TERRIBLE.



IT BEGAN WITH A SORE  
MOUTH AND PUS DRAINING  
FROM INFLAMED GUMS..



THEN THE GUMS ROTTED,  
TURNING BLACK AND EMIT-  
TING A SICKENING STENCH.



NEXT, THE AFFLICTED LOST THE  
USE OF THEIR LOWER LIMBS, WHICH  
DREW UP AND STIFFENED UNTIL  
THE VICTIM WAS IMMOBILIZED.

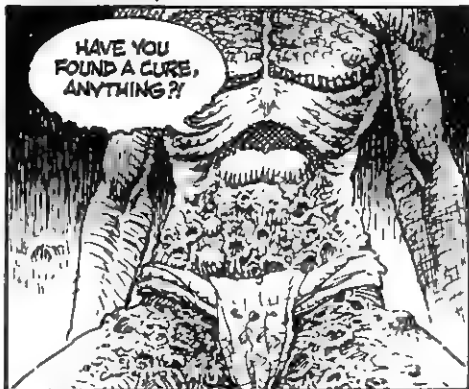


THEY CALLED IT "MAL DE LOANDA" AND WHO-  
EVER IT STRUCK LASTED ONLY A FEW DAYS.  
DON JOSEF WAS MERCIFULLY SPARED..

THE CAPTAIN WAS SICK TOO, BUT NOT FROM  
SCURVY. HIS AILMENT WAS SOMETHING WORSE.



FELIPE'S LOWER BODY WAS COVERED WITH  
MALIGNANT SORES, THE TREATMENT OF WHICH  
WAS ENTRUSTED TO HIS CONSTANT COMPANION.



THERE WAS NO CURE, OF COURSE, FOR THE  
CAPTAIN'S MALADY: A VIRULENT VENEREAL  
DISEASE THAT HE'D CAUGHT FROM HIS DISSOLUTE  
LIFE AND SPREAD HALFWAY ACROSS NEW SPAIN!



I DOUBT IF THE BASTARD EVER KNEW WHERE HE GOT IT, OR CARED WHO HE INFECTED.





NOW THAT THE CAPTAIN WAS SICK, HIS SOLDIERS BECAME BOLD. THEY LODGED A COMPLAINT WITH THE VICEROY: RA-BAGO ABUSED THEM, HE GOUGED THEM INTO PEONAGE AND VIOLATED THEIR WIVES. ALL TRUE, AS YOU HAVE SEEN...

THE VICEROY WAS INDIGNANT, HIS RAGE FUELED BY THE SUSPICION THAT FELIPE WAS GETTING RICH AT SAN SABA WITHOUT CUTTING HIM IN ON IT...

ONE MORE INCIDENT LIKE THIS AND HE'S FINISHED!

WE COULD NOT AGREE MORE, YR. EXCELLENCE.



BY JUNE THE CAPTAIN WAS WELL ENOUGH TO GET AROUND — IN OTHER WORDS, TO ABANDON TEXAS.

AS PREPARATIONS WERE UNDERWAY, FELIPE'S "JESUIT" MADE ONE LAST TRIP INTO THE HILLS.

IT'S NOW OR NEVER..



HIM AND THE GIRL!



WITH HIM HE TOOK COYOTE TWO FEET AND A FARAON WOMAN, FOR WHAT PURPOSE DON JOSEF NEVER KNEW.

REMEMBER YOUR PROMISE, OLD MAN..





ALL HE KNEW WAS THAT RABAGO'S SINISTER PRIEST NEVER CAME BACK...



AND THAT NIGHT THE SKY WAS  
ABLAZE WITH STRANGE LIGHTS.

FELIPE SOON GREW TIRED OF WAITING. ALAS, SAN SABA HAD NO PACK ANIMALS  
LEFT, SO THE COLUMN HAD TO LIMP TO EL CARIÓN — WITHOUT THE SILVER !!



FELIPE CARRIED AWAY ONLY HIS BOX OF PAPERS, HIS CHARTS TO THE MANY HIDDEN DEPOSITORIES. BY THEN THE VICEROY HAD ALREADY DECIDED TO DUMP HIM. THE EVIDENCE WAS TOO DAMNING.



IT DIDN'T MATTER; RABAGO WAS A DYING MAN...

HE NEVER MADE IT PAST SAN LUIS POTOSI, WHERE HE'D GONE IN SEARCH OF A PHYSICIAN TO REPLACE HIS BLACK-COWLED FRIEND.



KNOWING HIS PERVERSE NATURE, HE BURNED HIS MAPS BEFORE DEATH CAME SO NO ONE ELSE WOULD PROFIT FROM WHAT HE'D BEEN CHEATED OF.

YES AMIGOS, FELIPE WAS THAT KIND OF MAN: IF HE COULDN'T HAVE IT, THEN NEITHER COULD ANYBODY ELSE!



HE CARRIED HIS SECRETS TO THE GRAVE. AND WHEN HE DIED THE BULTOS IN DISTANT TEXAS  
SCREAMED WITH DELIGHT. ESPECIALLY OLD COCHATA, WHOSE SHADE GUARDED ALMAGRES.



BUT OTHER SKELETONS LITTERED THE BARS OF SILVER: FELIPE RABAGO SAW TO THAT.  
NOW THEY MUST HAVE REJOICED AS HIS MISSHAPEN SOUL SCUTTLED BACK TO HELL !!



## Chapter VIII



*Cow Camp*

# BULTO

## THE COW CAMP

THIRTY YEARS LATER...

YES, THE SILVER'S STILL THERE, BOYS. DON'T LET ANY ONE TELL YOU DIFFERENT! THOSE BARS ARE CACHED UP IN COMANCHE-RIA, MARKED BY THINGS LIKE COPPER PLATES, MULADAS PAINTED ON ROCKS, AND BROKEN METATES THAT SAY EXCAVAD!!



THE MEN PONDERED THESE THINGS. THEN A VOICE CAME TO THE OLD SCOUT OVER THE DYING EMBERS..

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN BACK, DIEGO? TO GET THE SILVER?



AHH, COMPADRE, I SEE THAT LOOK IN YOUR EYES! WHAT USE WOULD AN OLD CODGER LIKE ME HAVE FOR A MOUNTAIN OF SILVER?





IGNACIO GUERRA GRINNED; HE KNEW HIS FRIEND WAS LYING.



THE VAQUEROS HUNKERED AND  
SMILED ACROSS THE FIRE, WAIT-  
ING FOR GORTARI TO SPEAK..



TRUTH IS, I DID  
GO THERE ONCE, ME AND  
ANOTHER SURVIVOR OF  
SAN SABA--IT WAS  
A MISTAKE !!



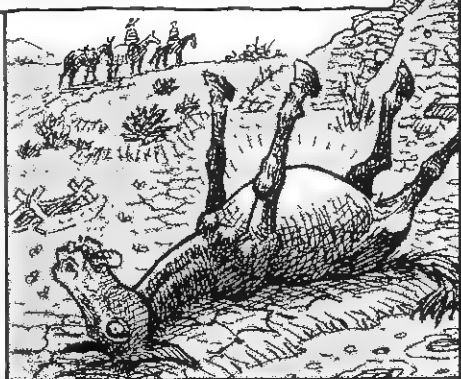
WE TOOK 2 BIG MULES SO WE COULD CARRY OUT  
ENOUGH SILVER TO MAKE LIFE EASY FOR AWHILE.



THE COUNTRY WAS MENACING, THE BULTOS NOT  
AWAYED BY FELIPE'S DEATH. THEY WERE STILL  
WATCHING THE SILVER, ANGRY AT OUR INTRUSION.



BAD THINGS STARTED TO HAPPEN..  
ONE OF THE MULES DRANK SOME BAD  
WATER, SWELLED UP AND DIED.



THE COMANCHES WERE EVERYWHERE,  
THICK AS FLEAS ON JOSEFA'S DOG.



WE PERSISTED IN OUR FOLLY, PUSHING ON TO THE ABANDONED FORT.

WHY DON'T WE GO  
BACK TO ALMAGRES  
AND HACK OUT SOME  
RAW SILVER?

NO DIEGO, I  
WANT THE PURE STUFF,  
ALL MADE UP INTO  
NEAT BARS!



SO ME AND ROQUE WENT INTO ARMADILLO GULLY,  
A PLACE I'D SEEN FELIPE TAKE HIS PACKTRAINS.



SURE ENOUGH, THERE WAS AN OPENING TO  
A CAVE, SHUT UP BY ROCKS AND BRUSH.



I HEARD THE BUZZ, LIKE A CALA-  
BASH RATTLE, AND ROGUE'S SCREAM.



GOOD THING I STEPPED BACK; IT WAS  
THE STENCH THAT TIPPED ME OFF...



OLD RATTLES ALWAYS SMELL LIKE THAT WHEN THEY'RE MOLESTED OR TROMPED ON BY COWS.



I GAVE THIS VIEJO PLENTY OF ROOM. WHEN I RETURNED, "LITTLE" ONES WERE STILL COMING OUT.





THE MEN RELAXED. THAT SILVER WAS STILL UP THERE...IF YOU HAD THE HUEVOS TO GO GET IT!





WELL I CAME BACK  
WITH MORE THAN OL'  
ROQUE DID— THAT'S  
FOR DAMNED SURE.

TRUTH IS, I STOPPED BY THE CERRO DEL  
ALMAGRES TO PRY LOOSE A FEW CHUNKS.



A MAN'S GOT TO LIVE, YOU KNOW,  
AND I WAS OUT OF WORK.



OLD COCHATA SEEMED TO UNDERSTAND. HIS BUL-  
TO WAS BLANCO, NOT NEGRO... AT LEAST FOR ME.



I LAID A ROSARY ON HIS RIB CAGE BEFORE LEAVING...





**EPILOGUE** ~ FURTHER EXPLOITATION OF THE TREASURE TROVE AT SAN SABA IN THE 18TH CENTURY WAS MADE IMPOSSIBLE BY THE WILD COMANCHES, WHO DOMINATED THE REGION AND USED THE PRESIDIO AS A BASE OF OPERATIONS. ONLY BY WORD OF MOUTH WAS MEMORY OF THE MINES' WEALTH KEPT ALIVE.



THESE TALES CIRCULATED WIDELY AND LURED VARIOUS ANGLO ADVENTURERS TO SPANISH TEXAS.

ONE WAS PHILIP NOLAN, WHO MET HIS DEATH ON THE PLAINS IN 1801.



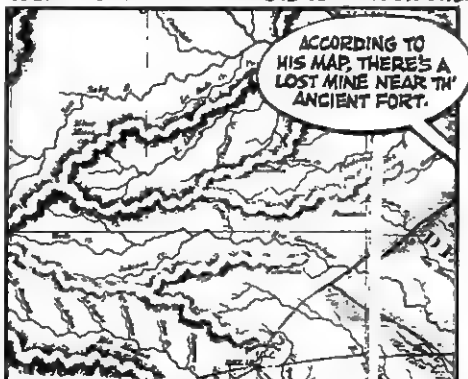
OTHERS FOLLOWED IN NOLAN'S FOOTSTEPS, LIKE THE PARTY THAT LUGGED A METEORITE BACK TO NEW ORLEANS IN 1809, THINKING IT WAS PRECIOUS METAL.



WHEN MEXICO GAINED ITS INDEPENDENCE FROM SPAIN, SEVERAL EXPEDITIONS WERE SENT TO INVESTIGATE THE "OLD TALES" OF RICH SILVER DEPOSITS IN THE HILL COUNTRY.



EMPRESARIOS IN MEXICAN TEXAS LIKE STEPHEN F. AUSTIN HEARD OF THE LEGEND AND SHREWDLY USED IT TO ATTRACT COLONISTS TO THEIR GRANTS.



JIM BOWIE WAS A BELIEVER. HE MADE SEVERAL EXPLORATORY TRIPS TO THE OLD PRESIDIO.



ONE OF BOWIE'S INFORMANTS WAS A LIPAN APACHE CHIEF NAMED XOLIC, WHO — LIKE HIS ANCESTORS' KINSMEN — BROUGHT SMALL QUANTITIES OF SILVER TO TRADE AT FIESTAS IN SAN ANTONIO DE BEXAR.



BOWIE PRESENTED XOLIC WITH A SILVER-PLATED RIFLE, GAINED HIS CONFIDENCE, AND WAS ADOPTED INTO THE LIPAN TRIBE.



THE APACHES SHOWED BOWIE WHAT NO WHITEMAN HAD SEEN SINCE DIEGO GORTARI'S TIME.



DAZZLED BY THE STACK OF INGOTS, BOWIE DESERTED HIS NEW-FOUND FRIENDS, RIDING HARD TO BEXAR..

WITH A FEW GOOD MEN, MY FORTUNE IS MADE!

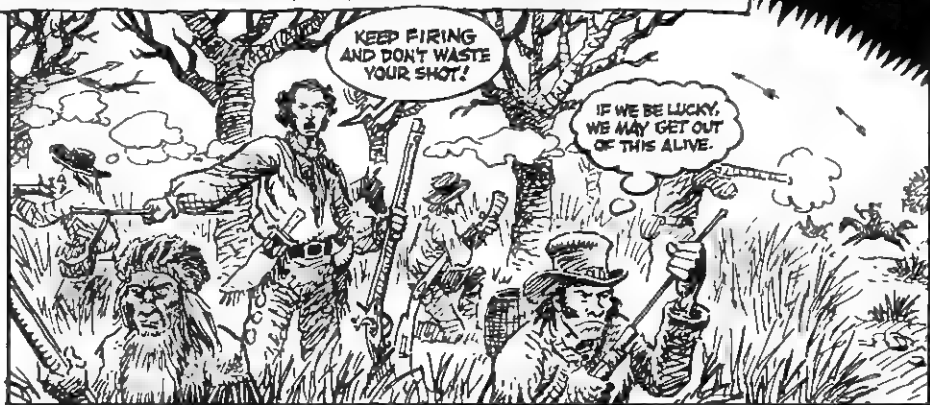


BUT GREED BEING WHAT IT IS, HE TOOK TOO FEW MEN.

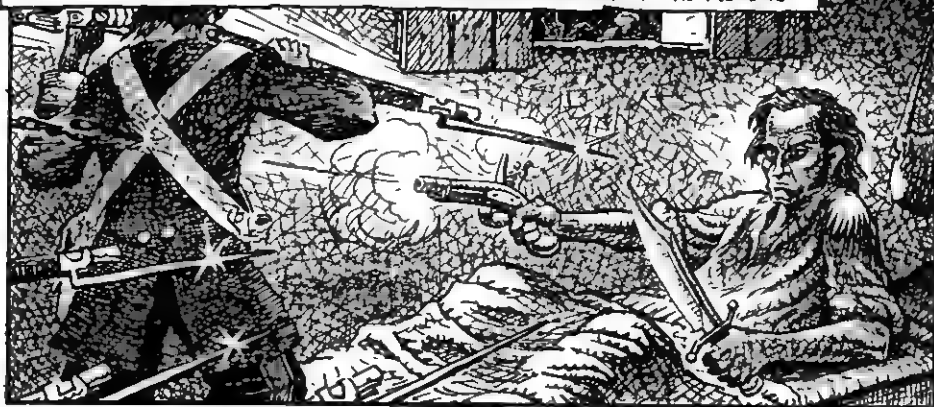
WAIT TILL YOU SEE WHAT'S IN THAT CAVE !!



OUTRAGED AT HIS TREACHERY, A LARGE PARTY OF XOLIG'S WARRIORS ATTACKED BOWIE'S EXPEDITION AND KEPT IT FROM REACHING THE CAVE.



THE OUTBREAK OF THE TEXAS REVOLUTION PREVENTED BOWIE FROM RETURNING TO SAN SABA, AND HIS KNOWLEDGE PERISHED WITH HIM AT THE ALAMO.



NONETHELESS, IN AN INDEPENDENT TEXAS THE QUEST FOR THE RICHES OF ALMAGRES BECAME THE SEARCH FOR 'BOWIE'S LOST MINE.'

IN THE 1840s A GROUP OF GERMAN NOBLEMEN BOUGHT THE LAND FOR COLONIZATION, SIGHT-UNSEEN.



WHEN THE TRUTH BECAME KNOWN, THE GERMANS WERE OBLIGED TO MAKE PEACE WITH THE COMANCHES BEFORE THEY COULD SETTLE THE HILL COUNTRY.



MOST OF THE EMIGRANTS WERE FARMERS, NOT PROSPECTORS, BUT TANTALIZING RELICS WOULD OCCASIONALLY TURN UP AS THE LAND WAS PLOWED ... LIKE ONE OF FELIPE RABAGO'S CANNONBALLS.



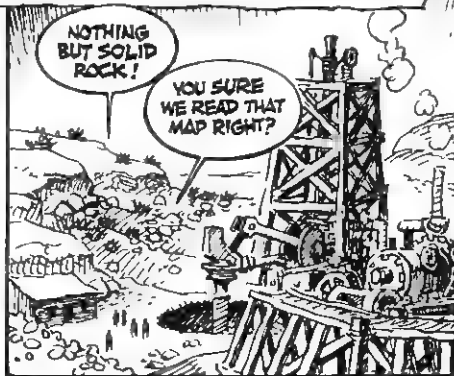
BEFORE LONG, A BRISK MARKET DEVELOPED FOR WORM-EATEN MAPS AND CHARTS TO HIDDEN SPANISH RICHES, ONE OF THEM SUPPOSEDLY TAKEN FROM BOWIE'S BODY BY A MEXICAN SOLDIER...



EVEN NOTED HISTORIANS, WORKING FROM DOCUMENTS FOUND IN THE MEXICAN ARCHIVES, JOINED THE SEARCH.



OVER THE YEARS, FORTUNES WERE SUNK INTO THE LIMESTONE AND GRANITE HILLS BUT THEY ALL PROVED TO BE "DRY HOLES."



STILL, THE LEGEND PERSISTS, AND WHO'S TO SAY THAT REPEATED FAILURES MAY NOT LEAD TO EVENTUAL SUCCESS?





# Afterword

My introduction to the subject of *bultos* came in the late 1950s, while I was mopping floors in the college dispensary at Texas A&M. One of the flunkies there was a curious "Mexican" with strong Indian features and missing one hand. He told me he lost it doing construction work; I have strong suspicions it happened otherwise.

We developed an odd camaraderie from our shared menial status and Jose got a kick out of my youthful red-necked naivete. One night I agreed to go with him on an outing, the nature of which he kept secret. Eventually we arrived at the spot, way off the black-topped roads, deep inside the King Ranch. I couldn't find it again if I tried. Under the influence of dried peyote buttons—which Jose assured me was a cheap way of getting "drunk"—I felt (or did I see?) my first *bulto*. Whichever, the presence gave me a bad fright. My companion just laughed and said that buried treasure must be nearby. Then he solemnly spoke of things that I later learned were common knowledge to old denizens of South Texas.

Jose's story contained elements that only an Indian could know, things transmitted from a non-literate culture of long ago. It was a calmly stated torrent of mumbo jumbo about "his people" and a slug-like visitor from deep space, a creature that exuded silvery slime and lived within mountains. The more I scoffed, the more he revealed, until I was badgered into grudging submission.

His tale I dismissed as idle bullshit, typically produced by the vivid imagination of an aborigine raised without the numbing effects of television. The apparition I passed off as a momentary "bad trip," the side effects of nausea brought on by the several six-packs of beer we had drunk in the beat-up truck before eating the janitor's cactus buds. This was years before a certain author gained national recognition for his pro-

tracted series of books about peyote gurus in the Southwest. Jose, as best I can learn, left Kingsville for the Sierra Madre country a long time back. Where he is now is anybody's guess, but I'll bet it is somewhere in a Coahuilan mountain range, riddled with caves. The Sierras are full of Indians even

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## Suggestions for further reading

- Alessio Robles, Vito. *Coahuila y Texas en la epoca colonial*.
- Allen, H.E. "The Parrilla Expedition to the Red River in 1759," *Southwestern History Quarterly* [SWHQ] 43.
- Bolton, H.E. *Texas in the Middle Eighteenth Century*.
- Bolton, H.E. "The Founding of the Missions on the San Gabriel River, 1745-1749," *SWHQ* 17.
- Castaneda, Carlos E. *Our Catholic Heritage in Texas*, Vols. III, IV, V.
- Dobie, J. Frank. *Coronado's Children*.
- Dobie, J. Frank (ed.). *Legends of Texas*.
- Dunn, William E. "The Apache Missions on the San Saba River," *SWHQ* 17.
- Nathan, Paul D. (trans.) and Lesley B. Simpson (ed.). *The San Saba Papers*.
- Patten, Roderick B. "Miranda's Inspection of Los Almagres," *SWHQ* 74.
- Weddle, Robert S. *The San Saba Mission*.

today and many of them have yet to master Spanish, except for a few words needed to barter their goods on occasional trips to lowland towns.

Then I read J. Frank Dobie's *Coronado's Children*, in which many "folktales" of lost treasure are preserved, and it set me to thinking of Jose. I soon became interested in the Indian and Spanish periods of Texas history. On one of my rambles south of the border, I met an interesting old man in Musquiz, a little burg in northern Coahuila. It is in the area where peyote cactus has grown for centuries, now rapidly becoming an endangered species. In olden times there was even a mission nearby called Dulce Nombre de Jesus de Peyotes.

This old coot, having learned from the grapevine that some dumb gringo was in town snooping around the local archive, accosted me one day in a dimly-lit cantina. He had documents to sell; old papers, he said, of great value. After much haggling, I bought them for \$55, as they appeared to indeed be old, dating from the 18th century.

The documents told the story that I relate in this book. They were the result of an official inquiry after the death of Felipe Rabago y Teran, detailing the cover-up that high officials of New Spain engineered to conceal the magnitude of their silver mining operation on the San Saba. Consequently, it is no wonder that other documents now in the archives of Mexico City, Seville, and elsewhere, mesh with my ill-gotten *expediente*. The known accounts, however, always report little treasure in the hills of Texas—a tribute to how successfully the truth was hidden.

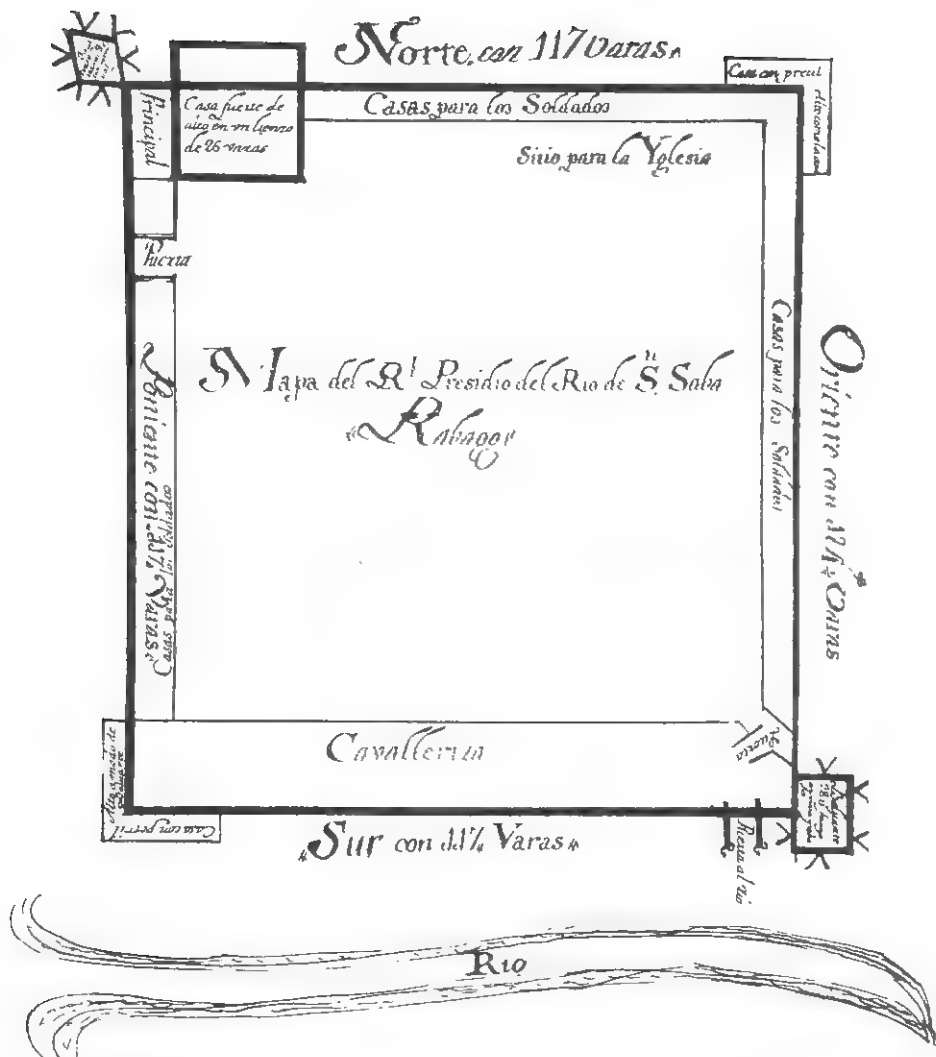
These papers the wizened old gentleman with a neat pencil mustache was vague about, but supposedly they were "family heirlooms." One of his ancestors, he claimed, had

been an important public dignitary. Maybe so, but it was also plain to me that he was fencing stolen archival records, as so often happens in Mexico. Unfortunately, this original manuscript was hauled out to the San Francisco public dump with the rest of my belongings in the late 1960s. Only when I returned from a visit back home to Texas did I learn that my hippie poster-artist roommates, Mouse and Kelly, had abandoned our house in the dead of night to avoid a bad scene with an irate landlord over back rent.

Nonetheless, from my study of these documents and from the story of my "janitor" compadre at Kingsville (who I am now convinced was the modern-day successor to a long line of one-handed Faraon Apache shamans, still conducting his office incognito), I think I've got the actual sequence of events pretty well straight. The name I've given to the cosmic slug is, of course, an off-handed tribute to H.P. Lovecraft, who would have delighted in the tale had he not been stranded in New England, preoccupied with shuttered rooms and things that go *sloosh* in the night. Likewise, "Zulthu's" actual appearance cannot be documented (Jose said the thing "molted" periodically).

Unless it is still oozing around inside one of the granite mountains in the vicinity of Fredericksburg, in which case perhaps one day the slug will wander too near the bustle of quarrying activity. Maybe then the doubters among you will take my story seriously, as live TV news coverage ponders the bizarre happenings in the Texas Hill Country. Like Diego sez, folks, the critter's silver is still there—and probably the critter, too—if you've got the balls to find it!

—Jaxon  
at Mission San Saba, Texas  
October, 1989



Felipe Rabago's plan for construction of the stone fort at San Saba (from Fernando Ocaranza, CRONICA DE LAS PROVINCIAS INTERNAS DE NUEVA ESPANA).





A painting of the massacre at Mission San Saba, commissioned by a wealthy relative of the



martyred priest, Alonso Giraldo de Terreros, seen at left (courtesy Dorothy Sloan, Austin).





**Presidio San Saba shortly after its reconstruction in 1936 (from Carlos E. Castaneda, OUR CATHOLIC HERITAGE IN TEXAS).**



**How the much crumbled fort looks today. It is now a county park (courtesy Dorothy Sloan, Austin).**

# COMANCHE MOON



A Picture Narrative About

≡ **CYNTHIA ANN PARKER** ≡

Her Twenty-five Year Captivity Among  
the Comanche Indians ~ and her son,

≡ **QUANAH PARKER** ≡

The Last Chief of the Comanches

— ♦ —  
WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED

by  
**JACK JACKSON**

— ♦ —  
INTRODUCTION  
by  
T. R. Fehrenbach



Reed

Graphica



### COMANCHERIA (1750-1850)

THE COMANCHE TRIBE COMPOSED OF 5 MAJOR BANDS:

- PENATEKAS** - HONEY-EATERS
- NOCONIS** - WANDERERS
- KOTSOTEKAS** - BUFFALO-EATERS
- YAMPARIKAS** - YAP ROOT EATERS
- QUOHADAS** - ANTELOPE-EATERS

AND SEVERAL MINOR BANDS:

- TENAWAS** - THOSE WHO TURN BACK
- TANIMAS** - LIVER-EATERS

### LEGEND

- ① PARKER'S FORT - SITE OF CYNTHIA ANN'S CAPTURE - 1836
- ② CEDAR LAKE - BIRTHPLACE OF QUANAH - 1945
- ③ ANTELOPE HILLS - DEATH OF IRON JACKET - 1868
- ④ PEASE RIVER - RECAPTURE OF CYNTHIA ANN - 1860
- ⑤ CAMP COOPER - CYNTHIA ANN REUNITED WITH PARKERS
- ⑥ FOSTERVILLE CEMETERY - BURIAL PLACE OF CYNTHIA ANN - 1864
- FORTS BUILT BETWEEN 1840-60

THE COMANCHE RANGE AS IT EXTENDED FOR OVER A CENTURY. THE EASTERN BOUNDARY LINE WAS GRADUALLY ERODED BY WHITE PENETRATIONS, BUT REMAINED A WAR ZONE UNTIL THE FINAL CAMPAIGNS OF 1874-75. THE TWO TEXAS RESERVATIONS WERE CLOSED IN 1883.



CYNTHIA ANN PARKER

This daguerreotype of Cynthia Ann and her daughter Topsannah was made by A. F. Corning of Ft. Worth in 1862. It was this picture that Capt. Sul Ross later secured a copy of and sent to Quanah in response to his newspaper inquiry. A rancher friend had it duplicated in oils for Quanah who displayed it with great pride to visitors in his home. (UTA)



The wars between the Comanches and Anglo-Americans were the bloodiest and most protracted of any between invading Europeans and American aborigines on this continent.

They marked the culmination of three hundred years of bloodshed between white men and red; they were not the high noon, but the twilight of the plains tribes.

The final chapter of this long warfare began in Texas, when thousands of farming families entered upon the Comanche range. Here two peoples met, and each to itself was true. The ways of the Comanches spawned horror and dark racial hatreds among the whites: the relentless advance of civilization spelled doom for the Indians and their mode of life.

Through this entire warfare the family tragedy of the Parker clan runs like a dark thread. The raid on Parker's Fort in 1836, and the carrying off of little Cynthia Ann sounded a tocsin from which the frontier flamed. That flame was only extinguished with the surrender of Quanah Parker, the last warchief of the Comanches, on the graveyard plains.

In one sense, all this warfare was only a footnote in the building of a vast industrial nation-state.

In another, it was war as primordial, deadly, and decisive as any in history, in which the fate of a vast Southwestern empire was decreed.

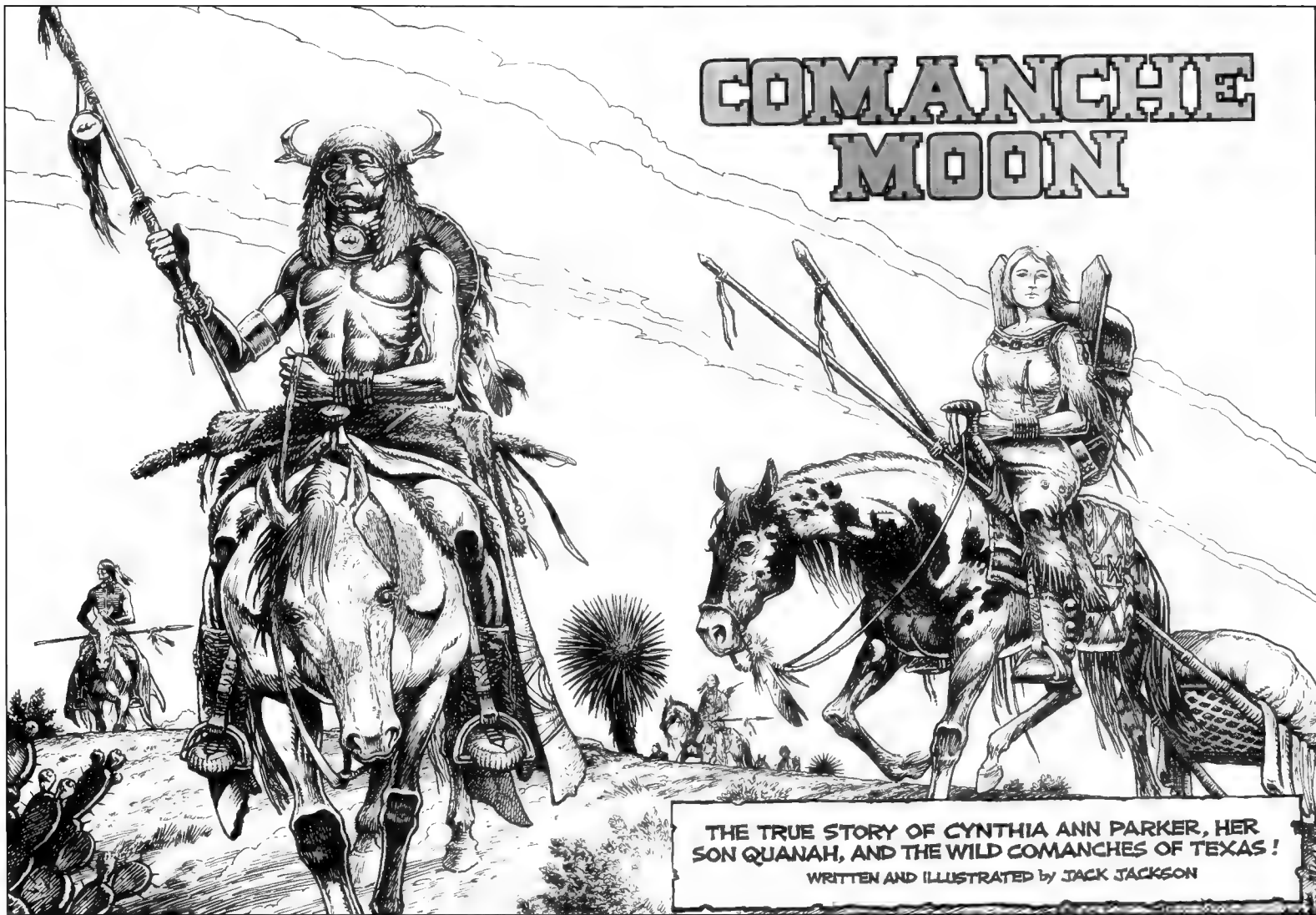
Above all, it was a tragedy: not a struggle between right and wrong, but between two rights upon the North American continent and of two sturdy, valiant, warlike peoples to survive, and to live in the ways they believed ordained.

Thus it is a story that will never die, and it will be retold as long as men are men.

T. R. Fehrenbach

(A historian specializing in the Texas republic and Military history)

# COMANCHE MOON



THE TRUE STORY OF CYNTHIA ANN PARKER, HER  
SON QUANAH, AND THE WILD COMANCHES OF TEXAS !

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY JACK JACKSON

# THE CAPTURE OF HIS MOTHER - CYNTHIA ANN

Spring, 1836: TEXAS IS IN TURMOIL. THE BATTLE OF SAN JACINTO HAS JUST BEEN WON, AND THE SETTLERS THAT HAD FLED AT THE APPROACH OF SANTA ANNA'S ARMY HAVE RETURNED TO THEIR HOMES ON THE FRONTIER ~ HOMES LIKE THIS ONE AT PARKER'S FORT.



BUT ANOTHER MENACE AWAITS THEM, A FAR MORE DEADLY FOE THAN THE SHATTERED LEGIONS OF MEXICO ~ THE DREADED COMANCHES, War Lords of the Southern Plains!

THE TRIBES HAVE LEARNED OF THE CHAOS IN THE WAKE OF THE TEXAS REVOLUTION, AND WASTE NO TIME SENDING FIERCE RAIDING PARTIES OUT TO PROBE WEAKNESSES IN THE EXPOSED SETTLEMENTS.



THEY WANT DIRECTIONS AND A BEESWAX TO EAT... I THINK THEY'RE UP TO NO GOOD, BUT MAYBE I CAN TALK THEM OUT OF IT.

BEN, DON'T GO BACK OUT THERE



THE HORROR-STRUCK PARKER GLAN SEES THEIR WORST...  
FEARS MATERIALIZE RIGHT BEFORE THEIR EYES...



IN THE CONFUSION THAT FOLLOWS THE BRUTAL SLAYING OF ELDER PARKER'S SON, NO ONE THINKS TO CLOSE THE STOCKADE GATE.



ONCE INSIDE THE COMPOUND, THE RAIDERS ~ THEIR BLOODLUST FIRED  
BY EASY SUCCESS ~ MAKE SHORT WORK OF THE FEEBLE RESISTANCE.



LUCY PARKER ATTEMPTS TO ESCAPE THROUGH THE  
REAR GATE WITH HER FOUR YOUNG CHILDREN.

CYNTHIA!! HURRY  
CHILDREN, RUN!



SHE IS QUICKLY OVERTAKEN BY MOUNTED WARRIORS WHO FORCE  
HER TO HOIST LITTLE CYNTHIA AND JOHN UP BEHIND THEM...



ONLY THE TIMELY ARRIVAL OF DAVID FAULKENBERY SAVES LUCY PARKER AND HER OTHER TWO CHILDREN.



MEANWHILE, THE FORT IS LOOTED FOR WEAPONS, POWDER, LEAD, SCRAP IRON, SWEETS AND GEEB-GAYS..THE REST, DESTROYED.



GATHERING UP THEIR BOOTY AND TERRIFIED CAPTIVES, THE BOLD WARRIORS DASH AWAY BEFORE THE ALARM CAN BE SPREAD TO THE MENFOLK IN THE FIELDS.



AND IN THEIR WAKE, THERE IS ONLY DESOLATION, DEATH, AND DESTRUCTION.





ONCE THEY HAVE RIDDEN FAR ENOUGH TO FEEL SAFE FROM RETALIATION, THE RAIDERS CELEBRATE THEIR VICTORY WITH A SCALP DANCE BENEATH THE STARS.



WHAT ARE THEY DOING, RACHEL?

THE CHILDREN ARE FORCED TO WATCH THE HUMILIATION OF BILLY BETH KELLOGG AND RACHEL PLUMMER, TIME AND TIME AGAIN.



OH MY GOD... PLEASE..NO! NO..OOHH..

AT THE FIRST LIGHT, THE WARRIORS BREAK CAMP, DIVIDE THE SPOILS, AND HEAD THEIR SEPARATE WAYS. CYNTHIA IS CLAIMED BY A BAND OF PENADINKAS, BOUND FOR WEST TEXAS.



...FOUR GUNS AND THE LITTLE SQUAW...

OOH, BUT THE ONE COMES WITH US!!

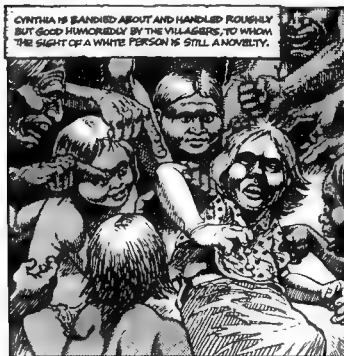
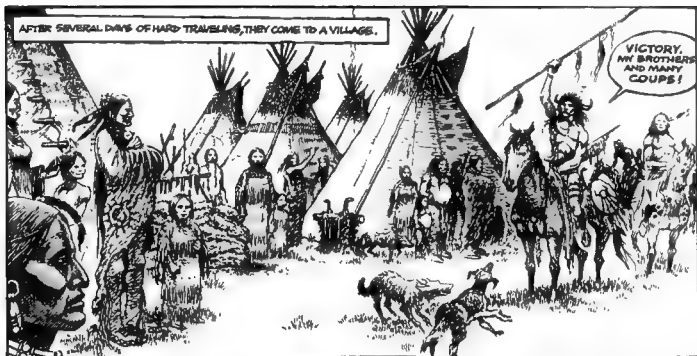
LITTLE JOHN IS TAKEN BY ANOTHER BAND, AND HIS LAST TIE WITH THE WHITE WORLD IS COVERED AS HE IS CARRIED AWAY.



CYNTHIA ANN FIGHTS OFF HER TEARS AND TRIES TO BE BRAVE AS HER CAPTORS RIDE DEEPER INTO STRANGE SURROUNDINGS.



MAMMA ALWAYS SAID CRYING DOESN'T HELP... SNIFF..



# NADUAH, WHITE COMANCHE

YOU...  
NADUAH!

AND SO BEGINS CYNTHIA ANN PARKER'S NEW LIFE AS A WHITE COMANCHE. HER ADOPTED PARENTS, TADBY-NOCCA AND CHATUA, ARE NOT CRUEL TO HER, AS IS THE CASE WITH MANY OTHER CAPTIVES. THEY GIVE HER THE NAME OF THE LOST DAUGHTER WHOSE PLACE SHE IS TO TAKE.

NADUAH, A RESOURCEFUL CHILD, RAPIDLY MAKES THE TRANSITION TO HER NEW CULTURE. FIRST COMES HER LANGUAGE LESSONS.

KOO-OH-NY,  
KOO-OH-NY!

KOO-OH-NY..  
STICK!!

SHE IS GIVEN YOUNGSTERS' CHORES, LIKE GATHERING FIREWOOD.

COME ON  
NADUAH, IT'S  
STARTING  
TO RAIN!

KOO-OH-NY..  
KOO OH NY..

(PRONOUNCED, NAH-DU-WAH')

SHE LEARNS TO HELP HER NEW MOTHER WITH THE MANY CAMP TASKS OF A PEOPLE ALWAYS ON THE GO.



AND LATER, TO FOLLOW IN THE WAKE OF THE CHASE WITH THE WOMEN AND SKIN THE FALLEN BUFFALO, STUFF OF LIFE TO THE WILD COMANCHES.



AND TO SLICE THE MEAT THIN FOR DRYING.



SHE LEARNS TO PREPARE SKINS USED FOR CLOTHING AND GEAR.



...TO DECORATE THE GARMENTS WITH BEADWORK AND PAINTING.



WHEN THE WORK IS DONE, TO BUNDLE UP AROUND WINTER CAMP FIRES AND LISTEN TO THE ELDERES' SPEAK OF THE MYSTERIOUS LAND AND THE COMANCHES' PLACE IN THE CREATOR'S DREAM.



THE COMANCHES ARE A FUN-LOVING PEOPLE AND MUCH OF THEIR TIME IS SPENT AT FAVORITE RESORT AREAS. THEY ARE FOND OF CONSTANTLY MOVING ABOUT AND VISITING THEIR FRIENDS AND RELATIVES IN OTHER BANDS.



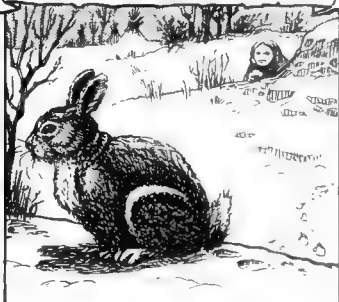
THEY RULE THE PLAINS AND HILL COUNTRY, BUT NO ONE RULES THE UNPREDICTABLE TEXAS WEATHER.



ITS VIOLENT EXTREMES OF SCORCHING HEAT AND FREEZING NORTHERS SHAPE THE REDMAN JUST AS THEY SHAPE THE VAST LAND — INDOMITABLE, YET EVER CHANGING.

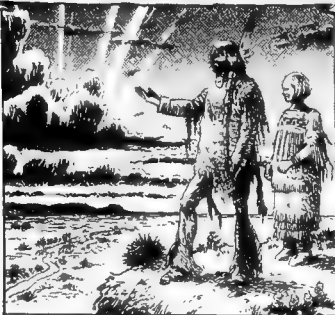


SLOWLY BUT SURELY THESE SAME FORCES MOLD YOUNG NADUAH AND SHE COMES TO LOVE THE LAND WITH THE SAME PASSION AS HER ADOPTED PEOPLE.





SHE LEARNS TO APPRECIATE THE BEAUTY OF THE RUGGED PLAINS, WITH THEIR MAJESTIC SUNSETS AND BLANKETS OF WILDFLOWERS.



WITH THE PASSING YEARS, NADUAH BLOOMS AND RIPS INTO A YOUNG MAIDEN, VERSED IN ALL THE SKILLS OF COMANCHE WOMANHOOD.



HER MEMORIES OF THE LOST FAMILY AND HER CHILDHOOD AT PARKER'S FORT FADE TO A MERE GUMMER AS TIME SLIPS AWAY.



EXCEPT FOR HER PALE SKIN, BLUE EYES AND BLONDE, GRASS-EMBRARED HAIR, SHE IS NOTHING BUT PURE COMANCHE !!



THEN ONE DAY, A BAND OF FAR-RANGING QUADAHAS, RETURNING FROM A RAID DEEP INTO MEXICO, STOP AND VISIT THEIR PENATEKA COUSINS.



\* THE GIRLS ARE PLAYING THE 'AVL GAME' IN WHICH PIECES ARE MOVED OVER AN OBSTACLE COURSE BY THE THROW OF MARKED STICKS.

THE YOUNG CHIEF OF THE GUOHADA BAND IS PEDA NOCONA, AND SO DEVOTED ARE HIS FOLLOWERS THAT THEY CALL THEMSELVES NOCONIS, IN HONOR OF THEIR FEARLESS LEADER.



PEDA NOCONA IS SMOTEN WITH THE BEAUTY OF THE BLUE-EYED MAIDEN NADUAH, AND DETERMINES TO MAKE HER HIS WIFE.



ACCORDINGLY, HE BEGINS TO COURT HER, COMANCHE FASHION, PLAYING LOVE SONGS ON HIS FLUTE IN THE EARLY EVENINGS NEAR HER FATHER'S TEPEE...



IT IS A RICH BRIDAL PRICE, FROM A WARRIOR TOO ESTEEMED TO BE REBUFFED. NADUAH'S PARENTS SURVIVE THEIR ACCEPTANCE OF THE MARRIAGE BY DRIVING PEDA'S HORSES IN WITH THEIR OWN.



THUS, NADUAH BECOMES THE WIFE OF PETA ADOONA — AND THE ENVY OF ALL THE OTHER MARRIAGEABLE COMANCHE GIRLS, FOR HE IS REGARDED AS QUITE A CATCH.



THERE'S ANOTHER ONE THAT GOT AWAY GIRLS...SIGH

HELLO, NAME'S PETA.

YES, I KNOW..

HER LIFE WITH HIM IS HAPPY FROM THE START.



NADUAH, WIVES ARE NOT SUPPOSED TO BEAT THEIR HUSBANDS IN HORSERACES..

HA!

A FEW MONTHS AFTER THEIR MARRIAGE, THE MONOTONY OF CAMP LIFE IS BROKEN BY THE APPEARANCE OF WHITE TRADERS, A RARE EVENT FOR TIMES WHEN COMANCHES RULE THE PLAINS.



DON'T MAKE ANY SUDDEN MOVES, MEN..

I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOIN' SIR...

HI-YI! YIP-YIP  
YAH-OOO  
EHEE-AH  
HO-AY

CHIEF PAHAYUCA, WHO HAS HAD CONSIDERABLE EXPERIENCE DEALING WITH WHITES, GREETES THE TRADERS AMICABLY.



HOW, CHIEF.

WELCOME, BROTHERS. YOU GOT CANDY?

DURING THE VISIT, COL. WILLIAMS, A FRIEND OF THE PARKER FAMILY, RECOGNIZES CYNTHIA, AND TRIES TO RESCUE HER.



I'LL GIVE YOU TWELVE MULES AND TWO LOADS OF MERCHANDISE FOR HER.

DON'T GET YOUR HOPES UP, BUT I'LL SPEAK TO HER FOLKS.

WHAT DO THEY WANT PETA?

DON'T WORRY, I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT

PETA NOZONA REACTS WITH PREDICTABLE ANGER.



NADUAH IS UPSET AND DISTRESSED BY THESE STRANGE MEN WHO TALK OF TAKING HER AWAY FROM HER LOVED ONES.



COL WILLIAMS AND HIS MEN DEPART, NEVER GUESSING THAT THE REASON FOR NADUAH'S BEHAVIOR IS HER KNOWLEDGE THAT SHE IS WITH CHILD ~ THE CHILD THAT WILL LATER BE KNOWN AS QUANAH.

CAN'T FIGURE IT OUT... THE KIDS ALWAYS WANT TO STAY WITH THEM.



SHE CRIES AND RUNS AWAY TO HIDE.



PAHA-YUKA BREAKS CAMP AND HEADS WEST, AWAY FROM THE PRYING TEXANS.

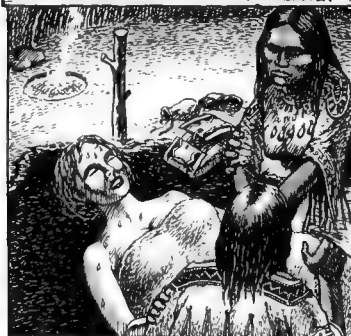


NEAR CEDAR LAKE IN FAR WEST TEXAS, THE TIME GROWS NEAR FOR —

# A SON NAMED QUANAH



LIKE ALL COMANCHE WOMEN, NADIAH GIVES BIRTH IN A SPECIALLY PREPARED LEAN-TO, OFF LIMITS TO MENFOLK...



AND PRESENTS HER PROUD HUSBAND WITH A SON, NAMED FOR THE FRAGRANCE OF THE PLAINS WILDFLOWERS, WHICH SHE LOVES SO MUCH.





SOMETIME LATER, NADUAH IS AGAIN SPOTTED BY A TRADER ALONG THE CANADIAN RIVER, A FAVORITE COMANCHE HAUNT.



THEN SHE IS SOUGHT OUT BY HER BROTHER JOHN, WHO HAD BEEN RANSOMED BACK AFTER SIX YEARS WITH THE INDIANS, BUT NEVER FULLY READJUSTED TO TAME, WHITE SOCIETY.

JOHN FINDS HIS SISTER INDIFFERENT TO NOTIONS OF EVER ABANDONING HER LIFE AS A COMANCHE 'SQUAW'.



OVER THE YEARS, WORD OF THE WHITE WOMAN, WIFE TO A GREAT CHIEF, CONTINUES TO FILTER OUT OF COMANCHERIA. AGENT NEIGHBORS MENTIONS 'MISS PARKER' IN A REPORT AS STRANGELY SATISFIED WITH HER SITUATION, AND HAVING FAILED TO COAX HER AWAY, ADDS THAT IT WOULD REQUIRE FORCE TO SEPARATE HER FROM THE INDIANS.



A MORE CAPABLE MAN COULD NOT BE FOUND TO HANDLE THE INDIAN AFFAIRS OF TEXAS THAN MAJOR ROBERT NEIGHBORS. A SOLDIER OF THE REPUBLIC, A RANGER UNDER JACK HAYS, IN WHOSE COMPANY HE HAD BEEN CAPTURED WHILE DEFENDING SAN ANTONIO AGAINST THE WOLF INVASION. AFTER 18 MONTHS IN A MEXICAN PRISON, NEIGHBORS HAS ONLY RECENTLY RETURNED HOME, BUT ALREADY HE IS IN THE SERVICE OF TEXAS.



TIRELESSLY HE RIDES THE LONG FRONTIER, HIS PRESENCE A HOPEFUL SIGN TO THE INDIANS, NOW BECOMING ANXIOUS ABOUT THE FUTURE.



ALMOST SINGLE-HANDEDLY, THROUGH SHEER STRENGTH OF PERSONALITY, HE WORKS TO KEEP THE FRAGILE PEACE.



NOT ONLY IS HE EMINENTLY QUALIFIED AND WELL ACQUAINTED WITH THE SITUATION, BUT HE IS ALSO ONE OF THE FEW WHITEMEN IN TEXAS ACTUALLY CONCERNED ABOUT THE INDIANS' WELFARE.



NEIGHBORS KNEW THAT IN THE DAYS WHEN SPAIN RULED TEXAS, THE COMANCHES WERE THE REAL MASTERS, AND WITH THE DESTRUCTION OF SAN SABA, THEY HAD VIRTUALLY STOPPED SPANISH EXPANSION NORTH OF BEXAR.



BEFORE THE TURN OF THE CENTURY, COMANCHES WERE SO BOLD THAT THEY WOULD PARADE IN THE STREETS OF THE CITY, OPENLY TAKING THEIR FILL OF TRIBUTE BEFORE THE VERY EYES OF THE HAPLESS CITIZENS.



BUT THE COMANCHES WERE RUDELY AWAKENED WHEN THEY TRIED THE SAME TACTICS ON THE NEW CONQUERORS OF TEXAS — THE ANGLOS, STILL FEISTY AFTER TWO HUNDRED YEARS OF INDIAN SUBTUGATION AND EXTERMINATION.



NEIGHBORS ALSO KNEW THAT THE COUNCIL HOUSE FIGHT — SOME SAID 'MASSACRE' — AT BEDONK in 1840 HAD DESTROYED ANY REMAINING ILLUSIONS OF PEACEFUL COEXISTENCE WITH THE WHITES. 33 DIED IN THE MELEE, 12 OF THEM NOTED PENATEKA CHIEFS.



HE UNDERSTOOD THAT THE BIG RAID, PLUNDERING ALL THE WAY TO THE GULF, HAD BEEN IN RETALIATION FOR THE TROBACHERY AT COUNCIL HOUSE; AND THAT EVEN THOUGH THE RAIDERS HAD BEEN DRIVEN OFF, THEY HAD NOT BEEN SOUNDLY BEATEN.



IN THE FOLLOWING YEARS IT HAD BEEN AN UNEASY STANDOFF. THEN THE RANGERS GOT THE PATTERSON GOLT, A WEAPON THAT GAVE THE WHITES A 'SHOT FOR EACH FINGER' — AND SUPERIORITY OVER THE REDMEN IN CLOSE, RUNNING FIGHTS.



AND SO IT HAD GONE, UP TO THE PRESENT, WHEN THE GROWING POWER OF THE WHITES IS NEVER FAR FROM THE CLOUDED THOUGHTS OF THE COMANCHE CHIEFS. THEY NEED A WHITE LEADER THEY CAN TRUST, AND NEIGHBORS IS ONE OF THE FEW TO BE FOUND.



IN 1847 NEIGHBORS LENDS HIS INFLUENCE TO THE NEW GERMAN COLONISTS IN MAKING A TREATY WITH THE PENATEKAS, STILL THE STRONGEST OF THE FADING SOUTHERN COMANCHE BANDS.



THE PENATEKAS, WHOSE LEADERSHIP IS STILL IN DISARRAY FROM THE COUNCIL HOUSE AFFAIR, ARE REPRESENTED BY THREE VERY DIFFERENT PERSONALITIES.

OLD OWL, THE POLITICAL CHIEF, IS A SMALL, INSIGNIFICANT LOOKING MAN IN HIS DIRTY COTTON JACKET, BUT HIS FACE IS CRAFTY AND DIPLOMATIC.

THE WAR CHIEF, SANTA ANA, IS A LARGE MAN, POWERFULLY BUILT, WITH A BENEVOLENT AND LIVELY EXPRESSION. JUST LAST YEAR HE WENT WITH A DELEGATION OF OTHER CHIEFS TO WASHINGTON WHERE HE MET THE 'GREAT WHITE FATHER' AND CAME AWAY AMED BY HIS JOURNEY.

BUT THE THIRD, **BUFFALO HUMP**, FAMED FOR HIS RAIDS AGAINST THE TEXANS, IS A LIVING INCARNATION OF THE 'MURDERING REDSKIN'. UNLIKE MOST OF HIS TRIBE, HE SCORNS EVEN THE WHITEMAN'S CLOTHES AND DRESSES IN PURE COMANCHE FASHION.

... WE WILL NEED BUT LITTLE OF THE LAND TO GROW OUR CROPS. MUCH WILL REMAIN FOR YOU, OUR BROTHERS.



MY PEOPLE KNOW HOW TO WIN FROM THE EARTH MANY THINGS THAT YOU LIKE TO EAT...



WHEN THE BUFFALO GO AND THE NORTH WIND SWEEPS DOWN, LEAVING YOU COLD AND HUNGRY, COME TO US AND WE WILL SHARE OUR FOOD WITH YOU...





THEY LISTEN CAREFULLY TO THE WORDS OF THIS STRANGE WHITE TRIBE, 'LOS ALEMÁÑES' & THEIR CHIEF, MEUSSEBACH, 'EL SOL COLORADO', FOR OF ALL THE ENCROACHING SETTLERS, THEY ARE THE ONLY ONES TO RECOGNIZE THAT REDMEN OWN THE LAND.



THROUGH THE FORESIGHT OF THE GERMAN LEADERS, THEIR TINY SETTLEMENTS AROUND NEW BRAUNFELS AND FREDERICKSBURG ESCAPED A TRUCE WITH THE COMANCHES. A PEACE MOSTLY KEPT BY BOTH SIDES, IN THE COMING YEARS OF BLOODSHED.

BUT DESPITE THE GOOD INTENTIONS OF MEN LIKE MEUSSEBACH AND NEIGHBORS, A STORM IS BREWING OVER TEXAS — A STORM OF SUCH INTENSITY THAT IT THREATENS TO SWEEP AWAY ALL PROGRESS MADE WITH THE REDMAN.



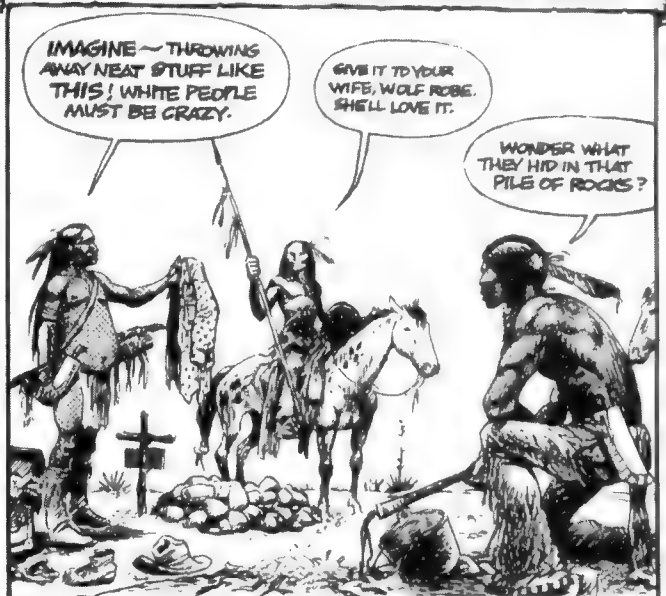
FOR THIS GATHERING TEMPEST, THIS DARK SPECTRE ROARING ITS CAVERNIOUS HEAD IN THE LAND IS GENOCIDE... RACE KILLING! LIKE THE HORSEMEN OF OLD — WAR, PESTILENCE, FAMINE — IT HERALDS A STRUGGLE TO THE FINISH, CRUEL, UGLY, WITHOUT PITY FOR THE YOUNG, THE WEAK, OR THE OLD — AND WITH ONLY ONE SURVIVOR!



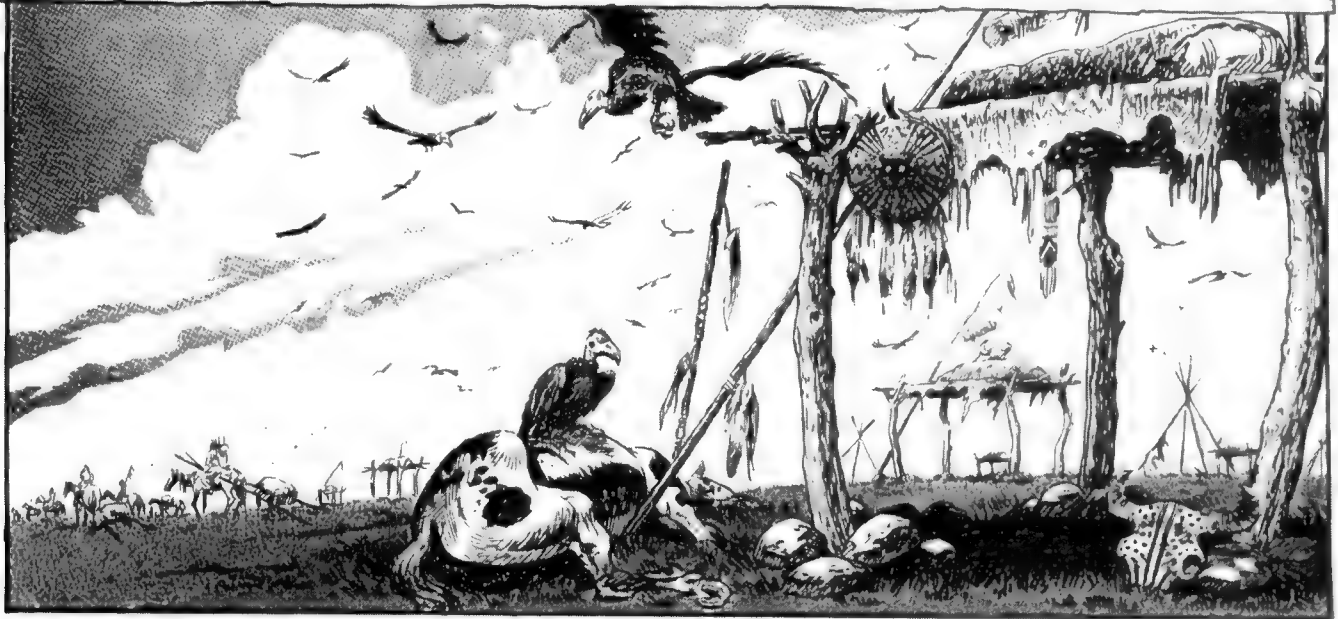
ABOUT THIS TIME THE COMANCHES NOTICE THAT WAGON TRAINS ARE MOVING ACROSS THEIR LANDS, MINERS BOUND FOR THE CALIFORNIA GOLDFIELDS.



ITEMS DISCARDED AT THE EMIGRANTS' CAMPSITES SPREAD DISEASE AMONG THE BANDS ~ DREADED CHOLERA AND SMALLPOX.



THE COMANCHES LOSE SANTA ANA AND OLD OWL, TWO OF THEIR MOST POWERFUL CHIEFS, AND THEIR NUMBERS ARE DECIMATED.



PETA VOWS TO SHUN ALL CONTACT WITH THE WHITES AND MOVES HIS PEOPLE AWAY FROM THE WAGON ROUTE ON THE CANADIAN RIVER.



QUANAH GROWS AND IS SOON JOINED BY A BROTHER AND SISTER.



HIS CHILDHOOD IS A TIME OF CONFUSION AND UNCERTAINTY FOR THE COMANCHES. WARRIORS FROM OTHER BANES, LIKE THE PENATEBOS, BRING BAD NEWS FROM THE TEXAS FRONTIER.

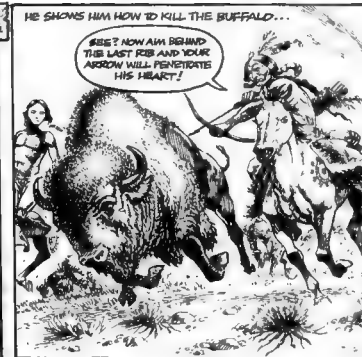
NEVERTHELESS THE BOY LEARNS TO RIDE WITH ALL THE FLAIR OF HIS PEOPLE, WHO WORSHIP THE HORSE AS THE SACRED GOD-DOG.



WHEN QUANAH IS 13, PETA NODONA TAKES HIS BAND TO VISIT HIS FATHER POHEBITE-QUASHO, HEAD CHIEF OF ALL THE QUADAHAS, CAMPED HIGH ON THE CANADIAN RIVER.



OLD POHEBITE-QUASHO IS PLEASED WITH HIS GRANDSON, AND AFTER COMANCHE CUSTOM, TAKES A GUIDING HAND IN HIS TRAINING.



...AND TO RELISH THE TASTE OF THE LIVER,  
YANKED STEAMING FROM THE FALLEN BEAST.

HERE... SPRINKLE  
SOME GALL ON IT. TASTES  
TWICE AS GOOD!



TO WAIT IN A BAITED PIT AND CATCH THE EAGLE FOR ITS FEATHERS.

ONE GRAB IS ALL  
YOU GOT SO MAKE  
IT COUNT.



HE TEACHES QUANAH TO MAKE WEAPONS — KNIVES, CLUBS, SPEARS, IRONS AND  
ARROWS — TOOLS OF SURVIVAL FOR THE COMANCHE WAY OF LIFE.

NOW IF YOU HAD YOU A  
SWEETHEART, SHE COULD  
PUT SOME NICE BREADWORK  
ON THERE FOR YOU, EH?

NO PROBLEM...  
I GOT PLENTY OF  
SWEETHEARTS.



AND TELLS HIM ABOUT MEDICINE.

SOMEDAY, WHEN YOU BE-  
GIN TO KNOW WHO YOU ARE, YOU  
WILL SEEK A VISION, AND IT WILL  
TELL YOU WHAT YOU MUST DO TO  
BE STRONG IN BATTLE.

WHAT DID IT  
TELL YOU,  
GRANDPA?



IT TOLD ME TO WEAR THIS  
JACKET OF IRON, THAT MAKES MY  
ENEMIES' ARROWS BOUNCE OFF  
LIKE HAIL ON A TEEPEE!!



IT IS PEACEFUL THIS MORN'G OF 1862 AS THE COMBINED BANDS OF POTA NODONA AND POMERITE QUACHO ARE CAMPED IN THE ANTELOPE HILLS. BUT IT IS NOT PEACEFUL IN TEXAS WHERE THE SETTLERS ARE SUFFERING FROM ATTACKS AT THE HANDS OF THE DESPERATE PRIMA TEXAS. COL. JOHN S. (RIP) FORD AND 100 RANGERS, AIDED BY CHIEF PLACIDO AND 100 TONKAWA BRAVES, ARE ORDERED TO STANCH THE WOUNDS OF THE BLEEDING FRONTIER BY GIVING BATTLE TO THE COMANCHES IN THEIR OWN STRONGHOLDS.

POINT THAT THING THE OTHER VEG. WILLON CHIEF? MAKES ME NERVOUS AS HELL.

I DON'T LOVE THEM DAMN INTUNE ANY MORE THAN YOU DO, COL. JOHN.



THE TONKAWAS ARE ESPECIALLY HATED BY THE COMANCHES, NOT ONLY BECAUSE THEY LEAD THEIR ENEMIES AGAINST THEM, BUT BECAUSE THEY EAT THE FLESH OF THEIR VANQUISHED FOES.

AS THE ALARM IS SPREAD, POMERITE-QUACHO RESOLVES TO PUNISH THE AUDACITY OF THESE WHITEN MEN WHO VIOLATE HIS TERRITORY.



IRON JACKET'S VILLAGE...



THEY GOT A LOT OF NERVE, BUSTING IN HERE LIKE THIS!

HIS MOUNTS AND PARADES HIS INVULNERABILITY BEFORE THE GATHERED TROOPS.



HEY HEY, YOU POSSUM LOVERS, COME OUT AND FIGHT IRON JACKET!!



TIME AND TIME AGAIN THE FEARLESS OLD WARRIOR STREAKS DOWN THE TEXAN LINE, SEEMINGLY OBLIVIOUS TO THEIR RAIN OF FIRE.



BUT ONE TONICAWA WARRIOR'S AIM IS MORE PRECISE. POHEBTS-QUASHO, HIT IN THE NECK, FALLS FROM HIS HORSE IN A HEAP.



THEIR INVINCIBLE CHIEF DEAD, THE ASTONISHED WARRIORS FALL BACK IN DISMAY, AND FORD'S TROOPS CHARGE INTO THE EXPOSED VILLAGE.



ON A Distant HILL, PETA NOCONA VIEWS THE DESTRUCTION OF HIS FATHER'S VILLAGE.

GO BACK, TELL THE WOMEN  
TO PICK UP! I'LL HOLD THEM  
OFF AS LONG AS I CAN. QUANAH,  
GO WITH YOUR MOTHER!!



PETA'S WARRIORS, IN A RUNNING FIGHT, MANAGE TO HOLD THE TEXANS  
AT BAY WHILE THE VILLAGES FURTHER DOWN THE CANADIAN EVACUATE.



LATER, AFTER FORD'S VICTORIOUS FORCE WITHDRAWS, PETA  
SEARCHES THE BATTLEFIELD FOR HIS SLAIN FATHER'S BODY.

HOW CRUEL IT WILL BE FOR  
YOU, MY SON, TO DO BATTLE FOR  
MY PEOPLE AGAINST THE PEOPLE  
OF YOUR MOTHER. HALF OF YOU  
WILL WIN, BUT THE OTHER HALF  
MUST ALWAYS LOSE..

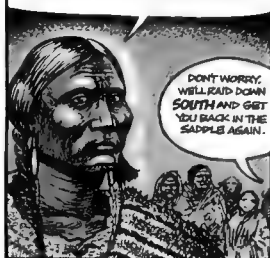


NOW I AM CHIEF OF  
THE QUOMADAS. HEAR  
ME, SPIRIT OF MY DE-  
FILED FATHER— YOU  
WILL BE AVENGED!!  
BLOOD WILL COVER  
THE MOON!



BUT LATER THAT YEAR, BUFFALO HUMP AND HIS PENATEKAS ARE HIT BY ANOTHER TEXAN ARMY...

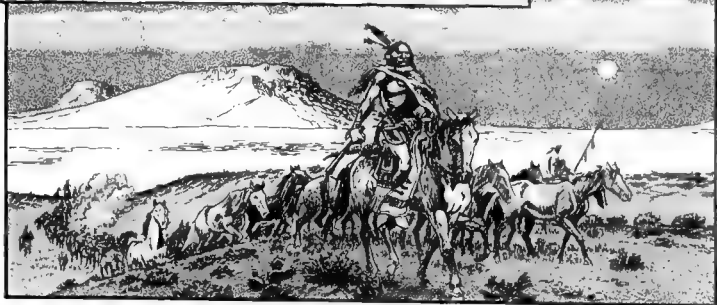
WIPED OUT... EVERYTHING GONE, PETA-HORSES, CAMP GEAR, TEEPEES, OUR FOOD SUPPLY — WE NEVER HAD A CHANCE... THOSE DAMN TEXANS ARE LIKE BLOWFLIES.



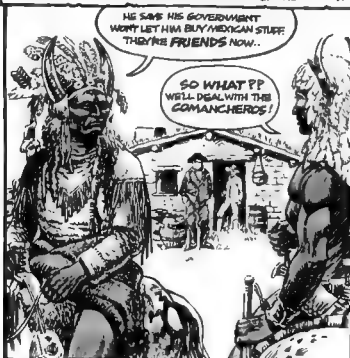
AND SO, AT THE NEXT FULL MOON, LONG-SUFFERING MEDICO PRAYS FOR COMANCHE LOSSES AT THE HANDS OF MILITANT TEXANS...



IT IS A TIME-HONORED PRACTICE WHICH THE COMANCHES REFER TO AS "THE MEXICAN WAR".



GOING TO THE BENT BROTHERS' FORT, HIGH IN THE STAKED PLAINS, PETA AND BUFFALO HUMP TRY TO BARTER THEIR LOOT.



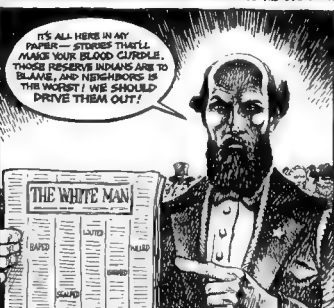
A BRISK TRADE GROWS BETWEEN THEM AND THE OUTCAST COMANCHEROS, WHO HAVE NO QUALMS ABOUT THE SOURCE OF MERCHANTS'.



MEANWHILE, ON THE TWO LITTLE RESERVATIONS ESTABLISHED IN 1855, EVENTS ARE COMING TO A HEAD. ALTHO THE PEACEFUL TEXAS TRIBES, AND SOME PENATIBKAS, ARE MAKING FAIR PROGRESS AT ADOPTING THE 'WHITEMAN'S ROAD', LOCAL MALCONTENTS ARE WORKING OVERTIME TO PLOT THEIR DESTRUCTION.



JOHN R. BAYLOR, A FORMER INDIAN AGENT, HARBORS BITTER HATRED TOWARD NEIGHBORS FOR HIS DISMISSAL. HE KEEPS THE SETTLERS STIRRED UP AGAINST THE AGENT AND HIS CHARGES.



IRONICALLY, THE RESERVE INDIANS OFTEN RIDES BESIDE TEXAN LEADERS LIKE RIF FORD AND SUL ROSS IN THEIR CAMPAIGNS AGAINST THE HOSTILE NORTHERN BANDS, RENDERING VALUABLE SERVICE IN DEFENSE OF THE FRONTIER.



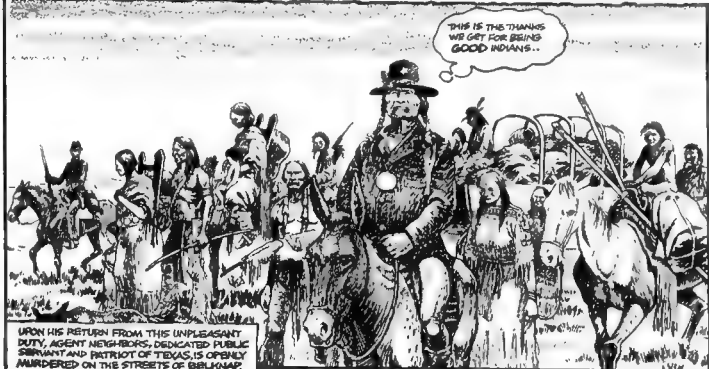
AGENT NEIGHBORS AND CAPT SHAPLEY ROSS, SUL'S FATHER AND ALSO AN AGENT, STAND ALONE AGAINST THE RABBLE. EVEN THEIR FRIEND, 'OLD RIP' WILL NOT HELP IF IT MEANS BRINGING WHITEMEN IN FOR CRIMES AGAINST REDMEN.



BUT BAYLOR, UNABLE TO DISCREDIT AND OUST NEIGHBORS LEGITIMATELY, WILL NOT DESIST. HE GATHERS AN ARMED MOB AND THREATENS TO FORCEABLY BREAK UP THE RESERVE — WHILE MOST OF ITS WARRIORS ARE OFF HELPING VAN DORN DEFEAT BUFFALO HUMP! ONLY THE BOLD STANCE OF A FEW BRAVES UNDER ANAPARKO CHIEF JOSE MARIA, BACKED BY CAPT. ROSS AND A SMALL CONTINGENT OF SOLDIERS, KEEPS BAYLOR FROM HIS FOND DREAM OF AN INDIAN BLOODBATH.



THAT SAME YEAR SEES THE TEXANS DISMANTLE THEIR RESERVATION SYSTEM AND DRIVE ALL FRIENDLY INDIANS BEYOND THEIR BORDERS.



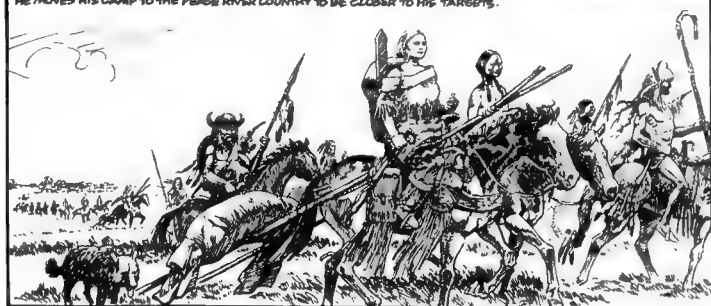
UPON HIS RETURN FROM THIS UNPLEASANT DUTY, AGENT NEIGHBORS, DEDICATED PUBLIC SERVANT AND PATRIOT OF TEXAS, IS OPENLY MURDERED ON THE STREETS OF BURLINGAME.

MANY OF THE COMANCHES ESCAPE IN DESTITUTION TO THEIR COUSINS ON THE PLAINS RATHER THAN BE HERDED INTO INDIAN TERRITORY.

PETA, DISTURBED AT THE BROKEN PROMISES AND THE WHITES' ABILITY TO STRIKE WITH EASE DEEP INTO TRADITIONAL COMANCHE LAND, DECIDES TO SHIFT HIS RAIDS BACK TO THE TEXAS FRONTIER BECAUSE IT IS TOO LATE.



HE MOVES HIS CAMP TO THE PRAIRIE RIVER COUNTRY TO BE CLOSER TO HIS TARGETS.





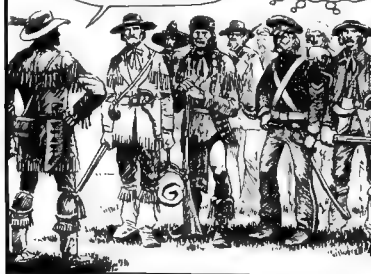
THAT FALL, PARKER COUNTY IS ABLAZE WITH HIS VENGEANCE. LITTLE DOES PETA NOCODNA SUSPECT THAT MANY OF HIS VICTIMS ARE THE FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS OF HIS OWN WIFE'S FAMILY.



THE SETTLERS CLAMOR TO THE AUTHORITIES FOR PROTECTION. A MIXED FORCE OF VOLUNTEERS, RANGERS, TONGVA SCOUTS, AND ARMY REGULARS, ALL UNDER YOUNG CAPT. SUI. ROSS, IS RAISED TO PURSUE THE RAIDERS.

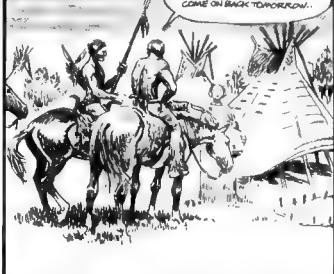
"YOU'RE A SORRY-LOOKIN' BUNCH, BUT YOU'RE THE BEST WE GOT..."

YOUNG WHIFFER-SNAFFER



PETA, ANAHE OF THE HORNETS NEST HE HAS STIRRED UP, TAKES HIS SPOILS AND HEADS WEST, KEEPING HIS BAND ON THE MOVE. STOPPING ONLY TO KILL FRESH MEAT UNTIL HE FEELS SAFE.

THERE'S A HERD UP THE RIVER WE'LL GO HUNT NOW, AND COME ON BACK TOMORROW...



WHILE PETA'S WARRIORS ARE OFF HUNTING, ROSS GATHERS UP WITH THEIR CAMP, CONTAINING WOMEN, CHILDREN, AND MEDICAN SLAVES.



CAPT. ROSS SPOTS A WARRIOR TRYING TO GET AWAY WITH SEVERAL WOMEN...THE SCOURGE OF THE FRONTIER, TURNING TAIL AND RUNNING!

ROSS PURSUES AND FIRES, KILLING THE GIRL RIDE DOUBLE. ONLY THE TOUGH, BULLHIDE SHIELD SLUNG ON HIS BACK SAVES HIM FROM DEATH.

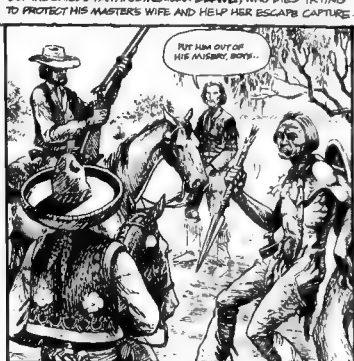


TUMBLING FROM HIS HORSE, THE WARRIOR NIMBLY REGAINS HIS FEET AND PUTS AN ARROW INTO ROSS' MOUNT BEFORE HE IS SHOT DOWN.



THE WARRIOR, REALIZING HE IS FINISHED, STAGGERS TO A MESQUITE TREE AND BEGINS HIS COMANCHE DEATH SONG.

UNKNOWN TO ROSS, THE HEROIC WARRIOR IS **NOT** PETA NOGONA. BUT THE CHIEF'S FAITHFUL MEXICAN SLAVE, WHO DIES TRYING TO PROTECT HIS MASTERS WIFE AND HELP HER ESCAPE CAPTURE.



MEANWHILE, NADUAH AND HER LITTLE DAUGHTER, TOP-SANNAH, ARE CAUGHT AND LED BACK TO THE CAMP.



YOU WERE RIGHT, CAPTAIN—IT'S A WHITE WOMAN, BY GAWD. I'LL BETCHA THIS IS TH' RAUCOUSER GUY. WE KEEP HEARIN' ABOUT.

CONVINCED THEY HAVE DESTROYED PETA NOGONA, ROSS AND HIS MEN LEAVE, TAKING THE RECAPTURED BOOTY AND THE WHITE COMANCHE WOMAN.



THAT'S THE END OF THAT RASCAL...

WHEN PETA AND HIS WARRIORS RETURN, A SCENE OF DESOLATION GREET'S THEM. A SURVIVOR TELLS THE SAD TALE. PETA, NEVER DREAMING THAT THE WHITEMAN WOULD DARE CHASE THEM TO THE HEART OF THE BISON RANGE, IS PLUNGED INTO TERRIBLE GRIEF.



IT IS A SHAKEN GROUP OF WARRIORS THAT RETREAT TO THE STAKED PLAINS THIS DECEMBER, THEIR FAMILIES DEAD OR SCATTERED, THEIR WEALTH CONFISCATED OR DESTROYED BY THE HATED TEKANS.



CHIEF PETA NOGONA IS HEARTBROKEN OVER THE LOSS OF NADUAH. HE REFUSES TO TAKE ANOTHER WIFE, AND BECOMES MOODY AND FATALISTIC.



# CYNTHIA ANN'S SECOND CAPTIVITY

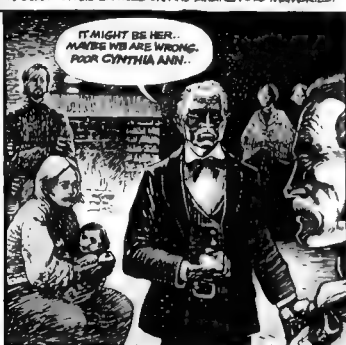
CAPT. SUL ROSS, CERTAIN THAT THE CAPTURED WHITE COMANCHE WOMAN IS THE LONG-LOST CYNTHIA ANN PARKER, TAKES HER TO CAMP COOPER, AN OUTPOST NEAR THE VACANT BRAZOS INDIAN RESERVATION.



SHE AND HER 18 MONTH OLD DAUGHTER, TOPSANNAM, ARE BATHED, GIVEN CLOTHES, AND REASSURED BY THE POST WOMEN.



ROSS SENDS FOR COL. ISAAC PARKER, AND THROUGH A MEXICAN INTERPRETER, THEY VAINLY ATTEMPT TO BREAK THROUGH NADUAH'S STOLID EXPRESSION AND AWAKEN OLD MEMORIES.



AT THE SOUND OF HER LONG-FORGOTTEN NAME,  
A SPARK OF LIFE ANIMATES NADUAH'S LISTLESS EYES.



COL. PARKER IS SATISFIED OF HIS NIECE'S IDENTITY. SHE AND HER  
CHILD ARE JOYFULLY RECEIVED BACK BY THE PARKER CLAN.



BUT AFTER 25 YEARS OF COMANCHE LIFE, CYNTHIA ANN IS MORE INDIAN THAN WHITE. SHE MOURNS HER LOST LOVED  
ONES COMANCHE FASHION, MUCH TO THE HORROR OF HER CIVILIZED RELATIVES.



SHE TRIES TO ESCAPE BACK TO HER FAMILY--AND THE ONLY  
PEOPLE SHE KNOWS-- EVERY TIME SHE CAN STEAL A HORSE.



THE PARKERS TAKE HER TO AUSTIN WHERE THE STATE LEGIS-  
LATURE GRANTS HER A LEAGUE OF LAND AND AN ANNUAL  
PENSION OF \$100 TO EASE HER DIFFICULT RETURN TO CIVILIZATION.





SINCE SHE SEEMED SO UNHAPPY WITH HER UNCLE ISAAC AT BIRD-VILLE, HER BROTHER SHAS JR. AGREES TO TAKE HER INTO HIS CARE.

CYNTHIA QUICKLY PICKS UP THE PIONEER SKILLS OF PLAITING, SPINNING, AND WEAVING THAT ARE CONSTANTLY REQUIRED OF SOUTH-ERN WHITE WOMEN DURING THE LEAN CIVIL WAR YEARS.



NO STRANGER TO HARD WORK, SHE PROVES TO BE AN INDUSTRIOUS ADDITION TO THE PARKER CLAN.



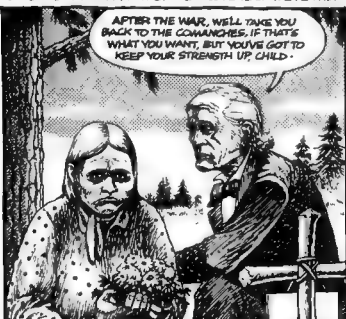
LITTLE TOPSANNAH, CALLED "TECKS ANN" BY HER NEW VAN ZANDT COUNTY NEIGHBORS, IS A BRIGHT AND PRETTY CHILD.



WHEN A FEVER TAKES THE GIRL, HER MOTHER'S ONLY RAY OF SUNSHINE, CYNTHIA IS INCONSOLEABLE AND SINKS INTO A DEEP APATHY.



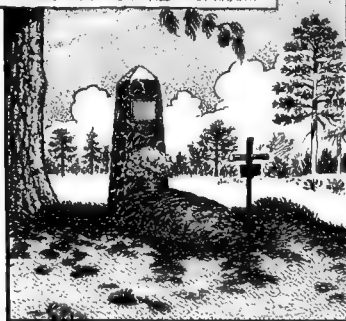
HER ONLY DESIRE IS TO GO BACK AND TRY TO FIND HER HUSBAND AND TWO SONS, IF THEY ARE STILL ALIVE ON THE PLAINS.



BUT THE WAR DRAGS ON, AND CYNTHIA DESPAIRS. HER BONES FROD IN A FATHOMLESS GAZE ON THE PRAIRIES, FAR BEYOND THE PINEY WOODS, AS IF SEARCHING FOR HER LOST HAPPINESS.



FINALLY SHE DIES OF A BROKEN HEART AND IS BURIED BESIDE HER LITTLE TOPSANNAH...



WHILE DEEP IN THE PLAINS, EACH TIME THE ORPHAN QUANAHA BREATHES THE FRAGRANCE OF HIS NAMESAKE, THE BLOSSOMING WILDFLOWERS, HIS THOUGHTS WANDER TO HIS BELOVED MOTHER.



SEVERAL YEARS LATER, PETA NOCONA, WHO NEVER RECOVERS FROM THE LOSS OF HIS FAIR NADUAH, DIES OF AN INFECTED WOUND, LEAVING HIS TWO ORPHANED SONS TO FEND FOR THEMSELVES.



WITH THEIR DYNAMIC LEADER GONE, MANY NOCONIS DRIFT AWAY TO JOIN OTHER BANDS. ALTHO THE NOCONI BAND REMAINS INTACT, ITS INFLUENCE IS HENCEFORTH TO BE ECLIPSED BY THE FIERCE QUOHADAS, MASTERS OF THE STAKED PLAINS!



**PROLOGUE, 1860:** IN A RAID ON A TEMPORARY CAMP NEAR THE PEASE RIVER, CAPT. SUL ROSS AND A FORCE OF RANGERS RECAPTURE CYNTHIA ANN PARKER AND TAKE HER BACK TO WHITE CIVILIZATION.



HER COMANCHE HUSBAND, PETA NOCONA, IS HEART-BROKEN OVER HER LOSS. HE REFUSES TO TAKE ANOTHER WIFE, AND BECOMES MOODY AND FATALISTIC.



A FEW YEARS LATER, PETA NOCONA, ONCE THE TERROR OF THE TEXAS FRONTIER BUT NOW BROKEN IN SPIRIT AND BODY, DIES OF AN INFECTED WOUND.

IN KEEPING WITH COMANCHE CUSTOM, ALL HIS WORLDLY GOODS ARE DISTRIBUTED AMONG THE TRIBE, LEAVING HIS TWO ORPHANED SONS HEIRS TO NOTHING BUT THEIR FATHER'S BOLD LEGACY.



BUT NO COMANCHE CHILDREN LONG REMAIN HOMELESS. QUANAH AND PECOS ARE TAKEN IN BY NOCONA'S KINSMEN.

WITH THEIR DYNAMIC LEADER GONE, MANY NOCONIS DRIFT AWAY TO JOIN OTHER BANDS. ALTHO THE NOCONI BAND REMAINS INTACT, ITS INFLUENCE IS HENCEFORTH TO BE ECLIPSED BY THE FIERCE QUOHADAS, MASTERS OF THE STAKED PLAINS.



IT IS TO THIS BAND, THE QUOHADAS, THAT QUANAH'S GUARDIANS TAKE HIM, LEFT HIS PRESENCE AMONG THE NOCONIS COMPLICATE THE SELECTION OF A NEW LEADER AND POSSIBLY ENDANGER THE BOY'S LIFE. IN THEIR ABSENCE, TAHAYA QUOIP - HORSEBACK - AN OLDER, EXPERIENCED WARRIOR IS CHOSEN CHIEF OF THE NOCONIS.



# VISION SEEKER

QUANAH, AS THE UNTRIED SON OF A FAMED CHIEF, FACES AN UNCERTAIN FUTURE WITH THE QUOHADAS. THEY WILL COME HIM BECAUSE OF HIS FATHER'S MEMORY, BUT SOME FEAR HIM AS A POTENTIAL THREAT TO THEIR OWN POWER.



YOUNG PICOS, NEVER A STURDY CHILD, BECOMES ILL AND QUICKLY DIES OF A MYSTERIOUS 'DISEASE'.



SO QUANAH STANDS ALONE, CONFUSED AND BITTER, CERTAIN ONLY OF HIS HATRED FOR THE WHITES, WHOSE COMING SEEMS TO HAVE CAST A DARK SHADOW OVER HIS LIFE.



IN AN EARLIER TIME HE WOULD BE HEIR TO WEALTH AND POWER, SURROUNDED BY A STRONG, PROTECTIVE CLAN — A PRINCE BY HIS WORLD'S STANDARDS. NOW HE IS BUT AN OUTCAST, LIVING OFF THE CRUMBS OF GENEROSITY IN THE MIDST OF SUSPICION. QUANAH BROODS, PONDERING THE CRUEL TURN OF FATE THAT HAS STRIPPED HIM OF HIS BIRTHRIGHT.



THEN HE REMEMBERS THE WORDS OF HIS GRANDFATHER, IRON JACKET, SPOKEN, NOW IT SEEMS, SO LONG AGO...



SUDDENLY, HIS PATHWAY BECOMES CLEAR.





SO QUANAH SETS ABOUT TO PURIFY HIMSELF FOR HIS QUEST.



AS STEAM RISES FROM WATER SPRINKLED ON THE HOT ROCKS, QUANAH CHANTS AND RUBS HIS BODY WITH SAGE.



HE EMERGES FROM THE SWEAT LODGE,  
CLEANSED OF BODILY POISONS.



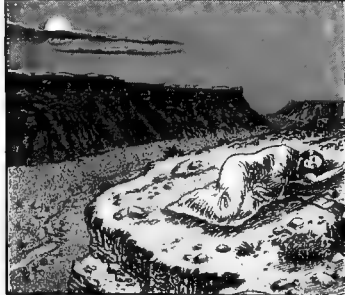
CLAD ONLY IN BABECHLOUT AND MOCCASINS, THE YOUTH IS  
GIVEN A BONE PIPE, TOBACCO, AND A NEWLY PREPARED BUFFALO  
ROBE, RUBBED WITH WHITE CLAY TO SYMBOLIZE PURITY.



ALONE HE MAKES HIS WAY TO A DISTANT HILL, RICH IN COMANCHE LORE AS THE ABODE OF POWERFUL SPIRIT FORCES.  
HE CHOOSES A SPOT WHERE HE CAN SEE THE RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN. AS DARKNESS APPROACHES, THE SUP-  
PLIANT SMOKES AND PRAYS FOR POWER — POWER TO KNOW HIMSELF, AND THE POWER TO USE HIS KNOWLEDGE FOR GOOD.



THAT NIGHT QUANAH COVERS HIMSELF, FACING EAST—  
TRYING IN VAIN TO SWEEP THE TURMOIL FROM HIS MIND,  
SO THAT THE SPIRIT DIMENSION MAY FREELY ENTER.



RISE AT DAYBREAK, HE POSITIONES HIMSELF TO RECEIVE  
THE STRENGTH RADIATING FROM THE NEWBORN SUN.



BUT THE DAY SLIPS AWAY, WITH NO  
SIGN FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD...



AND THE NEXT DAY, STILL NOTHING  
TO BREAK HIS LONELY VIGIL...



AND THE NEXT, AGAIN NOTHING, THO  
EVERY NERVE STRAINS TO THE LIMIT.



WEAK FROM FASTING, TROUBLED OF MIND, QUANAH LAYS  
DOWN AGAIN ON HIS BED OF SAGE, DOUBTS CROWDING IN.



BUT THE ONLY ANSWER TO HIS SOUL-SEARCHING IS THE DYSMAL  
WAIL OF A COVOTE, THE SLY JESTER OF COMANCHE MYTH.



ON THE FORTH DAY QWANAH STRUGGLES TO REMAIN ALERT. THE SUN SEEMS TO PULSE LIKE A LIVING THING, THROBBING, FLOWING OVER, OBLITERATING HIM. HIS EARS RING.

SUDDENLY, THERE IS A GRASHING SOUND — LIKE THE UNIVERSE BEING SPLIT ASUNDER — THE SWISHING OF WINGS, A SWIRL OF MOTION, BLINDING LIGHT, AND THEN, TOTAL SILENCE.



WHEN QWANAH OPENS HIS EYES, BEFORE HIM SITE AN APPARITION, REAL AS THE DUST SETTLING ON HIS DAMP BROW — A WINGED BISON, WHITE AS THE DRIVEN SNOW... WITH SMALL, PINK EYES...



...BENEVOLENT EYES, THINKING WITH KINDLY AMUSEMENT...

BUT BEFORE THE DREAM-BEAST CAN SAY ANOTHER WORD, IT IS STRUCK BY A DAZZLING BOLT OF LIGHTNING!



AND DISSOLVE INTO A SMOLDERING, MAGGOT-INFESTED CARCASS.



QUANAH HEARS A DREAFFING, BUZZING NOISE, PEERS CLOSELY AND REALIZES THAT THE WRITHING MASS IS COMPOSED NOT OF WORMS, BUT BEES, SWARMING OVER A HUGE HONEYCOMB!



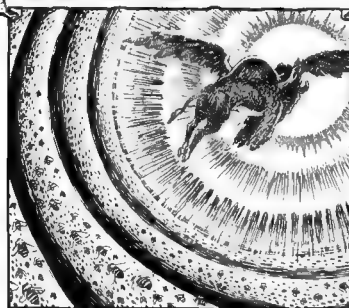
HERE, EAT OF MY BODY AND KNOW THAT FROM DECAY COMES NEW LIFE, THAT WHAT SEEMS TO BE ROTTEN AND PUTRID IS SWEET LIKE HONEY FOR THOSE THAT DARE TO TASTE...



HOLD CLOSE THIS TRUTH, AND I WILL NOT ABANDON YOU TO YOUR ENEMIES, THOUGH THEY SWARM ABOUT YOU LIKE A HIVE OF ANGRY BEES...



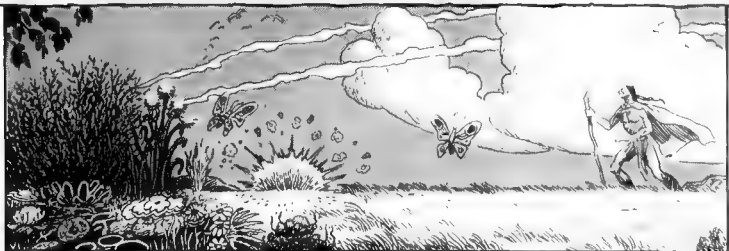
AGAIN THE BUZZING, THE SOUND OF COUNTLESS PAIRS OF BEATING WINGS - NO, IT IS ONLY THE BISON, FLYING OFF AGAIN INTO THE SUN... FAR AWAY... SLIPPING INTO OBLIVION...



WHEN QUANAH AWAKENS, IT IS TO THE FAINTLY-HEARD SOUND OF THUNDER AND THE FEEL OF GENTLE RAIN, SOOTHING HIS FEVERED SKIN. THE QUEST IS OVER.



WEAKENED PHYSICALLY BUT EXHILARATED SPIRITUALLY, QUANAH SLOWLY MAKES HIS WAY BACK TO THE CAMP. STRANGE HOW NEW EVERYTHING SEEMS — EVERY BUSH, BLADE OF GRASS, EVEN THE ROCKS GING WITH A LIFE HE NEVER KNEW EXISTED.



AS HE NEARS THE CAMP, CRISERS CIRCULATE WORD OF HIS RETURN. CURIOUS EYES BEHOLD THE GAUNT SEEKER OF VISIONS, COME BACK FROM HIS HOLY QUEST. BUT IN THOSE EYES IS ALSO RESPECT, FOR AS ALL COMANCHES KNOW, WITHOUT A VISION A MAN IS NEXT TO NOTHING, WITH NO SOURCE OF POWER, NO SPECIAL WISDOM, AND NO PROTECTION.



AND HOW COULD THE COMANCHES PROSPER AS A PEOPLE UNLESS THEIR YOUNG MEN WALKED WITH THE SPIRITS THAT RULED THE ELEMENTS? **UNTHINKABLE!** THEREFORE, WELCOME THIS SEEKER BACK WITH REJICING, AND HOPE THAT HE HAS RECEIVED STRONG MEDICINE, FOR HIS PERSONAL STRENGTH ADDS TO OURS AND MAKES US STRONG AS WELL!





IN THE DAYS TO COME, QUANAH QUIETLY GOES ABOUT SMITH-  
ERING THE ARTICLES NEEDED TO FILL HIS MEDICINE BUNDLE.  
SOME TANGIBLE PART OF EVERY EARTHLY THING SEEN IN  
THE VISION IS ESSENTIAL, FOR HIS SPIRITUAL HELPERS MUST  
BE PROVIDED ACTUAL DWELLING PLACES, LEST THEY  
LEAVE AND TAKE THEIR POWER WITH THEM.

A SMOOTH, ROUND, TRANSLUCENT ROCK, A BIT OF DRIED  
HONEYCOMB, SPLINTERS OF A TREE STRUCK BY LIGHTNING,  
A BONE FRAGMENT OF A BUFFALO SAID TO BE PURE WHITE —  
ALL CAREFULLY WRAPPED IN SPECIALLY PREPARED SKINS.



AND THEN HE STARTS WORK ON HIS SHIELD, PAINTING ON ITS  
SURFACE THE PICTOGRAPHIC ELEMENTS OF HIS VISION —  
FOR IT IS THIS REPRESENTATION, NOT THE SHIELD ITSELF,  
THAT PROTECTS ITS BEARER AND LENDS HIM STRENGTH.

AT LAST QUANAH IS READY TO FORMALLY SHARE HIS  
EXPERIENCE WITH THE TRIBAL ELDERS. AFTER HE HAS  
SHOWN THEM HIS SHIELD AND DESCRIBED THE VISION, THE  
SHAMANS GIVE THEIR INTERPRETATIONS OF ITS MEANING.



THEY ARE AWED BY THE DEPTH OF HIS VISION, AND QUANAH IS CONSIDERED FORTUNATE TO HAVE BEEN SHOWN SUCH A GUEST-  
ING MYSTERY. WILD HORSE, AN IMPORTANT CHIEF, GIVES HIM A SACRED AMULET TO ADORN HIS NEW WAR SHIELD — A  
TAIL SWITCH TAKEN FROM A REAL ALBINO BISON! THE BAND MURMURS ITS APPROVAL AND DEPARTS WELL SATISFIED.



BUT A VISION IS OF NO USE UNLESS ONE USES IT — AND IS USED BY IT. IT IS TIME FOR QUANAH TO TEST THE STRENGTH OF HIS MEDICINE. HE JOINS WITH OTHER RESTLESS YOUNG BRAVES, EAGER TO PERFORM FEATS OF BRAVERY, EAGER TO GAIN WEALTH AND MAKE REPUTATIONS FOR THEMSELVES AS UNTRIED COMANCHE YOUTHS ALWAYS HAVE — BY WAR!

# RED RAIDER

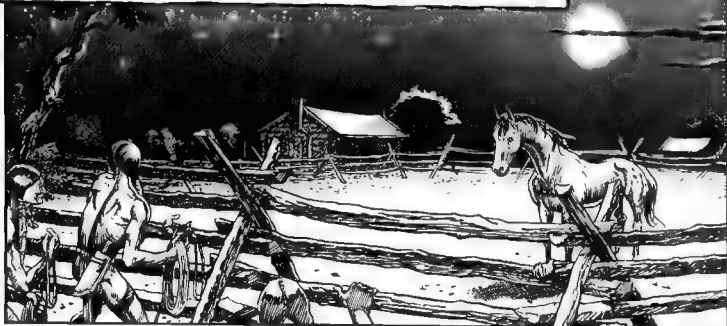


THEY ORGANIZE SMALL RAIDS AND HORSE STEALING EXPEDITIONS. BASED ON THEIR RELATIVE SUCCESS, LEADERS START TO EMERGE.

IN A SHORT TIME, THE YOUNG MEN HAVE ESTABLISHED A TIGHT CADRE, WHERE EACH MEMBER'S ROLE IS MUTUALLY UNDERSTOOD.



THE RAIDERS QUICKLY PICK UP ON THE FINE POINTS OF THE COMANCHES' FAVORITE FORM OF CAPITALISTIC ENTERPRISE — STEALING THE BEST HORSES THEY CAN GET THEIR HANDS ON.



A MAN'S WORTH HAS ALWAYS BEEN MEASURED BY HIS PONY-HERD. THUS IT HAS BEEN SINCE THE SACRED GOD-DOG, THE TITAN OF BEASTS OF BURDEN, WAS FIRST MASTERED BY COMANCHE.

TO THEM IT IS THE STANDARD UNIT OF CURRENCY. ANYTHING WORTH HAVING IN THEIR WORLD CAN BE OBTAINED BY THE MAN WHO HAS HORSES — AND THE POWER TO GET MORE.



GRADUALLY, THE MOST PROMISING YOUNG BRAVES ARE INVITED ON MORE SERIOUS FORAYS BY THE WARRIORS OF THE BAND — THE ONES WHO ALREADY HAVE COUPS AND HONORS.

THE WAY THE NEW RECRUITS CARRY THEMSELVES ON THE WAR TRAIL IS CAREFULLY SCRUTINIZED BY THEIR ELDERS.

...THOUGHT YOU MIGHT WANT TO COME ALONG... UNLESS YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING BETTER TO DO.



THEY RANGE FAR ON ALL FRONTIERS OF THEIR DOMAIN, CONSTANTLY TESTING THEIR ENEMIES' STRENGTHS AND WEAKNESSES, GATHERING ALL THE BOOTY THEY CAN WREST FROM THEM, WITH THE LEAST POSSIBLE DAMAGE TO THEMSELVES.



A COMANCHE DOES NOT GAIN SUCCESS AS A LEADER IF HE LOSES MEN ON THE WARPATH. THE SMART MAN IS THE ONE WHO GAINS THE PRIZE — AND LIVES TO TELL THE TALE.

EXCESSIVELY RICKLESS, FOOLHARDY BEHAVIOR IS NOT ENCOURAGED IN THE YOUNG BRAVES, FOR IT ENDANGERS THE SUCCESS OF THE VENTURE AND THE SAFETY OF ALL.



NEVERTHELESS, ONCE THE DIE IS CAST, A COMANCHE WOULD RISK EVERYTHING TO PREVENT THE BODY OF A SLAIN COMRADE, NO MATTER HOW STUPID, FROM FALLING INTO THE HANDS OF AN ENEMY — ESPECIALLY AN ENEMY LIKE THE FOUL TONKAWAS.



FOR IT IS A TONKAWA RELIGIOUS PRACTICE TO **EAT PARTS OF THEIR VICTIMS' BODIES**. SINCE THE COMANCHES BELIEVE THAT MUTILATION AFTER DEATH DEPRIVES THE DEPARTED SOUL OF REST AND A PLACE IN THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUND, THE TWO TRIBES ARE LOCKED IN A POLICY OF MUTUAL EXTERMINATION, AS LONG AS EITHER DRAWS A BREATH OF LIFE!



QUANAH, AS A NOVICE AND AN OUTSIDER — WITH A FAMOUS DADDY — HAS EVEN MORE TO PROVE THAN THE OTHER YOUTHS.



ALSO, THE TANT OF **WHITE BLOOD** FLOWING IN HIS VEINS, A RARITY THAT SINGLES HIM OUT FROM THE REST....



AND MAKES THE TASTE OF VICTORY TWICE AS SWEET!



FOR THE TONKAWAS, PINNED ON THE CANYON FLOOR, IT IS OVER IN A BRUTAL INSTANT...

GET LOUD TALKER'S BODY. NO WINS A FOOL, BUT NO USE IN SHAMING HIS FAMILY BY LEAVING IT TO THE WOLVES.





QUANAH HAS PROVED HIMSELF ON THE WARPATH. HIS REPUTATION GROWS

— PARTICULARLY AMONG THE LADIES!



NOT BAD, SON, BUT YOU'VE GOT A LONG WAY TO GO BEFORE YOU'RE AS GOOD AS PETA NOCONA!

!



DID YOU HEAR WHAT HAPPENED WHEN OLD BEAR CAUGHT HIM AND WEAKEAH TOGETHER DOWN AT THE CASHE? TEE HEE

OLD BEAR'S HANDSOME DAUGHTER, **WEAKEAH**, BRAZENLY ADORES QUANAH, AND, AS SLIGHTLY OLDER GIRLS ARE PRONE TO DO, SHE MANAGES TO MAKE HIM AWARE OF HER CHARMS.

LIKE MOST COMANCHE MAIDENS, SHE'S NOT **SHY** ABOUT IT, BUT SHE STILL DOESN'T WANT EVERYBODY IN THE VILLAGE KNOWING WHAT GOES ON — ESPECIALLY HER PARENTS!



AWFUL HOT TODAY, ISN'T IT??

MAAAA

SPLASH  
SPLASH



DAUGHTER, YOU COME OUTTA THERE AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT!

UH-OH

NOT THAT OLD BEAR HAS ANYTHING AGAINST QUANAH PERSONALLY. HE JUST WANTS WEAKEAH TO BE MORE DISCREET.



WHAT'S A MATTER WITH YOU, CARRYING ON IN BROAD DAYLIGHT! WHY, THE WHOLE TRIBE IS TALKING ABOUT IT!

...AND HIM POOR AS A GROUND SQUIRREL!

OH PAPA, HE'LL AMOUNT TO SOME THING! JUST YOU WAIT!!



TENNAP IS A VAIN AND SURLY FELLOW, CURSED WITH THE POCK-MARKS OF A CHILDHOOD DISEASE, BUT HE IS THE SON OF A WEALTHY AND POWERFUL WARRIOR WHO SPARES NO EXPENSE ON BEHALF OF HIS PAMPERED OFFSPRING.



QUANAH SEETHES IN SILENT RAGE AS HE WATCHES THE CERTAIN OUTCOME OF SUPERIOR BARGAINING POWER.



THAT NIGHT, AT THEIR TRYSTING PLACE, AN ANXIOUS QUANAH HEARS THE WORST.



QUANAH EXPLAINS THE PROBLEM TO HIS COMRADES.

WE'D LIKE TO  
HELP YOU OUT,  
BROTHER—BUT  
TEN PONIES!!?

I'M DESPERATE—  
LOAN ME YOUR HORSES.  
I'LL REPAY YOU SOON AS WE  
CAN GET A RAID TOGETHER  
AND CAPTURE MORE!

BUT THE WILY TENNAP, SUSPECTING THAT QUANAH WILL TRY  
SOMETHING, POSTS A FRIEND TO **SPY** ON THE MEETING.

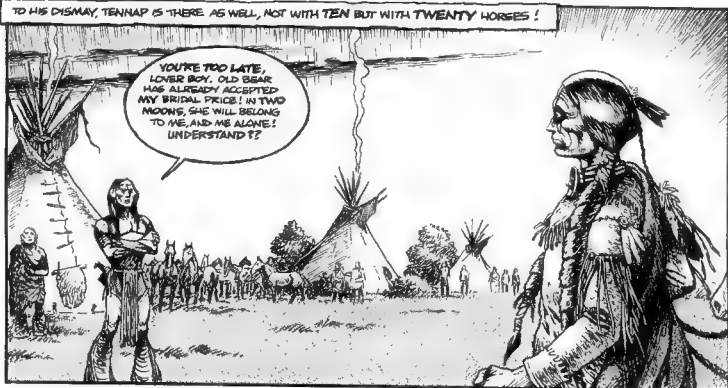
CAPTURE MORE?  
HOW WE GONNA DO  
THAT, WHEN WE'RE  
ALL ON FOOT??

NEVERTHELESS, QUANAH PERSUADES THEM. EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, ARRAYED IN HIS FINEST  
BUCKSKINS AND ORNAMENTS, HE PROUDLY LEADS TEN HORSES TO THE LODGE OF OLD BEAR.



TO HIS DISMAY, TENNAP IS THERE AS WELL, NOT WITH TEN BUT WITH **TWENTY** HORSES!

YOU'RE TOO LATE,  
LOVER BOY. OLD BEAR  
HAS ALREADY ACCEPTED  
MY BRIDAL PRICE! IN TWO  
MOMENTS SHE WILL BELONG  
TO ME, AND ME ALONE!  
UNDERSTAND??



QUANAH GLARES AT HIS BOISTEROUS RIVAL WITH THINLY-CONCEALED HATRED. BUT COMANCHE TRADITION ON MARRIAGE PACTS IS VERY STRONG. HIS HANDS ARE TIED.



THAT NIGHT WEAKEAH SLIPS HER WATCHERS AND STEALS A FEW MOMENTS WITH HER LOVER.



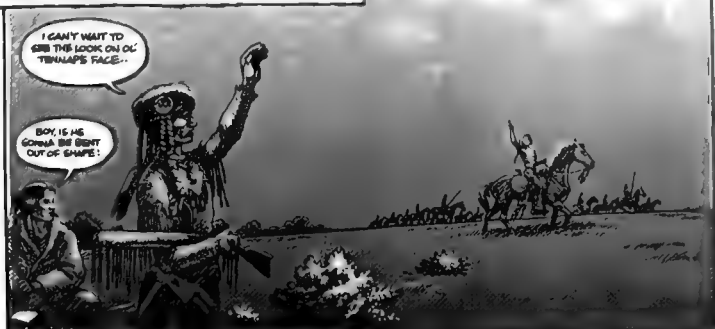
AFTER THE MOON SETS, A FIGURE SILENTLY GLIDES FROM OLD BEARS LODGE AND JOINS ANOTHER HIDDEN IN THE SHADOWS.



TOGETHER THEY CREEP TO THE EDGE OF THE SLEEPING CAMP, WHERE TWENTY-ONE YOUNG BRAVES AND A FEW BOLD MAIDENS AWAIT THEM WITH PROVISIONS AND EXTRA MOUNTS.



THEY MYSTERIOUSLY MAKE IT PAST THE NIGHT GUARD.



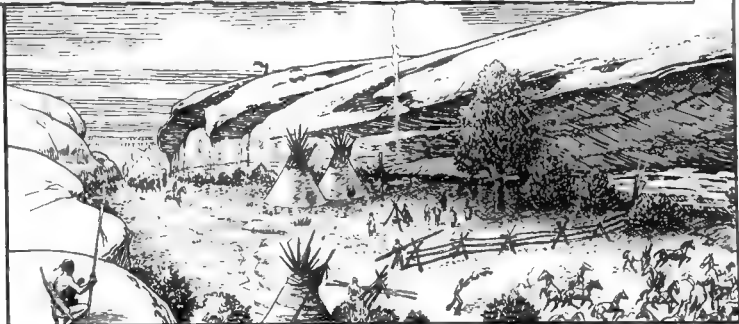
AND SO BEGINS THE ELOPEMENT OF QUANAH AND WEAKEAH, ACCOMPANIED BY A BRAVE GROUP OF FRIENDS WHO CAST THEIR FATES IN WITH THE TWO LOVERS. WIFE STEALING IS NO SMALL THING TO THE COMANCHES — DISFIGUREMENT FOR THE WOMAN, DISHONOR FOR THE MAN — SOMETIMES EVEN BANISHMENT!



UNLESS, OF COURSE, THE OFFENDER IS A FAR MORE INFLUENTIAL WARRIOR THAN YOUNG QUANAH. SO, THE FUGITIVES GET AS FAR FROM THE LONG, AVENGING ARM OF THEIR PEOPLE AS THEY CAN.



TRAVELLING NIGHTS AND HIDING DAYS, THE EXILE BAND WORKS ITS WAY DEEP INTO TEXAS, NEAR THE CONCHOS. THERE THEY ESTABLISH A HIDDEN BASE FOR RAIDS ON THE HORSEHERDS OF OUTLYING SETTLERS AND STOCKMEN.



THEY HAVE SOON ACCUMULATED A CONSIDERABLE HERD.



MEANWHILE, TENNAP AND HIS FATHER ARE **FUMING**.





EVENTUALLY TENNAP LEARNS OF THEIR HIDEAWAY AND COMES WITH A WARPARTY TO DEMAND SATISFACTION.



TENNAP SCANS THE MENACING BRAVES OF QUANAH'S STRONGHOLD AND KNOWS THAT MUCH BLOOD WILL INDEED FLOW IF THERE IS FIGHTING — HIS OWN BLOOD, MOST CERTAINLY. HE SQUIRMS UNEASILY IN HIS SADDLE.



THE DAW IS SAVED BY MOW-WAY, A RETICENT NA  
WARRIOR, KNOWN AND RESPECTED BY BOTH CONTENDERS.

TENNAP AGREES TO RENOUNCE HIS CLAIM TO WEAKEAH  
FOR HIS CHOICE OF NINETEEN FEWES FROM QUANAH'S HERD.



WAIT! WHAT'S AT  
STAKE HERE—HONOR,  
RIGHT? SO WHY DON'T  
WE BAKKE THE PIPE AND  
SEE IF HONOR CAN  
BE UPHOLD.



ONLY  
IT'S A  
CHIEF.



YOU GAVE OUT OF  
THAT SQUAD LIKE A GOOD  
TENNAP. THESE ARE GOOD SET  
FOR HORSES THAN THEMSELVES  
COMING FOR HERD.

YEAH, YOU'RE RIGHT,  
BUT WE'VE ONLY NINETEEN  
HORSES TOP IN THE FIRST  
PLACE! MY DADDY IS GOING  
BE TICKLED PINK!!

THEIR CONFLICT RESOLVED, QUANAH AND HIS FOLLOWERS RETURN TO THEIR BAND, BUT NOW THEY BRING MANY HORSES  
WITH THEM—AND MORE PRESTIGE THAN WHEN THEY LEFT. QUANAH'S STAR IS ON THE RISE, MAKING THE WARRIOR.



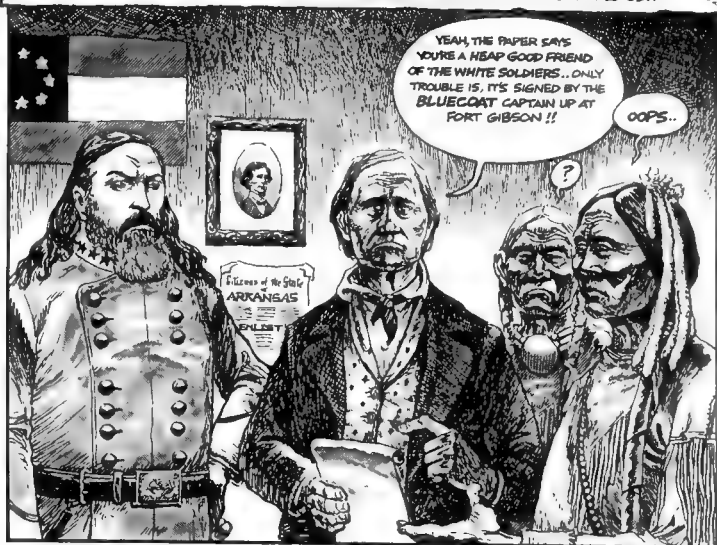
THAT'S QUANAH THERE  
MY SON! HE'S A GOOD-LOOKING  
DEVIL! HE CAN CARRY ME OFF  
ANY TIME HIS FEELS LIKE IT!

AND I WISHED THAT  
TENNAP WAS A BITTLE  
AND ONE LESS HORSE THAN  
HE GAVE HER FATHER.

WE WANTED YOU  
AND OUR DAUGHTER  
AND MY SON, BUT  
THESE ARE HORSES AND  
FORTY HORSES ARE  
FORTY HORSES!

# THE PAPER TALK

DURING THE EARLY YEARS OF THE CIVIL WAR, THE COMANCHES ARE CONFUSED BY THE NATURE OF THE WHITE-MAN'S STRUGGLE, BUT USUALLY WILLING TO SHOW UP WHEREVER PRESENTS ARE BEING HANDED OUT.



THEY SOON FIND THAT THE MEN IN GREY PROMISE MORE THAN THEY CAN DELIVER.



THAT AND THEIR TRADITIONAL HATRED FOR THE TEXANS EVENTUALLY SWAY THEM TO ALLIANCES WITH THE UNION, ESPECIALLY AS THEY LEARN OF THE TEXANS' INABILITY TO PROTECT THEIR EXPOSED NORTHERN FRONTIER.



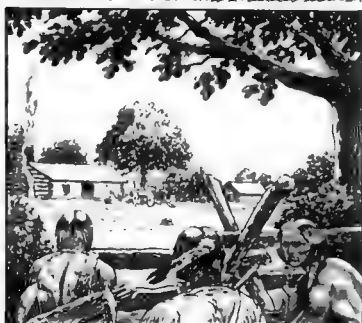
UNDER MILITANT CHIEFS LIKE WILD HORSE, LITTLE BUFFALO, SANAGO, HORSEBACK AND OTHERS, THE COMANCHES AND THEIR KOWA ALLIES BECOME BOLDER IN ATTACKING THE SETTLEMENTS.



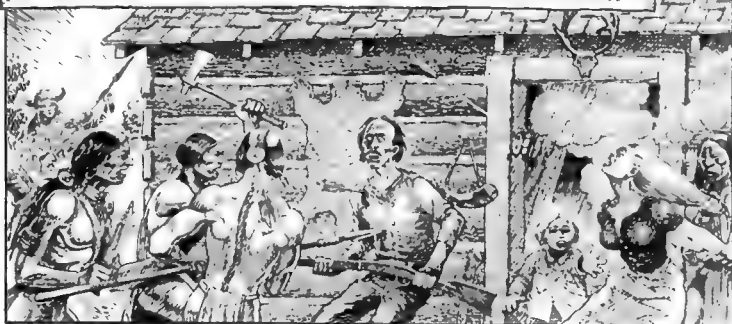
A NEW KIND OF RAID APPEARS AS THEY LEARN THAT THE UNION AGENTS WILL BUY STOLEN CATTLE.



QUANAH RIDES ON MANY OF THESE, LIKE THE RAID AT ELM CREEK, INCREASING HIS REPUTATION AS A FEARLESS SUBCHIEF.



BUT IT IS NOT JUST SPOILS AND CATTLE THAT THE RAIDERS WANT. THEY WANT REVENGE FOR ALL THE WRONGS THEIR PEOPLE HAVE SUFFERED AT THE HANDS OF THE HATED TEXANS.



THE BORDERLANDS PRESENT A PITTFUL SPECTACLE — HOMES IN ASHES, FIELDS GROWN UP WITH WEEDS, LIVESTOCK RUNNING WILD ON THE OPEN RANGE — AS THEIR PLUNDERING REACHES HALFWAY ACROSS A TEXAS DRAINED OF ITS FIGHTING MEN BY THE DISTANT WAR.



THE FRONTIER REGIMENT, A MAKE-SHIFT GROUP OF VOLUNTEERS, IS ORGANIZED BY THE STATE TO PROTECT THE HOMEFRONT, BUT USUALLY IT IS A CASE OF "TOO LITTLE, TOO LATE".



THE NORTHERN FRONTIER IS DEPOPULATED AND PUSHED BACK A HUNDRED MILES AS THE INDIANS MAUL THE ISOLATED SETTLEMENTS. PETA NOCONA WOULD HAVE APPROVED...

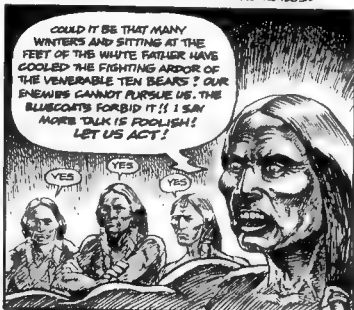




AS THE CIVIL WAR ENDS AND THE SOLDIERS RETURN—BLUE  
INSTEAD OF GREY—SOME OF THE OLDER CHIEFS COUNSEL  
PEACE, UNTIL THEY CAN DETERMINE WHAT IT ALL MEANS.



BUT THIS SIMPLE FACT—THAT THE RETURNING REDS ARE  
A CONQUERED PEOPLE—ONLY MAKES THE YOUNG WAR-  
CHIEFS MORE DARING. THE RAIDING INCREASES.



SOON THE TAKING AND HOLDING OF WHITE CAPTIVES FOR RANSOM BECOMES A BRISK AND LUCRATIVE INDIAN SIDELINE.



ALTHO SOME OF THE LEADING OFFENDERS HAD BEEN  
SIGNERS OF A TREATY AT THE WAR'S END, AGENT FOR  
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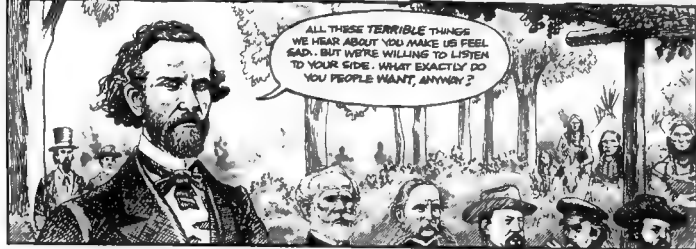
UNDAUNTED BY THE APPARENT FAILURE OF LEAVEN-  
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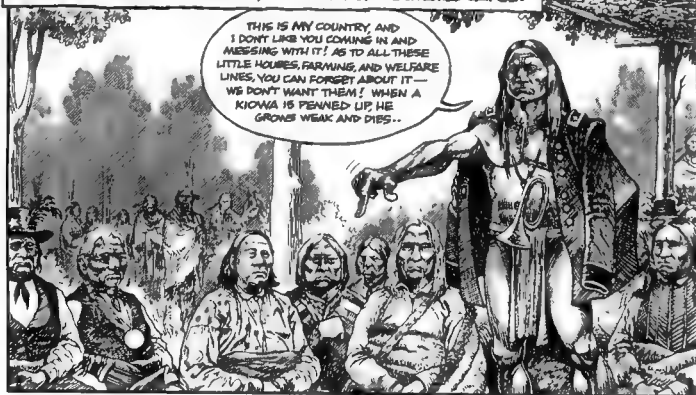
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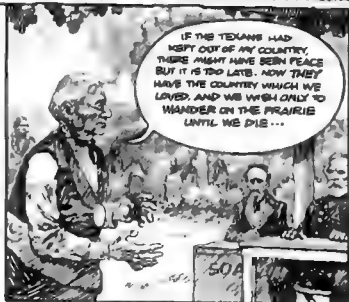
MISSOURI SENATOR JOHN B. HENDERSON, SPOKESMAN FOR THE PEACE COMMISSION, OUTLINES THE GREAT FATHER'S WISHES.



REPRESENTING THE KIOWAS IS SAZANTA, THE EPIPHONE OF THE UNTAMED SAVAGE..



TEN BEARS, OLDER, WISER AND MORE CAUTIOUS THAN THE COCKY SAGANDA, SPEAKS ELOQUENTLY FOR THE YAWPARKIES.



BUT IN THE END, TEN BEARS PUTS HIS MARK TO THE WHITEMAN'S PAPER, CEDING THE COMANCHE HEARTLAND AND PLEDGING RESERVATION LIFE FOR HIS PEOPLE. THE DEFTANT SAGANDA, FOR ALL HIS BLUSTER, SIGNS AS WELL.



IT IS AT MEDICINE LODGE THAT QUAMAN LEARNS OF HIS MOTHER'S CRUEL FATE.



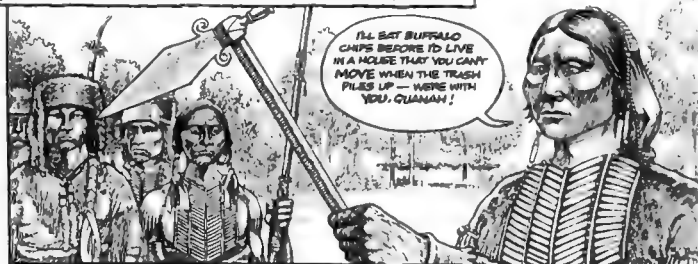
THE HOSTILE QUADAHAS AND KOTECHEKAS, ALDOP AS URUAI, ARE NOT PRESENT AT THE COUNCIL TALKS, BUT THEY FOLLOW ITS PROCEEDINGS CLOSELY...



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OTHER YOUNG LEADERS, LIKE WHITE HORSE OF THE KIONGS, ALSO SAUN THE COUNCIL AND THROW THEIR LOT IN WITH THE UNBENDING QUOMADAS.



QUANAH REMEMBERS THE FATE OF HIS FEMITEKA COUSINS IN TEXAS WHO TRUSTED THE PAPER TALK. HE LEADS HIS BAND AWAY FROM MEDICINE LODGE. WITHOUT HIM AND HIS WARRIORS, THE NEW "PEACE" TREATY IS MEANINGLESS.



Original Paper Tiger  
Pages from comic single.



**PROLOGUE:** DURING THE CIVIL WAR YEARS THE COMANCHES TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE WEAKENED TEXAS FRONTIER DEFENSES AND RAID WITH A TERRIBLE VENGEANCE.



YOUNG QUANAH BEGINS TO EMERGE AS A LEADER THROUGH HIS PARTICIPATION IN MANY OF THESE SAVAGE FORAYS AGAINST THE HATED TEJANOS, HIS OWN MOTHER'S PEOPLE.

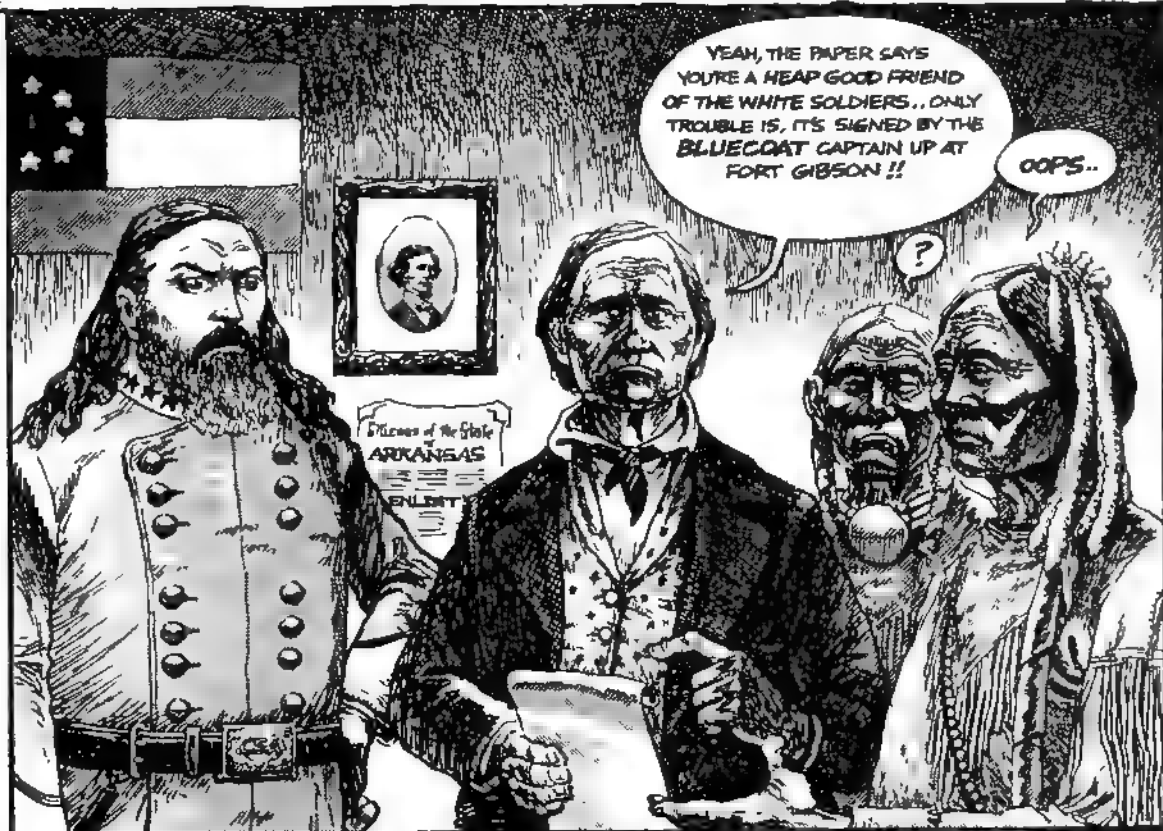


BUT IT IS AT THE MEDICINE LODGE COUNCIL THAT HIS INFLUENCE AS A FIERCE WARRIOR COMES INTO PROMINENCE



# THE PAPER TALK

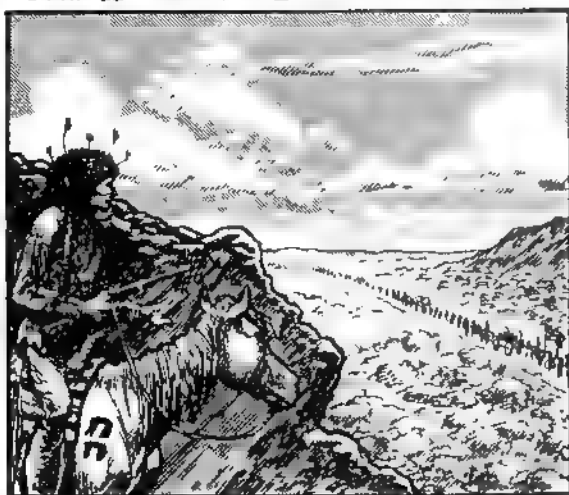
DURING THE EARLY YEARS OF THE CIVIL WAR, THE COMANCHES ARE CONFUSED BY THE NATURE OF THE WHITE-MAN'S STRUGGLE, BUT USUALLY WILLING TO SHOW UP WHEREVER PRESENTS ARE BEING HANDED OUT.



THEY SOON FIND THAT THE MEN IN GREY PROMISE MORE THAN THEY CAN DELIVER.



THAT AND THEIR TRADITIONAL HATRED FOR THE TEJANOS EVENTUALLY SWAY THEM TO ALLIANCES WITH THE UNION, ESPECIALLY AS THEY LEARN OF THE TEXANS' INABILITY TO PROTECT THEIR EXPOSED NORTHERN FRONTIER.



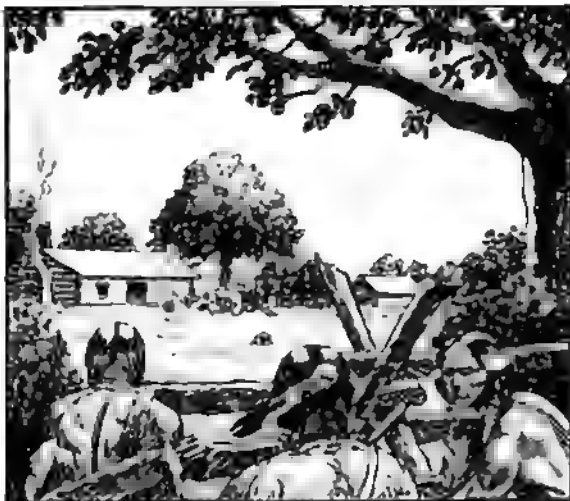
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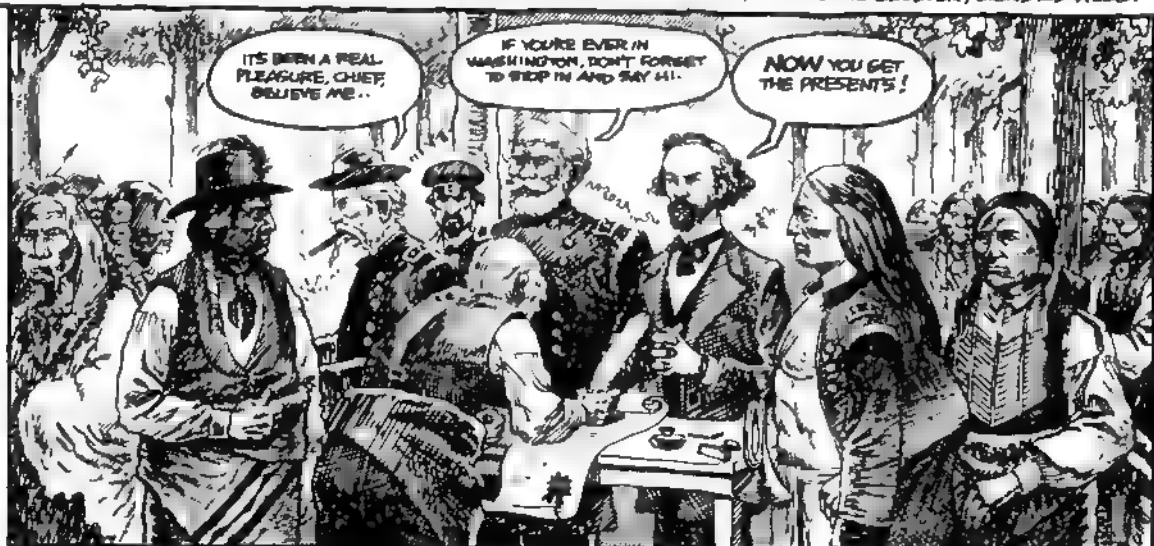


IF THE TEXANS HAD KEPT OUT OF MY COUNTRY, THERE MIGHT HAVE BEEN PEACE BUT IT IS TOO LATE. NOW THEY HAVE THE COUNTRY WHICH WE LOVED, AND WE WISH ONLY TO WANDER ON THE PRAIRIE UNTIL WE DIE...



I LOVE TO CARRY OUT THE TALK OF THE GREAT FATHER, BUT DO NOT ASK US TO GIVE UP THE FREE LIFE AND THE BUFFALO. IT MAKES THE YOUNG MEN SAD AND ANGRY. DO NOT SPEAK OF IT MORE!

BUT IN THE END, TEN BEARS PUTS HIS MARK TO THE WHITEMAN'S PAPER, CEDING THE COMANCHE HEARTLAND AND PLEDGING RESERVATION LIFE FOR HIS PEOPLE. THE DEFIANT SATANTA, FOR ALL HIS BLUSTER, SIGNS AS WELL.



IT'S BEEN A REAL PLEASURE, CHIEF, BELIEVE ME...

IF YOU'RE EVER IN WASHINGTON, DON'T FORGET TO STOP IN AND SAY HI!

NOW YOU GET THE PRESENTS!

IT IS AT MEDICINE LODGE THAT QUANAH LEARNS OF HIS MOTHER'S CRUEL FATE.



SHE KEPT TRYING TO RUN AWAY... FINALLY STARVED HERSELF TO DEATH AFTER THE LITTLE GIRL DIED OF FEVER...

THE HOSTILE QUADHAS AND KOTSOTEKAS, ALTHOUGH USUAL, ARE NOT PRESENT AT THE COUNCIL TALKS, BUT THEY FOLLOW ITS PROCEEDINGS CLOSELY...



WHAT ARE THEY GIVING AWAY NOW?

YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT...

QUANAH SCOFFS AT THE OLD CHIEFS WHO SIGN THE TREATIES FOR HANDOUTS TO HIM, THE TALKS INDICATE WEAKNESS ON THE PART OF THE WHITES.



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**NEXT: BLOOD ON THE MOON**

QUANAH TAKES HIS BAND FAR AWAY FROM THE WHITE MEN AND THEIR FAIRER PROMISES. THE QUOMADAS HUNT, MAKE WAR AND LIVE AS THEY ALWAYS HAVE. THE CONFUSING WORLD OF THE PALEFACES SEEMS DISTANT AND REMOTE, LIKE A FLEETING, BAD DREAM, WITHOUT SUBSTANCE, WITHOUT THREAT TO THE TIMELESS COMANCHE WAY OF LIFE.

# LAST DAYS OF FREEDOM



IN KEEPING WITH HIS GROWING IMPORTANCE, HE ACQUIRES SEVERAL NEW WIVES.



THE INDIANS WHO STAY ON THE RESERVATION AROUND FT. SILL QUICKLY GROW DISILLUSSIONED.



MANY DRIFT BACK TO THEIR BISON RANGES TO HUNT— AND TO RAID!



ONCE OUT ON THE PLAINS, THE ANGRY TRIBES — PARTICULARLY THE KIOWA — TALK OF OPEN WAR.



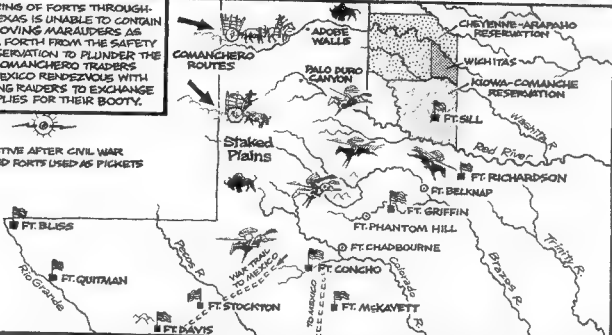
BUT QUANAH, HIGH ON THE STAKED PLAINS, HAS NEVER STOPPED FIGHTING. HE CONTINUES TO RAID INTO MEXICO AND DRIVE OFF TEXAS STOCK.

IF WE'RE NOT CAREFUL, THERE WON'T BE ANYONE LEFT TO RAISE CATTLE FOR US TO STEAL...



THE THIN STRINGS OF FORTS THROUGHOUT WEST TEXAS IS UNABLE TO CONTAIN THE FAST-MOVING MARAUDERS AS THEY STORM FORTH FROM THE SAFETY OF THEIR RESERVATION TO PLUNDER THE FRONTIER. COMANCHERO TRADERS FROM NEW MEXICO RENDEZVOUS WITH THE RETURNING RAIDERS TO EXCHANGE NEEDED SUPPLIES FOR THEIR BOOTY.

■ FORTS ACTIVE AFTER CIVIL WAR  
○ ABANDONED FORTS USED AS PICKETS

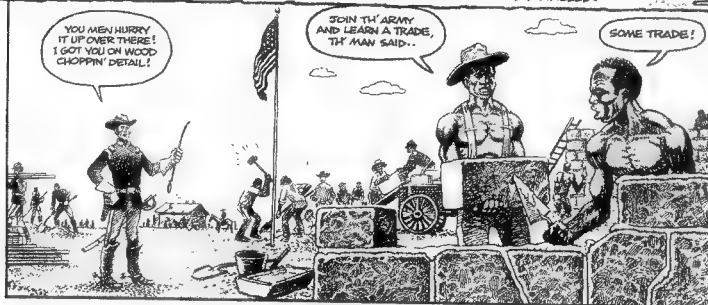


BUILT AND MANNED BY UNTRIED BLACK TROOPS, MANY OF WHICH ARE ILLITERATE EX-SLAVES, THE NEW LINE OF DEFENSE IS A HIGHLY CONTROVERSIAL EXPERIMENT IN ESTABLISHED MILITARY CIRCLES.

YOU MEN HURRY IT UP OVER THERE! I GOT YOU ON WOOD CHOPPIN' DETAIL!

JOIN TH' ARMY AND LEARN A TRADE, TH' MAN SAID..

SOME TRADE!

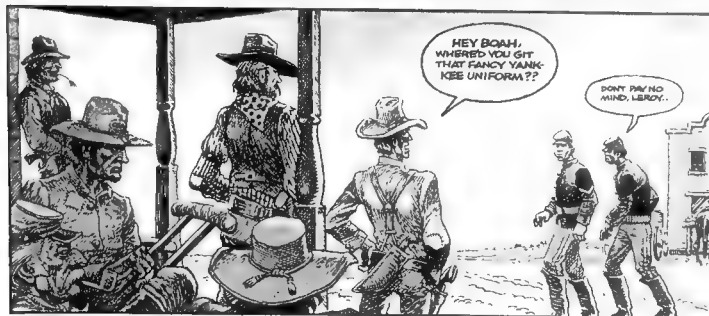




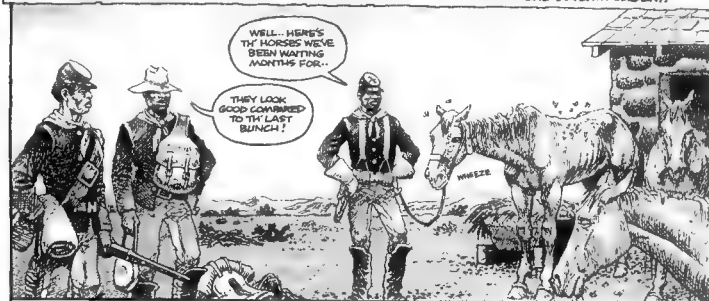
THE BLACK CAVALRYMEN, "BUFFALO SOLDIERS" AS THE REDMEN TERM THEM, ARE SUBJECTED TO A ROUTINE OF ENDLESS, FRUSTRATING PATROL DUTY OVER THE TRACKLESS PLAINS, THEIR PREY AS ELUSIVE AS THE WIND.



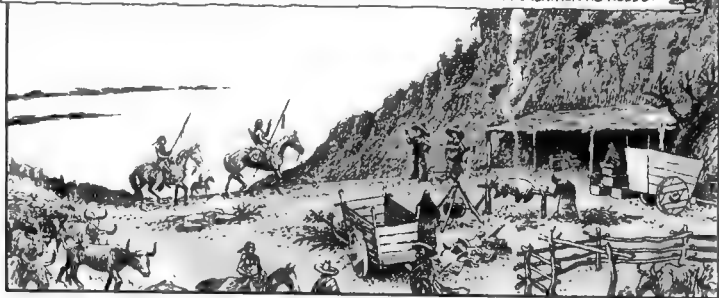
NOT ONLY ARE THEY EXPECTED TO DEFEND THE FAR-FLUNG FRONTIER FROM INDIAN DEPREDATIONS, CATTLE RUSTLINGS, AND STAGECOACH ROBBERY, BUT SOMETIMES THEY MUST DEFEND THEMSELVES FROM THE VERY PEOPLE THEY ARE MEANT TO PROTECT — THE EMBITTERED WHITE CITIZENS UNDER THE YOKE OF RECONSTRUCTION !!



BLACK TROOPERS OF THE NINTH AND TENTH OFTEN HAVE TO MAKE DO WITH SUBSTANDARD OR USED EQUIPMENT AND MOUNTS, CAST OFF FROM THE MORE GLAMOROUS UNITS LIKE CUSTER'S SEVENTH CAVALRY.



OVER THE COMANCHEROS' DEEP-ROOTED TRAILS, QUANAH GETS ALL THE ARMS AND AMMUNITION HE NEEDS.

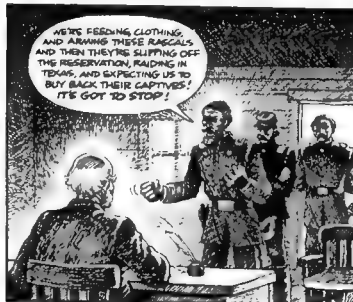


THROUGH THE ILLICIT COMANCHERO TRADE, NEW MEXICO IS RAPIDLY FILLING UP WITH STOLEN TEXAS CATTLE.



IN THE FACE OF INCREASED RAIDING AND THEIR HELPLESSNESS IN DEALING WITH IT, THE MILITARY MEN AT FT. SILL BEGIN TO CHAFE AT THE GOVERNMENT'S PEACE POLICY.

EVEN THE PERSEVERING AGENT, LAWRIE TATUM, BEGINS TO DOUBT THE WISDOM OF HIS MISSION.



BUT THE VICTIMIZED TEXANS SUFFER NO SUCH ILLUSIONS, FOR THEY MUST BEAR THE BRUNT OF MISGUIDED POLITICS.



FINALLY THE PUBLIC FUROR BRINGS SHERMAN, COMMANDER OF THE ARMY, TO PERSONALLY ASSESS THE FRONTIER SITUATION.

SHERMAN IS SKEPTICAL OF THE SETTLERS' CLAIMS. HE TRAVELS THROUGH HOSTILE TERRITORY WITH A LIGHT ESCORT.



LITTLE DOES THE FAMED GENERAL SUSPECT THAT— BUT FOR A QUIRK OF KIOWA MEDICINE— HE WOULD NEVER HAVE REACHED HIS DESTINATION.



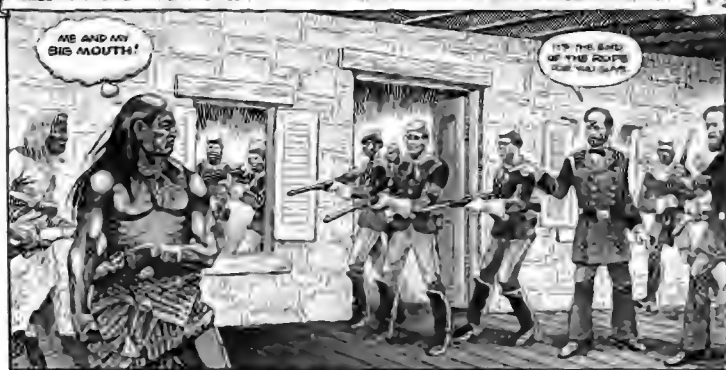
WHILE AT FT. GREGGARDSON, GREGGARDSON IS PRESENTED WITH EVIDENCE HE CANNOT IGNORE — THE MASSACRE OF A TEAMSTER TRAIL ON THE VERY ROAD HE HAD TRAVELLED ONLY HOURS BEFORE.



A SCORCHED EMBURY HASTENS TO SALT CREEK PRISON FOR CONFINEMENT OF ONE OF THE REBELS WHO HAD GREGGARDSON TOLD.



THREE KIDNA CHIEFS ARE ARRESTED FOR OPENLY ADAPTING TO THE BRISLY WARREN WASHINGTON ROAD.



SADAKA, SAGANK, AND BIG TREE WERE ARRESTED ON THE FRONT PORCH OF COL. GREGGARDSON'S QUARTERS AT FT. SILL.

AS THEY ARE BEING SENT BACK TO TEXAS TO STAND TRIAL FOR MURDER, OLD SATANK STRIPS THE MANACLES FROM HIS WRISTS AND STABS A GUARD. ALL THE WHILE, SINGING THE DEATH CHANT OF THE KIONA WARRIOR ELITE.



BEFORE SATANK CAN FREE THE GUARD'S JAMMED SPENCER CARBINE, HE IS QUICKLY SHOT DOWN...



AND HIS BODY UNCREMIOUSLY DUMPED BESIDE THE ROAD.



ALTHO SATANK PLEADS HIS INNOCENCE, A GRIM JURY RETURNS A QUICK AND CERTAIN VERDICT - GUILTY!



THROUGH THE AGITATION OF HIGH PLACED GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS, WHO FEAR THE HANGING OF SATANK AND BIG TREE WOULD TRIGGER A FULL-SCALE PLAINS WAR, GOVERNOR DAVIS OF TEXAS RELUCTANTLY AGREES TO COMMUTE THEIR DEATH SENTENCES TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT IN HUNTSVILLE, A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH FOR THE TWO CHIEFS.

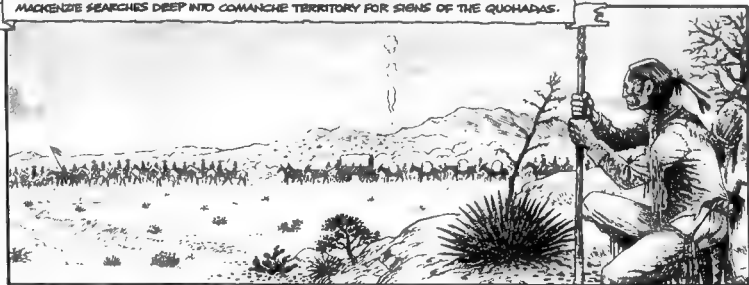




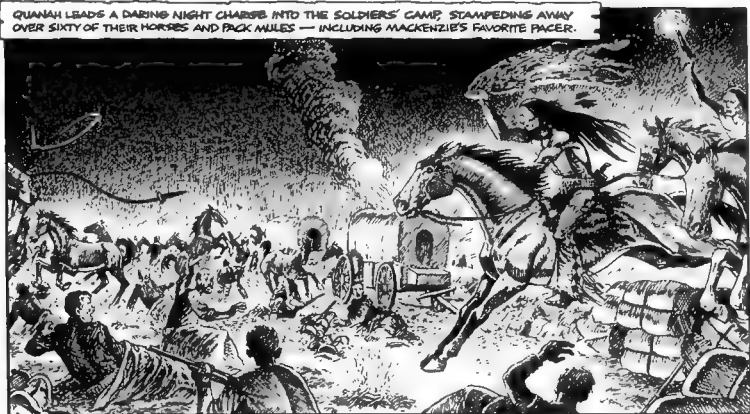
IN THE AFTERMATH OF THE KOOMA RAIDS, SHERMAN DECIDES TO GET TOUGH. HE COMMISSIONS YOUNG COLONEL RANDAL MACKENZIE AND THE FOURTH CAVALRY TO PUNISH AND ROUND UP THE HOSTILE BANDS THAT REMAIN OFF THE RESERVATION.



MACKENZIE SEARCHES DEEP INTO COMANCHE TERRITORY FOR SIGNS OF THE QUOHAPAS.



QUANAH LEADS A DARING NIGHT CHARGE INTO THE SOLDIERS' CAMP, STAMPEDING AWAY OVER SIXTY OF THEIR HORSES AND PACK MULES — INCLUDING MACKENZIE'S FAVORITE PACER.



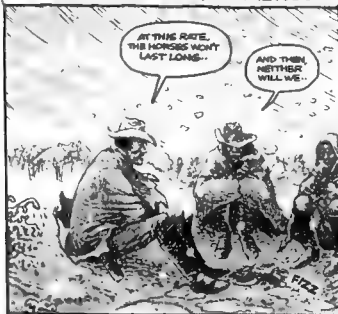
MACKENZIE, AT LAST ON THE TRAIL OF A COMANCHE VILLAGE, LEADS HIS SLEEPLESS, UNNERVED TROOPERS FORWARD. QUANAH'S WARRIORS, STRENGTHENED BY THOSE OF BULL BEAR, HARRASS HIM EVERY STEP OF THE WAY.



WOAH,  
WHOOAH!

DAMNIT, THEY  
WONT STAY STILL!

A BLUE NORTHERN AND FREEZING RAINS FURTHER HAMPER THE SOLDIERS, WHO BROUGHT NO HEAVY WINTER GEAR.



AT THIS RATE,  
THE HORSES WONT  
LAST LONG...

AND THEN,  
NEITHER  
WILL WE...

CAUGHT OUT ON THE NAKED STAKED PLAINS IN SUB-ZERO WEATHER, MACKENZIE IS FORCED TO ABANDON THE CHASE.



WE WERE CLOSE  
TO CATCHING THEM, BY  
THE LOOKS OF IT...

CLOSE  
DONT  
COUNT...

BUT QUANAH BACKTRACKS AND CONTINUES TO DOG THE RETREATING COLUMN, WOUNDING MACKENZIE IN THE LEG.



LEAVE GO!  
I'M ALRIGHT,  
I TELL YOU!

LIKE HELL  
YOU ARE!

CANT FIGURE OUT  
IF WERE THE HUNTERS  
OR THE HUNTED!

QUANAH HAS OUTFOXED MACKENZIE FOR NOW, BUT HE KNOWS THE STRUGGLE IS FAR FROM OVER.



THEY'LL  
BE BACK.

THE FOLLOWING SPRING, MACKBORG — HIS LEG HEALED AND WISER IN THE WAYS OF GUERRILLA WARS — PREPARES ANOTHER EXPEDITION.



DURING THE HOT SUMMER MONTHS, HE PROBES THE VAST STAKED PLAINS, A FORBIDDING NO-MAN'S LAND, LOCATING PRECIOUS WATERHOLES, DISRUPTING THE COMANCHERO TRADE, AND GAINING INFORMATION FOR FUTURE CAMPAIGNS.



IN SEPTEMBER OF 1873 HE FINDS MON-WEY'S VILLAGE ON THE RED RIVER, KILLING, BURNING, AND TAKING CAPTIVES.



THAT SAME NIGHT, GLANAHA'S RAIDERS SWEEP DOWN AND RETAKE MON-WEY'S CAPTURED HERD OF 3000 HORSES.



BUT MACKENZIE MANAGES TO WITHDRAW WITH 130 CAPTIVES, LEAVING THE COMANCHES STAGGERING FROM THEIR DEFEAT.



THE FACT THAT THEIR WOMEN AND CHILDREN ARE HELD BY THE WHITE WARRIORS HAS A SOBERING EFFECT ON THE HOSTILE LEADERS, LIKE MOW-WAY AND BULL BEAR.

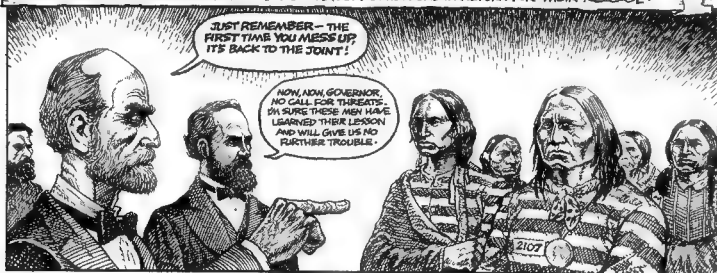
THROUGH THE INTERCESSION OF SEVERAL "PEACEFUL" CHIEFS, MANY PRISONER SWAPS ARE CONDUCTED THAT WINTER. THERE IS A BRIEF LULL IN THE FIGHTING.



BY THE FOLLOWING SUMMER THE COMANCHES ARE SO PEACEFUL THAT ALL THE REMAINING INDIAN CAPTIVES ARE RELEASED TO THEIR JOYOUS FAMILIES, MUCH TO THE CHAGRIN OF THE KIOWAS, WHOSE TWO CHIEFS ARE STILL PRISONERS.



FINALLY KICKING BIRD, A LEADER OF THE KIOWA PEACE FACTION, SECURES THE PAROLE OF SATANTA AND BIG TREE, BUT GOVERNOR DAVIS OF TEXAS LAYS DOWN STRICT CONDITIONS IN RETURN FOR THEIR RELEASE.



A DISGUSTED SHERMAN WRITES DAVIS ABOUT WHAT HE THINKS OF THE GOVERNOR'S ACTION.

*Your report of the risk of my sort; I ran the risk of my life; and I said what I now say to you, that I will not again voluntarily assume that risk in the interest of your frontier. I believe Satanta and Big Tree will take their revenge, if they have not already had it, and if they are to have some scalps, that yours is the first to be taken.*

W.T. Sherman

ALTHO QUANAH AND HIS PEOPLE ARE TIRED OF FIGHTING, REPORTS FROM THE RESERVATION CONVINCE HIM HE MUST RESIST TO THE END.



WHAT REALLY CONCERNS THE YOUNG LEADER IS THE RAPIDLY DIMINISHING BUFFALO HERDS...

# THE BUFFALO WAR





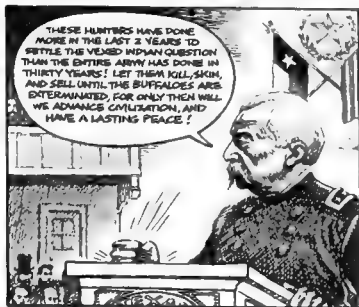
PROFESSIONAL BUFFALO HUNTERS, ARMED WITH HIGH-POWERED RIFLES AND HAVING ALREADY WIPED OUT THE KANSAS HERDS, ARE INVAADING THE SOUTHERN PLAINS BISON RANGE IN EVER INCREASING NUMBERS.



HIGH IN THE BRIMMALE, NEAR BENT'S OLD TRADING POST OF ADOBE WALLS, THE HUNTERS HAVE ENTRENCHED THEMSELVES.



THE ARMY WINKS AT THEIR OPERATIONS, TECHNICALLY IN VIOLATION OF THE 1867 MEDICINE LODGE TREATY. SOME, LIKE GEN. SHERIDAN, OPENLY SUPPORT THE SLAUGHTER.



TO ADD TO THE INDIANS' DISCONTENT, A RAIDING PARTY RETURNING FROM MEXICO IS CAUGHT TWICE BY SOLDIERS IN TEXAS AND DEALT SEVERE BLOWS ON BOTH OCCASIONS.



AMONG THE TWENTY CASUALTIES ARE TAU-ANIGA, FAVORITE SON OF THE KIOWA CHIEF LONE WOLF, AND HIS COUSIN GUTAN — BOTH MEMBERS OF THE ARISTOCRATIC OWDE WARRIOR SOCIETY AND THE FLOWER OF KIOWA MANHOOD.



WHEN NEWS OF THE DISASTER REACHES THE KIOWA CAMPS THERE IS A FRENZY OF GRIEF. THE BEREAVED LONE WOLF CUTS HIS HAIR, MUTILATES HIMSELF, KILLS HIS HORSES, AND BURNS HIS POSSESSIONS, VOWING REVENGE AGAINST TEXANS.



BUT HIS EFFORT TO RETRIEVE THE BONES OF HIS BELOVED SON IS FRUSTRATED BY THE CLOSING RING OF TROOPERS.



THE SPRING OF 1874 FINDS THE INDIANS IN AN UGLY MOOD AS THEY SUDDENLY REALIZE THAT THEIR OLD WAY OF LIFE IS SLIPPING AWAY FOREVER.



NOT KNOWING WHICH WAY TO TURN, SUDDENLY IN THEIR MIDST APPEARS A PROPHET, A QUONADA MYSTIC NAMED ISATAI — "COYOTE SHIT" — AND HE TELLS THE CONFUSED TRIBES WHAT TO DO.



LOOK AT THE TRIBES THAT HAVE WALKED THE PEACE PATH — THE CADDOS, THE WICHITAS! ONCE THEY WERE MIGHTY WARRIORS, THEIR WINES AND CHILDREN FAT, BUT NOW THEY ARE LEAN AND HUNGRY! THEY ARE GOING DOWN FAST.

THEY CAN'T EVEN DRESS THEMSELVES WITHOUT RUNNING TO THE WHITE MAN FOR HELP!



THERE'S ONLY ONE THING THAT WILL GUARANTEE THE STRENGTH OF OUR PEOPLE AND THE RETURN OF THE GOOD TIMES — DEATH TO ALL WHITES!! WE MUST DRIVE THEM ALL FROM THE LAND!!

AMONG THE MOST FERVENT OF ISATAI'S FOLLOWERS IS THE SUB-CHIEF QUANAH, FOR THE MESSIAH'S THOUGHTS ECHO HIS OWN.

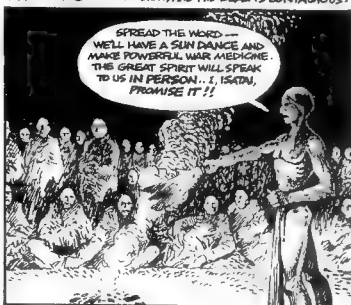


DEATH!

DEATH!!

DEATH!!!

THOUGH HE IS SELF-PROCLAIMED AND AN UNTRIED WARRIOR, ISATAI BURNS WITH A VISION, AND HIS ZEAL IS CONTAGIOUS.



SPREAD THE WORD — WE'LL HAVE A SUN DANCE AND MAKE POWERFUL WAR MEDICINE. THE GREAT SPIRIT WILL SPEAK TO US IN PERSON.. I, ISATAI, PROMISE IT!!

THIS QUANAH BECOMES A MAJOR BOOSTER OF ISATAI'S CAUSE. HE WORKS TIRELESSLY TO RECRUIT ADHERENTS FOR THE HOLY WAR, EVEN AMONG THE PESSIMISTIC OLDER CHIEFS.



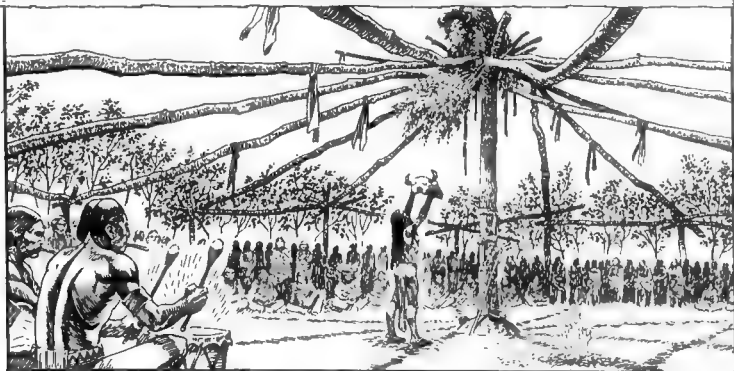
YOU'RE A PRETTY GOOD FIGHTER, QUANAH, BUT YOU DON'T KNOW EVERYTHING...

TAKE THE PIPE FIRST AGAINST THE BUFFALO HUNTERS. IF YOU CAN KILL THEM, COME BACK AND THEN WE'LL TALK ABOUT A BIG WAR!

SO IN AN EFFORT TO UNITE ALL THE SOUTHERN PLAINS TRIBES IN A WAR TO SAVE THE BUFFALO, THE COMANCHES CONVERSE ON ELM CREEK FOR THEIR FIRST ATTEMPT AT A SUN DANCE CEREMONY.



AN ELABORATE LODGE IS CONSTRUCTED TO HOUSE THE PROCEEDINGS AS THE VARIOUS TRIBES CONTINUE TO GATHER.



THE KIOWAS ARE REPRESENTED BY ONLY A FEW CHIEFS, BUT ALL OF THEM MEN OF NOTED WORTH — LIKE THE GRIEVING LONE WOLF, WHOSE SON'S BONES STILL LIE IN TEXAS, WHITE HORSE, WOMAN'S HEART, WHITE SHIELD, HOWLING WOLF, AND BIG BOW. THEY LISTEN EAGERLY TO THE WAR TALK, FOR THEIR ATTEMPT AT RESERVATION LIFE HAS BEEN HARD, AND THEY LONG FOR THE DAYS WHEN THEY WERE MASTERS. EVEN SATANTA, RISKING HIS PAROLE, IS THERE TO WITNESS THE AFFAIR.

...AND IF WE DON'T DO SOMETHING FAST, THE HERDS WILL ALL BE GONE!



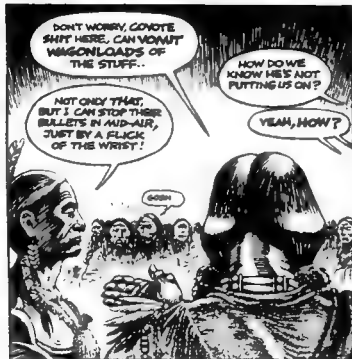
FROM THE NORTH COME SPUNKY GROUPS OF ARAPIKAS AND CHEYENNE DOG SOLDIERS, WELL ARMED AND IN A FIGHTING MOOD.



EVEN THE PEMATEKAS, NOCONIS, AND YAMPAUKAS, LONG ACCUSTOMED TO RESERVATION LIFE, ARE REPRESENTED, ALTHO THEY GROW NERVOUS AT THE TALK OF OUTRIGHT WAR.



BUT THE DOMINANT VOICES IN THE WAR FACTION ARE THE QUOMADAS AND KOTSOTEKAS, AND QUANAH IS THEIR SPOKESMAN.







IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, THE WILD BANDS DANCE UNTIL THEIR SPIRITS MERGE. CHEAP WHISKEY, OBTAINED FROM THE COMANCHEROS, BOLSTERS THEIR RESOLVE, IF NOT THEIR AGREEMENT ON DETAILS.



SOME OF THE TIMID CHIEFS, GREY LEGGINGS, MILKY WAY, AND OTHERS, REFUSE THE WARPIPE AND HURRY OFF TO THE AGENCY SO THEY WON'T BE INVOLVED IN THE INEVITABLE BLOODSHED.

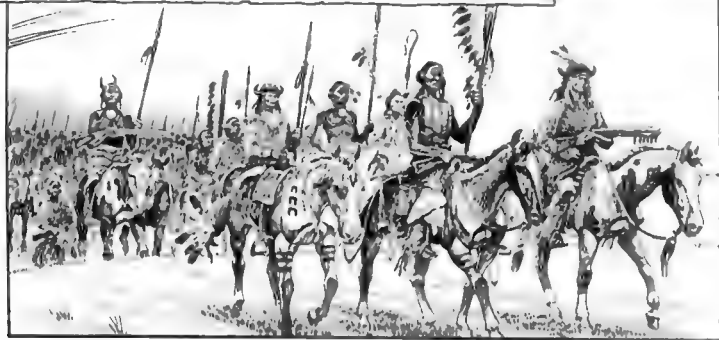
EVEN SAGANDA, ONCE THE FIERCEST WARRIOR OF THEM ALL, DECLINES TO RIDE THE WAR TRAIL. PRISON HAS MADE HIM A CHANGED MAN.



QUANAH IS CHOSEN PARAMOUNT WARCHIEF, FOR HIS QUONADIAS FORM THE CORE OF THE FIGHTING FORCE.



AT LAST THE WARPAINT, ONE OF THE LARGEST EVER FIELDED ON THE SOUTHERN PLAINS, RIDES AGAINST ITS FIRST OBJECTIVE — THE HIDE HUNTERS AT ADOBE WALLS !!



FORTIFIED BY COMANCHERO WHISKEY AND THE INFLAMMATORY CRITICISM OF ISATAI, THE WARRIORS DON THEIR MAGIC SHIRTS AND WARPAINT AND PREPARE FOR A DAWN ATTACK ON THE ENCAMPMENT.



BUT THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE IS LOST FOR THE RAIDERS BY A SLEEPY-EYED HUNTER, UP AND OUTSIDE THE FORT.



QUANAHUA'S BRAVES CHARGE THE CITADEL THE AFTER TIME, FALLING UNDER WITHERING FIRE FROM INSIDE THE WALLS.



THE QUONADA LEADER HAS A HORSE SHOT FROM UNDERNEATH HIM AND HAS TO SCRAMBLE FOR COVER BEHIND A ROTTING BUFFALO CARCASS.



HE IS RECOVERED, BADLY SHAKEN, BY A DARING WARRIOR.

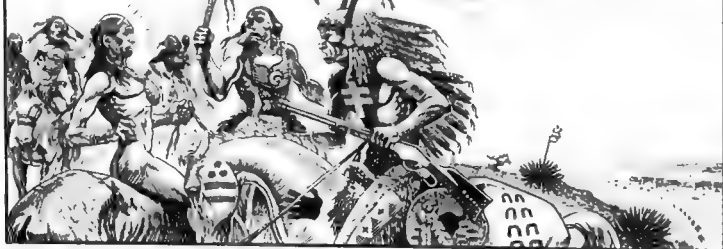


ISADAI, VIEWING THE BATTLE FROM AFAR, RESPLENDENT IN HIS YELLOW MEDICINE PINT, IS CONFRONTED BY A SWARM OF ANGRY CHEYENNES.

AAA! IT'S HIS FAULT!

WHERE'S YOUR MAGIC NOW, WISEGUY? I WANT TO BUST YOUR HEAD!

IF YOU'RE SO BULLET-PROOF, WHY DON'T YOU GO DOWN THERE AND GET MY SON'S BODY?!!



AT THAT VERY MOMENT, YOUNG BILLY DOGON, THE HUNTER WHO HAD SOUNDED THE ALARM, DRAWS A BEAD ON THE DISTANT GROUP.

BAZ, SEE THEM INDIANS SITTING OVER YONDER?

GOOD GOD, BILLY—THAT MUST BE ALMOST A MILE AWAY!



THE BALL FROM HIS .50 CALIBER SHARPS KNOCKS ONE OF THE CHEYENNES OFF HIS HORSE JUST AS THE ENRAGED WARRIOR IS ABOUT TO QUIET THEIR FALSE PROPHECY.

UUUUUUHH...



THE FRAGILE ALLIANCE CRACKS AT DIXON'S IMPOSSIBLE SHOT.

GUNS SHOOT TO-  
DAY, MAYBE SO KILL  
YOU TOMORROW!

THIS IS BAD  
MEDICINE -- WE  
BETTER CLEAR OUT  
OF HERE..



QUANAH SEES HIS WARRIORS MELT SULLENLY AWAY FROM THE HUNTERS' STRONG-  
HOLD. THEIR RESOLVE BROKEN BY THE FAILURE OF "COYOTE SHIT'S" MEDICINE.

NO USE TO  
FIGHT ADOBE!

IT'S HOPELESS,  
QUANAH -- WE'VE AL-  
READY LOST TOO  
MANY MEN..

WE SHOULDN'T  
HAVE GOTTEN MIXED  
UP IN THIS..

IT'S NOT  
OUR  
QUARREL..



NEVER ARE THEY TO BE FIRMLY UNITED AGAIN, AND NEVER AGAIN DOES QUANAH TRUST A MEDICINE MAN.

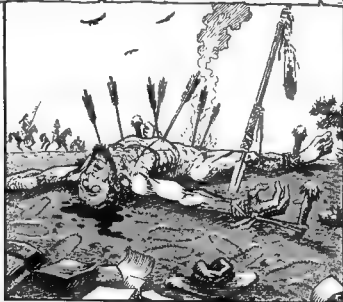
IT'S NOT MY FAULT..  
IF THOSE CHEYENNES  
HADN'T KILLED THAT  
SKUNK YESTERDAY,  
EVERYTHING WOULD  
BE OKAY..

SHUT UP...OR  
ANOTHER SKUNK  
WILL DIE!

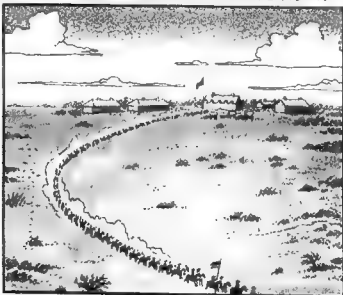




ALTHO QUANAH'S GRAND ALLIANCE IS SMASHED, SMALL WARRIORS CONTINUE TO VENT THEIR WRATH ON LONE HUNTERS, TRAVELLERS, AND ISOLATED SETTLERS.

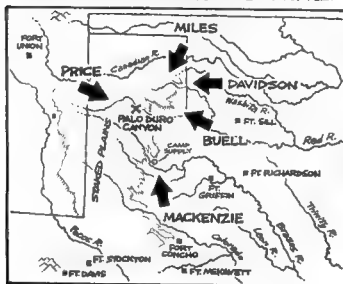


AS THE ATROCITIES GAIN IN NUMBER, THE PUBLIC OUTCRY BRINGS MACKENZIE AND HIS BATTLE-TOUGHENED TROOPERS BACK INTO THE FIELD. THE PEOPLE — AND THE ARMY — HAVE HAD A BELLYFUL OF THE "PEACE POLICY."



# WRINKLED HAND CHASE

BUT THIS TIME IT IS A MASSIVE, 5-PHASED CAMPAIGN, DESIGNED TO CRIPPLE THE HOSTILES ONCE AND FOR ALL.



AT FIRST MACKENZIE HAS TROUBLE LOCATING HIS PREY.



HEAVY RAINS MIRE THE ESSENTIAL SUPPLY WAGONS AND HAMPER THE MOVEMENTS OF HIS SOUTHERN COLUMN.



NOW DEEP INTO ENEMY TERRITORY, MACKENZIE TRIES TO AVOID THE COSTLY MISTAKES OF PAST CAMPAIGNS.



SKIRMISHES BECOME FREQUENT AND THE COMMANDER'S HARD-LEARNED LESSONS PAY OFF. STILL, HE CAN FIND NO TARGET AGAINST WHICH TO DIRECT A DECISIVE BLOW.



AS LUCK WOULD HAVE IT, HIS SEMINOLE-NEGRO SCOUTS CAPTURE A RENEGADE COMANCHEO ON HIS WAY BACK FROM A RENDEZVOUS WITH THE INDIANS.



THE NO-NONSENSE MACKENZIE HAS THE CAPTIVE'S NECK STRETCHED FROM A PROPPED-UP WAGONTREE.



SCOUTS ARE SENT 25 MILES AHEAD OF THE COLUMN WITH THE UNFORTUNATE JOSE TAFOLA. AS THEY PEER INTO THE MISTS OF THE YAWNING CANYON, HIS STORY IS CONFIRMED BY A VISTA OF TEEPEES AS FAR AS THE EYE CAN SEE.



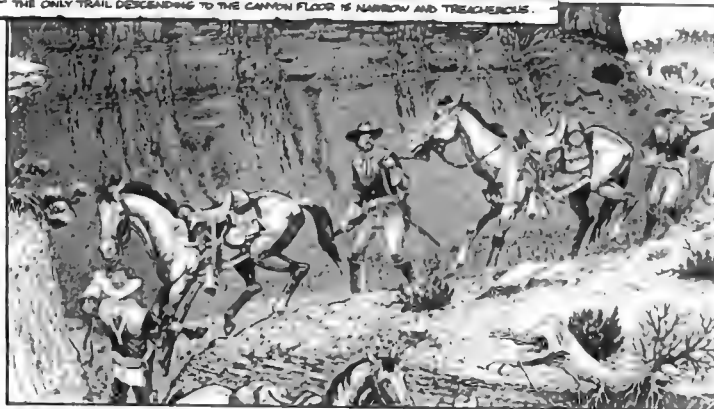
CLOSE TO THE HILL AT LAST, MACKENZIE LEAVES HIS CLUMBERSOME SUPPLY WAGONS UNDER GUARD AND FORCE-MARCHES HIS MEN THROUGH THE NIGHT.



IN THE GREY DAWN LIGHT, HE ISSUES RAPID ORDERS.



THE ONLY TRAIL DESCENDING TO THE CANYON FLOOR IS NARROW AND TREACHEROUS.



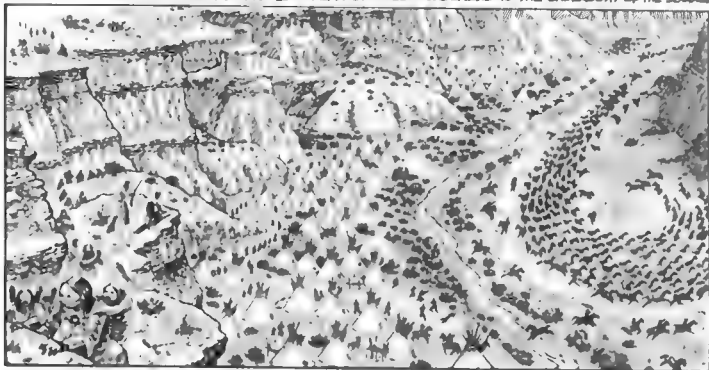
BUT THE VANGUARD MANAGES TO REICH THE BOTTOM AND MOUNT BEFORE THE SLEEPING VILLAGE COMES TO LIFE.



A AND E COMPANIES MAKE A RUSH TOWARD THE LODGES, BUT THE INDIANS — AROUSED BY NOW — FIGHT VALIANTLY, GIVING THEIR WOMEN AND CHILDREN TIME TO ESCAPE AMIDST A SCENE OF PANIC AND BEDLAM.



IN THEIR HASTE TO EVACUATE, THEY ARE FORCED TO ABANDON THEIR HORSEHERD TO THE ONSLAUGHT OF THE SOLDIERS.



BY THE TIME MAGUIRE HAD ENOUGH MEN ABRAYED TO ATTACK THE DEFENDERS IN THE ROCKS, THEY TOO HAD METEED INTO THE PLAINS ABOVE.



HIS MEN EXHAUSTED, HE IS CONTENT TO LET THEM GO.



THAT'S ALRIGHT, BOYS. THE VILLAGE IS OURS—THEY WON'T GET FAR ON FOOT!

THE ABANDONED VILLAGES ARE EXAMINED.



LOOK AT THESE, COLONEL—BETTER THAN WE GOT!

STACK EVERYTHING AND SET THE TORCH TO IT!

INSTEAD OF FACING THE COMING WINTER WELL-FED, SAFE AND SECURE IN THEIR LODGES, THE INDIANS ARE MADE DESTITUTE BY MACKENZIE'S SCORCHED-EARTH POLICY AS TONS OF CLOTHING, FOOD, SUPPLIES AND FORAGE ARE CONSIGNED TO THE FLAMES.



SERGEANT PROCEEDED WITH THE DESTRUCTION OF THE CAMPS DOWNSTREAM. WE'VE GOT TO GET THEIR HORSES OUT OF HERE BEFORE DARK, OR QUANAH WILL HAVE THEM BACK!

MILES AWAY ON THE PRAIRIE, QUANAH SEES THE BLACK SMOKE RISE HIGH FROM FALO DURO AND KNOWS ITS MEANING.



WE ARE DOOMED...

A LINGERING PURSUIT REVEALS THE FULL EXTENT OF THE VICTORY.



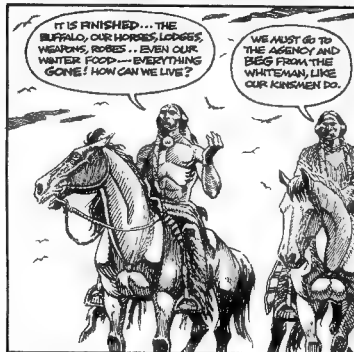
WHEN THEY THROW COOKING UTENSILS AWAY, YOU KNOW THEY'RE BAD OFF...



HACKENZIE, TAKING NO CHANCES THIS TIME ON QUANAH GETTING BACK THE CAPTURED HORSES, ORDERS THEM SHOT—FIFTEEN HUNDRED IN ALL, EXCEPT A FEW CHOICE ONES HELD BACK AS REWARDS FOR HIS SCOUTS.



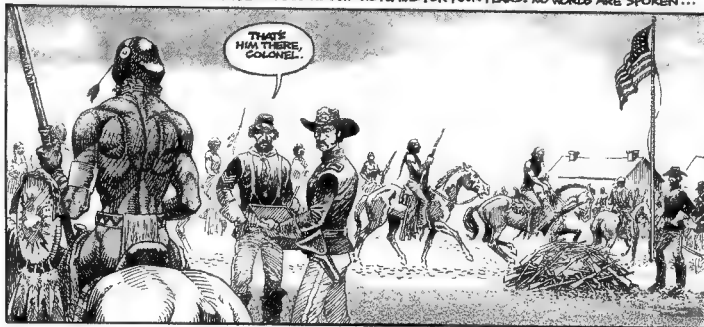
WHEN THE SOLDIERS WITHDRAW, QUANAH VIEWS THE ACRES OF SLAUGHTERED ANIMALS WITH HORROR AND DESPAIR.



BUT PROUD WORDS CANNOT FILL THE EMPTY BELLIES OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN. THE FOLLOWING SUMMER QUANAH LEADS THE TATTERED REMNANTS OF HIS PEOPLE TO FT. SILL AND THE MERCY OF THE CONQUERING WHITEMAN.



AS THE QUONADA WARRIORS FILE QUIETLY BY AND THROW DOWN THEIR WEAPONS, QUANAH AT LAST COMES FACE TO FACE WITH THE MAN WHO HAS RELENTLESSLY CHASED HIM ON THE PLAINS FOR FOUR YEARS. NO WORDS ARE SPOKEN ...



THE COMANCHE WARCHIEF, A MERE 30 YEARS OLD, IS BEATEN BUT UNBONED AS HE SEARCHES THE FACE OF HIS ADVERSARY MACKENZIE, HIMSELF BARELY 35.

ALTHO QUANAH MUST HATE THIS MAN WHO HAS TAKEN EVERYTHING FROM HIS PEOPLE, MACKENZIE FEELS NO ANIMOSITY FOR HIS FALLEN FOE.

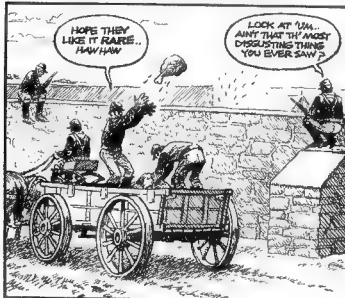


# PENNED UP.

BUT NOT EVEN THE RESPECT AND GOODWILL OF YOUNG MACKENZIE CAN ALTER THE FATE THE VANQUISHED INDIANS MUST SUFFER. THEY ARE STRIPPED OF ALL THEIR POSSESSIONS AND PUT IN SQUALID CAMPS, UNDER HEAVY GUARD. SCURVY AND DYSENTERY RAVAGE THEIR SULEN RANKS. THEY EAT IN HASTE AND SLEEP IN FEAR, UNSURE OF TOMORROW.



SOME, LIKE THE LEADERS WHO SIGNED TREATIES AND THEN BOLTED THE RESERVATION, ARE LOCKED IN AN UNFINISHED ICEHOUSE AND FED LIKE WILD ANIMALS.



LATER THE CHIEF TROUBLEMAKERS ARE SENT IN CHAINS TO THE UNHEALTHY CLIMATE OF FLORIDA PRISONS.



QUANAH, LIKE HIS WARRIORS, HAS NOTHING TO DO BUT SIT AND STARE, DREAMING OF THE DAYS WHEN REDMEN RULED.



THE QUOMADAS ARE NOT SINGLED OUT FOR HARSH TREATMENT. MANY OFFICERS SPEAK OUT ON QUANAH'S BEHALF.



EVEN THE 'HATED TEXANS' TAKE A CERTAIN PRIDE IN HIM, NOW THAT HE IS NO LONGER A THORN IN THEIR SIDE.



MACKENZIE, THINKING THE NOMADS MIGHT MAKE GOOD HERDSMEN, SELLS THEIR HORSES AND BRINGS IN A FLOCK OF PURE-BRED SHEEP FROM NEW MEXICO.



THE PROJECT FAILS MISERABLY...



THE CHIEFS THAT CO-OPERATED WITH THE AGENTS IN THE FINAL DAYS ARE REWARDED WITH HOUSES.



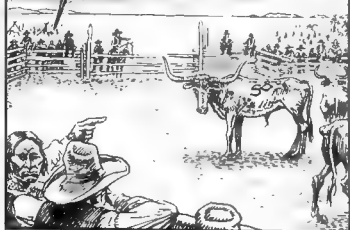
QUANAH, BECAUSE HE HAD REFUSED TO COME IN TO THE RESERVATION UNTIL FORCED, IS NOT AWARDED A HOUSE.

YOU WANT MINE?  
I DON'T WANT  
GET SNAKEBIT!!



BEEF ISSUE DAY IS ABOUT THE ONLY TIME THAT THE WARRIORS CAN BREAK THE PARALYZING MONOTONY.

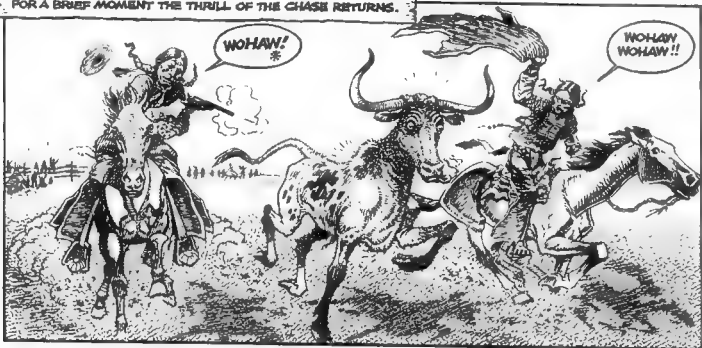
HE SAY HE  
WANT THAT  
ONE THERE...



FOR A BRIEF MOMENT THE THRILL OF THE CHASE RETURNS.

WOHAW!

WOHAW  
WOHAW!!



THE WOMENFOLK SKIN AND CLEAN THE BONY LONG-HORNS, JUST AS THEY ONCE DID THE FAT BUFFALO.



GRADUALLY, QUANAH BREAKS OUT OF HIS ARTHY.

IF MY MOTHER COULD  
LEARN THE WAYS OF THE  
INDIAN, I CAN LEARN THE  
WAYS OF THE WHITES.



\* INDIAN WORD FOR CATTLE, FROM HEARING PROVERBS HOLLER "WOHAW-HAW" AT STEERS



HE DETERMINES TO CONTACT SOME OF HIS WHITE KINSMEN SO THAT HE MAY LEARN MORE OF THEIR MYSTERIOUS WAYS. ARMED WITH A PASS FROM THE AGENT, HE MAKES HIS WAY THROUGH TEXAS TO SEE HIS MOTHER'S BROTHER, JOHN PARKER. HE IS CAREFUL TO AVOID THE MANY NEW CABINS THAT HAVE SPRUNG UP ALONG THE OLD WAR TRAIL TO MEXICO.



AFTER JOHN PARKER RETURNED TO THE COMANCHES, HE HAD BEEN STRICKEN WITH SMALLPOX AND LEFT TO DIE BY THE INDIANS. HOWEVER, HE WAS NURSED BACK TO HEALTH BY A MEXICAN CAPTIVE, MARRIED HER, AND WENT TO LIVE AMONG HER PEOPLE IN NORTHERN MEXICO. HIS LIFE HAS MADE HIM A CURIOUS MIXTURE OF ANGLO-COMANCHE-MEXICAN.



NOW A WELL-TO-DO STOCKMAN, JOHN PARKER TAKES HIS NEPHEW HUNTING, COMANCHE FASHION.



DURING THE VISIT, QUANAH IS GORED IN THE ABDOMEN BY A WILD SPANISH BULL, A CREATURE CONSIDERABLY DIFFERENT FROM THE DOG-LIKE CRITTERS HE IS ACCUSTOMED TO AT BEEF ISSUES.



HIS UNCLE'S BRUJO TREATS HIM WITH "WOQUIT", A CONCOCTION MADE FROM THE JUICES OF THE PEYOTE CACTUS.

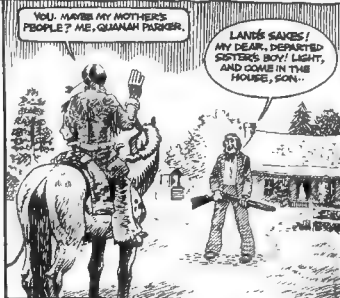
THIS IS QUANAH INTRODUCED TO THE DREAM-LIKE, PSYCHIC PROPERTIES OF PEYOTE, AN EXPERIENCE HE WILL LATER HELP SPREAD AMONG HIS TRIBE BACK ON THE RESERVATION.



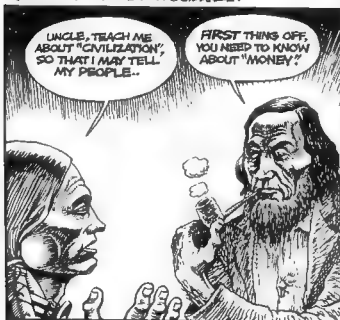
HIS WOUND HEALED, VERSED ON CATTLE RAISING, AND SHOWERED WITH MANY GIFTS — INCLUDING A SACK OF THE WONDROUS PEYOTE BUTTONS — QUANAH SAYS GOODBYE TO JOHN PARKER, WHO HAS NEVER FORGOTTEN HIS EARLY DAYS AS A COMANCHE RAIDER.



USING A MAP DRAWN BY A HELPFUL STRANGER, QUANAH MAKES HIS WAY TO VAN ZANDT COUNTY AND THE HOME OF SILAS PARKER WHO HAD ESCAPED CAPTURE DURING THE FT. PARKER RAID.



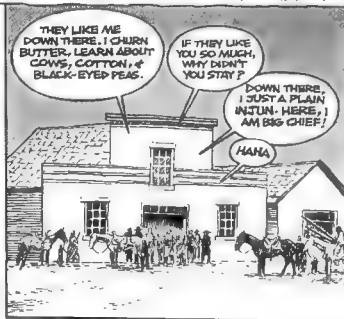
ALREADY A LEGEND IN THIS PART OF TEXAS, QUANAH ASKS SILAS FOR GUIDANCE.



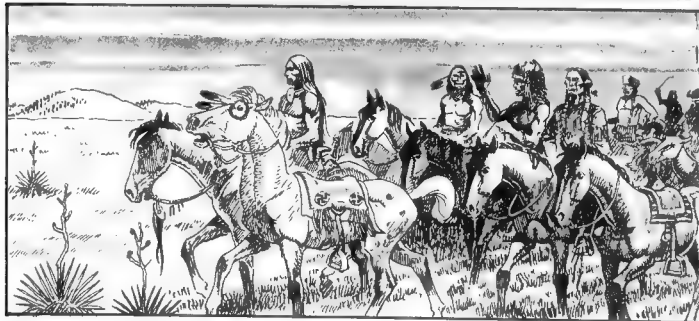
QUANAH SLEEPS IN HIS MOTHER'S OLD BED.



SEVERAL WEEKS LATER, HE RETURNS TO THE RESERVATION, ALMOST CONVINCED THE WHITEMAN'S WAY IS BEST.



BUT HE WANTS TO BE SURE. THE AGENT CONSENTS TO LET HIS CHARGES GO ON A FALL HUNT TO SUPPLEMENT THEIR MEAGER BEEF RATIONS. QUANAH LEADS THE GLEEFUL WARRIORS OFF TOWARD THEIR BELOVED BEISON RANGE.



THE OLD MEN TELL THE YOUNG HOW IT WILL BE. THEY SIGH FOR THE TASTE OF MARROW BONES, FOR STEAMING LIVER, SPLASHED WITH GALL ...



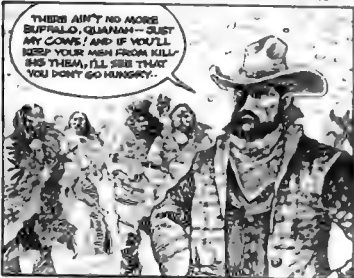
BUT THE PLAINS ARE A GRAVEYARD OF BONES. SON HUNTERS HAVE DONE THEIR DIRTY WORK WELL. THE HERDS ARE GONE — NOT ONE BUFFALO IS FOUND !!



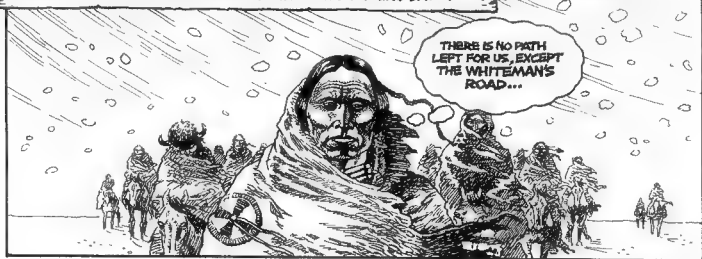
THE WARRIORS SQUE DUMBBY INTO THEIR CAMPFIRES AS THE SHAMANS VAINLY SUMMON THE BUFFALO SPIRIT.



IN PALO DURO CANYON, JUST A FEW YEARS AGO THE LAST COMANCHE STRONGHOLD. QUANAH'S DRELLUSIONED BRAVES — NEAR STARVATION AND SUFFERING FROM THE COLD — MEET CHARLES GOODNIGHT, PIONEERING FOUNDER OF THE AREA'S FIRST BIG RANCH.



AS QUANAH LEADS HIS EMPTY-HANDED BAND BACK TO THE RESERVATION, HE KNOWS THE PAST IS GONE FOREVER. THERE IS NO TURNING BACK.

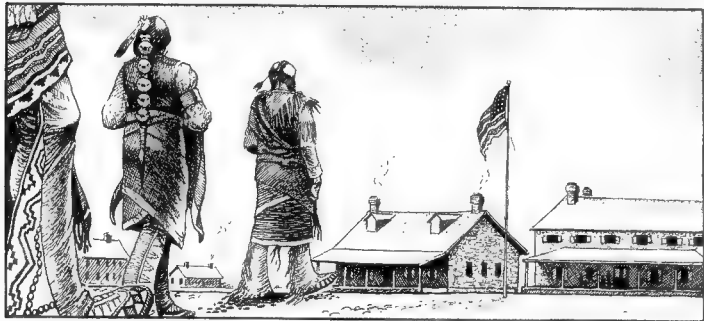


## WHITEMAN'S ROAD

QUANAH STARTS TO TAKE AN ACTIVE ROLE IN TRIBAL AFFAIRS. ALTHO HIS WHITE BLOOD KEEPS HIM FROM BEING RECOGNIZED BY SOME STRICT TRADITIONALISTS AS HEADCHIEF, MANY INDIANS LOOK TO HIM FOR LEADERSHIP BECAUSE OF THIS BLOOD-LINK TO THE WHITES, HOPING IT MIGHT WORK TO QUANAH'S ADVANTAGE.



AFTER MOH-WAY STEPS DOWN AS HEADCHIEF, QUANAH'S INFLUENCE GROWS. THE COMANCHES FOLLOW HIM BECAUSE HE IS A PROVEN LEADER AMONG THEM—AND A MAN THE WHITES SEEM TO RESPECT AND LISTEN TO.





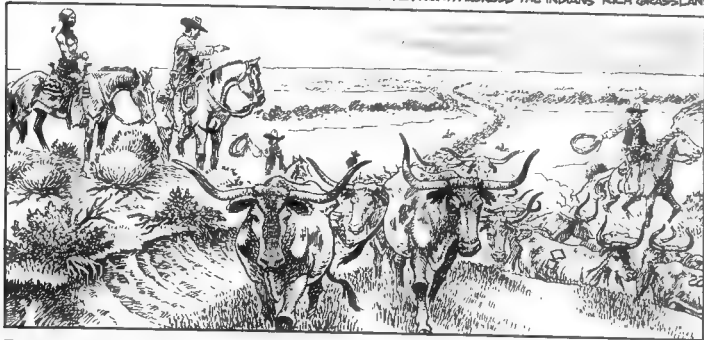
LIKE IN MATTERS OF AN INDIAN POLICE FORCE.



AND IN CURBING INFRINGEMENTS ON THE RESERVATION BY WHITE CATTLE DROVERS.



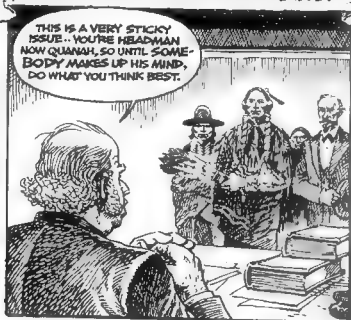
QUANAH LEVIES A TOLL OF \$100 PER HEAD ON THE VAST HERDS DRIVEN NORTH ACROSS THE INDIANS' RICH GRASSLANDS.



EVENTUALLY THE TEXAS CATTLEMEN FIND IT TO THEIR ADVANTAGE TO LEASE THE LAND FROM THE INDIANS.



QUANAH GOES TO WASHINGTON, THE FIRST OF MANY TRIPS, TO SECURE PERMISSION FOR THE LEASES.



AND SO, QUANAH MAKES HIMSELF SOME POWERFUL FRIENDS IN HIS DEALINGS WITH RICH CATTLE BARONS LIKE DAN WAGGONER, CHARLES GOODNIGHT, AND S.B. "BURK" BURNETT.



QUANAH IS MADE CHIEF JUDGE OF A THREE-MAN COURT OF INDIAN OFFENSES. HIS VERDICTS ARE UNORTHODOX.



SCHEPTICAL OF THE GHOST DANCE RELIGION, THEN IN VOGUE AMONG NORTHERN PLAINS TRIBES, HE COUNSELS HIS PEOPLE TO STAY CLEAR OF ITS DOCTRINES.



QUANAH IS CONTENT WITH HIS "PEYOTE RELIGION" AND DEFENDS IT TO WHITE MEN OF THE CLOTH AS WELL.



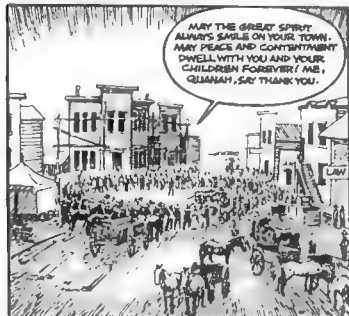
VARIOUS MISSIONARIES TRY TO WIN QUANAH OVER TO CHRISTIANITY, WHICH HE LEARNS WOULD REQUIRE HIM TO GIVE UP ALL HIS WIVES BUT ONE.



QUANAH REMAINS A STEADFAST ADVOCATE OF COMANCHE RITUAL BELIEFS, HEISHTENED BY THE PSYCHIC REVELATIONS OF THE PEYOTE CACTUS.



HIS UNCEASING EFFORTS TO IMPROVE THE LOT OF HIS PEOPLE COMMANDS THE RESPECT OF THE WHITE COMMUNITY. A NEW TOWN IN TEXAS IS NAMED AFTER HIM.



IN 1886 BURK BURNETT AND OTHER CATTLEMEN INVITE QUANAH TO ATTEND THE FAT STOCK SHOW IN FT. WORTH. HE AND YELLOW BEAR, GODFATHER TO WEAKEAH, ARE GIVEN LUXURY ACCOMMODATIONS AT THE PICKNICK HOTEL.



THEY ARE WINED AND DINED IN STYLE. STEAKS, DONE RARE, ARE THE INEVITABLE CHOICE OF THE MEAT-SOURVED INDIANS ON ALL SUCH GALA OCCASIONS.



BEFORE RETIRING, YELLOW BEAR — UNACCUSTOMED TO MODERN GADGETRY — BLOWN OUT THE GAS LAMP.



THE NEXT MORNING QUANAH AND YELLOW BEAR RAIL TO SHOW UP FOR BREAKFAST...



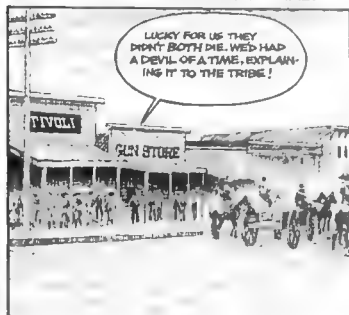
OPENING THE DOOR, THE COWMEN ARE ALMOST OVERWHELMED BY THE DEADLY GAS FUMES.



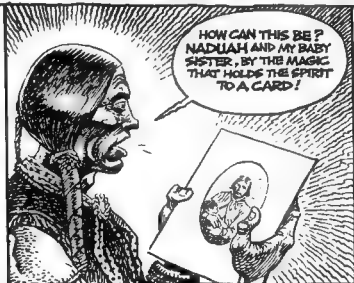
QUANAH FINALLY COMES AROUND...



SADDENED BY THE LOSS OF HIS FIRST WIFE'S RELATIVE, HE ESCORTS YELLOW BEAR'S BODY BACK HOME.



WHILE IN PE WORTH, QUANAH ADVERTISES IN THE NEWSPAPER FOR A PICTURE OF HIS MOTHER. SUI ROBS, WHO LED THE RANGERS AT THE TIME OF CYNTHIA ANNE'S CAPTURE, SECURES A COPY OF THE DAGUERRETYPE MADE OF HER IN PE WORTH AND SENDS IT TO AN INGRUDULOUS QUANAH.



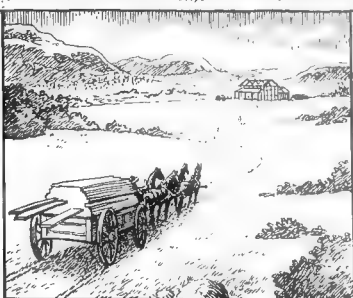
QUANAH IS FASCINATED BY THIS AND OTHER ASPECTS OF THE MYSTERIOUS WHITE MAN'S ROAD.



BURNETT OFFERS TO BUILD QUANAH A HOUSE.



QUANAH PICKS A FAVORITE CAMPING SPOT, AT THE FOOT OF THE BEAUTIFUL WICHITA MOUNTAINS. THE LUMBER IS BROUGHT FROM EAST TEXAS BY RAIL AND HAULED TO THE SITE BY WAGON FROM VERNON, BELOW DOANE'S CROSSING.



THE 22 ROOM SHOWPLACE BECOMES KNOWN AS THE "COMANCHE WHITEHOUSE".





THE WAGGONER BROTHERS GIVE QUANAH A THOUSAND DOLLAR STAGECOACH SO HE CAN RIDE TO TOWN IN STYLE.



QUANAH FIGHTS THE LAND-HUNGRY BOOMERS WHO ARE EXERTING PRESSURE ON THE GOVERNMENT TO DISMANTLE INDIAN TERRITORY AND OPEN IT TO WHITE SETTLERS.



REPORTED BY THE CATTLE-RAISERS' LOBBY AND THEIR ATTORNEYS, HE STALLS DISMEMBERMENT OF THE RESERVATION.



BUT AGENTS SUCCEED IN GETTING THE SIGNATURES OF SOME MINOR CHIEFTAINS ON AN AGREEMENT TO SELL THE LAND. QUANAH AGAIN GOES TO WASHINGTON TO FIGHT THE MEASURE.



DESPITE ALL HIS OPPOSITION, THE TERRITORY IS EVENTUALLY SPLIT UP, EACH INDIAN—YOUNG AND OLD—RECEIVING AN ACREAGE ALLOTMENT. THERE IS MUCH LENDING OF CHILDREN.



QUANAH URGES RESISTANCE TO THE FORMATION OF AN INDIAN CAVALRY BATTALION.



A STRONG BELIEVER IN EDUCATION SINCE HIS VISIT WITH HIS MOTHER'S PEOPLE, QUANAH IS CHOSEN PRESIDENT OF THE LOCAL SCHOOL DISTRICT.



HE IS ELECTED DEPUTY SHERIFF OF LAWTON, OKLAHOMA.



QUANAH, TRUE TO THE RESTLESSNESS OF HIS GUONAHDA BLOOD, IS A CRAZELESS TRAVELER. HE TAKES HIS BRAVES TO EVERY PUBLIC EVENT THAT INVITES HIM— 4TH OF JULY CELEBRATIONS, OLD SETTLERS REUNIONS, PICNICS, ROGUES, CONFEDERATE VETERANS GATHERINGS, STATE FAIRS, WORLD FAIRS— ANY EXCUSE TO MOVE AROUND.



HE OFTEN USES THESE EVENTS TO SPREAD HIS POLITICAL VIEWS.



AT THE ROUGH RIDERS REUNION IN OKLAHOMA CITY, HE MEETS FUTURE PRESIDENT THEODORE ROOSEVELT FOR THE FIRST TIME.



ROOSEVELT INVITES QUANAH TO RIDE IN HIS INAUSURAL PROCESSION IN WASHINGTON D.C. ON MARCH 4, 1905.



QUANAH RETURNS THE PRESIDENT'S OBVIOUS RESPECT.



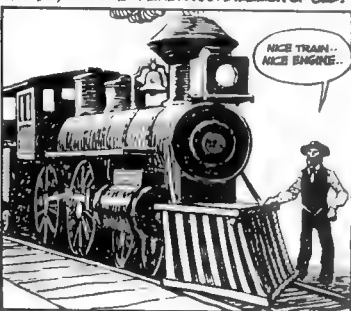
TEDDY ESCAPES THE WEIGHT OF HIS OFFICE TO GO WOLF HUNTING WITH QUANAH IN THE BIG PASTURE.



DESPITE QUANAH'S RESPECT FOR ROOSEVELT THE MAN, HIS POLITICS REMAIN DEMOCRATIC.



HE BECOMES A MAJOR STOCKHOLDER IN THE NEW QUANAH, ACME & PACIFIC RAILWAY. HE LIKES TO PET THE "IRON HORSE," TREATING IT LIKE A WAR STALLION OF OLD.



QUANAH TURNS DOWN LUCRATIVE OFFERS TO TOUR EUROPE WITH A WILD WEST SHOW.



WASHINGTON OFFICIALS TRY TO GET QUANAH TO SET AN EXAMPLE BY PUTTING ASIDE ALL OF HIS WIVES EXCEPT ONE. THE TOUGHY SUBJECT IS EVENTUALLY DROPPED.



STATEHOOD AND PROHIBITION COME TO OKLAHOMA IN 1907, AND WITH IT, CONCERN OVER THE WIDESPREAD USE OF PEYOTE BY THE INDIANS. QUANAH WORKS TO HAVE IT RECOGNIZED AS A SACRAMENT OF THEIR RELIGION, BUT IT IS NOT UNTIL 3 YEARS LATER THAT A CHARTER IS SECURED TO PUT THE PEYOTE CULT AND THE NATIVE AMERICAN CHURCH ON A LEVEL WITH OTHER RELIGIONS.



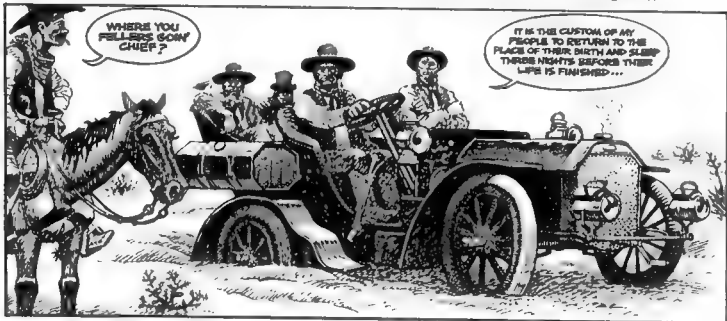
HE REMAINS THE PATRIARCH OF A NUMEROUS CLAN — EIGHTEEN CHILDREN IN ALL, AND A HOST OF GRANDCHILDREN. SEVERAL DAUGHTERS MARRY PROMINENT MEN IN THE WHITE COMMUNITY. ONE OF HIS SONS BECOMES A METHODIST MINISTER.



QUANAH'S OLD FRIEND CHARLES GOODNIGHT OCCASIONALLY STAGES MINI-HUNTS FOR THE COMANCHES FROM HIS CAREFULLY-PRESERVED SMALL HERD OF BISON. BUT WHILE GAZING AT THE BEAUTY OF A PAJO DURO SUNSET, SADNESS CREEPS IN AS THESE TWO GREAT MEN REMEMBER WHAT WAS — AND WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN...



IN HIS LATER YEARS, QUANAH'S THOUGHTS TURN TO DEATH. HE AND SEVERAL OF HIS OLD WARRIORS TAKE OFF IN SEARCH OF CEDAR LAKE. SOME COWBOYS FIND THEM STUCK IN THE SAND NEAR LUSBOCK.



QUANAH TRIES TO HAVE HIS MOTHER'S BONES REMOVED FROM TEXAS BUT RUNS INTO TROUBLE. AN ELOQUENT LETTER, READ IN THE CHURCHES OF EAST TEXAS, DOES MUCH TO QUIET LOCAL OPPOSITION TO HIS REQUEST.



FINALLY HE SUCCEEDS, AND CYNTHIA ANN'S REMAINS ARE REBURIED NEAR HIS HOME AT CACHE, SO THAT HE MAY REST BESIDE HER WHEN HIS OWN TIME COMES.

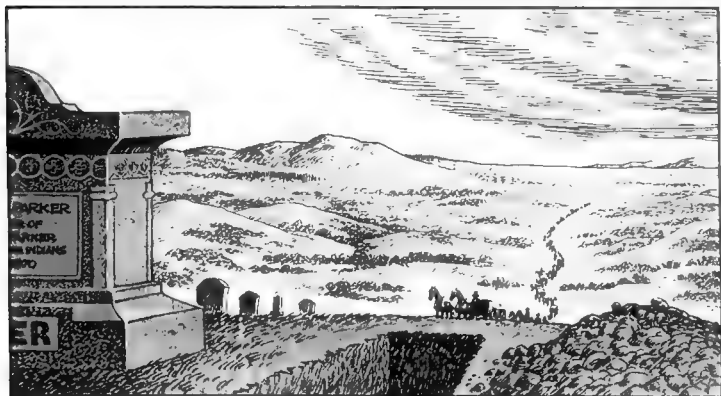


QUANAH, NOW 65 YEARS OLD, SOON FLIES ON THE WINGS OF THE EAGLE TO MEET HIS ANCESTORS. HE REMAINS AN INDIAN TO THE END...





HE IS BURIED IN ALL THE POMP AND SPLENDOR OF HIS SAVAGE BIRTH. PEOPLE GATHER FROM FAR AND NEAR TO PAY THEIR LAST RESPECTS TO QUANAH — POLITICIANS, INDIAN LEADERS, RANCHIERS, FINANCIERS, AND JUST PLAIN FOLK. HIS FUNERAL PROCESSION STRETCHES OUT OVER TWO MILES LONG AS IT WENDS ITS WAY UP TO THE POST OAK CEMETERY.



SO ENDS THE SAGA OF THE LAST CHIEF OF THE COMANCHES, WHO PERHAPS DID MORE TO RECONCILE THE RED AND WHITE RACES THAN ANY OTHER MAN. BUT HIS SPIRIT LIVES ON! EACH YEAR THE DESCENDANTS OF QUANAH AND THEIR PARKER RELATIVES GATHER TO HONOR THE MEMORY OF CYNTHIA ANN AND HER REMARKABLE SON.



END



## CREDITS AND REFERENCES

This book started out as a three months project, but has taken over three years to finish. Seems like the more I learned about the Comanches and their last chief, Quanah Parker, the more I realized that it would take considerable time and energy to do their story the justice it deserves.

Still, there is nothing new in this book. Many other writers, to whom I am deeply indebted, have told the story. I have only sifted their work, placing emphasis on events according to my limited grasp of the rapidly shifting historical panorama. What good my effort possesses should be credited to them, but its faults are mine alone.

Also, I must acknowledge the rich heritage of Western art from which I have freely drawn, and extend my apologies to the "Old Masters" for my shameless fleecing of their work. Particularly victimized were Charles Russell, Frederic Remington, Harold von Schmidt, Nick Eggenhofer, and John Clymer. Thomas Mails should also be mentioned for his comprehensive reference book on the plains cultures.

Special thanks go to Chester Kielman and the Barker Texas History Center, Dorman Winfrey and the Texas State Library, Gillett Griswold of the Fort Sill Museum, and Sam Nesmith of the Institute of Texan Cultures. Also to W. W. Newcomb, Jr., T. R. Fehrenbach, and Mildred Mayhall—authors of excellent books on Texas Indians—and to Baldwin Parker, Jr., whose songs melted the walls of his modern home and transported me back to prairies of the past, bathed by the light of a full Comanche Moon.

For the reader, who would like to know more about the historical period portrayed in *Comanche Moon*, the following list of source books is included:

- Babb, T.A. - In The Bosom of the Comanches
- Berlandier, Jean Louis - The Indians of Texas in 1830
- Brill, Charles J. - Conquest of the Southern Plains
- Brown, Dee - Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee
- Capps, Benjamin - The Great Chiefs
- Capps, Benjamin - The Indians
- Capps, Benjamin - The Warren Wagontrain Raid
- Deshields, James T. - Cynthia Ann Parker: The Story of Her Capture
- Fehrenbach, T.R. - The Comanches: Destruction of a People
- Gard, Wayne - The Great Buffalo Hunt
- Haley, J. Evetts - Men of Fiber
- Haley, James L. - The Buffalo War
- Harston, J. Emmor - Comanche Land
- Holt, Roy - Heap Many Chiefs
- Hyde, George - Rangers and Regulars
- Institute of Texan Cultures (ed.) - The Indian Texans

Jackson, Clyde L. and Grace - Quanah Parker: Last Chief of the Comanches  
Jackson, Grace - Cynthia Ann Parker  
Jones, Douglas C. - The Medicine Lodge Treaty  
Keating, Bern - An Illustrated History of the Texas Rangers  
Koury, Michael J. - Arms for Texas  
Lafarge, Oliver - A Pictorial History of the American Indian  
Leckie, William - The Buffalo Soldiers  
Mails, Thomas E. - The Mystic Warriors of the Plains  
Mayhall, Mildred P. - Indian Wars of Texas  
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Neighbors, Kenneth F. - Indian Exodus  
Neighbors, Kenneth F. - Robert Neighbors and the Texas Frontier  
Newcomb, W. W. Jr. - The Indians of Texas  
Nye, W. S. - Carbine and Lance: The Story of Old Fort Sill  
Nye, W. S. - Plains Indian Raiders  
Parker, James W. (ed.) - Rachel Plummer Narrative  
Richardson, R. N. - The Comanche Barrier to South Plains Settlement  
Robertson, R. L. and Pauline - Panhandle Pilgrimage  
Schmitt, Martin F. and Dee Brown - Fighting Indians of the West  
Thrall, Homer S. - A Pictorial History of Texas  
Tilghman, Zoe A. - Quanah, Eagle of the Comanches  
Tiling, Moritz - History of the German Element In Texas  
Utey, Robert - Frontiersmen in Blue, 1845-1865  
Utey, Robert - Frontier Regulars, 1866-1890  
Waldraven-Johnson, Margaret - The White Comanche  
Wallace, Ernest - Ranald S. Mackenzie on the Texas Frontier  
Wallace, Ernest and E. Adamson Hoebel - The Comanches, Lords of the Southern Plains  
Webb, Walter Prescott - The Texas Rangers  
Weems, John Edward - Death Song  
Wellman, Paul - Death on the Prairie  
Wilbarger, J. W. - Indian Depredations in Texas





(FSM)

### CYNTHIA ANN PARKER

Cynthia Ann Parker sat for this rare portrait in Austin at the time of the secession convention, February 28, 1861, just two months after her recapture. Reuben J. Palmer was a legislator when she received a land grant from the state and his daughter, Mrs. Agnes Stroud, owned the original.



(UTA)

Daniel Parker, Uncle of Cynthia Ann



(UTA)

Isaac Parker, Uncle of Cynthia Ann



(UTA)

Another view of Daniel Parker, founder of the Fundamentalist Baptist Church



(UTA)

Benjamin F. Parker, Daniel's son, Cynthia Ann's first cousin





(SI)



(UTA)



(SI)



(SI)

Quanah and his "show wife," Tonarcy



(FSM)



(FSM)



(UTA)



(FSM)

The many sides of Quanah Parker



(UTA)



(FSM)



(FSM)



(SI)



Some of Quannah's children; Wanda, Weyote, Harold, Len and Baldwin



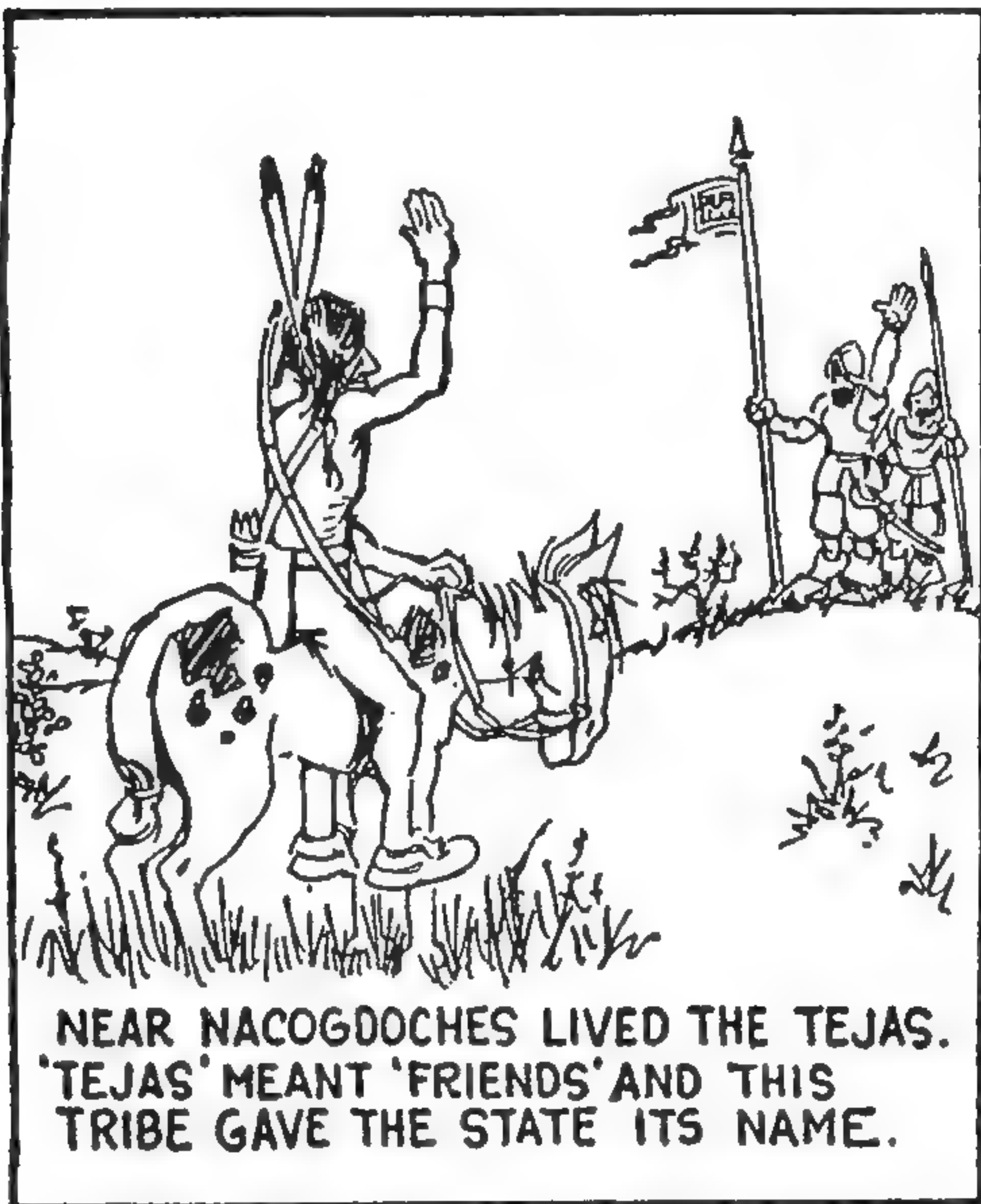
**THE TRUE STORY OF JUAN N. SEGUIN  
AND THE TEXAS-MEXICANS DURING THE  
RISING OF THE LONE STAR**

**BY JACK JACKSON**



# INTRODUCTION TO LOS TEJANOS

by Ron Hansen



*Texas History Movies* ©1970 Graphic Ideas, Inc., and ©1974 by T.S.H.A., Austin, TX.

American cartoonist Jack Jackson was born in tiny Pandora, Texas in 1941, the great-great-grandchild of one of the first settlers in the post-revolutionary Republic of Texas. Jackson once noted that as a schoolboy in a town just south of Seguin, he read the “nasty, racist little comic book” *Texas History Movies* that, in spite of its repellent nature, “launched my career as a distinguished Texas historian, recognized for my attention to the Latino contribution.”

That career would hang fire while he majored in accounting at the University of Texas and contributed to its irreverent humor magazine *The Texas Ranger*. After being fired from the magazine for what he called “a petty censorship violation,” Jackson, under the pen name “Jaxon,” self-published and peddled around Austin, in 1964, the satirical pamphlet *God Nose*, since identified as one of the very first underground comic books.

In San Francisco, in the psychedelic '60s, he found work as an art director for posters announcing Avalon Ballroom concerts. In 1969, Jackson, with other Texas expatriates Fred Todd, Dave Moriaty, and Gilbert Shelton, co-founded Rip Off Press, one of the first independent publishers of underground comix.

But by the mid-'70s Jackson was back in Austin, getting by as an accountant, and concentrating on retelling Texas history through pageantry, sarcasm, caricature, and an ever impish wit. In 1979 he published *Comanche Moon*, a graphic biography of Quanah Parker, through Last Gasp, another publisher of comix. In 1981 he submitted the 125 captivating pages of *Los Tejanos* to Fantagraphics Books.

Jackson's creative method involved extensive, loving, and almost obsessive research. He first mapped out the full book, distilling the history and jotting out the high and low points. Then, he fractionalized chapters into likely pages and panels. Finally, he wrote the complete narrative before beginning the exciting, all-important drawings.

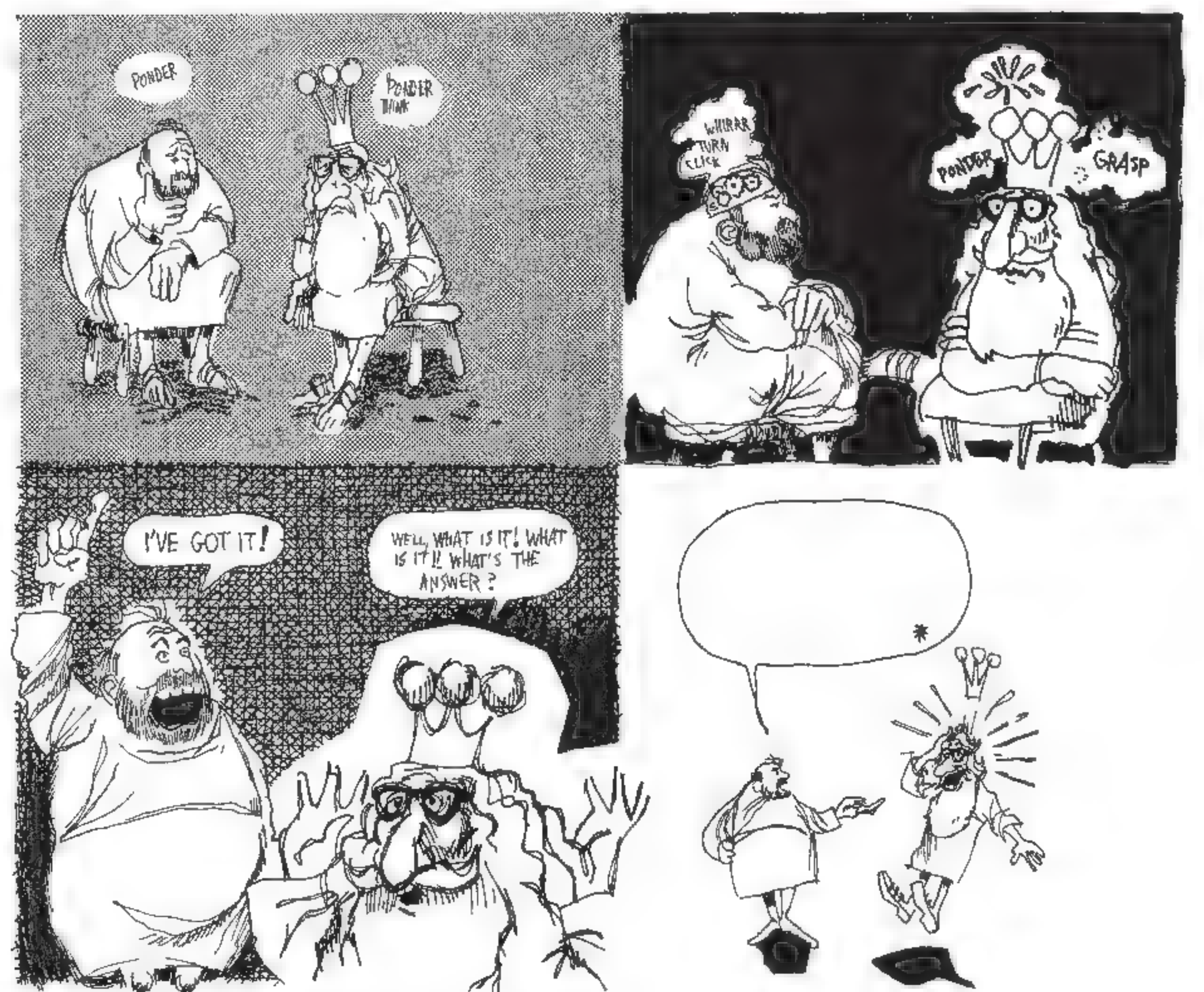
He executed his artwork on 10-inch by 15-inch sheets of paper, in pen and ink, with little else beyond his highly organized imagination. All decisions in terms of the size and shape of the panels, their sequencing, visual rhythm, and emotional and narrative content were Jackson's, not an editor's.

The regularity of the lettering above and inside the panels might suggest that an eccentric font was used, but in fact each character was hand drawn, itself an arduous and painstaking task that permitted no smears or misspellings. Each page was then hung and dried, then stacked. Finally, the gigantic pile of paper containing hundreds of drawings was submitted to Fantagraphics.

Jackson ultimately would sell all his original art to make extra income, but because he was so meticulous, he made pristine, full-size, Xerox copies of all his work. This book is based on those.

The choice of topic was completely Jackson's. Historical novelists such as Jackson have in common a fetching and bewitching wonder about the origins of things: Where did this come from? Why do we say that? Who is the person named there — and how come I've never heard of him or her?

At the core of all historical novelists is the quest for finality, truth, and justice. They accumulate books, scour footnotes, visit locations, and assiduously research an enormous variety of musty historical documents to



This sequence is from Jack Jackson's *God Nose*





From *Los Tejanos*

determine what was left out in the retellings, or how much was fact and how much was bias in what has been handed down.

Such was the case with Jack Jackson, whose fascination with and profound respect for the history of the Lone Star State compelled him to seek out sources. Jackson acutely felt the marginalization of most artists — particularly those who focus on the graphic novel — so he was primed to look for those historical personalities who themselves had been overlooked or misunderstood.

Writing on the general theme of *Los Tejanos*, Jackson noted:

When we “Remember the Alamo,” it is usually a vision of a small, grim band of Anglo-Saxon martyrs being overwhelmed by a screaming horde of maniacal Mexicans, their bayonets glistening with the blood of patriots as they trample in endless waves into the sanctuary of Texas liberty.

What we don’t remember is that inside the walls of the Alamo, amongst its defenders, there were also Mexicans who fought and died, except they called themselves “Tejanos” — Texans! Nor do we remember that at the battle of San Jacinto, where in eighteen minutes the fate of a vast land was decided, there was also a company of Tejano volunteers fighting beside Sam Houston and the Anglo conquerors.

And so Jackson focused his considerable talents, time, and energy on Juan N. Seguín, a Mexican “Tejano” who so opposed the anti-federalist dictator Antonio Santa Anna that he became a cavalry officer under Stephen F. Austin, helped rout the Mexican army in the conclusive battle of San Jacinto, and was elected to a senate seat in the new Republic of Texas in 1839.

Two years later, Seguín became mayor of a racially divided San Antonio, but soon resigned due to extreme financial difficulties and fraudulent charges that he was

in favor of the “reconquest” of Texas.

With numerous threats on his life, he in vain sought peace and exile in Laredo, where he was arrested and forced to serve as a captain under the hated “Napoleon of the West,” Santa Anna. Riding against his former Tejano and Anglo friends on the land that he loved in the Mexican-American War, Seguín seemed to confirm for others that he was a turncoat and traitor.

Still, he somehow managed

to reconstruct his life in Texas, establishing a ranch, penning a memoir, and finding such new respectability that he became a county judge in his old age.

Jack Jackson soon realized that Seguín had, for the most part, been erased from Texas history.

Jackson wrote of *Los Tejanos* and Juan Seguín, “Had he been Anglo, his name would be remembered among the lists of the great — beside Travis, Crockett, Bowie, and the rest. But being Tejano, his contribution has been ignored, for his exploits did not conveniently fit into the myth of Anglo-Saxon prowess that historians have seen fit to fashion from the events of our revolution.”

Jackson took on the job of illustrating Seguín’s life and restoring the reputation of a highly influential Latino whom he felt had been badly misjudged. He did this out of a deep sympathy — and possibly from a sense of kinship with a man of conviction and purpose whom others would have ostracized and silenced.

In *Los Tejanos*, Jackson makes his case with a stately presentation of facts that are freshened and enlivened by the opinionated wit, surprise, verve, and melodrama



From *Los Tejanos*





From *Los Tejanos*

of his wonderfully drawn depictions. It is the nature and appeal of graphic novels to be as histrionic, fervent, and damning as televangelists, and so readers of *Los Tejanos* can be entertained by the grotesque features and defects that one instantly recognizes as the given aspect of a villain, while noting the tenderly limned, governor's mansion portraits of those whom Jackson considered heroes. Often, he populates his scenes with background figures that represent all those who have been silenced and forgotten — the peons, the underlings, the wives and children, the unskilled and seemingly unimportant.

Recognizing that he had hundreds of illustrations to create, we realize that there could only be so much attention devoted to detail, even for one who never hurried his labors of love. Yet there is an expressive clarity of line in Jackson's art, especially in his pastoral and architectural views. Working in the hard-edged medium of pen and ink, he employs old school crosshatching to evoke softer tones. A fierce Comanche warrior can only manage a "GAKK!" in one frame as Jim Bowie's "thirsty knife drinks its fill," while in another panel there may be a ceremonial view with all the serenity and mannerly poise of a festive wedding picture.

The range of tone, the irony, and the seriousness of his subject matter created a market resistance to Jackson's art that he never overcame. Over twenty years, *Los Tejanos* sold only 4,000 copies. As Fantagraphics publisher Gary Groth told me, "Selling Jack has always been tough. [*Los Tejanos*] was published at a time when there was no bookstore distribution for comics or graphic novels, so it was only available in comic book stores (which want superhero comics, not stories about American history) and old underground venues like head shops.... Jack always struggled financially and my impression was that he lived a very Spartan life.... Since he was paid royalties based on the sale of his books, he was always paid a pittance. The original *Los Tejanos* book retailed for \$7.95 in 1981 and if we in fact sold 4,000 copies over twenty years, he would've been paid a grand total of \$2,544."

But there are other forms of compensation. The first and most lasting is the sheer artistic satisfaction in having produced, *ex nihilo*, a good thing. Another is the critical recognition that too often arrives after one has gone. Jack Jackson died in 2006, but not before he was made a Lifetime Fellow of the Texas State Historical Association and was inducted into the Texas Institute of Letters. In 2011 he was posthumously inducted into the Will Eisner Award Hall of Fame, an honor bestowed upon

cartoonists for a lifetime of meritorious work.

And what did he call that work? As Jackson humbly said in a 1998 interview, "I wanted to do at least a couple of books to show that you could teach Texas history in a picture form. And that you could put enough research into it to get you a doctorate... and at the same time make that information accessible to somebody that doesn't have a high school education. And to me, that's a challenging and interesting trick."

With *Los Tejanos*, we can consider that trick honorably, deftly, and beautifully accomplished.

RON HANSEN'S most recent novel is *A Wild Surge of Guilty Passion*. His other novels include *The Assassination of Jesse James by the Coward Robert Ford* and *Desperadoes*. He is the Gerard Manley Hopkins, S.J. Professor in the Arts and Humanities at Santa Clara University, where he teaches courses in writing and literature.



From *Lost Cause*





**LOS TEJANOS IS DEDICATED TO MY CHILDHOOD CHUM, JESU'S "JESSE" CONTRERAS, AND TO OUR LOST INNOCENCE, WHICH DIDN'T SEE ANY DIFFERENCE BETWEEN BROWN AND WHITE.**



FOR MEXICANS — AS MUCH BECAUSE OF OUR INDIAN ORIGINS AS OUR SPANISH ORIGINS — RESPECT IS AN IMPORTANT THING. WE LINK IT VERY MUCH WITH OUR DIGNITY. FEELING THAT WE ARE BEING TREATED WITH RESPECT, WE CAN DO ANYTHING.

JOSE LÓPEZ PORTILLO  
PRESIDENT OF MEXICO, 1981

THE REAL, UNDERLYING CAUSE OF THE TEXAS REVOLUTION WAS EXTREME ETHNIC DIFFERENCE BETWEEN TWO SETS OF MEN, NEITHER OF WHOM, BECAUSE OF DIFFERENT IDEAS OF GOVERNMENT, RELIGION, AND SOCIETY, HAD ANY RESPECT FOR THE OTHER. ADDED TO THIS WAS THE INHERENT DISTASTE OF ANGLO-AMERICANS FOR THE RACIAL COMPOSITION OF THE MEXICAN NATION.

T.R. FEHRENBACH  
"LONE STAR", 1968

OF THE MEXICAN CHARACTER I NEVER ENTERTAINED A HIGH REGARD. I LOOKED UPON THE MEXICANS AS BEING AN INFERIOR RACE, DOMINEERING, LAZY, VINDICTIVE, AND TREACHEROUS, AND OFTEN TOLD MY COMRADES THAT THERE WAS NO MORE HARM IN KILLING A 'GREASER' THAN THERE WAS IN SLAYING A COMANCHE.

CREED TAYLOR  
"REMINISCENCES", 1901

THE MEXICAN CITIZENS OF TEXAS WHO WERE LOYAL TO THE REPUBLIC OFTEN HAD THEIR LOYALTY SEVERELY TRIED BY THE ILLIBERAL SUSPICIONS AND ROUGH BEARING OF THE LOWER ORDER OF THE ANGLO-AMERICAN ELEMENT; AND IT WAS THIS, MORE THAN ANY NORMAL TENDENCY TO DISAFFECTION, WHICH DROVE SEGUIN FROM THE FLAG UNDER WHICH HE FOUGHT SO GALLANTLY. IN NO PEOPLE ARE RACE ANTIPATHIES LIABLE TO BE MORE BIGOTED AND MEAN THAN IN THOSE OF ANGLO-SAXON BLOOD; AND OF THE UNDER STRATA OF THAT BREED THE LOW AMERICAN IS PERHAPS THE WORST EXAMPLE.

REUBEN M. POTTER  
"THE TEXAS REVOLUTION", 1878

SAN ANTONIO CLAIMED THEN, AS IT CLAIMS NOW, TO BE THE FIRST CITY OF TEXAS; IT WAS ALSO THE RECEPACLE OF THE SCUM OF SOCIETY. MY POLITICAL AND SOCIAL SITUATION BROUGHT ME INTO CONTINUAL CONTACT WITH THAT CLASS OF PEOPLE. AT EVERY HOUR OF THE DAY AND NIGHT, MY COUNTRYMEN RAN TO ME FOR PROTECTION AGAINST THE ASSAULTS AND EXTRACTIONS OF THOSE ADVENTURERS. SOMETIMES BY PERSUASION I PREVAILED ON THEM TO DESIST; SOMETIMES ALSO, FORCE HAD TO BE RESORTED TO.

HOW COULD I HAVE DONE OTHERWISE? WERE NOT THE VICTIMS MY OWN COUNTRYMEN, FRIENDS, AND ASSOCIATES? COULD I LEAVE THEM DEFENSELESS, EXPOSED TO THE ASSAULTS OF FOREIGNERS, WHO, ON THE PRETEXT THAT THEY WERE MEXICAN, TREATED THEM WORSE THAN BRUTES?

JUAN N. SEGUIN  
"MEMOIRS", 1858





Juan Nep.<sup>te</sup> Seguin

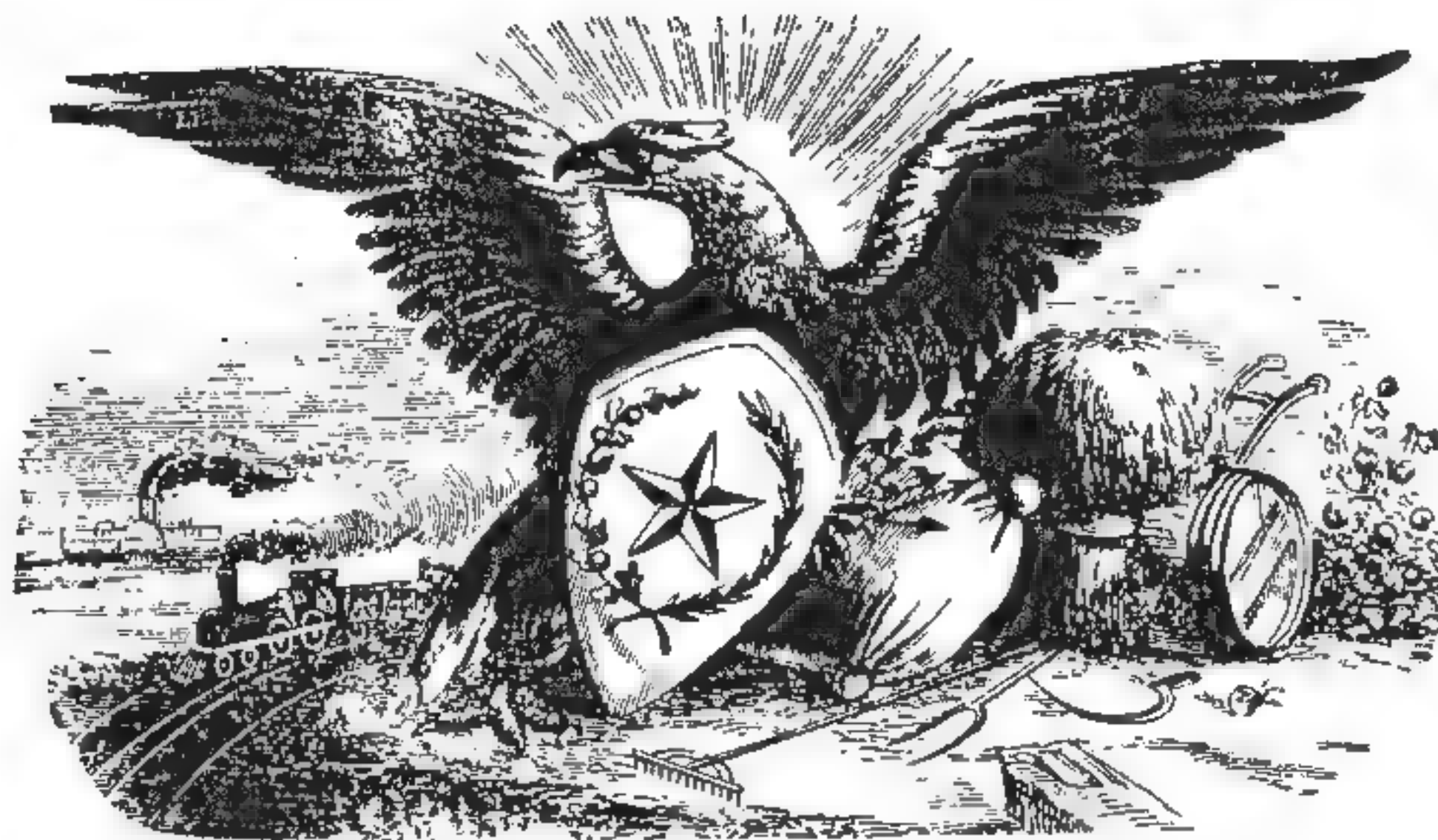


**TEXAS HISTORY IS FILLED WITH TRAGIC FIGURES, BUT NONE MORE TRAGIC — OR CONTROVERSIAL — THAN JUAN NEPOMUCENO SEGUIN.**

**BY SIDING WITH THE REBELLIOUS "TEXIANS" AND HELPING TO WIN INDEPENDENCE, HE AND HIS FELLOW "TEJANOS" EARNED FOR THEMSELVES LASTING DAMNATION FROM MEXICO, THEIR CULTURAL HOMELAND, AND THE STIGMA OF TRAITORS. BUT EVENTS IN THE TUMULTUOUS REPUBLIC OF TEXAS WERE SOON TO PLACE MEN LIKE SEGUIN, CAUGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF AN ANGLO/MEXICAN CONTINENTAL STRUGGLE, IN AN EQUALLY UNENVIABLE POSITION. THUS, HE BECAME A "TRAITOR" TWICE — FIRST TO MEXICO, THEN TO TEXAS — AND BOTH SIDES HAVE BEEN DISOWNING HIM EVER SINCE.**

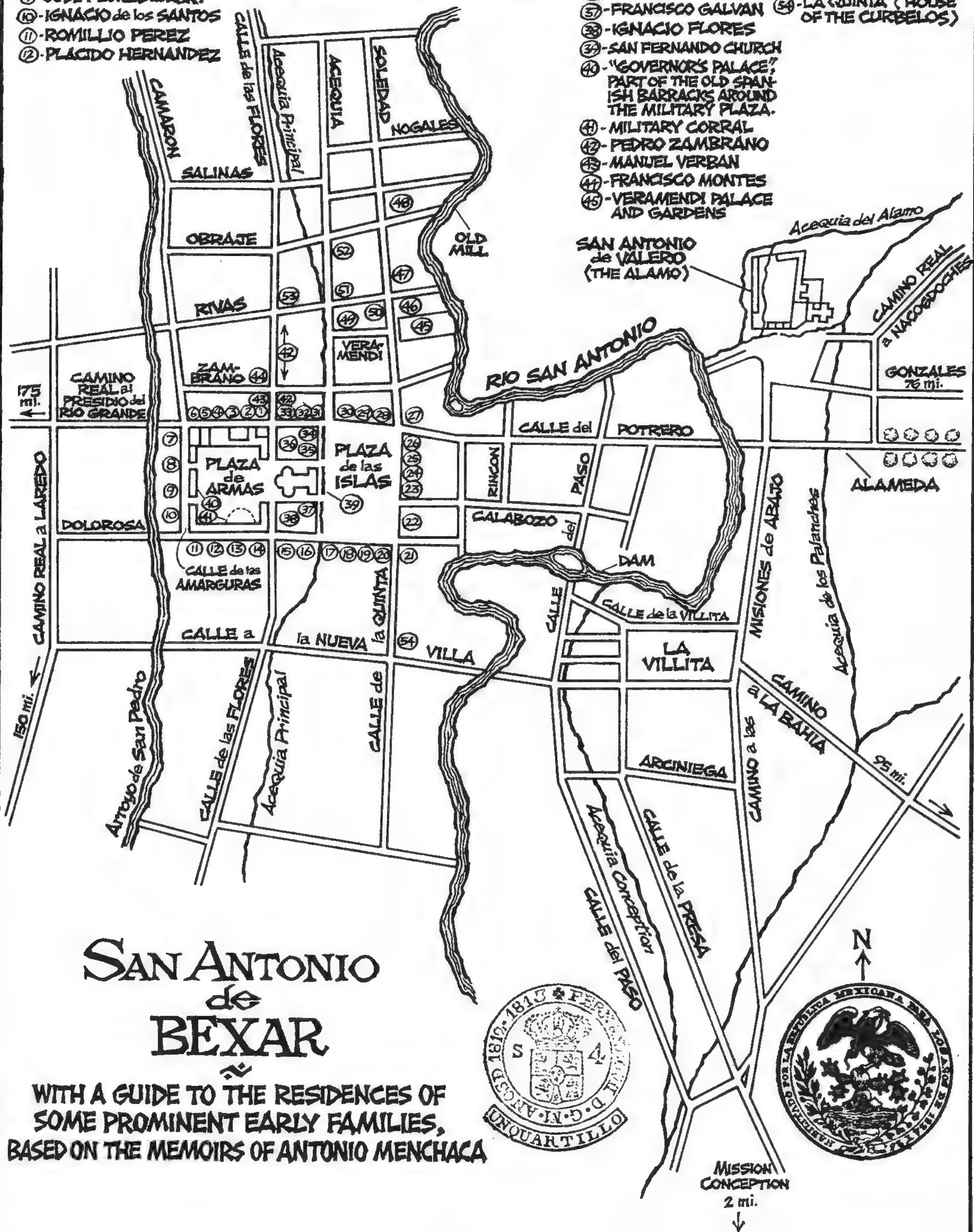
**SEGUIN WAS THE FIRST AND MOST INFLUENTIAL TEJANO TO EXPERIENCE THE IDENTITY CRISIS OF STANDING ASTRIDE THE TWO OPPOSING CULTURES. HIS STORY IS UNIQUE BUT AT THE SAME TIME TYPICAL, JUST AS HIS PERSONAL MISFORTUNES SPEAK ELOQUENTLY OF THE LARGER TRAGEDY OF HIS PEOPLE. "AMERICAN", BUT STILL "MEXICAN", NEITHER COUNTRY KNEW WHAT TO DO WITH THEM AND NEITHER, IN A SENSE, WANTED THEM. "LOS TEJANOS" — INDEED, ALL THE MEXICANS LEFT STRANDED ON U.S. SOIL AFTER 1848 — WERE PAINFUL REMINDERS. TO MEXICO, THEY WERE REMINDERS OF ITS WORST NATIONAL DISGRACE; TO THE UNITED STATES, OF ITS MOST GRASPING ACT OF IMPERIALISM.**

**WIN OR LOSE, WE USUALLY TRY TO FORGET OUR PAINFUL REMINDERS. AND SO, JUAN SEGUIN'S SHADE WAS CAST INTO OBLIVION, FORCED TO WANDER RESTLESSLY BACK AND FORTH ACROSS AN INTERNATIONAL "TWILIGHT ZONE", KNOWN AS THE RIO GRANDE BORDER. HIS DESCENDANTS — THE PEOPLE HE CAME TO SYMBOLIZE — HAVE BEEN LEFT ADRIPT IN THIS SAME LIMBO FOR A CENTURY AND A HALF. IGNORED OR DISPARAGED, THEY HAVE RECEIVED LITTLE CREDIT FOR THEIR CONTRIBUTION TO THE SHAPING OF OUR SOUTHWEST. BASTA!**





- |                           |                                |                          |                                                                                       |                                        |
|---------------------------|--------------------------------|--------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------|
| ① - FELIX MENCHACA        | ⑬ - PEDRO TRAVIESO             | ②① - FRANCISCO RODRIGUEZ | ②⑨ - VICENTE TRAVIESO                                                                 | ④⑥ - FRAN. ARMANGUAL                   |
| ② - MARTIANA XIMENEZ      | ④ - FRANCISCO TRAVIESO         | ②② - FRANCISCO CHAVES    | ③③ - SIMON de AROCHA                                                                  | ④⑦ - YFICIACA RODRIGUEZ                |
| ③ - IGNACIO LUCERAS       | ⑤ - PEDRO FLORES               | ②③ - OLD SPANISH JAIL    | ③① - REMUNDO DIAZ                                                                     | ④⑧ - MARCOS ZEPEDA                     |
| ④ - JOSE MENCHACA         | ⑥ - VICENTE CABRERA            | ②④ - CASA REALES         | ③② - FRAGOSA GALVAN                                                                   | ④⑨ - de la GARZA                       |
| ⑤ - MANUEL NUNEZ          | ⑦ - MANUEL SALINAS             | ②⑤ - GOVERNOR'S HOUSE    | ③③ - JOSE ANTONIO AND ANGEL NAVARRO                                                   | ⑤① - MANUEL DELGADO                    |
| ⑥ - FRANCISCO de AROCHA   | ⑧ - CLEMENTE AND TOMAS DELGADO | ②⑥ - PEDRO GRANADO       | ③④ - FRANCISCO BARRERA                                                                | ⑤② - FRANCISCO CASANOVA                |
| ⑦ - SALVADOR RODRIGUEZ    | ⑨ - BARTOLO SEGUIN             | ②⑦ - MANUEL BARRERA      | ③⑤ - TORIBIO FUENTES                                                                  | ⑤③ - ANTONIO GALVAN                    |
| ⑧ - LUIS MENCHACA         | ⑩ - PATRICIO RODRIGUEZ         | ②⑧ - TOMAS de AROCHA     | ③⑥ - SIGN. "TIA CHONITA"                                                              | ⑤④ - MARIANO RODRIGUEZ                 |
| ⑨ - JOSE FLORES de ABR.   |                                |                          | ③⑦ - FRANCISCO GALVAN                                                                 | ⑤⑤ - LA QUINTA (HOUSE OF THE CURBELOS) |
| ⑩ - IGNACIO de los SANTOS |                                |                          | ③⑧ - IGNACIO FLORES                                                                   |                                        |
| ⑪ - ROMILLIO PEREZ        |                                |                          | ③⑨ - SAN FERNANDO CHURCH                                                              |                                        |
| ⑫ - PLACIDO HERNANDEZ     |                                |                          | ④① - "GOVERNOR'S PALACE," PART OF THE OLD SPANISH BARRACKS AROUND THE MILITARY PLAZA. |                                        |



# SAN ANTONIO de BEXAR

WITH A GUIDE TO THE RESIDENCES OF  
SOME PROMINENT EARLY FAMILIES,  
BASED ON THE MEMOIRS OF ANTONIO MENCHACA



MISSION  
CONCEPTION  
2 mi.



# San Antonio de Bexar, 1835

DON ERASMO SEGUIN TURNS FROM THE STACK OF LETTERS ON HIS DESK TO STARE OUT AT THE SCENE ON MILITARY PLAZA. HIS MIND IS DEEP IN REFLECTION, TROUBLED ABOUT THE FUTURE OF TEXAS.



IT IS JUST PAST SIESTA TIME, AND THE PEOPLE ARE SLOWLY COMING TO LIFE AS THE SCORCHING HEAT OF MIDDAY GRADUALLY GIVES WAY TO GENTLE AFTERNOON BREEZES.



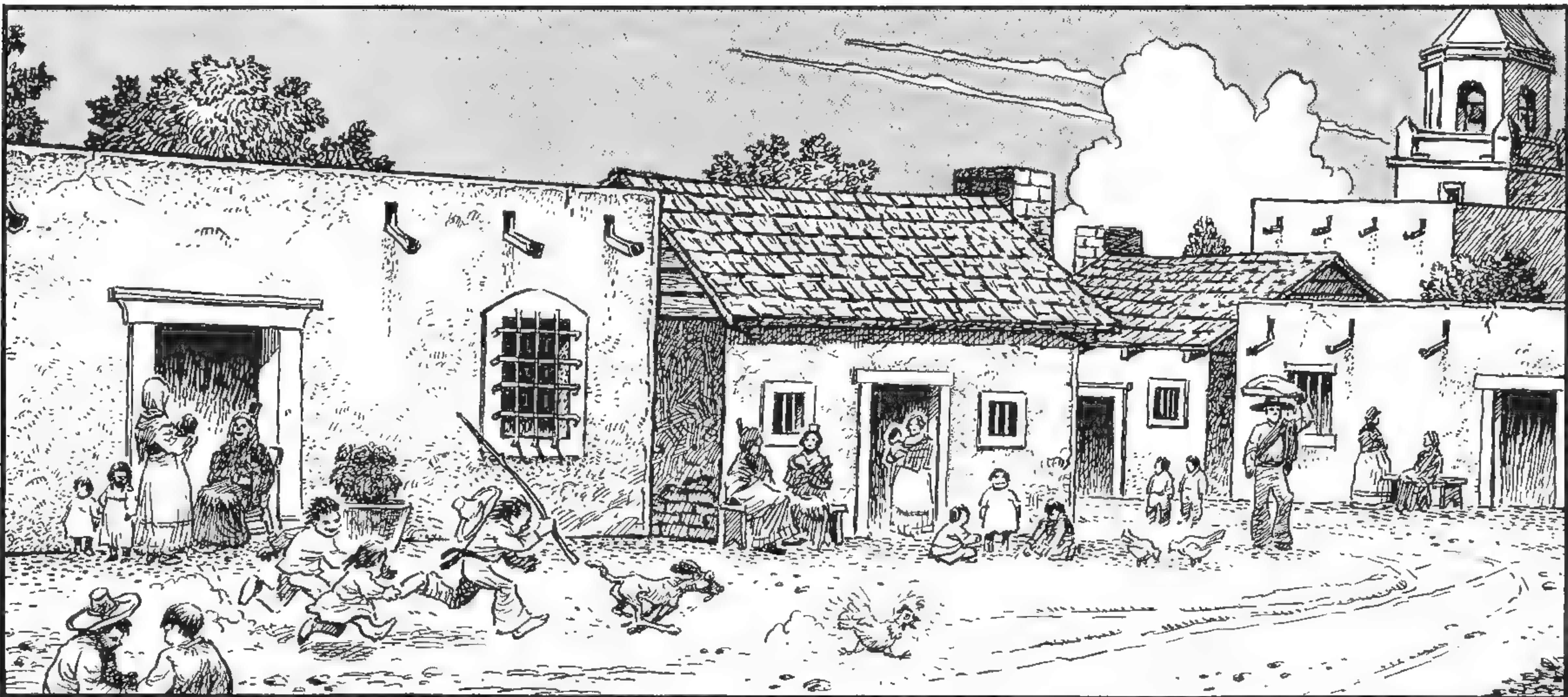
( SEGUIN PRONOUNCED "SAY-GEEN" )



AROUND THE CORNER THE MAIN PLAZA, DOMINATED BY THE SAN FERNANDO CATHEDRAL, ALSO IS STIRRING. CARTWHEELS CREAK AS THEIR DRIVERS URGE PROTESTING OXEN DOWN THE DUSTY SIDESTREETS.



ALONG "ZAMBRANO ROW" WHERE THE WELL-TO-DO FAMILIES LIVE — INCLUDING HIS OWN — THE WOMENFOLK FAN THEMSELVES AND TALK QUIETLY OF SMALL MATTERS AS THEIR BOISTEROUS CHILDREN SWARM ABOUT THEM.



SOME, DOUBTLESS, ARE DOWN BY THE RIVER, SPLASHING AND CHATTERING AT THE PUBLIC BATHING AREA, SERENADED BY THE DRONE OF SUMMER LOCUSTS IN THE TREES ABOVE.

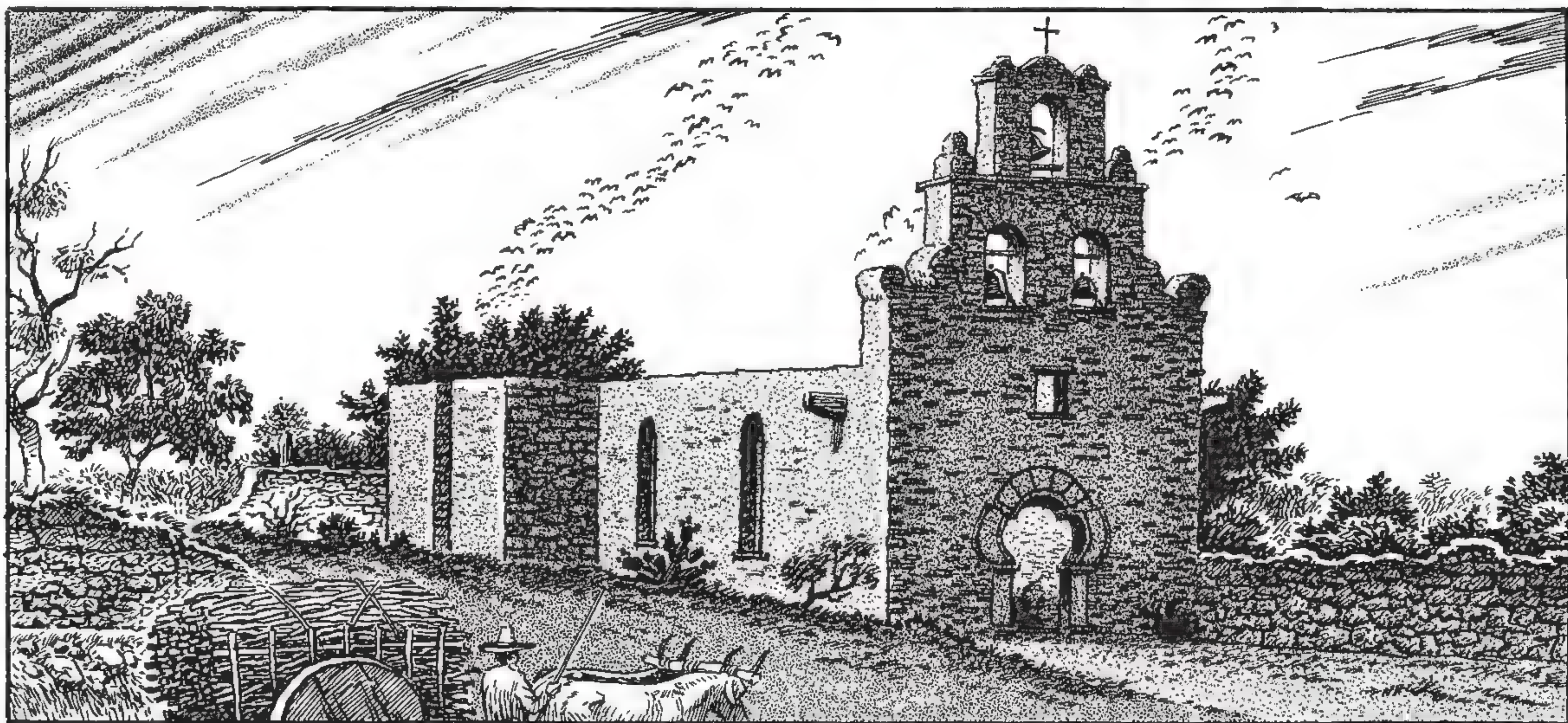




FURTHER DOWN THE RIVER LIE THE PROUD MISSIONS — ONCE A MAJOR INSTRUMENT IN SPREADING SPANISH CULTURE, IN CIVILIZING THE LOCAL INDIAN TRIBES.



NOW THEY ARE ABANDONED AND RAPIDLY FALLING INTO RUIN, HOME ONLY TO MYRIAD BATS AND SMALL SCURRYING CREATURES

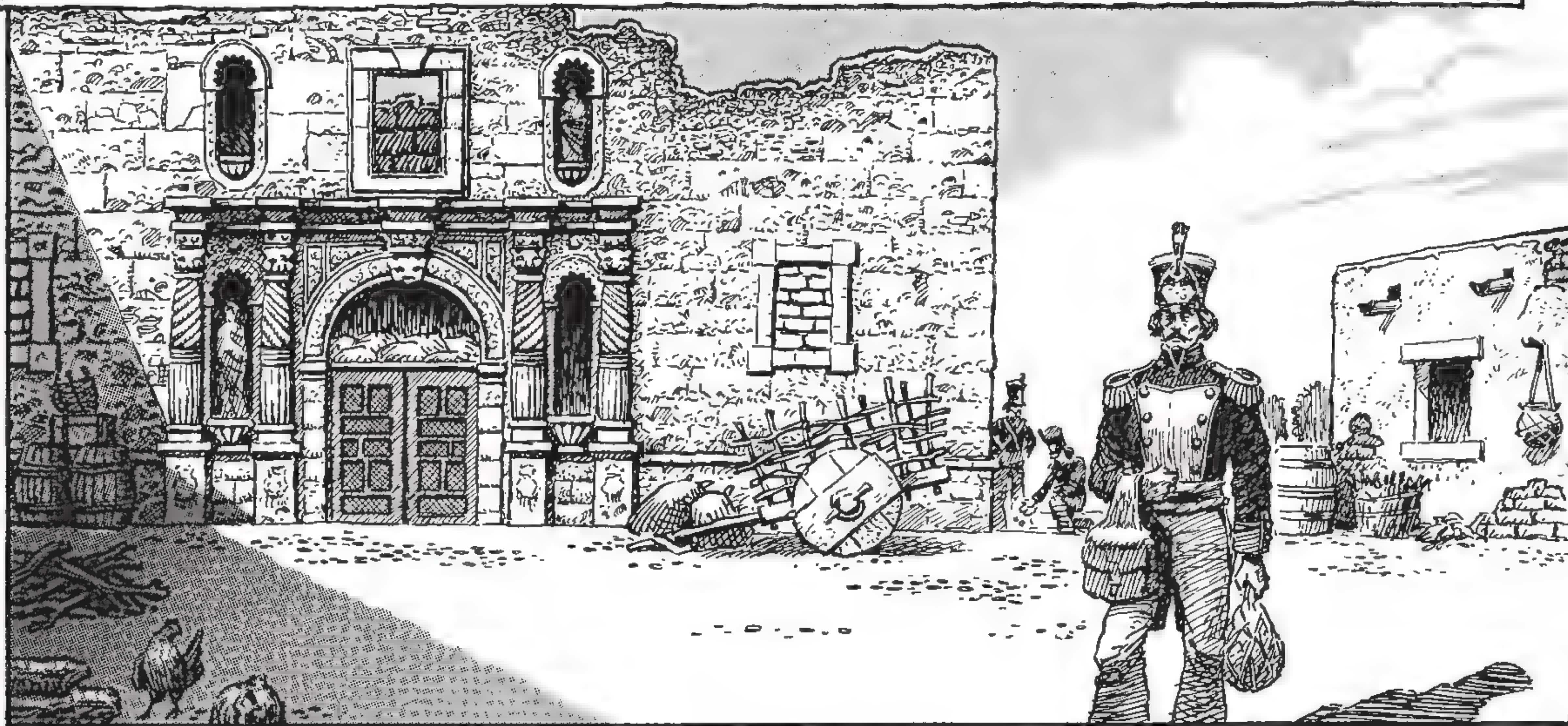


BUT A FEW HUMAN RESIDENTS, MOSTLY DESCENDANTS OF THE EARLY INDIAN NEOPHYTES, STILL REMAIN, AS IF CLINGING TO THE TATTERED SKIRTS OF THE GRAND DREAM THAT THE PAPAL FATHERS LEFT BEHIND...





ONE OF THEM — THE ALAMO — IS STILL USED AS A BARRACKS AND ARMORY FOR TROOPS STATIONED AT BEXAR.



NEARBY IS LA VILLITA, A BARRIO WHERE MOSTLY POOR PEOPLE LIVE — THE "SALT OF THE EARTH" — BUT NEVERTHELESS A CASTE APART FROM PEOPLE LIKE DON ERASMO.



ALL TOLD, BEXAR CONTAINS A RESPECTABLE 2,000-ODD SOULS, THE MOST POPULOUS TOWN IN ALL OF TEXAS.





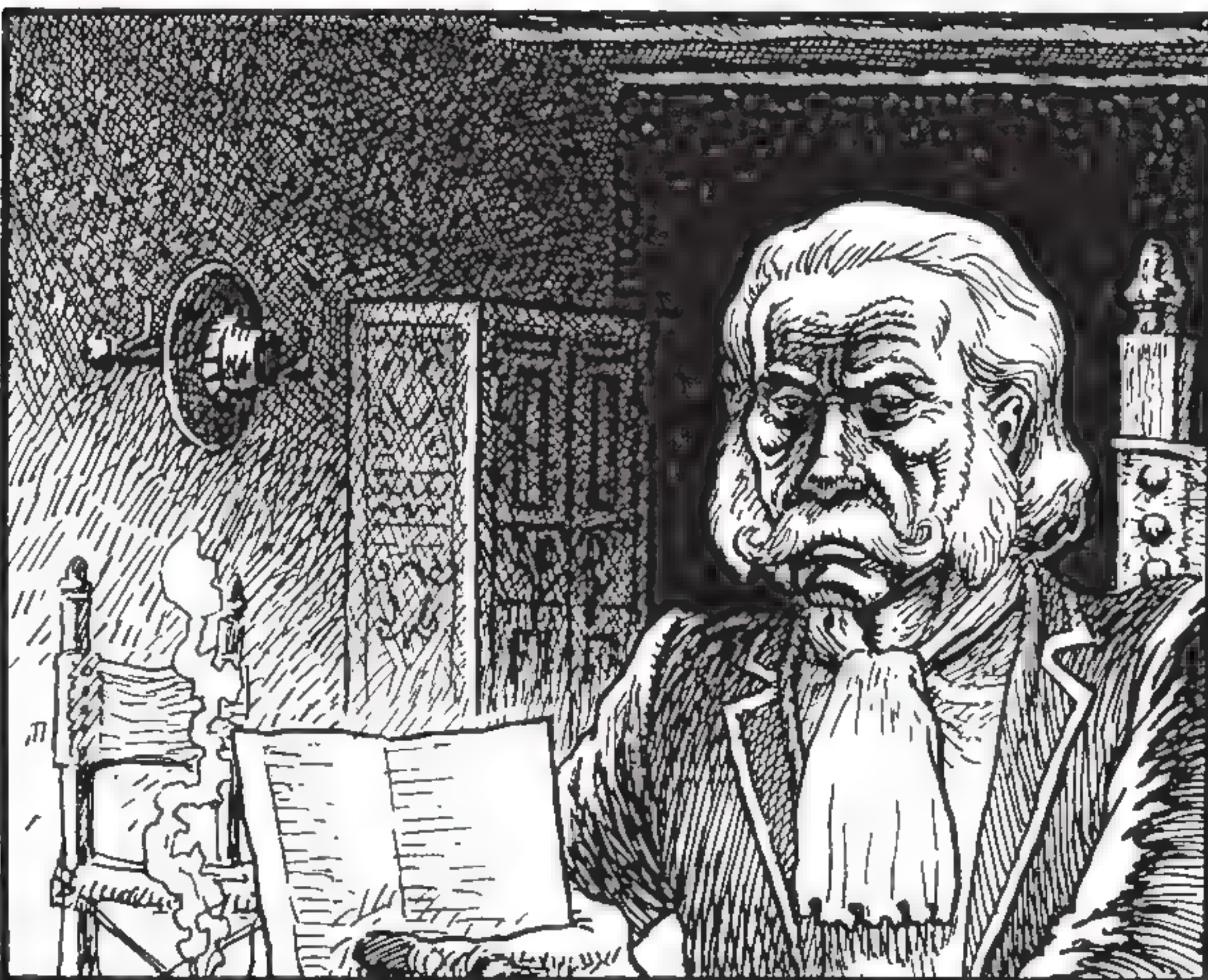
BEYOND, IN THE SOUTHERN DEPARTMENT, THERE IS ONLY LABAHIA — GOLIAD — A POOR LITTLE HAMLET, BUT BIGGER THAN VICTORIA, REFUGIO, OR SAN PATRICIO. BETWEEN THEM AND THE RIO GRANDE, THERE IS NOTHING BUT A FEW RANCHOS.



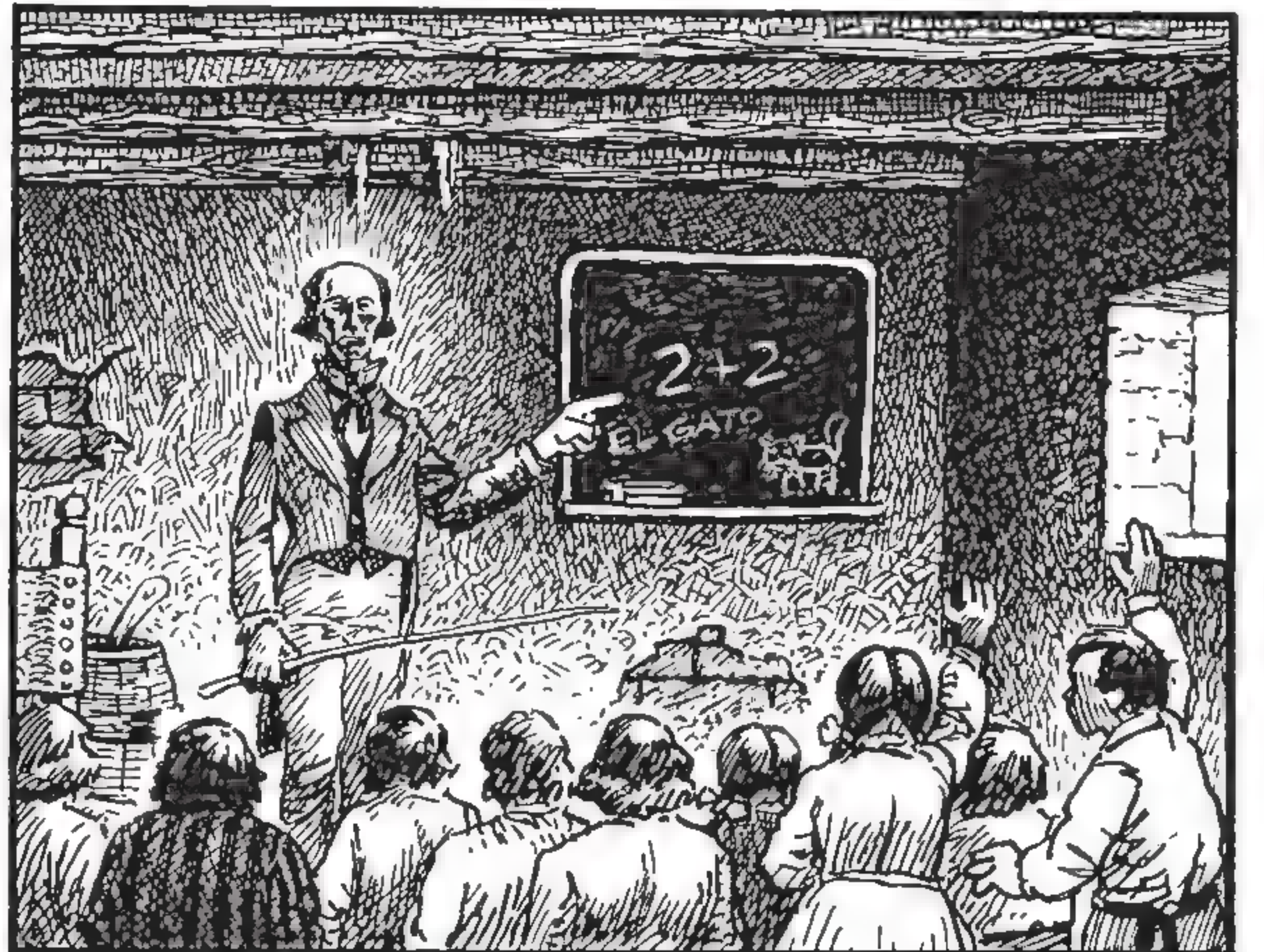
ERASMO SIGHS...AFTER OVER A HUNDRED YEARS SINCE ITS FOUNDING, A MERE 2,000 SOULS! IN THE REST OF TEXAS, MAYBE ANOTHER 3,000. NOT MUCH TO SHOW FOR ALL THOSE YEARS OF SUFFERING AND HARDSHIP BORNE SINCE OUR ANCESTORS FIRST TREKKED INTO BEXAR, BRINGING CATTLE, CATHOLICISM, AND HOPE FOR A BETTER LIFE.



YES, IT'S A PEACEFUL ENOUGH SCENE HERE ON THE SURFACE, BUT UNDERNEATH, ALL IS TURMOIL AND UNCERTAINTY — LIKE A KETTLE ON THE VERGE OF BOILING OVER! AND WHO SHOULD KNOW BETTER THAN ERASMO SEGUIN, POSTMASTER OF BEXAR, THROUGH WHOSE HANDS ALL OUTSIDE COMMUNICATION MUST PASS?



LIKE THIS LETTER FROM AN OUTLYING FAMILY, COMPLAINING THAT THEIR CHILDREN HAVE NO EDUCATION. AFTER THE MISSION SCHOOLS WERE SHUT DOWN, HE AND GOV. SAUCEDO HAD FINALLY HELPED ORGANIZE THE FIRST MUNICIPAL SCHOOL — NOT MUCH OF A SCHOOL, BUT BETTER THAN NOTHING. STILL, FOR CHILDREN ON THE RANCHOS, IT IS MORE DIFFICULT...





IN COMMERCE, THERE HAS BEEN SOME IMPROVEMENT— LIKE THE COTTON HE IS EXPERIMENTING WITH, AND THE NEW STRAINS OF SHEEP AND CATTLE BEING INTRODUCED AND DEVELOPED WITH THE HELP OF ANGLOS LIKE ERASTUS SMITH OVER ON THE CIBOLO.



BUT THEN HOW CAN ONE EXPECT MUCH FROM A TOWN THAT HAS SUFFERED LIKE BEXAR HAS? ONLY 20 YEARS AGO, ARREDONDO PRACTICALLY EMPTIED IT WITH HIS PURGE OF REPUBLICANISM.



SINCE THEN THE PROVINCE HAS BEEN REPEATEDLY MAULED BY VARIOUS FILIBUSTER AND MEXICAN ARMIES OF RETRIBUTION ALIKE



(Long Expedition - 1819)



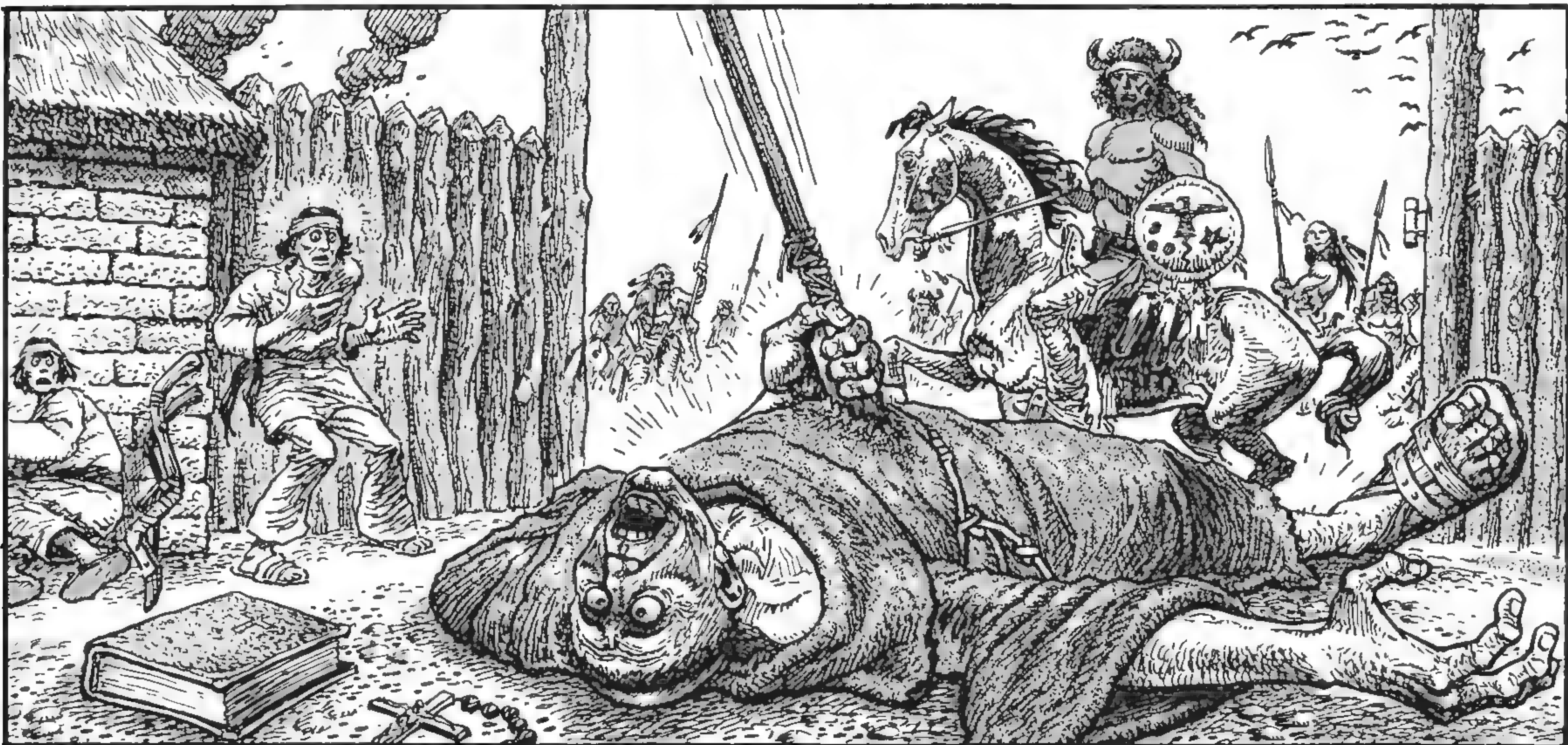
(Fredonian Rebellion - 1827)



WHAT THEY DIDN'T FINISH, EPIDEMICS AND HOSTILE INDIANS ALMOST HAVE. THE FRONTIER IS A SHAMBLES. THIS LETTER, FROM A FRIEND ALONG THE RIO GRANDE, TELLS HOW PRACTICALLY ALL THE LOWER RANCHOS HAVE BEEN BROKEN UP BY RECENT INDIAN ATTACKS.

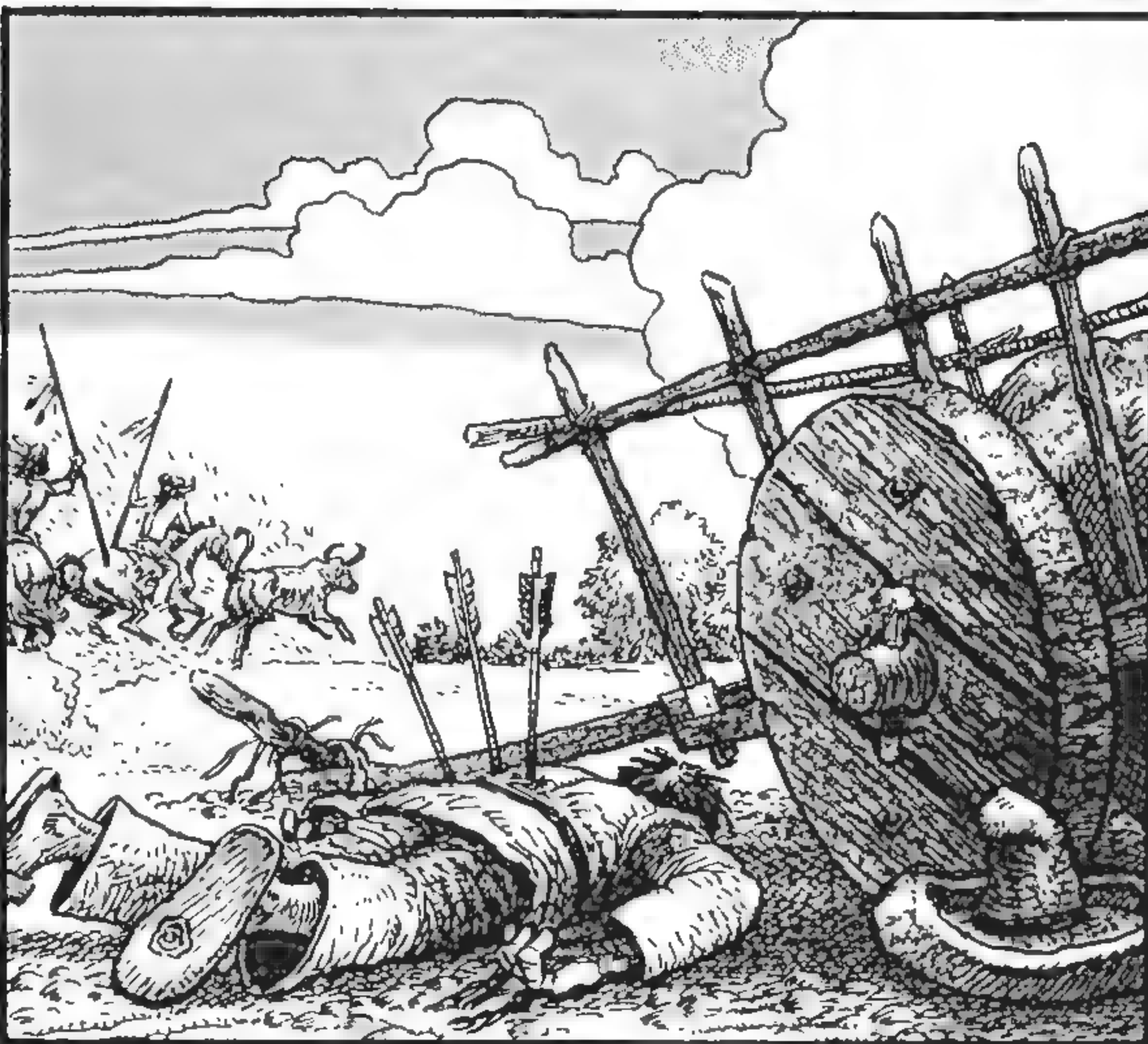


NOTHING IS SAFE FROM THE DREADED COMANCHES. BEFORE THEM, IT WAS APACHES. THE MISSIONS HAD DONE MUCH WITH THE WEAKER TRIBES BUT NEVER TOUCHED THESE FIERCE MONGOLS OF THE PLAINS. FOR GENERATIONS THEY HAVE DEVASTATED THE NORTHERN PROVINCES AND FORMED A BARRIER TO SPANISH EXPANSION IN TEXAS.



EVEN AROUND THE TOWN HERE, WITH ITS PRESIDIO, ONE MUST CONSTANTLY BE ON THE LOOKOUT, OR SUFFER DIRE CONSEQUENCES.

BUT IT HAD BEEN WORSE, IN THE OLD DAYS. THEN THE CONTEMPTUOUS SAVAGES EVEN DARED TO RIDE OPENLY IN THE STREETS, FORCING US TO HOLD THEIR HORSES WHILE THEY LOOTED THE TOWN AND CARRIED OFF OUR WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

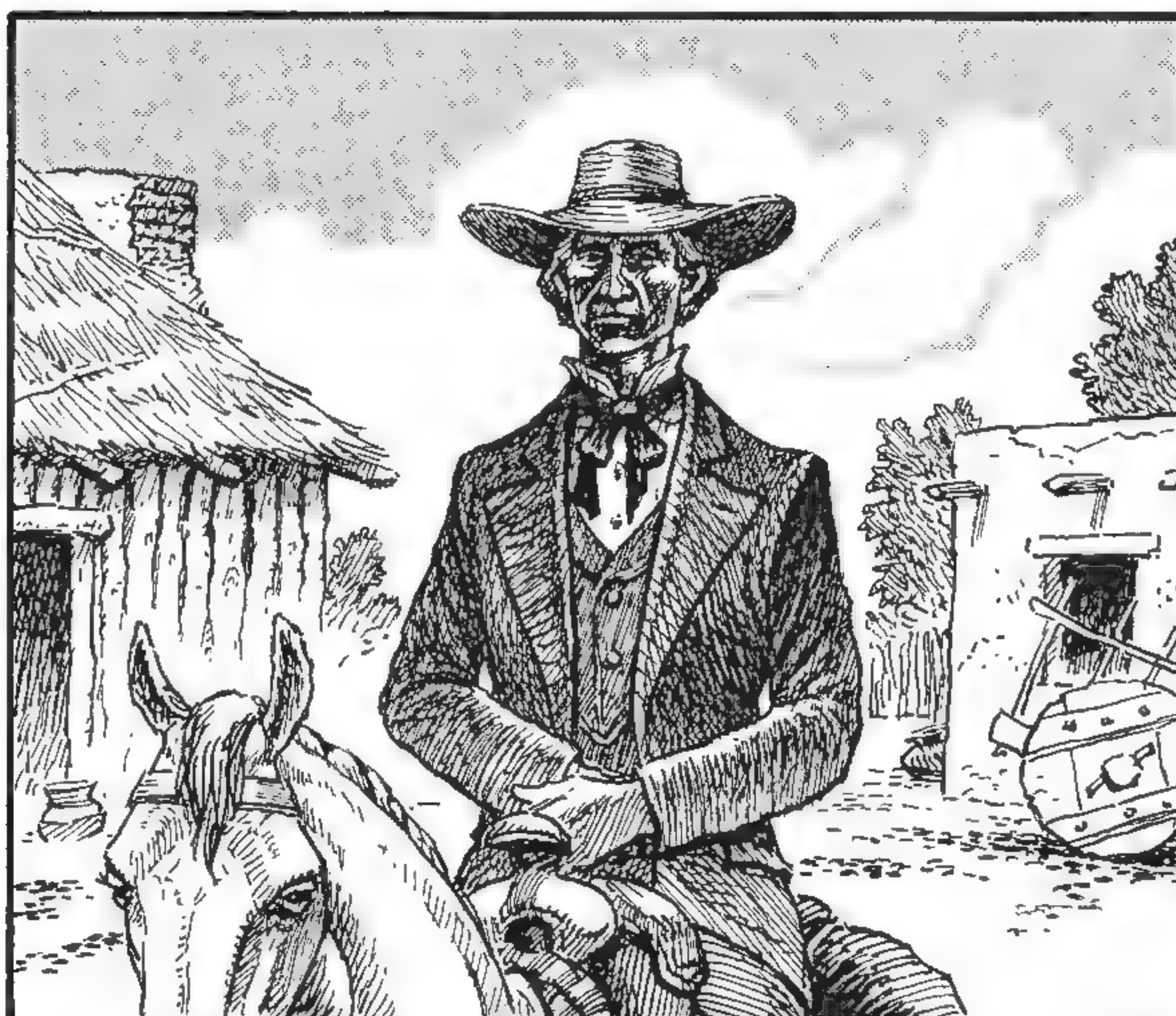




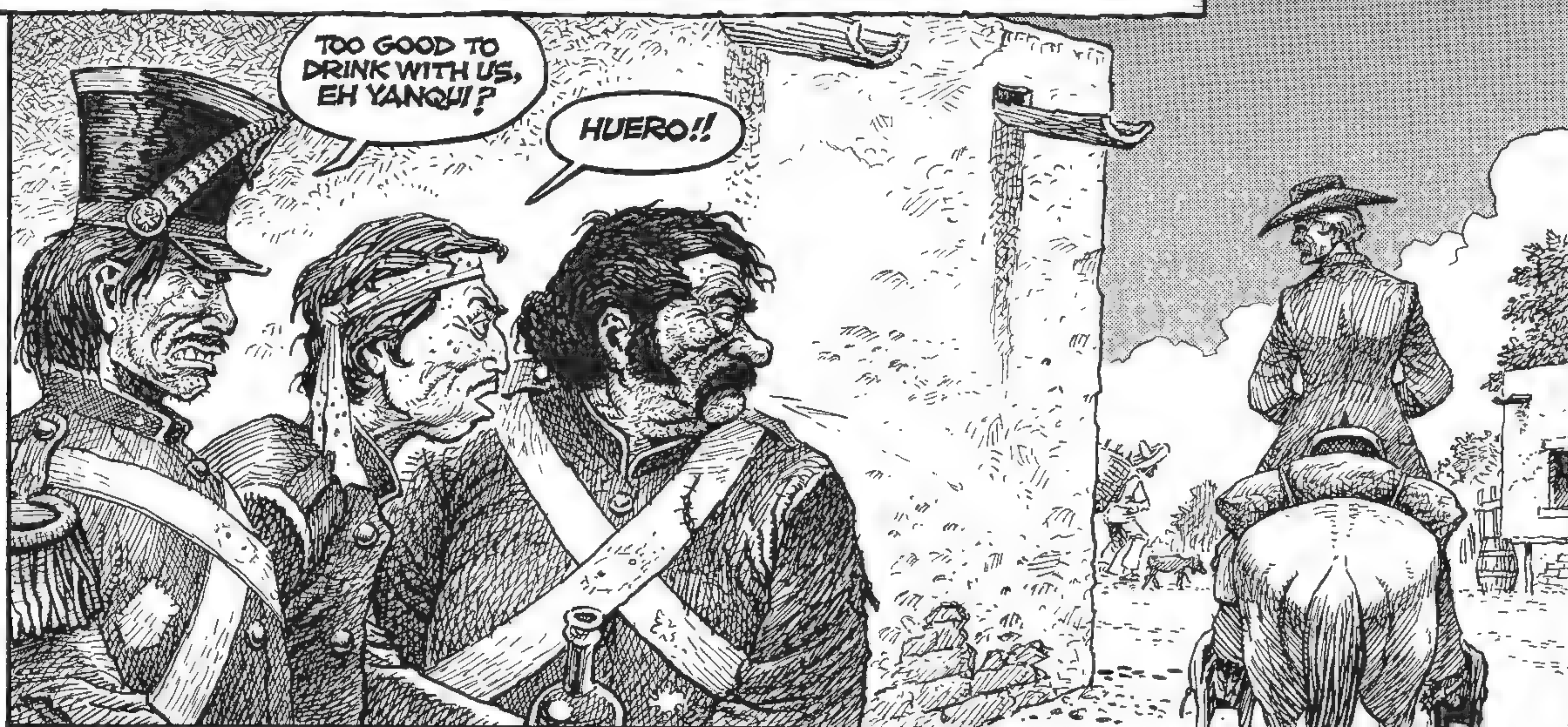
AND THESE "SOLDIERS" THAT THEY SEND US — SCUM, RIFFRAFF FROM MEXICAN PRISONS, FIT ONLY TO LOLL ABOUT, DRINK PULQUE, AND MOLEST THE LOCAL GIRLS!



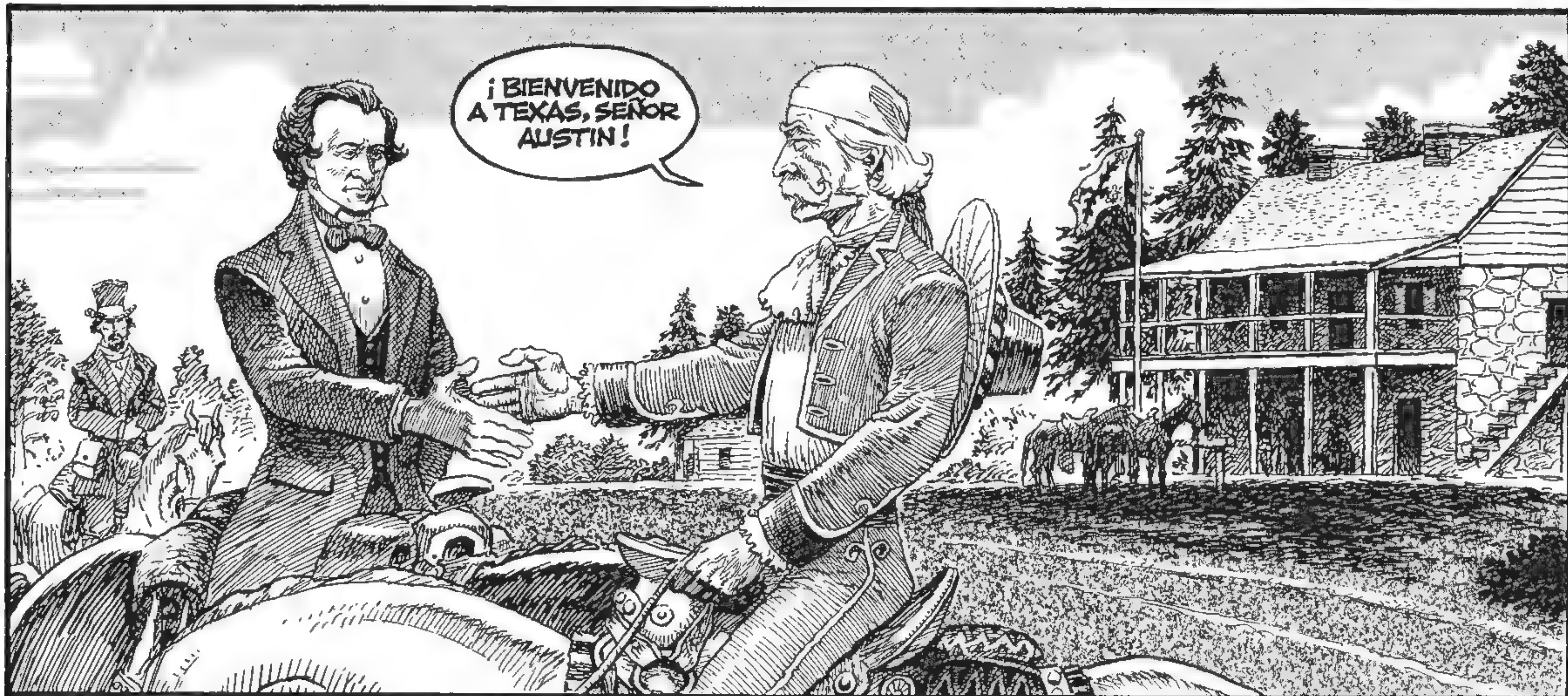
AHH, THERE GOES SAMUEL MAVERICK, ONE OF THE FEW ANGLOS LIVING AMONG US HERE AT BEXAR. A PROMISING GENTLEMAN, A LAWYER, EVEN — WE NEED MORE LIKE HIM.



LOOK HOW THOSE LOW-LIFE SOLDIERS SCOWL AT HIM. WHAT MUST HE THINK OF US?



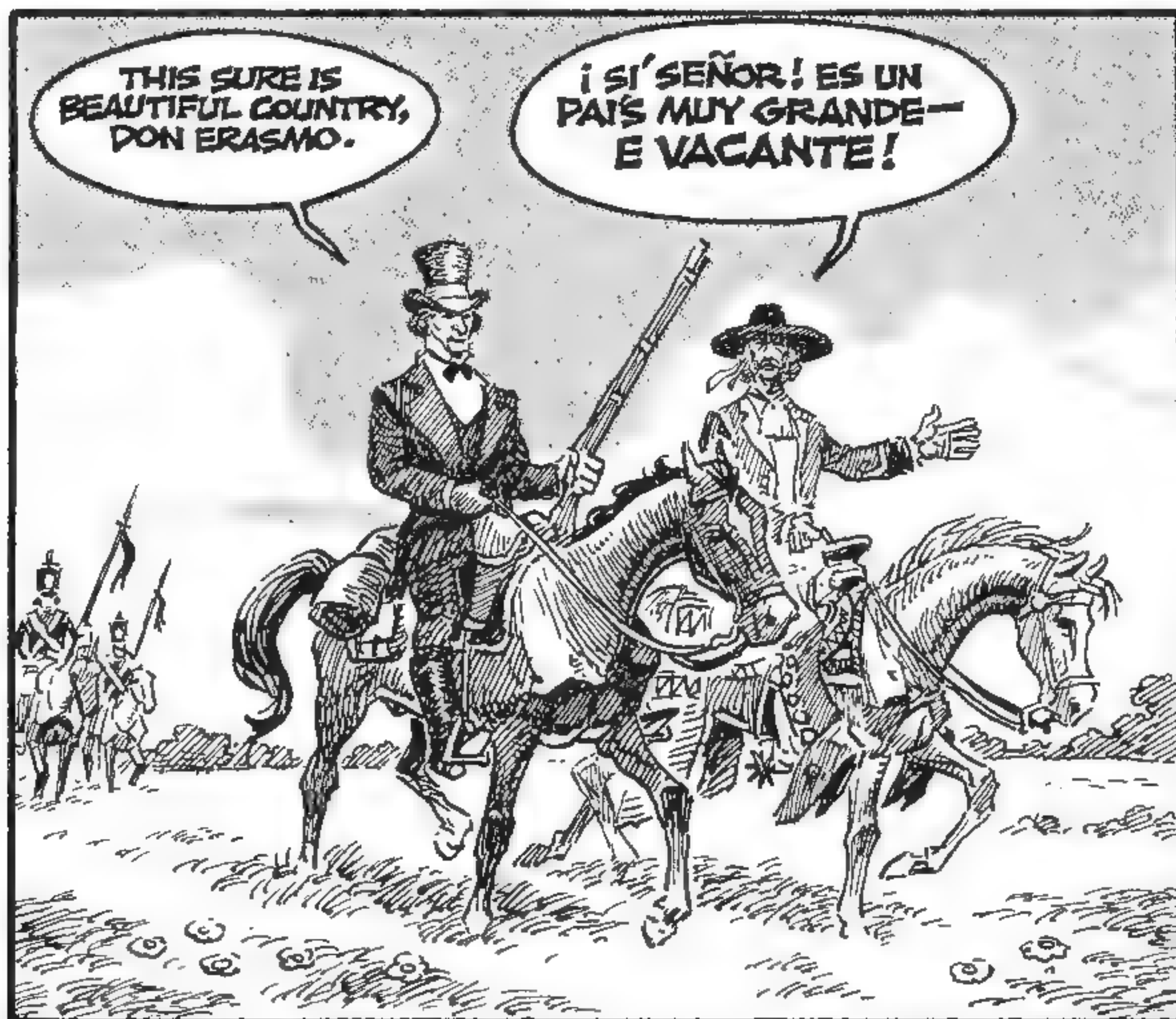
YES, THE ANGLOS — WHAT ABOUT THEM? THERE SEEMS TO BE NO END TO THE PROBLEMS THEIR PRESENCE INVOKES! AND HE, DON ERASMO, AS ALCALDE, HAD BEEN AMONG THE FIRST TO WELCOME THEM TO TEXAS.



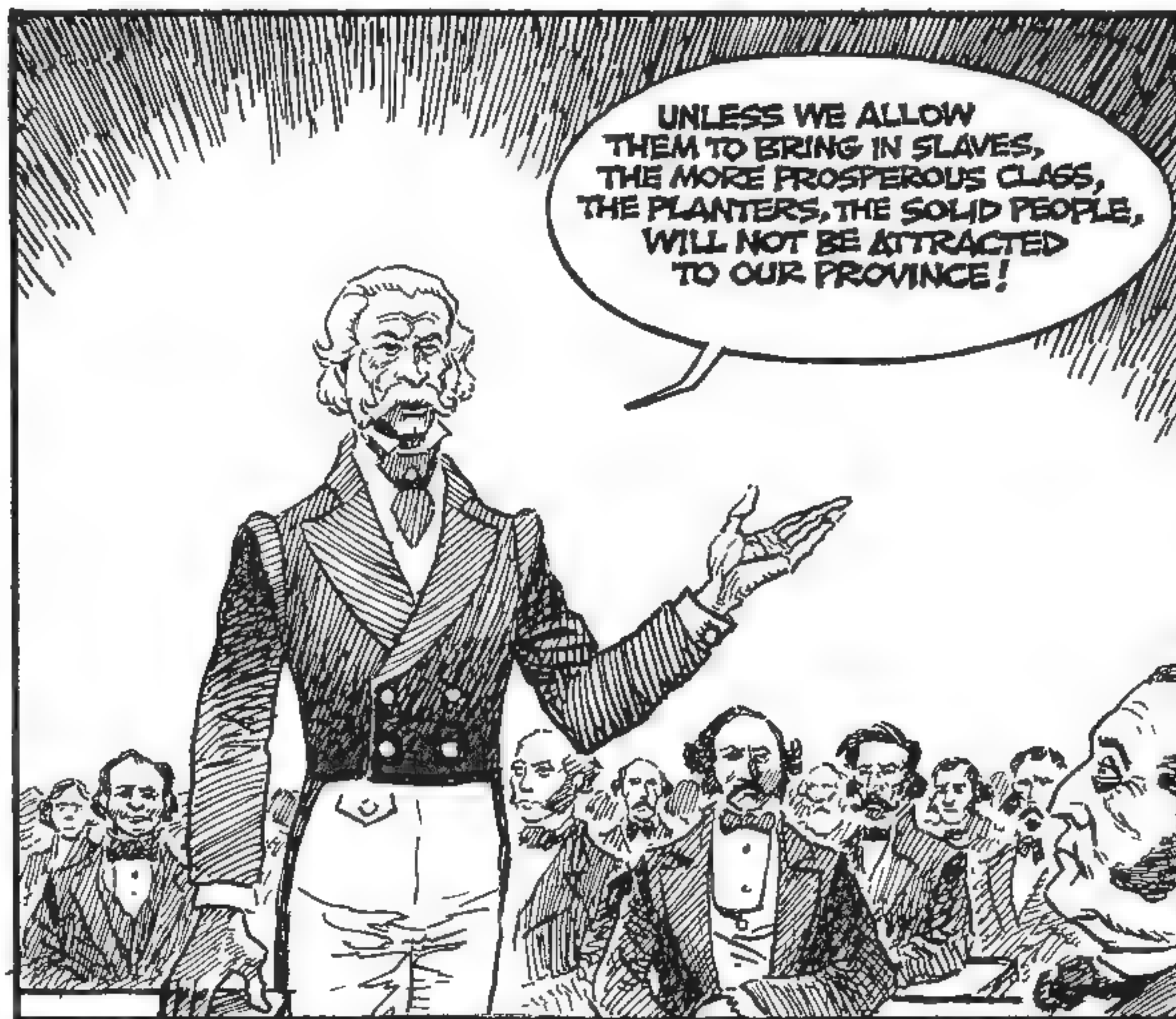
(“Huero” — “Whitey”; güero)



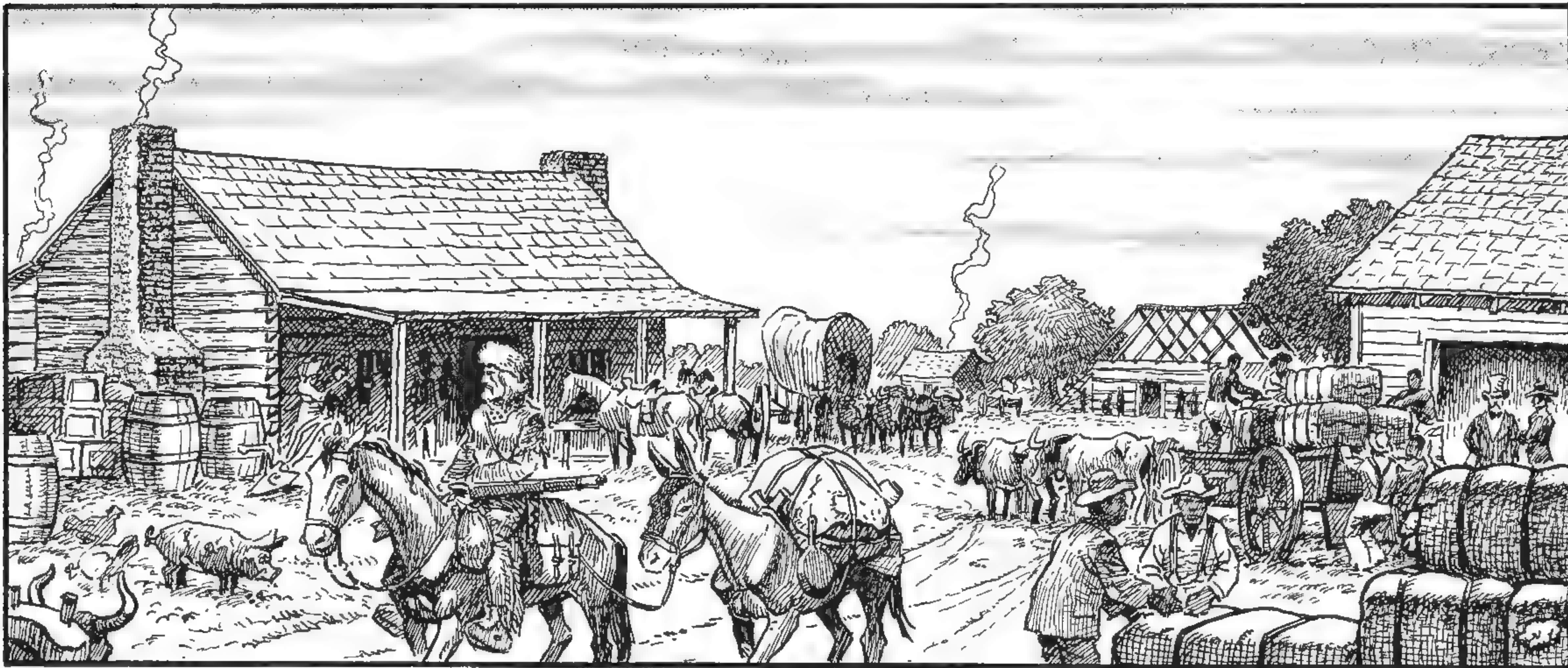
HE HAD BEEN SENT TO NACOGDOCHES BY GOV. MARTINEZ TO ESCORT AUSTIN TO BEXAR. DESPITE THE LANGUAGE BARRIER, THEY HAD BECOME FAST FRIENDS ON THE JOURNEY.



IN THE FOLLOWING YEARS HE HAD ALWAYS BEEN A SUPPORTER OF THE ANGLO COLONY, WORKING FOR THEIR INTERESTS EVEN IN THE NATIONAL CONGRESS IN MEXICO CITY.



AND HOW THEY HAD PROSPERED, THOSE INDUSTRIOUS YANQUIS! IN A MERE 15 YEARS THEY HAVE ACCOMPLISHED MORE THAN OUR PEOPLE HAVE IN 150 YEARS! ALREADY THEY OUTNUMBER US SIX TO ONE, AND CONTINUE TO SWARM INTO OUR EASTERN DEPARTMENT FROM THE UNITED STATES. WHO KNOWS WHAT IS IN THEIR MIND?



CERTAINLY DON ESTEVAN IS A MAN OF GOOD INTENTIONS — DECENT, UPSTANDING, RECEPTIVE TO SPANISH CULTURE, AND LOYAL TO OUR GOVERNMENT. BUT HIS EFFORTS AT STATEHOOD, LOCAL AUTONOMY WITHIN THE MEXICAN FEDERATION — WHICH ALL "FEDERALISTS" DESIRE — HAD BEEN MISUNDERSTOOD BY THE AUTHORITIES, FOR THEY FEAR THE RISING POWER OF THIS ALIEN MINORITY AND THE SPREAD OF THEIR LIBERAL IDEAS.

DAMN OUR LOCAL AYUNTAMIENTO, SENDING AUSTIN'S LETTER, WRITTEN IN A MOMENT OF ILL-CONSIDERED HASTE, BACK TO MEXICO CITY MARKED AS TREASONOUS! WHY EVEN HE, ERASMO SEGUIN, HAD ONCE BEEN ACCUSED OF TREASON. WHAT INFLUENTIAL CITIZEN HAS NOT??

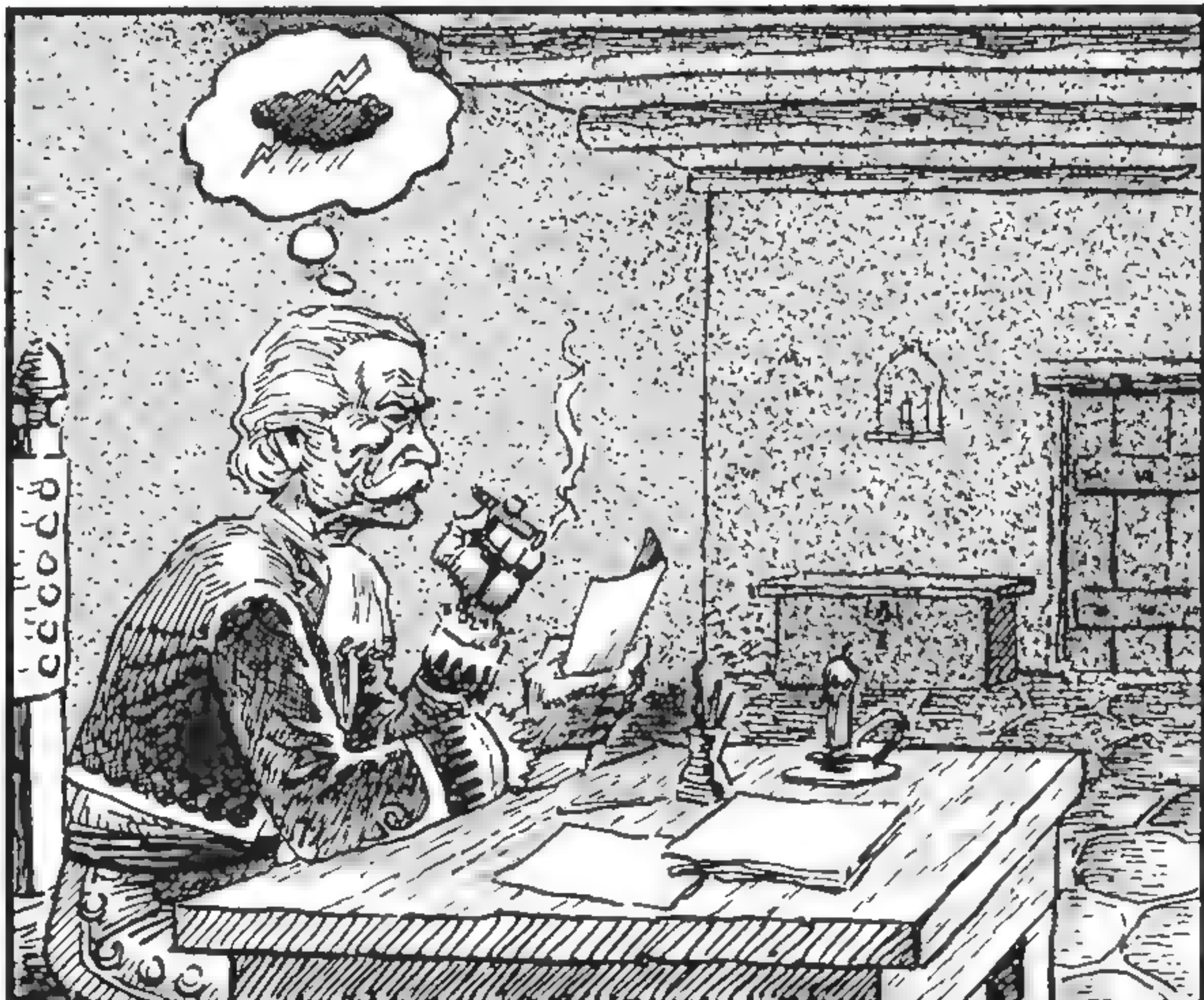




NOW HE, THE STAUNCHEST ANGLO FRIEND OF MEXICO, IS LANGUISHING IN PRISON, HIS COLONISTS DANGEROUSLY ADRIPT WITHOUT THEIR MODERATE LEADER.



YES, AUSTIN HAD WORKED DILIGENTLY FOR PEACE, BUT NOW, AFTER TWO YEARS IN A DUNGEON, WHO KNOWS HOW HE FEELS? IF HE SPEAKS FOR WAR, WHERE WOULD THAT LEAVE OTHER FEDERALISTS — LIKE MYSELF! PERILOUS TIMES...

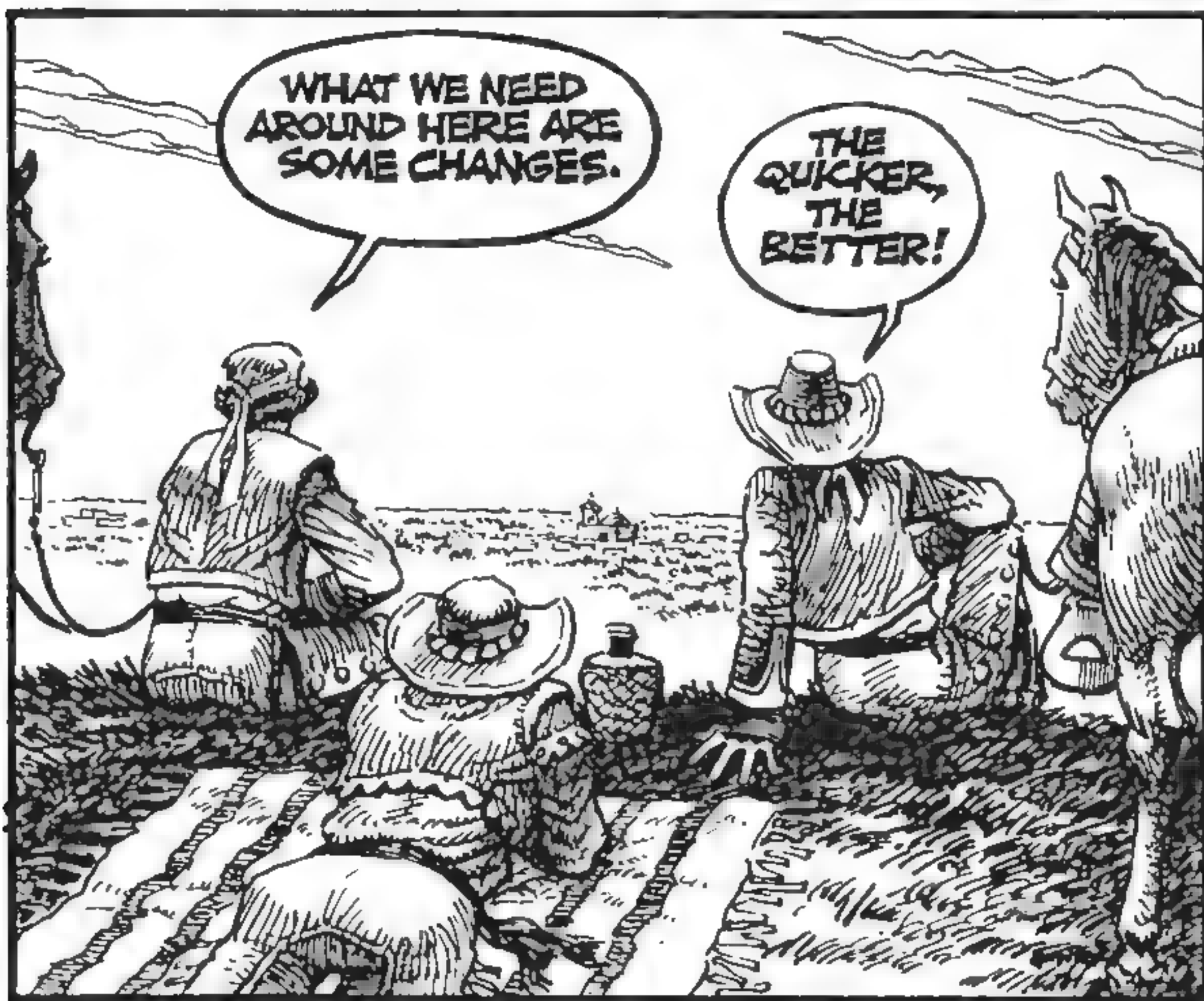


AND THIS LETTER — THE WORST OF ALL — FROM A FRIEND IN COAHUILA, TELLING OF SANTA ANNA'S BRUTAL SUPPRESSION OF THE ZACATECAN MOVEMENT, OF COS MARCHING TO PACIFY COAHUILA, AND THEN, MAYBE TEXAS! THEY WANT ZAVALA...



AH, THE WOES OF A MAN WHO LOVES HIS COUNTRY, YET LOVES FREEDOM AS STRONGLY. SO MUCH EASIER FOR THE YOUNG ONES LIKE MY SON JUAN. HE IS TROUBLED BY NO SUCH NAGGING DOUBTS, HE AND HIS IMPETUOUS YOUNG CABALLERO FRIENDS.

WHY JUST LAST YEAR JUAN, THE ACTING JEFE POLITICO — "POLITICAL CHIEF" — HAD EVEN DARED TO ISSUE A CIRCULAR, CALLING FOR A MEETING TO ESTABLISH A LOCAL GOVERNMENT OF OUR OWN. UNHEARD OF, TO DO SUCH A THING!!





OF COURSE THE ARMY HAD MARCHED UP FROM MATAMOROS TO PREVENT IT, BUT A DARING GESTURE ANYWAY...



THIS PAST APRIL, ONLY TWO MONTHS AGO, JUAN HAD COMMANDED A COMPANY OF NATIONAL GUARDS SENT FROM BEXAR TO MONCLOVA IN ANSWER TO THE GOVERNOR'S CALL FOR HELP. THAT WAS MORE THAN A GESTURE — THAT WAS INSURRECTION AGAINST CENTRALIST AUTHORITY!



SANTA ANNA HAD PUT THE LID ON THE MONCLOVA-SALTILLO DISPUTE, AND NOW JUAN WAS BACK, SOMEWHERE ON THE RANCHOS SOUTH OF TOWN. BUT HE WAS ON THEIR LIST AND HIS MOVEMENTS PROBABLY BEING WATCHED...

AS DARKNESS FALLS ON "SLEEPY" LITTLE SAN ANTONIO DE BEXAR, DON ERASMO WALKS ACROSS THE PLAZA TO HIS HOUSE, FEELING ALL THE WEIGHT OF THE WORLD UPON HIS TIRED SHOULDERS.





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**20 SAN ANTONIO de BEXAR + FOUNDED IN 1718**

- 1 MISSION SAN ANTONIO de VALERO (THE ALAMO) + 1718
- 2 MISSION PURISIMA CONCEPTION + 1731
- 3 MISSION SAN JOSE de AGUAYO + 1720
- 4 MISSION SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO + 1731
- 5 MISSION SAN FRANCISCO de la ESPADA + 1731
- 6 LAS ISLITAS + SETTLEMENT OF CANARY ISLANDERS, LOCATED NEAR "SHEEP CROSSING", ON PRESENT ROAD TO ELMENDORF.
- 7 PASO de MALDONADO + POSSIBLY NAMED FOR MALDONADO FAMILY. NEAR PRESENT GRAYTOWN.
- 8 PRESENT DAY FLORESVILLE, NAMED FOR FAMILY OF FRANCISCO FLORES de ABREGO y VALDES, WHO OWNED LOS CHAYOPINES.
- 9 RUINS OF LAS CABRAS RANCH CHAPEL. THE "GOAT RANCH" WAS OWNED BY MISSION ESPADA, AND LATER BY MANUEL BARRERA.
- 10 CONQUISTA CROSSING + NEAR PRESENT FALLS CITY.

PATAGUILLA + NAMED FOR INDIANS OF MISSION SAN JUAN, WHO ONCE HAD THIS RANCH.

9 + RUINS OF FUERTE del SANTA CRUZ de CIBOLA. AS EARLY AS 1788 DON ANDRES HERNANDEZ BUILT HEADQUARTERS FOR HIS RANCH SAN BARTOLO NEAREBY.

QJOS de SANTA CRUZ + "HOLY CROSS SPRINGS", NOW SUTHERLAND SPRINGS.

SAN LUCAS + OWNED BY DOMINGO CASTELO HEIRS.

PASO de las MUJERES + "WOMEN'S CROSSING", OWNED BY CALVILLO HEIRS.

SAN FRANCISCO + OWNED BY LUIS MENCHACA HEIRS.

LAS MULAS + VICENTE ALVAREZ TRAVIESO HEIRS.

LAGUNA de las ANIMAS + OWNED BY THE DELGADOS, THEN ZAMBRANOS.

"LAGOON OF THE SPIRITS" BECAME PROPERTY OF GASPAR FLORES IN 1835.

LA MORA + "MULBERRY RANCH", OWNED BY MISSION SAN ANTONIO de VALERO, GRANTED TO ERASMO SEGUIN IN 1834. HIS RANCH HOUSE "CASA BLANCA" HOWEVER, WAS UP BY PRESENT FLORESVILLE, MARKED ▲.

SAN ANTONIO del CIBOLA AND "BURNT WOOD" RANCHES + THE GRANADO- de ARMAS HEIRS.

EL PAISTLE + "MOSS RANCH", OWNED BY SEBASTIAN MONTJARRAS IN 1770's, THEN BY BALMIACEDAS.

RANCHO de las HERMANAS + "THE SISTERS RANCH", OWNED BY COURBIER-DURAN HEIRS.

EL ATASCOSA + RANCH OF MISSION SAN JOSE; TITLE RECEIVED IN 1831 BY JOSE ANTONIO NAVARRO.

SAN RAFAEL + HEIRS OF SIMON AND JUAN de AROCHA.

LOS CORRALITOS + OWNED BY DON BERNABE CARIAJAL; IN 1761 GRANTED TO ESPIRITU SANTO.

SEÑOR SAN JOSE + OWNED BY CARLOS MARTINEZ, KILLED BY INDIANS IN 1815.

RANCHO de CAPITAN PISCINA + RANCH OF LA BAHIA CAPTAIN WHO LAID OUT THE "GOLIAD ROAD".

NOGALES + "WALNUTS", A SETTLEMENT THAT BECAME WALNUT SPRINGS, AND LATER, SEGUIN.

MISSION ESPIRITU SANTO AND PRESIDIO LA BAHIA MOVED TO THIS FINAL LOCATION IN 1749.

MISSION ROSARIO FOUNDED IN 1754. IT AND ESPIRITU SANTO HAD THE LARGEST HERDS AND PASTURE LANDS.

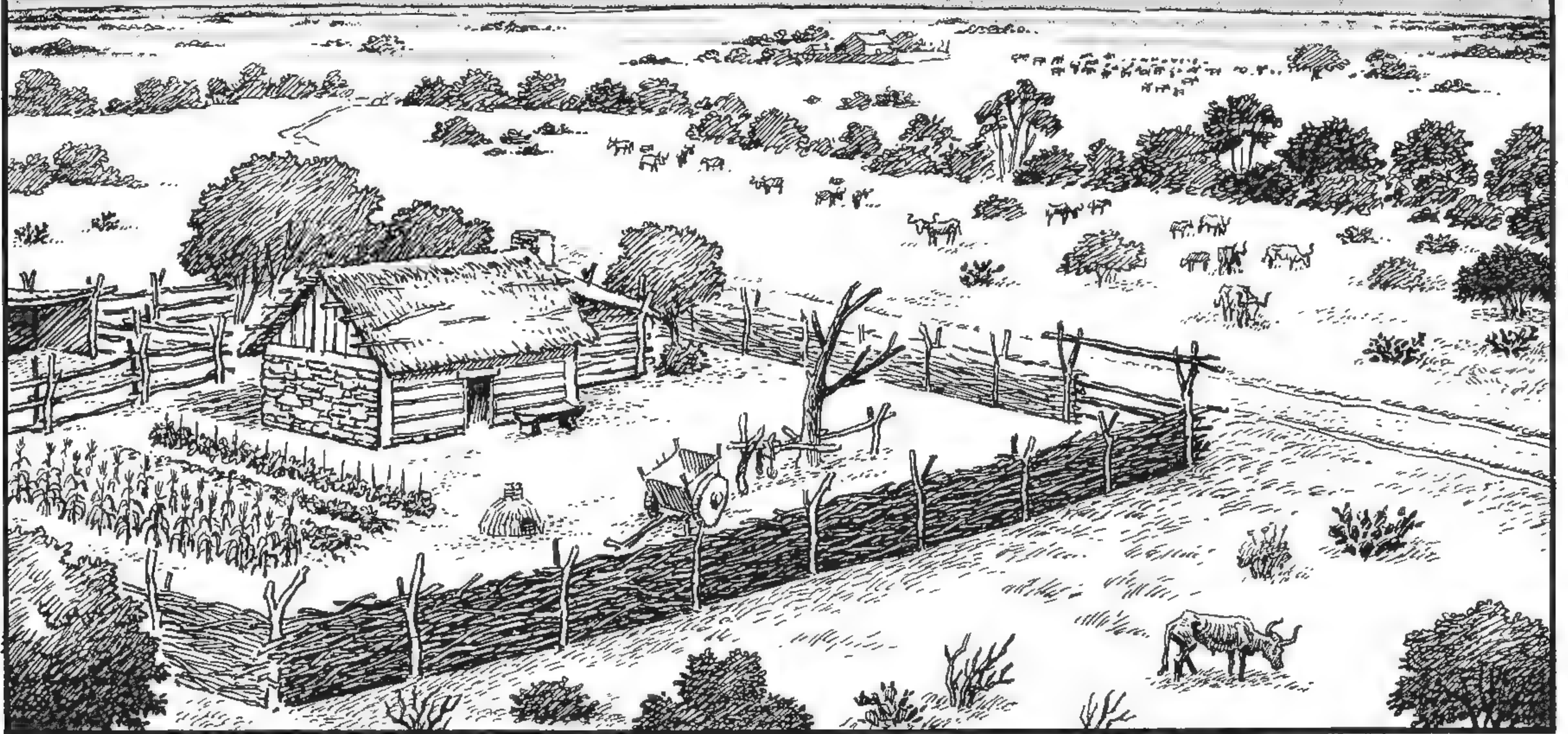
**< THIS MAP PREPARED WITH THE RESEARCH AND ASSISTANCE OF ROBERT H. THONHOFF >**

$M_{\pm} P_{\pm} A_{\pm} P_{\pm} T_{\pm} T_{\pm} A_{\pm} R_{\pm} \oplus \hat{A}_{\pm} P_{\pm} B_{\pm} F_{\pm} \hat{H}_{\pm}$

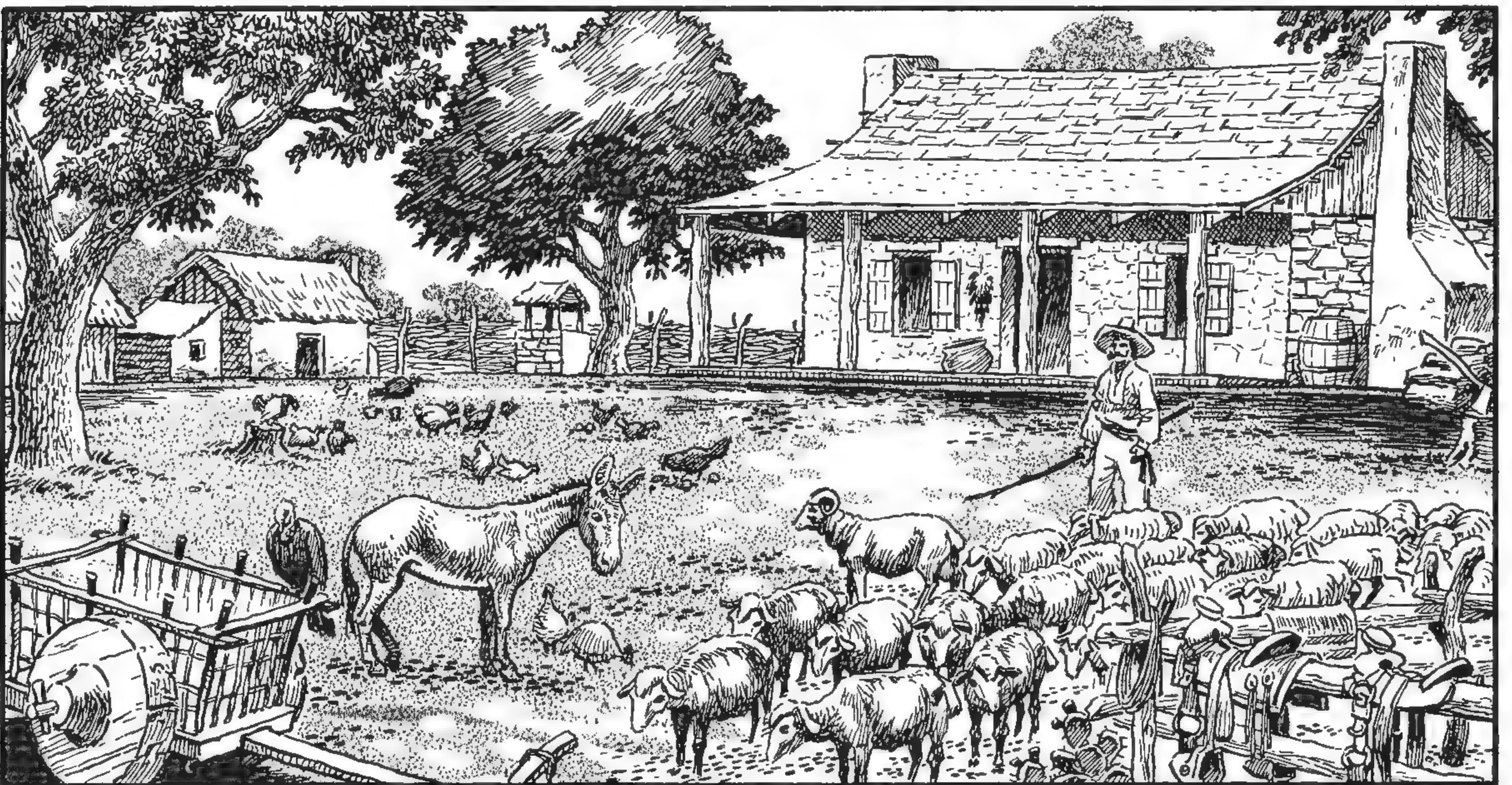


# THE GATHERING STORM

STRUNG OUT ALONG THE SAN ANTONIO RIVER, SOUTH AND EAST OF BEXAR, ARE VARIOUS RANCHOS. THEY ARE LARGE-  
LY SELF-SUFFICIENT, BUILT ALONG THE LINES TO BEST RE-  
PEL INDIAN ATTACKS AND PROTECT THEIR LIVESTOCK.

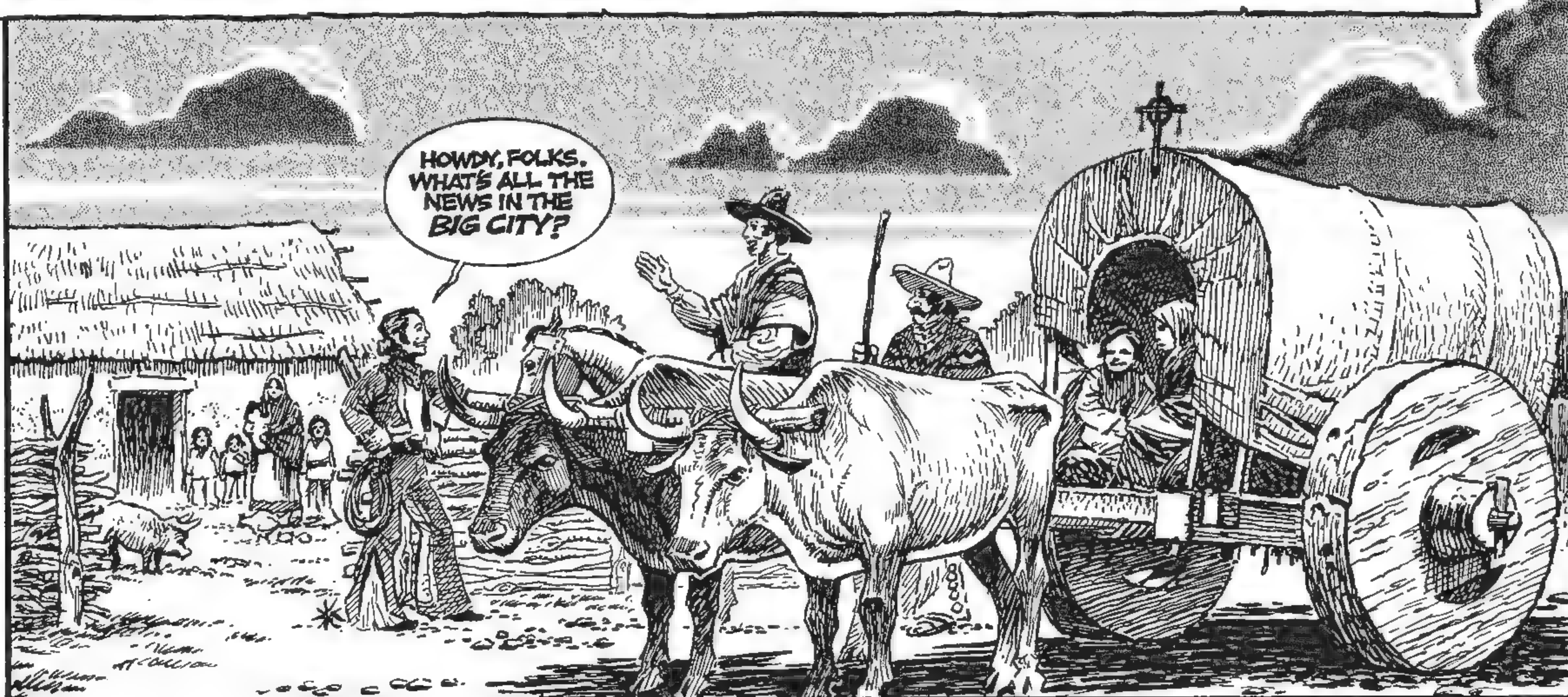


ONE OF THE GRANDEST BELONGS TO ERASMO SEGUIN. MANY OF HIS FRIENDS AND PART-TIME RESIDENTS OF BEXAR OWN  
NEIGHBORING RANCHOS, FOR THIS RICH VALLEY IS THE CRADLE OF SPANISH RANCHING IN THE PROVINCE OF TEXAS.

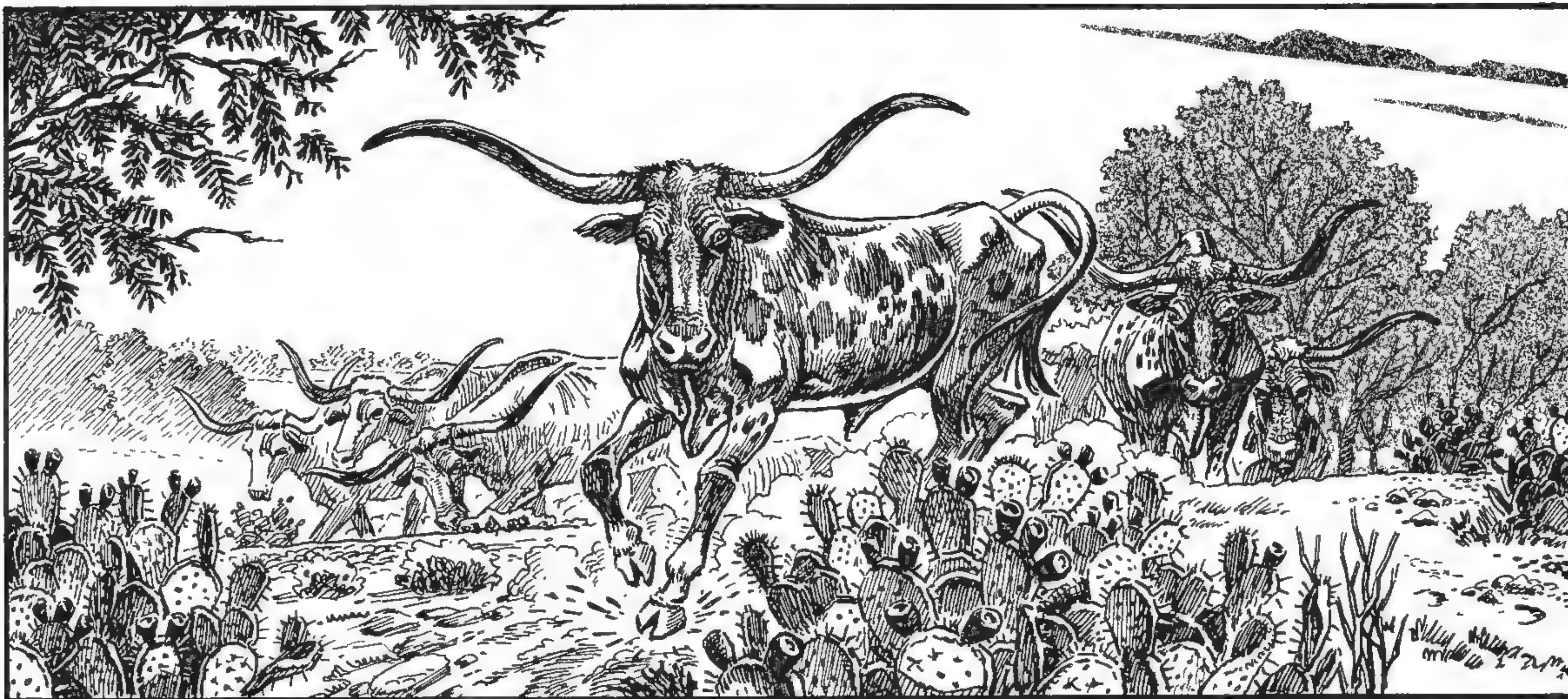




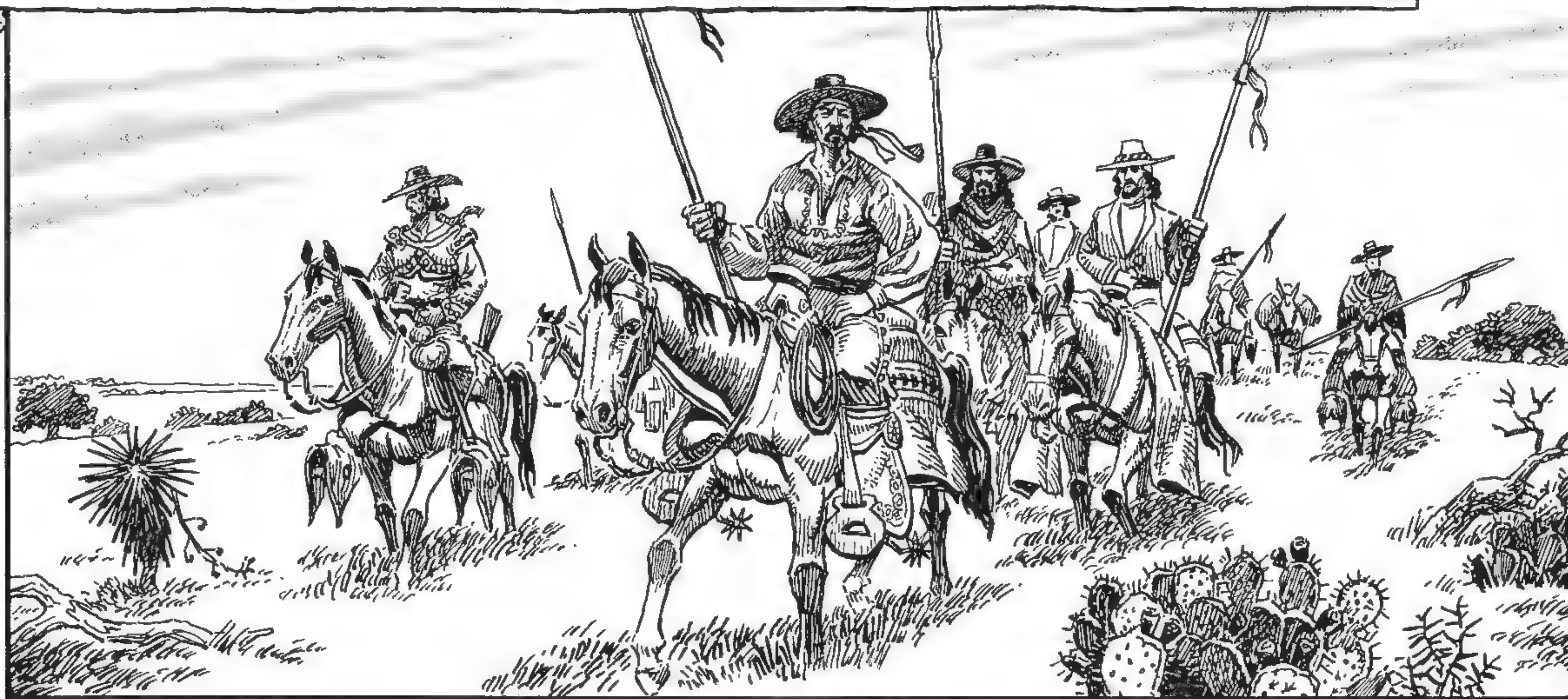
SINCE TRAVELLERS GOING TO AND FROM GOLIAD ON THE OLD CART ROAD MUST PASS ALONG THE RIVER, THE RANCHOS PROVIDE STOPPING PLACES — WELCOME RELIEF FOR BOTH THEM AND THE ISOLATED RANCHEROS.



SOUTHWARD TO THE RIO GRANDE IS NOTHING BUT VAST TRACTS OF SCRUBBY, SEMI-ARID GRAZING LAND, INHABITED ONLY BY INNUMERABLE WILD HERDS OF BONY LONGHORNS, WIRY MUSTANGS — AND MARAUDING BANDS OF HOSTILE INDIANS!



INTO THIS WASTELAND OCCASIONALLY VENTURE PARTIES OF HARDY VAQUEROS, TO FLUSH THE CATTLE LOOSE FROM THEIR MESQUITE THICKETS, BRAND AND CARRY THEM BACK TO THE RANCHOS.





THEY ARE A TOUGH BREED, RAISED ON THE FRONTIER AMID CONSTANT DANGER AND DEPRIVATION, A MATCH FOR THE LONGHORN AND INDIAN ALIKE. THEY ARE PROUD MEN, CALLING THEMSELVES NOT MEXICANS, BUT "TEJANOS"—TEXANS. THEY ARE THE FIRST COWBOYS

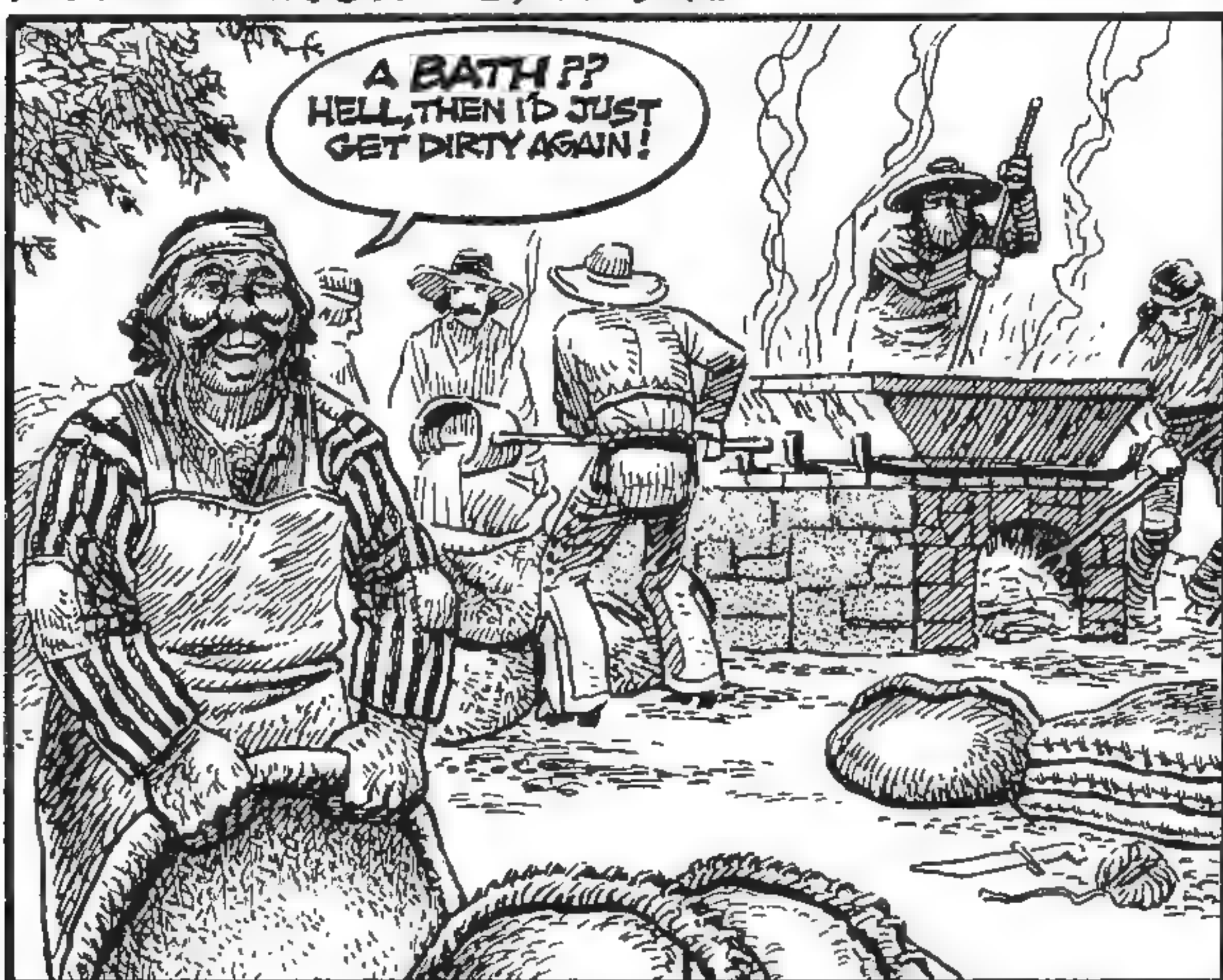


FROM THEM, LATER GENERATIONS OF COWBOYS AND TRAIL DRIVERS WILL TAKE ALL THEIR EXPERTISE — EVEN THEIR TERMINOLOGY. WORDS LIKE "MUSTANG," "LARIAT," "CHAPS," AND "RODEO" WILL PASS INTO THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.



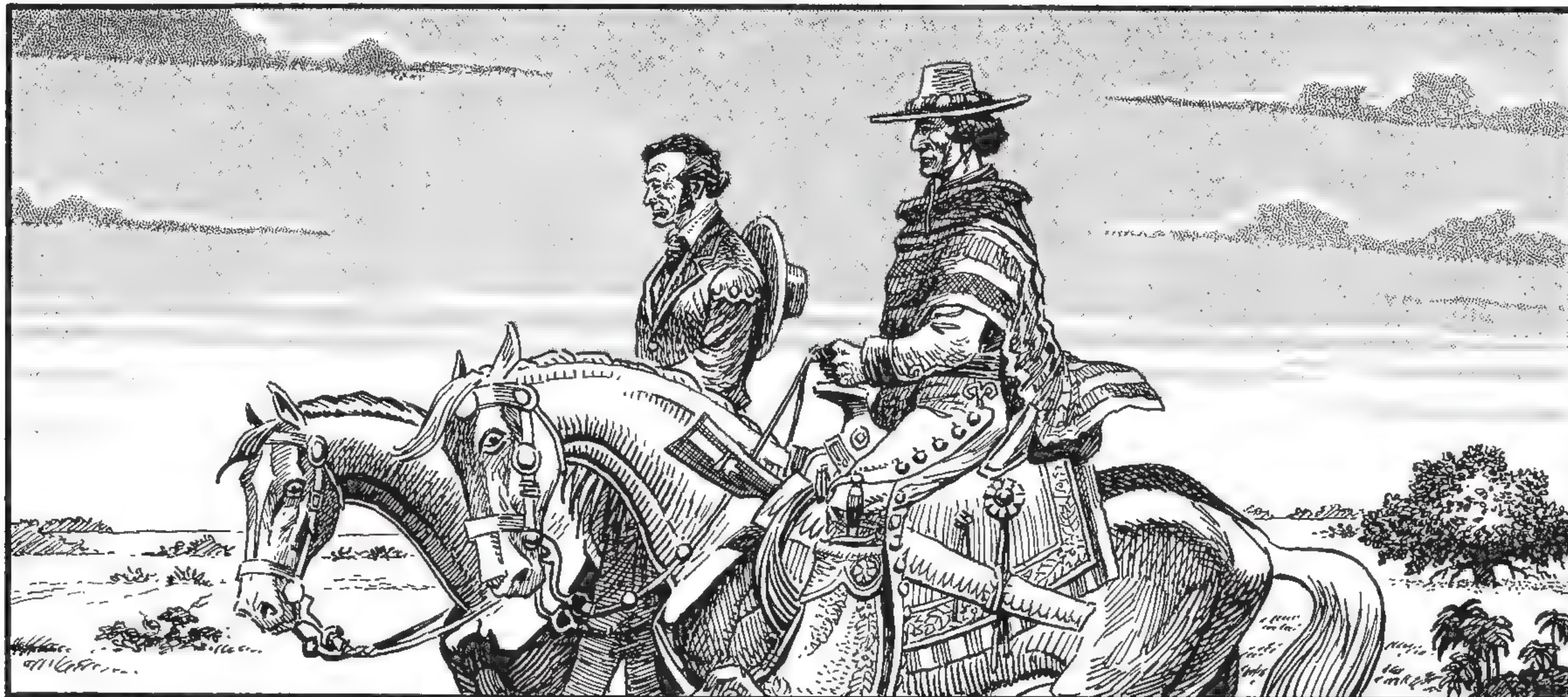
IT IS FROM THEIR PRACTICE OF CULLING OUT THE UNDESIRABLE BEASTS, TAKING THE HIDES FOR LEATHER AND BOILING DOWN THE CARCASSES FOR TALLOW, THAT ANOTHER, LESS-FLATTERING WORD IS COINED FOR THESE TEJANO FRONTIERSMEN. "GREASER." IT IS INDEED A NASTY JOB, AND SOAP IS STILL A LUXURY...

BUT IT IS ALSO THESE VAQUEROS THAT MAKE UP THE FRONTIER'S ONLY EFFECTIVE FIGHTING FORCE, AND IT IS TO THEM MEN LIKE JUAN SEGUIN COME WHEN THEY NEED CAVALRYMEN.



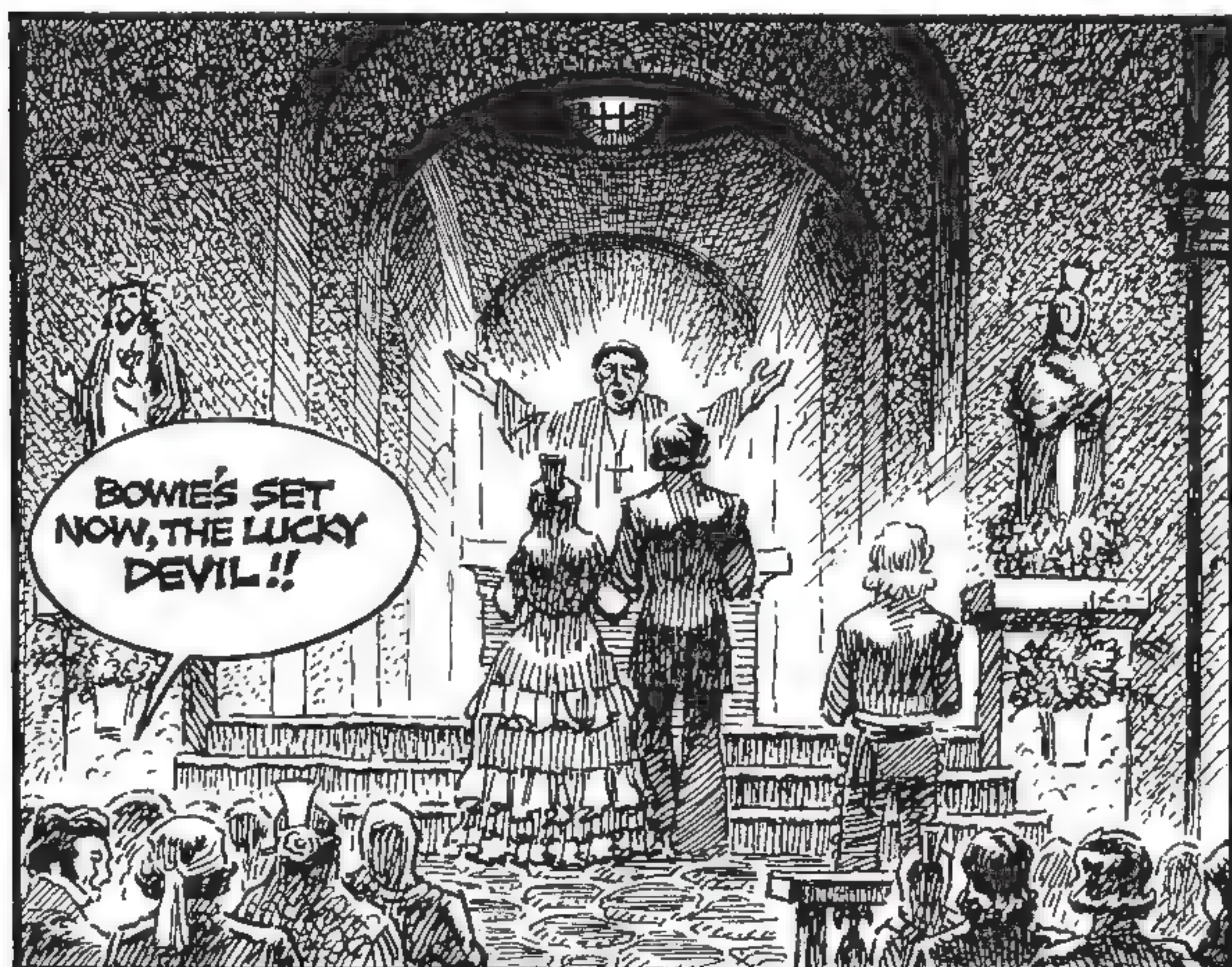


BY JUAN'S SIDE RIDES DON SANTIAGO BOWIE — JAMES BOWIE, ANOTHER MAN MARKED AS "SEDITIONOUS" — BUT THAT WAS NOT ALWAYS SO. BOWIE IS SOBER TODAY, BUT THAT TOO IS A NEW CONDITION TO HIM LATELY.



ONLY A FEW YEARS AGO, BOWIE WAS AN HONORED MEMBER OF BEXAR SOCIETY — RICH, MARRIED TO THE BEAUTIFUL URSULA VERAMENDI, DAUGHTER OF THE VICE-GOVERNOR OF COAHUILA AND TEXAS — WITH A BRIGHT FUTURE AHEAD OF HIM IN HIS ADOPTED HOMELAND. AN "HOMBRE, MUY SIMPATICO"...

BUT THEN, ALL WAS SWEEPED AWAY IN A CHOLERA EPIDEMIC, AND BOWIE FELL INTO RUIN, WHISKEY HIS ONLY COMPANION. HIS HAGGARD FACE BEARS THE SCARS, BUT JUAN KNOWS THAT THIS MAN POSSESSES DEEP RESERVOIRS OF STRENGTH. YES, IN A FIGHT, DON SANTIAGO IS STILL THE BEST MAN IN TEXAS TO HAVE AT YOUR SIDE — SOBER OR NOT!

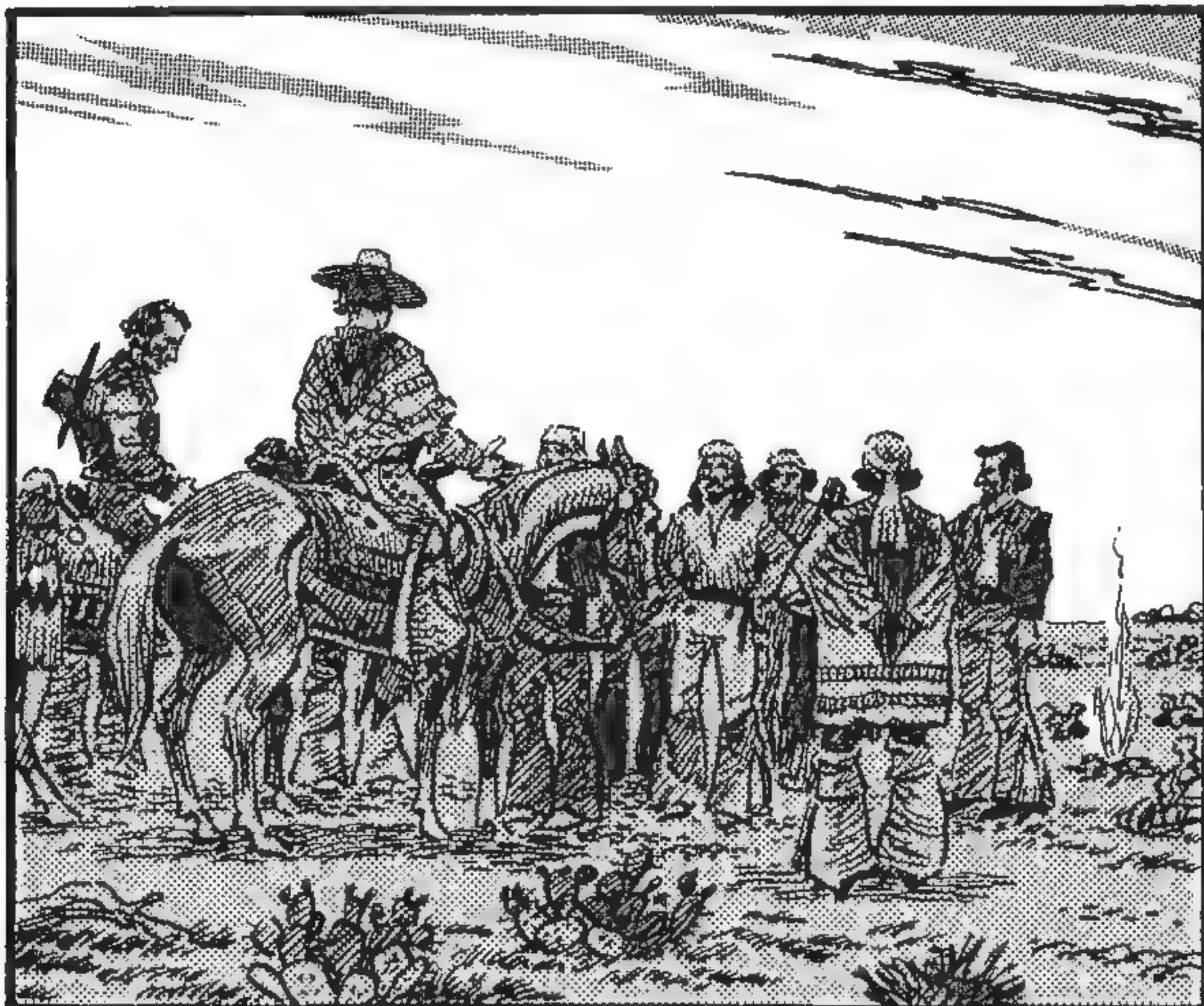


AND THE SELF-RELIANT VAQUEROS, THEY TOO ARE FIGHTERS — A FAR DIFFERENT SORT FROM THE DOCILE PEON CLASS THAT CLINGS TO THE FRINGES OF BEXAR AND LOCKS THEIR DOORS WHEN THE FULL MOON BRINGS COMANCHES PROWLING.





AMONG THEM ARE MANY RELATIVES AND FRIENDS OF JUAN'S, LIKE ANTONIO MENCHACA, THE FLORES BROTHERS AND OTHER YOUNG MEN FROM THE RANCHOS ALONG THE RIVER. SOME HE RECOGNIZES AS VOLUNTEERS THAT RODE WITH HIM TO MONCLOVA.



WORK IS STOPPED, A BOTTLE BROKEN OUT AND LIES SWAPPED. BUT ALL IS NOT FUN, FOR THESE MEN, LIKE SEGUIN, ARE AVOWED FEDERALISTS, AND THEY CRAVE NEWS OF HOW THINGS STAND.



THE NEXT MORNING, WHILE SCOUTING FOR LONGHORNS, THE VAQUEROS SPOT A BAND OF INDIANS, WARILY MAKING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE BRASADA.



THE FEARLESS RIDERS CHARGE HEAD ON INTO THE INDIANS, FORCING THEM TO ABANDON THEIR BOOTY AND BEAT A HASTY RETREAT.





BUT NOT BEFORE COMANCHE AND TEJANO LANCES ARE CROSSED, AND BOWIE'S THIRSTY KNIFE DRINKS ITS FILL.



THE TEJANO HORSEMEN ARE EXPERT WITH THE LARIAT, AND IN THEIR HANDS IT IS A LETHAL WEAPON.



IN ADDITION TO THE COMANCHE PLUNDER, THREE CAPTIVES ARE RECOVERED—2 CHILDREN AND A YOUNG WOMAN, INTENDED FOR A LIFE OF SLAVERY IN THE CAMPS OF THE COMANCHES.

THE WOMAN, DAUGHTER OF A WEALTHY RANCHERO NEAR CAMARGO, CAN SCARCELY BELIEVE HER GOOD FORTUNE, FOR HER FATE AS AN INDIAN CHATTEL WOULD HAVE BEEN CRUEL.

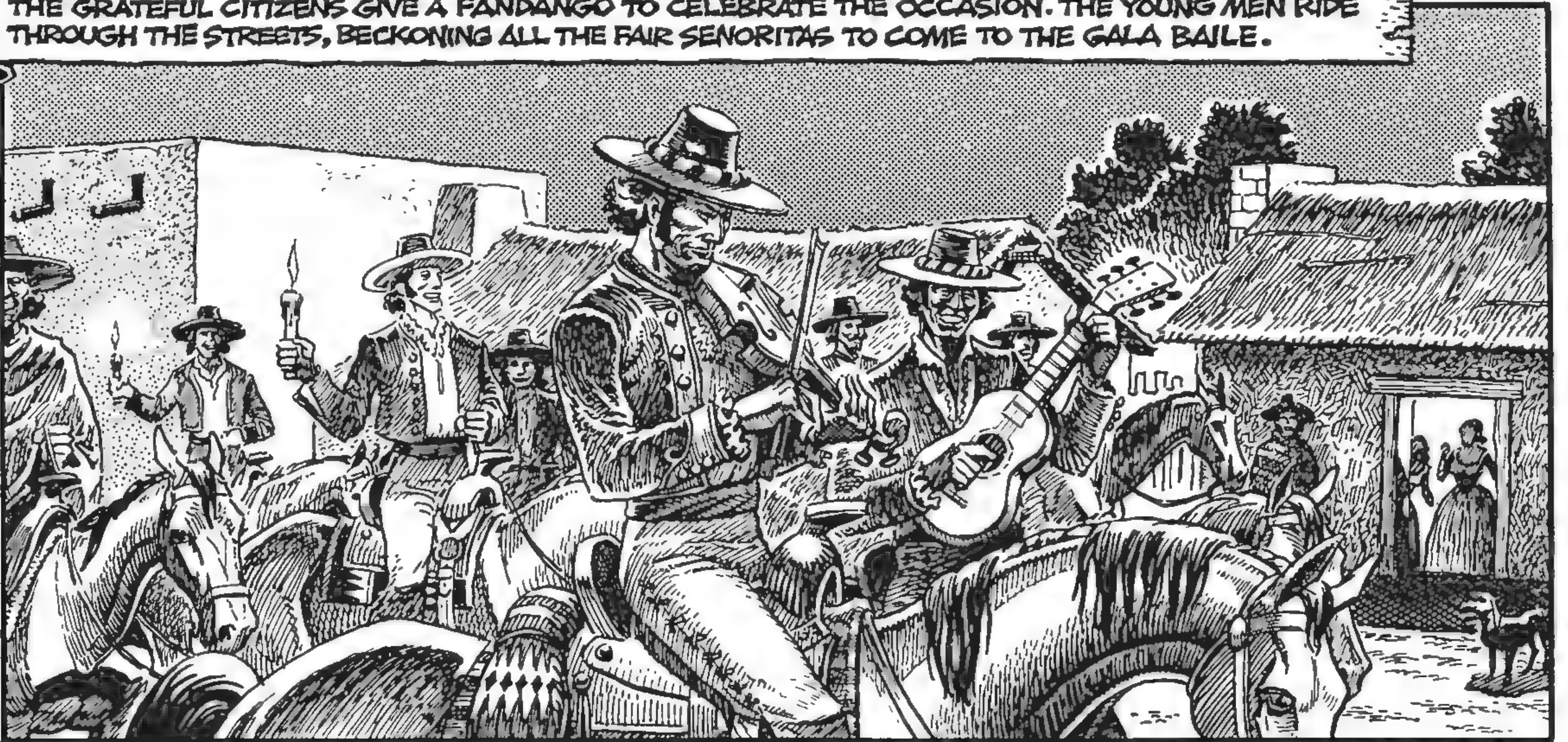




JUAN AND SEVERAL CABALLEROS TAKE HER TO SAN ANTONIO, WHERE HER APPEARANCE GIVES CAUSE FOR GREAT REJOIC-  
ING. IT IS NOT OFTEN THAT THE COMANCHES ARE CHASTISED AND THEIR CAPTIVES RETURNED TO CHRISTIAN WAYS.



THE GRATEFUL CITIZENS GIVE A FANDANGO TO CELEBRATE THE OCCASION. THE YOUNG MEN RIDE THROUGH THE STREETS, BECKONING ALL THE FAIR SENORITAS TO COME TO THE GALA BAILE.



BY MIDNIGHT THE FLORES HOME IS JUMPING.





IN THE REAR, THE OLDER MEN GATHER TO DRINK, SMOKE AND TALK— THEIR PLEASURE HEIGHTENED BY THE SOUNDS OF THE MUSIC AND DANCE. BUT IT IS NOT LONG BEFORE THE TALK DRIFTS TO POLITICS.



YOU'VE HEARD?  
COS IS COMING..

AHH NAVARRO, THEY'VE  
BEEN HERE BEFORE.. AND,  
AS USUAL, CITIZENS LOYAL TO  
THE SUPREME GOVERNMENT  
HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR.

FOLD..

RAISE YOU  
TWENTY!

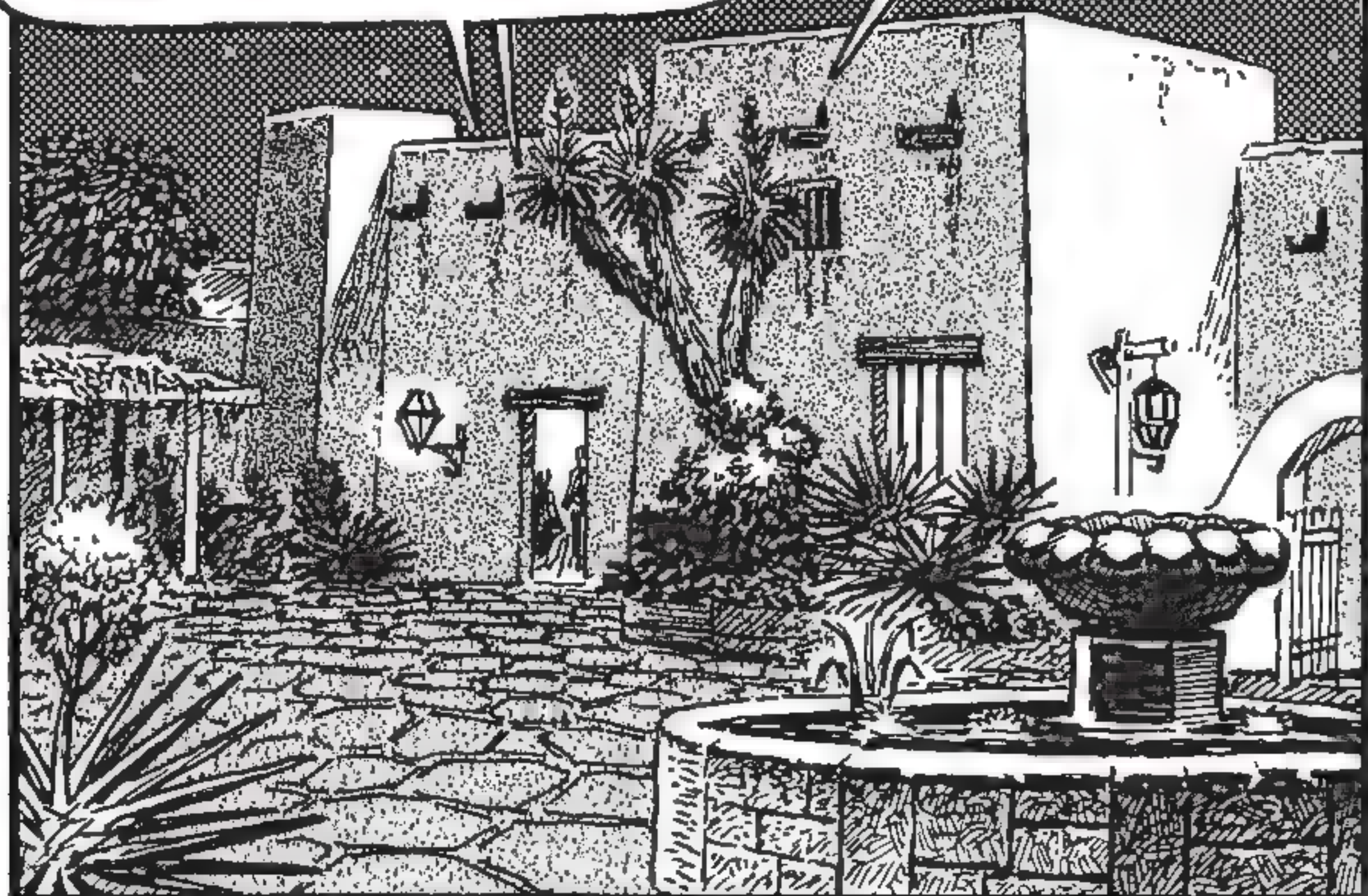
I'M NOT SO SURE. SANTA ANNA  
SEEMS BENT ON BRINGING US  
TO OUR KNEES THIS TIME!!

YES, AND IT'LL BE WORSE THAN  
EVER! WORD HAS IT THAT THE  
STATE LEGISLATURE HAS BEEN  
PACKED UP AND SENT HOME.

AND WHY NOT?!  
SQUABBLING BACK-BITERS,  
SLY OPPORTUNISTS, AND  
BRAZEN LAND SPECULATORS.  
WHY, IT'S A NATIONAL  
DISGRACE!

NEVERTHELESS, IT  
WAS OUR ONLY VOICE,  
AND NOW IT IS  
SILENT!

YOU'RE CLOSE TO  
THIS THING, JUAN—  
WHAT DO YOU THINK  
ABOUT IT ALL?



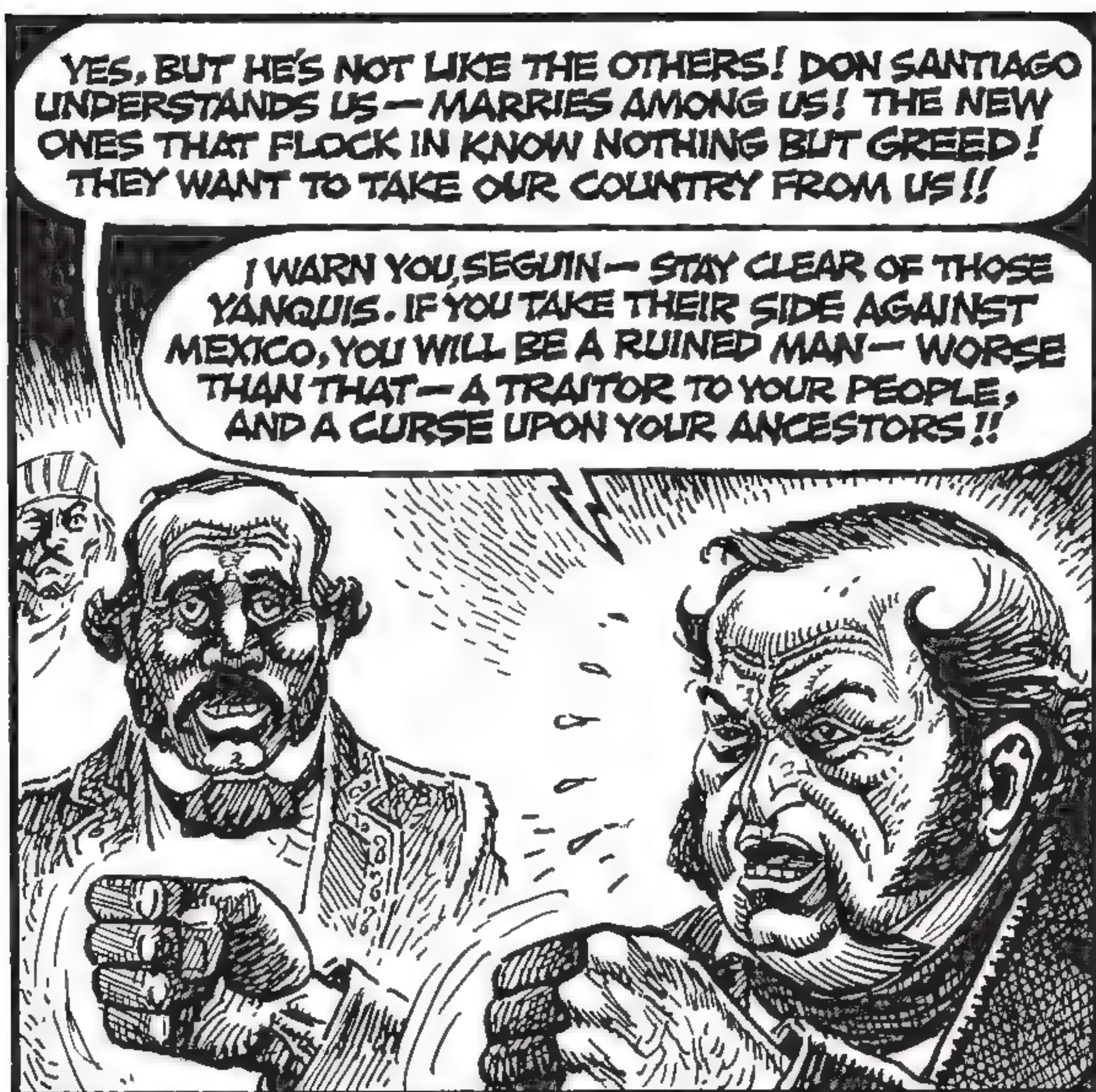
GENTLEMEN, YOU ALREADY KNOW MY SENTIMENTS, FOR I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN OUT-  
SPOKEN ON THE SUBJECT OF FREEDOM. WHAT HAS THE CENTRAL SYSTEM DONE FOR  
US? NOTHING! ALL THE FUNCTIONS OF GOVERNMENT— EDUCATION, PUBLIC WORKS, EVEN  
DEFENSE— WE MUST PERFORM ON OUR OWN. WE GET NO HELP FROM MEXICO CITY, ONLY  
TAXES TO PAY AND WORTHLESS SOLDIERS TO FEED! AFTER ALL, WE ARE BUT A POOR  
AND DISTANT PROVINCE, REMOTE FROM THE GILDED HALLS OF OUR OPPRESSORS.





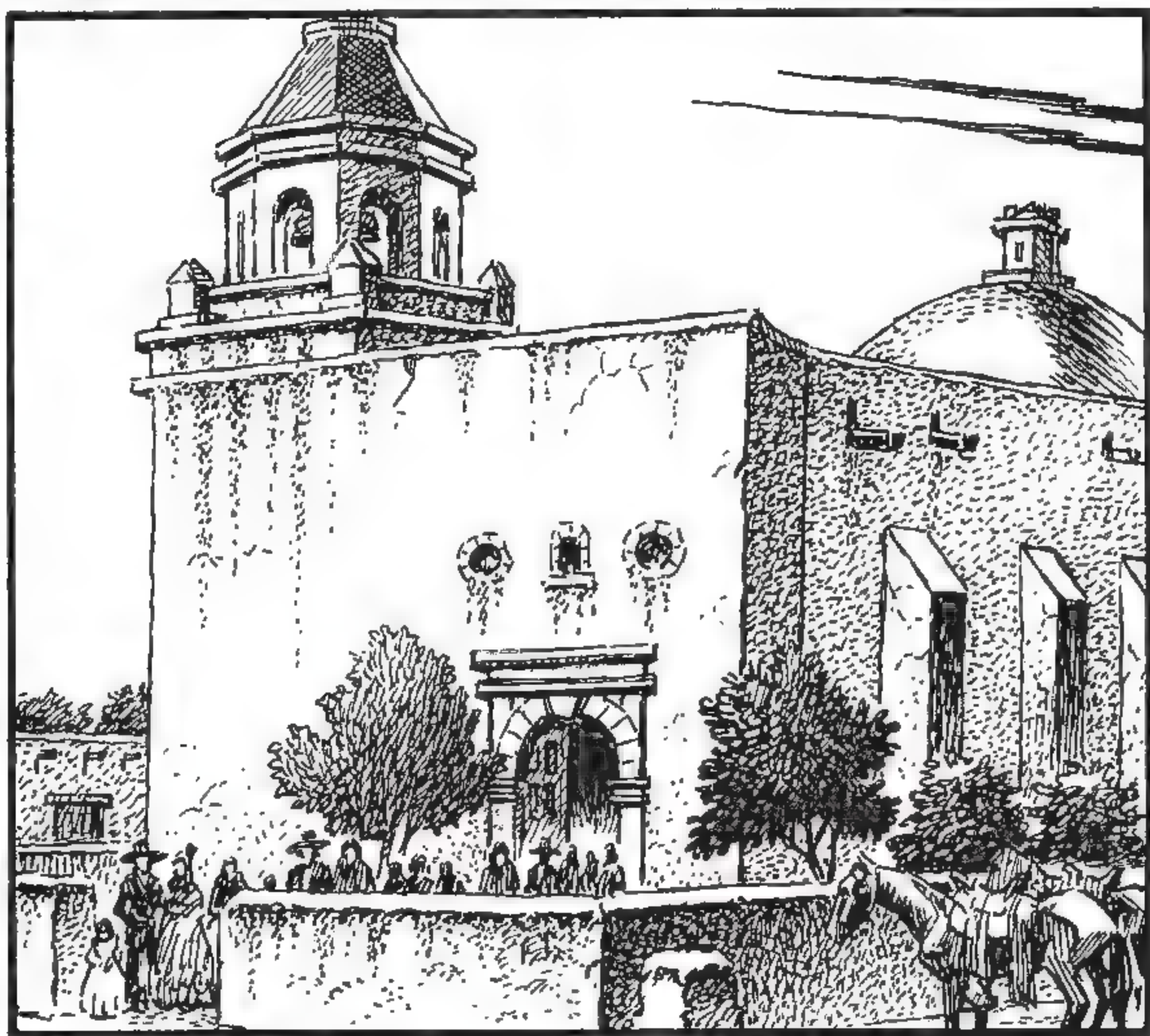






BUT SEVERAL MEN IN THE ROOM ARE NOT FRIENDS. THEY ARE AGENTS, WHOSE SECRET PURPOSE IS TO SPY ON JUAN SEGUIN, AND THEIR EVENING HAS BEEN RICHLY REWARDED.

AT EARLY MASS, TEMPER HAS COOLED AND CONFESSIONS ARE MADE, BUT DEEP CONVICTIONS LIE UNSHAKEN.



AS THE SUMMER MONTHS PASS, RELATIONS BETWEEN MEXICO AND TEXAS DETERIORATE. THEN, A LETTER IS INTERCEPTED..





A SHORT TIME LATER, CITIZENS OF ANAHUAC — LED BY THE FIREBRAND, WILLIAM BARRET TRAVIS — REBEL OVER TAX ENFORCEMENT, DISARM THE MEXICAN GARRISON, AND FORCE IT TO EVACUATE. THE SHOWDOWN DRAWS CLOSER.



AWARE THAT HE IS UNDER SURVEILLANCE, JUAN QUIETLY GATHERS MEN WHO SUPPORT REVOLUTION. MEETINGS ARE HELD AT THE RIVER RANCHOS, LIKE THAT OF SALVADOR FLORES.



MEANWHILE, AUSTIN HAS BEEN RELEASED AND MADE HIS WAY HOME, HIS FAITH IN THE MEXICAN SYSTEM UTTERLY DESTROYED.



A RIDER FROM THE RIO GRANDE BRINGS WORD TO JUAN THAT COS' ARMY IS CROSSING INTO TEXAS, VIA COPANO BAY. ANOTHER, THAT GONZALES HAS REFUSED TO SURRENDER THEIR CANNON TO A MILITARY DETACHMENT FROM BEXAR !





# REVOLUTION!

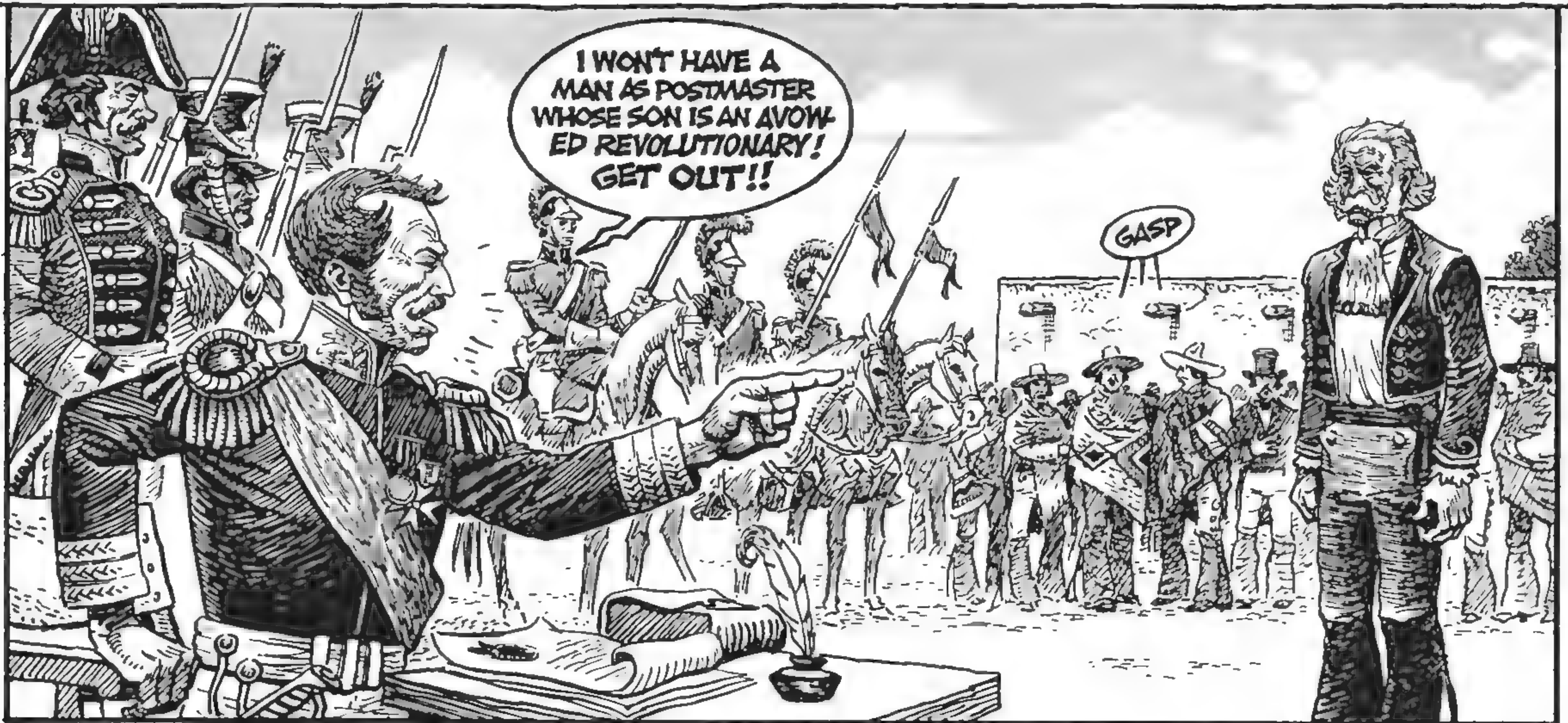


JUAN SEGUIN AND HIS NEIGHBORS VIEW THE UPRIVER MARCH TOWARD BEXAR OF THE MEXICAN ARMY UNDER GEN. MARTIN DE COS, BROTHER-IN-LAW OF THE DICTATOR SANTA ANNA.





COS MAKES THE MISTAKE OF INSULTING JUAN'S FATHER, ERASMO, FORCING HIM TO WALK THE 35 MILES TO HIS RANCHO.



JUAN TAKES HIS TEJANO VOLUNTEERS AND JOINS THE RAG-TAG REBELS MARCHING ON BEXAR FROM GONZALES.

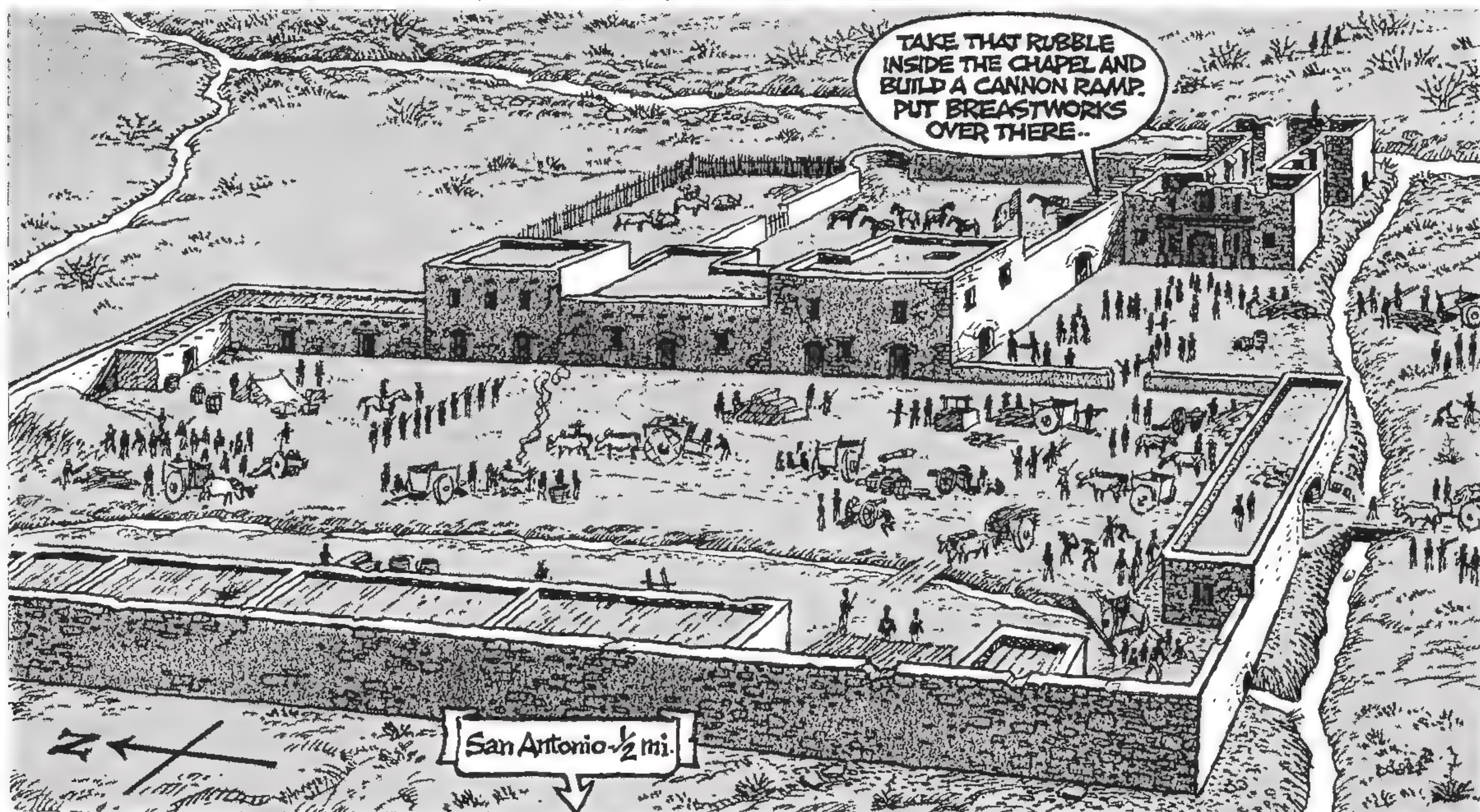


HE FIGHTS BESIDE BOWIE WHEN THEIR 90 MEN PUT 400 MEXICAN CAVALRY TO FLIGHT NEAR MISSION CONCEPTION.





INSTEAD OF MEETING THE REBELS IN A MAJOR ENGAGEMENT ON OPEN GROUND, WHERE HIS BATTLE-SEASONED TROOPS WOULD HAVE THE ADVANTAGE, GEN. COS GETS NERVOUS AND BEGINS TO FORTIFY THE ALAMO.



THE REBELLIOUS "TEXIANS" SETTLE DOWN TO A SIEGE, LASHED BY BITTER WINTER WINDS.



AMONG THE LOCAL RANCHEROS OFFERING PROVISIONS TO THE REBEL ENCAMPMENT IS THE OFFENDED ERASMO SEGUN, NO LONGER UNCERTAIN OF WHAT COURSE HE MUST TAKE....





JUAN'S MEN ARE JOINED BY OTHER TEJANOS, LIKE PLACIDO BENAVIDES, SILVESTRE DE LEON, AND 25 MEN FROM VICTORIA.



HIS REGIMENT OF VOLUNTEERS TAKE ON SCOUTING CHORES AND FORAGING EXPEDITIONS. THEY ALSO HELP PROMOTE DESERTION AMONG THE HOMESICK SOLDIERS OF GEN. COS.

JUST AS THE TEXIAN SIEGE IS CRUMBLING AND THE MEN PACKING UP TO LEAVE, A MEXICAN OFFICER DEFECTS TO THE REBELS.



BENJAMIN MILAM, AN UNSUCCESSFUL LAND SPECULATOR WHO HAD BARELY ESCAPED THE WRATH OF COS IN COAHUILA, CALLS FOR VOLUNTEERS TO ASSAULT THE TOWN.

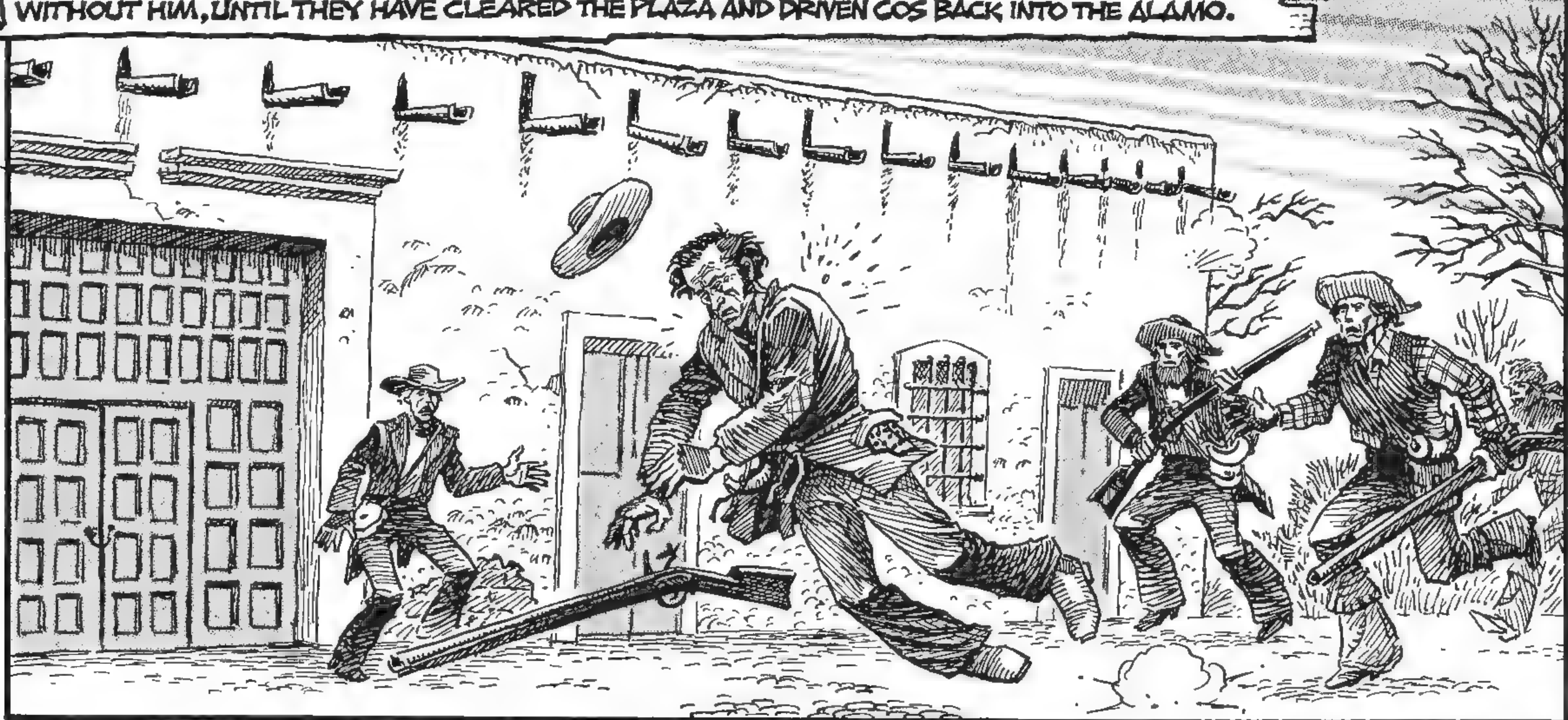




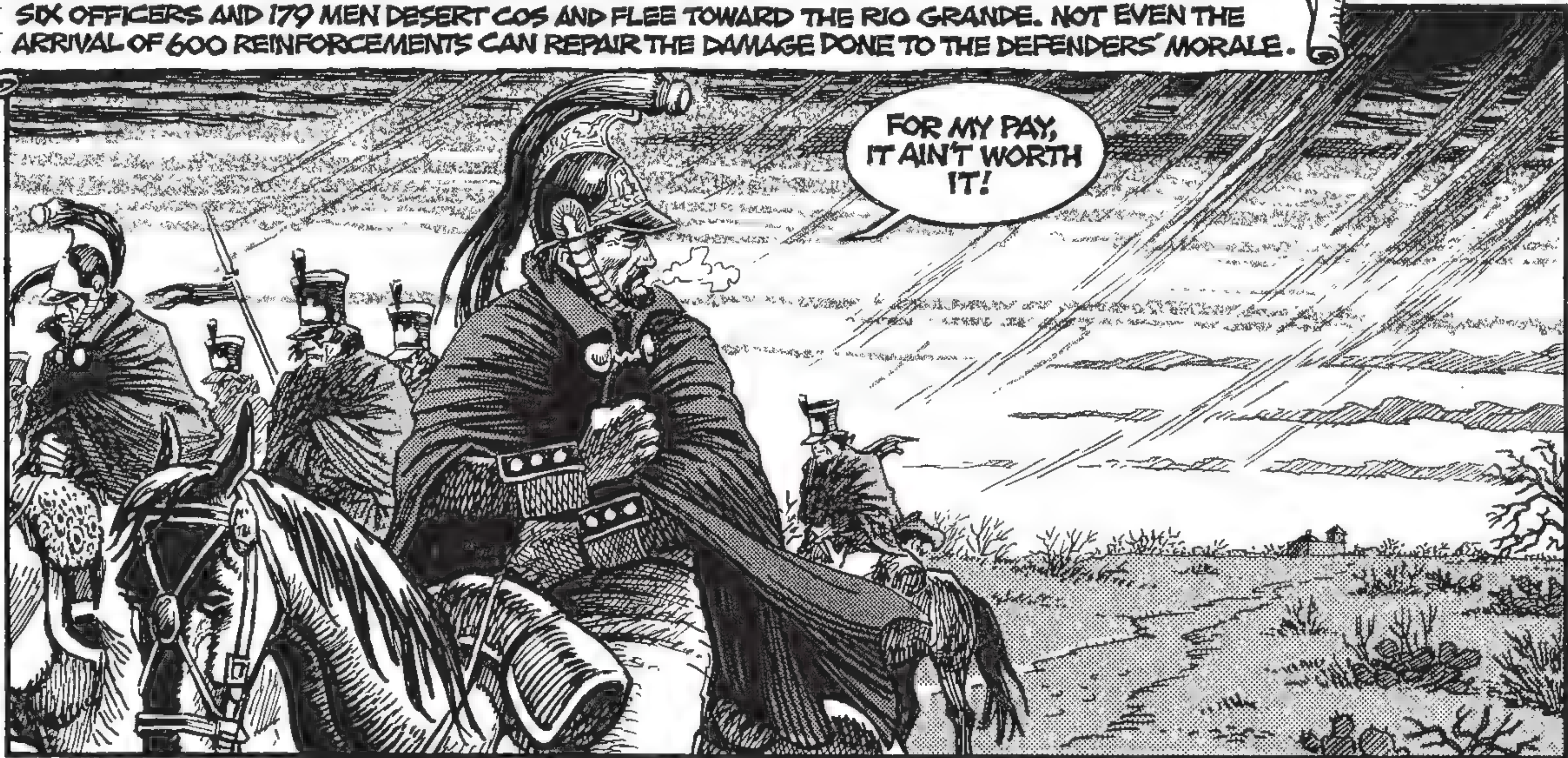
THREE HUNDRED MEN GATHER ABOUT MILAM. THE HOUSE-TO-HOUSE, STREET-TO-STREET FIGHTING IS NOT TO COS' LIKING. HIS NERVE BEGINS TO SNAP.



ON DEC. 7<sup>TH</sup> MILAM IS KILLED OUTSIDE THE VERAMENDI HOUSE, BUT THE TEXIANS PUSH ON WITHOUT HIM, UNTIL THEY HAVE CLEARED THE PLAZA AND DRIVEN COS BACK INTO THE ALAMO.



SIX OFFICERS AND 179 MEN DESERT COS AND FLEE TOWARD THE RIO GRANDE. NOT EVEN THE ARRIVAL OF 600 REINFORCEMENTS CAN REPAIR THE DAMAGE DONE TO THE DEFENDERS' MORALE.





AFTER THREE DAYS OF BITTER GUERRILLA WARFARE, GEN. COS SURRENDERS HIS THIRTEEN-HUNDRED MEN, PLEDGING NEVER AGAIN TO FIGHT AGAINST TEXAS. HE IS GIVEN RATIONS AND ALLOWED TO MARCH SOUTH, BUT 200 OF HIS SOLDIERS ELECT TO STAY BEHIND.



SEGUIN AND TRAVIS ARE DETAILED TO FOLLOW THE WITHDRAWING ARMY AND TAKE AS MANY OF THEIR HORSES AS POSSIBLE.

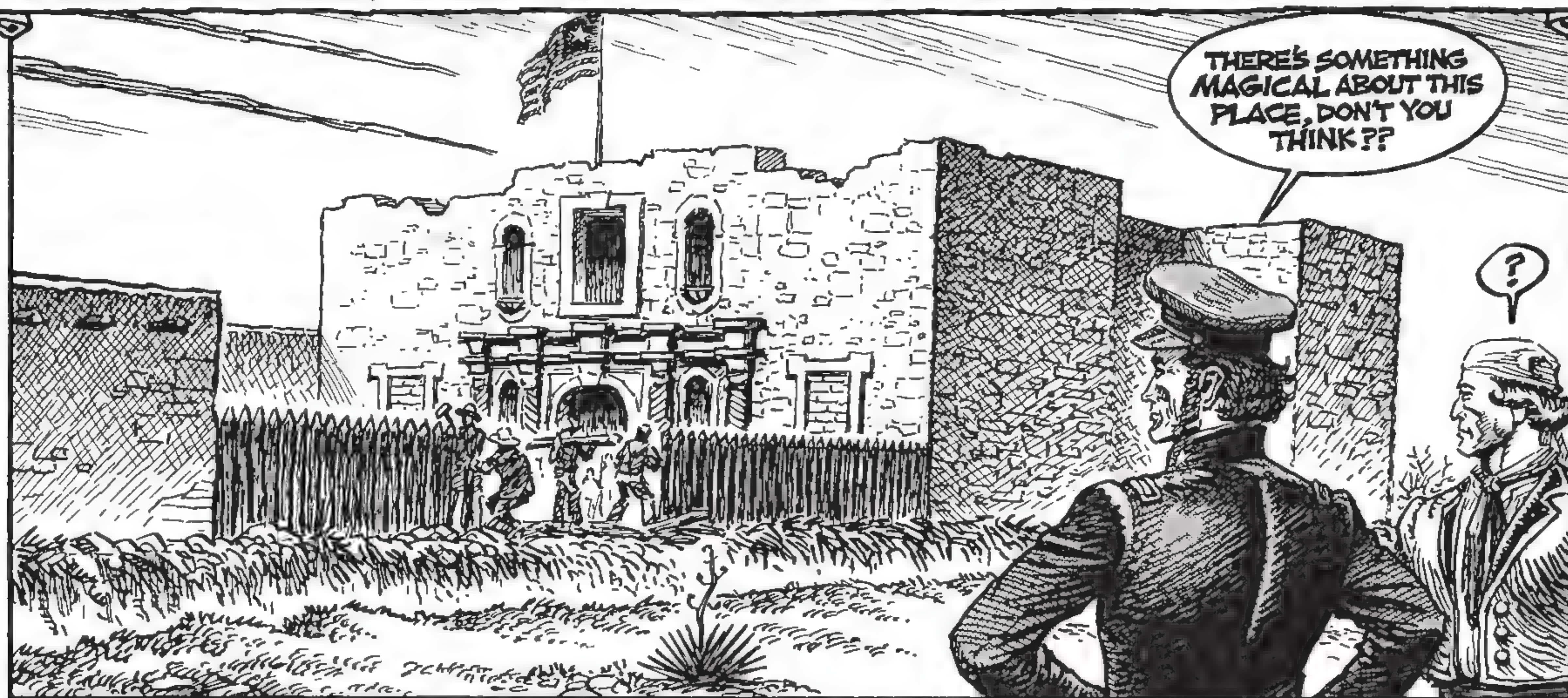


THEIR COMPANIES HIT THE DISPIRITED MEXICAN TROOPS ON THE LAREDO ROAD, DRIVING OFF A REMUDA OF 100 MOUNTS THAT THEY TURN OVER FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE REBEL CAUSE.





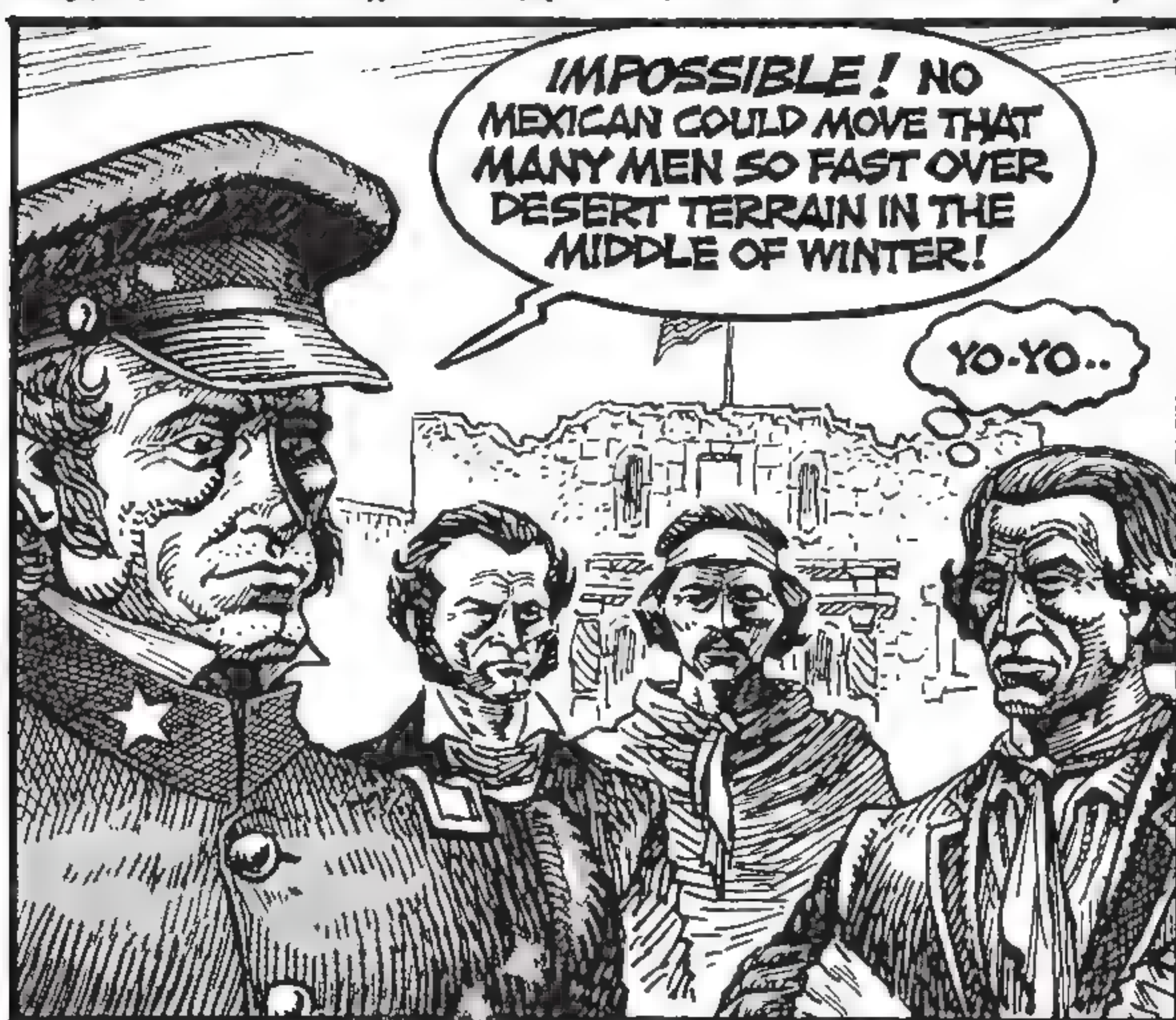
THE FOLLOWING MONTH JUAN RECEIVES THE COMMISSION OF CAPTAIN OF CAVALRY FROM THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT. HE JOINS BOWIE AND TRAVIS, WHO HAVE DECIDED THAT THE ALAMO IS THE KEY TO THE DEFENSE OF TEXAS IN REVOLT.



ONE OF JUAN'S SCOUTS, HIS NEPHEW BLAS HERRERA, BRINGS NEWS OF SANTA ANNA'S RAPID MARCH NORTHWARD WITH AN ARMY TO PUNISH THE REBELS.



TRAVIS, DISPLAYING THE ARROGANCE THAT HAS ALREADY ALIENATED BOWIE AND THE TEJANO VOLUNTEERS, DISMISSES HERRERA'S REPORT AS EXAGGERATED HEARSAY.



NOT SO THE RESIDENTS OF BEXAR. THEY BELIEVE, AND HASTILY DEPART THE EYE OF THE COMING STORM.





AS SANTA ANNA'S TROOPS SWARM INTO TEXAS, MANY TEJANOS BEGIN TO REASSESS THEIR POSITION.



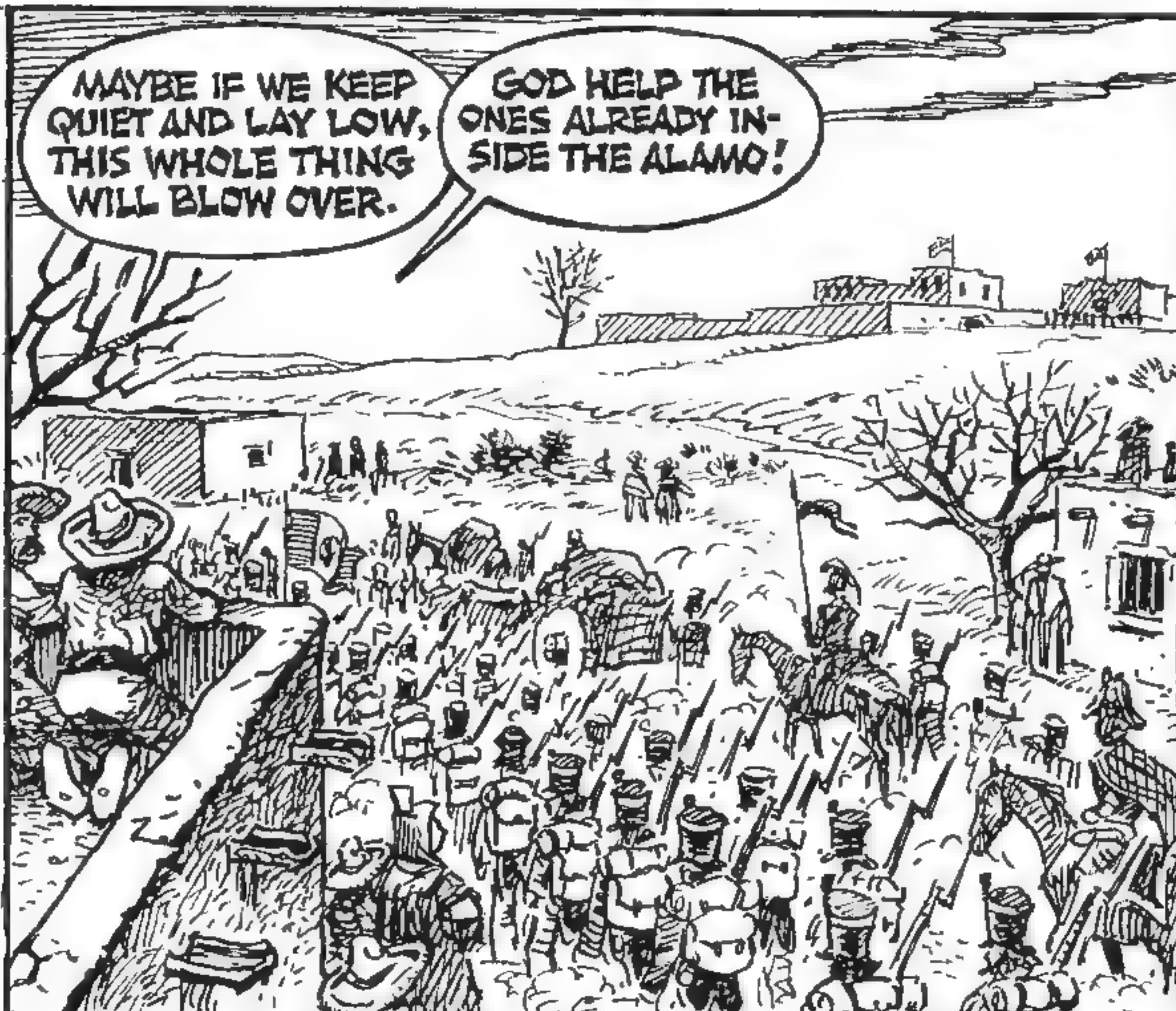
SOME FAMILIES, LIKE THE DE LA GARZAS OF GOLIAD, ARE DIVIDED IN THEIR SYMPATHIES.



WHEN MEXICAN SOLDIERS UNDER GEN. URREA REACH GOLIAD, THEY ARE ACTIVELY SUPPORTED BY "LOYALIST" TEJANOS LIKE DON CARLOS DE LA GARZA.



AT BEXAR THERE IS ALSO INDECISION AS TO LOYALTIES, BUT THE ARRIVAL OF SANTA ANNA WITH 6,000 MEN SEALS THE MATTER FOR MANY...



THIS "NEUTRALITY" IN THE FACE OF OVERWHELMING ODDS REINFORCES TRAVIS' CONVICTION THAT ALL THE TEJANOS OPPOSE INDEPENDENCE.





AFTER SANTA ANNA OCCUPIES THE TOWN AND SURROUNDS THE ALAMO, JUAN IS SELECTED TO CARRY THE THIRD APPEAL FOR HELP TO FANNIN AT GOLIAD.



BEFORE LEAVING, HE ADDRESSES THE SEVEN MEN OF HIS COMPANY WHO REMAIN BEHIND AMONG THE ALAMO DEFENDERS.



ON BOWIE'S FAST HORSE, JUAN — ALONG WITH HIS ORDERLY, YOUNG ANTONIO CRUZ Y AROCHA — MAKE THEIR WAY TOWARD THE MEXICAN PICKET LINE.



THE RUSE WORKS JUST LONG ENOUGH FOR JUAN TO REACH THE PICKETS. AFTER THAT, BOWIE'S HORSE DOES THE REST!



(This 'dashing escape' is the mythical version. Juan later said he crept through the Mexican lines on foot, often on all fours, bombs bursting all around.)



THE NEXT DAY, AT THE RANCHO SAN BARTOLO ON THE CIBOLO, JUAN MEETS ONE OF FANNIN'S OFFICERS, WHO GIVES HIM BAD NEWS.



AT HOUSTON'S HEADQUARTERS NEAR GONZALES, JUAN FINDS A SCENE OF CHAOS. MANY OF JUAN'S TEJANO VOLUNTEERS ARE ALREADY THERE. SALVADOR FLORES IS ORDERED TO TAKE A DETAIL TO PROTECT THE RANCHOS FROM INDIAN ATTACK AND SANTA ANNA'S PILLAGERS. JUAN KEEPS THE REMAINDER ON SCOUTING DUTY.



FINALLY, ON THE 6TH OF MARCH, HE IS ORDERED TO GO TO SAN ANTONIO WITH HIS COMPANY, CARRYING PROVISIONS TO THE BELEAGUERED DEFENDERS. THEY MAKE IT AS FAR AS THE CIBOLO.

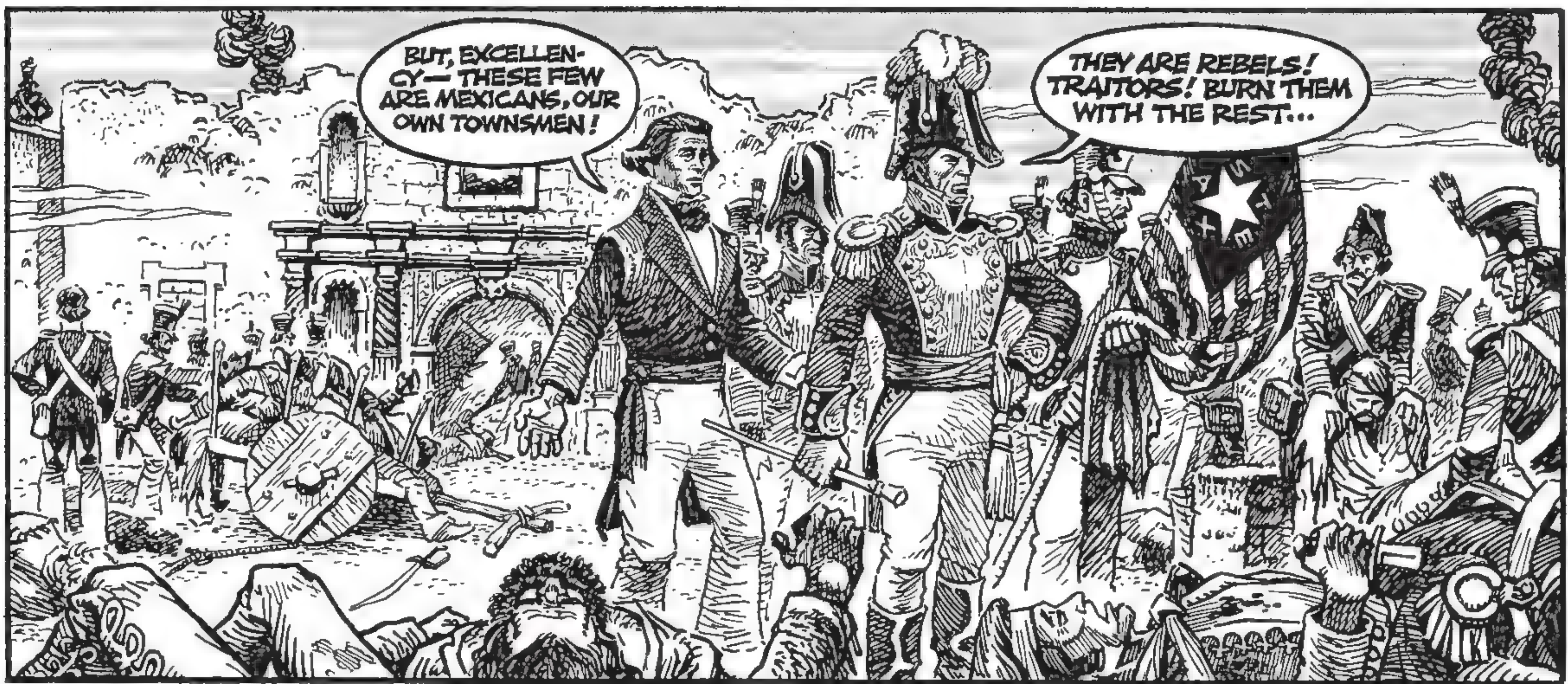




THUS, JUAN SEGUIN IS SPARED DEATH AT THE ALAMO, BUT 7 OF HIS VOLUNTEERS SHARE THE MARTYRDOM OF THEIR ANGLO COMRADES, FIGHTING BENEATH THE FLAG OF THE 1824 CONSTITUTION, A BANNER FASHIONED FOR THEM BY ERASMO SEGUIN.



IN THE AFTERMATH, ALCALDE FRANCISCO RUIZ — WHOSE FATHER FRANCISCO SR. AND COUSIN JOSE ANTONIO NAVARRO ARE AT THAT VERY MOMENT AMONG THE SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF TEXAN INDEPENDENCE — PLEADS WITH SANTA ANNA TO GIVE THE FALLEN TEJANOS A CHRISTIAN BURIAL.



JUAN HURRIES BACK TO HEADQUARTERS WITH THE NEWS. LATER, TWO OF HIS MEN, LEFT TO GATHER INTELLIGENCE, CONFIRM THE SAD TIDINGS — WHICH HOUSTON QUICKLY STIFLES TO AVOID PANIC AMONG HIS THREADBARE TROOPS.



\* The precise number of Tejanos in the Alamo — and of those who fought in the Revolution — is the subject of unending debate, but the total undoubtedly surpasses what has been traditionally allowed.



BUT HOUSTON KNOWS THEY BEAR THE TRUTH, AND SO DOES THE REST OF GONZALES! THEY HAVE ALREADY BEGUN TO JOIN THE STREAM OF REFUGEES FROM BEXAR, HASTENING AWAY FROM THE APPROACH OF SANTA ANNA'S ARMY!!



AMONG THEM IS ERASMO SEGUIN, HIS FAMILY, AND THE FAMILIES OF THEIR NEIGHBORS WHO HAVE CAST THEIR LOT IN WITH THE TEXIANS. THEY BRING WITH THEM WHAT LITTLE THEY CAN CARRY. THE REST IS LEFT BEHIND...



GEN. HOUSTON ORDERS JUAN AND HIS MEN TO FORM A REAR GUARD FOR THE FLEEING SETTLERS.





THEN COMES THE NEWS THAT FANNIN, INDECISIVE TO THE END, HAS BEEN CAPTURED AT GOLIAD AND HIS ENTIRE FORCE OF 400 MEN EXECUTED BY ORDER OF SANTA ANNA.



THE TEJANOS IN THE GOLIAD-VICTORIA AREA KNOWN TO SYMPATHIZE WITH THE REBELS ARE DEALT WITH HARSHLY BY THE CONQUERORS.



THEIR POSSESSIONS, AND THE ABANDONED HOMES OF THEIR TEXIAN NEIGHBORS, ARE LOOTED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MEXICAN OFFICERS.



SANTA ANNA, FLUSH WITH VICTORY AND THINKING THE WAR NOW OVER, PROCEEDS TO DRIVE THE LAST HOLDOUTS FROM THE BLEEDING PROVINCE.



Note: This "rose" was Emily, a beautiful slave girl whose light, "high yellow" coloration gave her immortality as "The Yellow Rose of Texas".



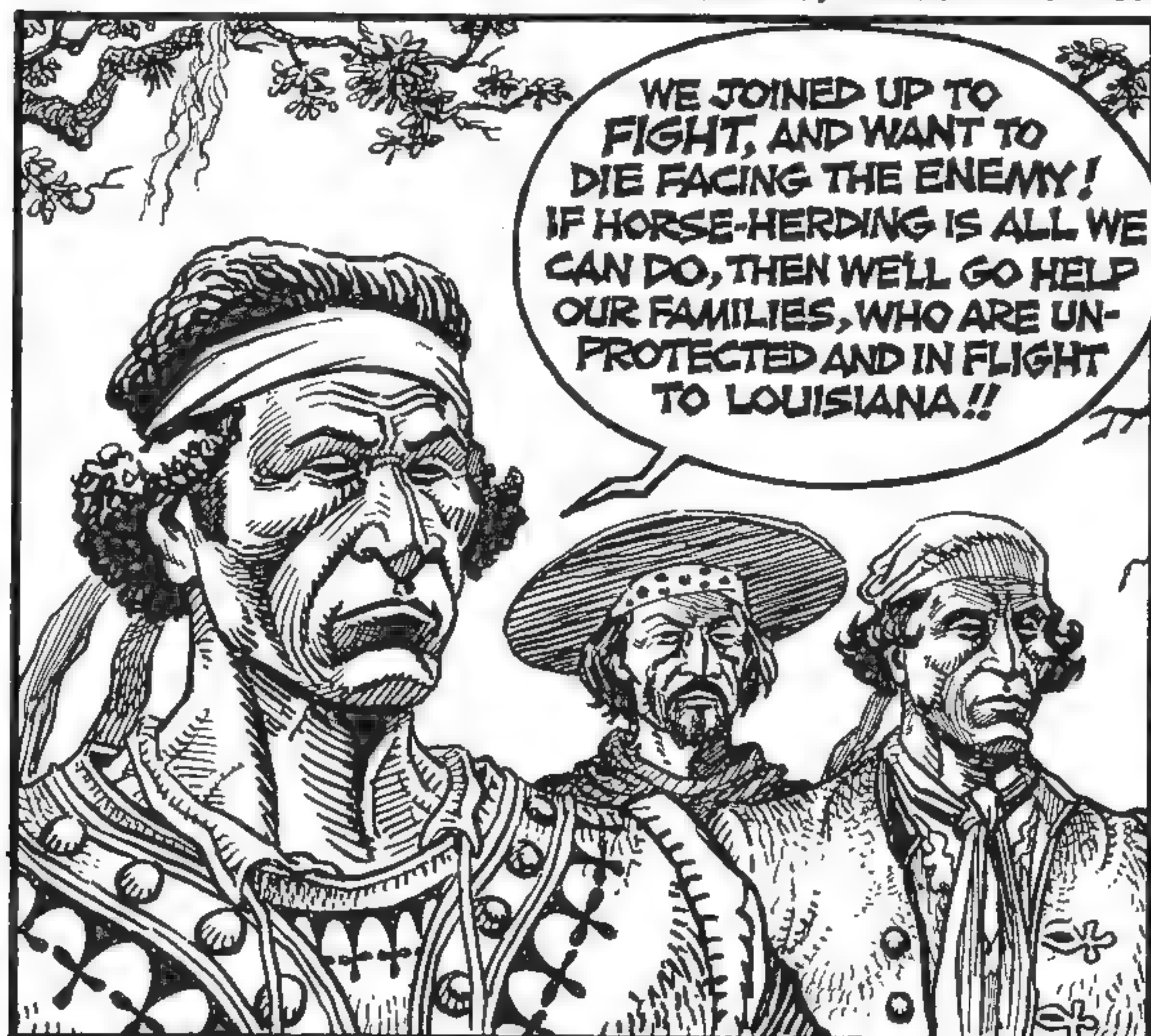
BUT MOSELY BAKER AND THE TEXIANS, AIDED BY JUAN'S TEJANOS, MOUNT A STIFF RESISTANCE, PREVENTING SANTA ANNA FROM CROSSING THE BRAZOS NEAR SAN FELIPE AND GIVING HOUSTON'S RETREAT PRECIOUS TIME.



JUAN AND HIS COMPANY REJOIN HOUSTON NEAR SAN JACINTO. AS THE BATTLE NEARS, THE GENERAL—AFRAID THAT SOME OF THE "MEXICANS" UNDER SEGUIN MIGHT BE SHOT IN THE MELEE BY MISTAKE—ORDERS THEM TO STAY BEHIND.



BUT THE TEJANOS ARE INSULTED BY THE ORDER. ANTONIO MENCHACA, INTERPRETER FOR THE GROUP, FACES HOUSTON.



GEN. HOUSTON CHANGES HIS ORDER...





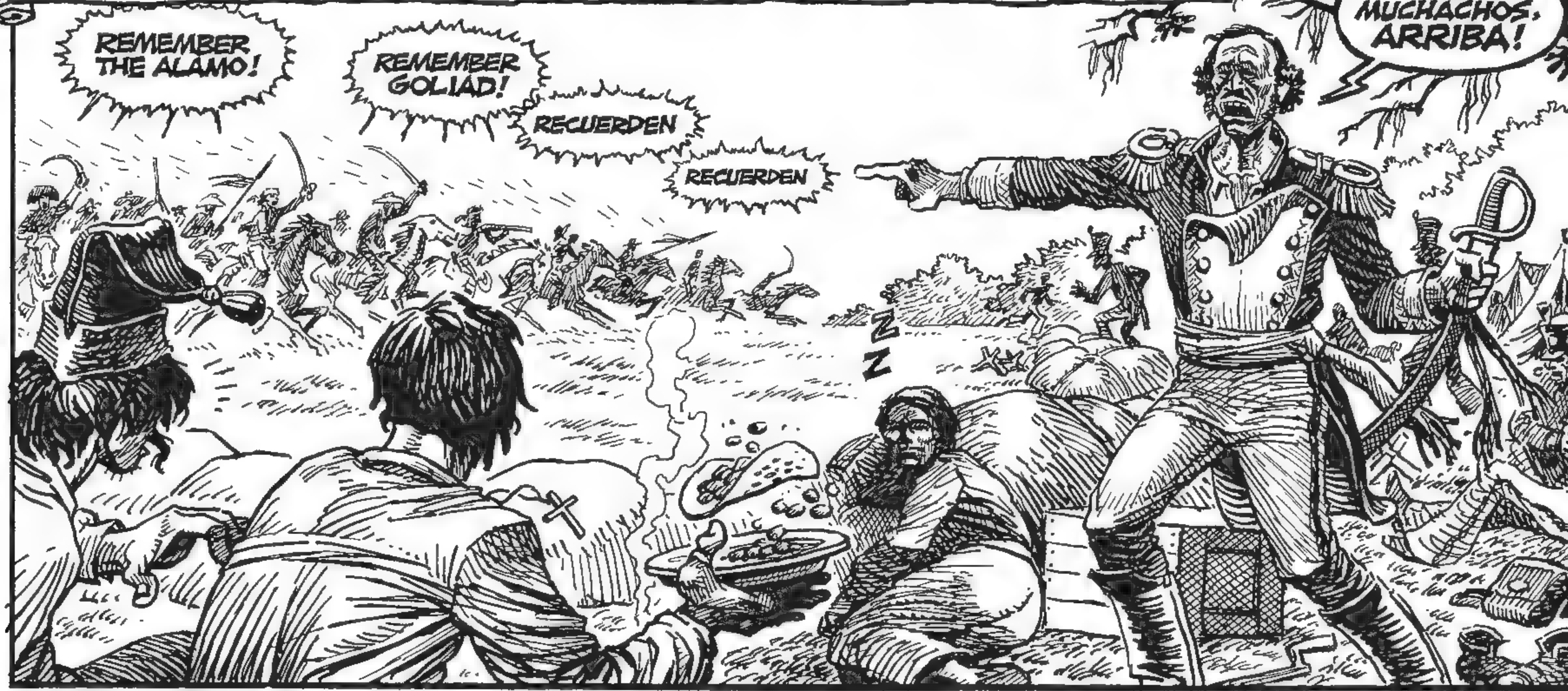
SEGUIN'S MEN — THE 2ND REGIMENT OF TEXAS VOLUNTEERS, 9TH CAVALRY — FIGHT VALIANTLY AT SAN JACINTO. THEIR BATTLE CRY ECHOS THAT OF THEIR ANGLO-SAXON COMPATRIOTS!



RECUERDEN  
EL ALAMO!

RECUERDEN  
LA BAHIA!

IT IS A CRY THAT FLASHES DOWN THE TEXIAN LINE LIKE A LIT FUSE, A CRY THAT STRIKES TERROR INTO THE HEARTS OF THE MEXICAN SOLDIERS!



REMEMBER  
THE ALAMO!

REMEMBER  
GOLIAD!

RECUERDEN

RECUERDEN

ARRIBA,  
MUCHACHOS,  
ARRIBA!

NOTHING CAN STAND BEFORE THEIR TERRIBLE ONSLAUGHT, AND THE "BATTLE" RAPIDLY TURNS INTO A ROUT. IN ONE VIOLENT SPASM, TEXAS IS RIPPED FROM THE BLOODY GRASP OF DICTATORSHIP !!



ESTE, POR  
SANTIAGO  
BOWIE!!

Y POR MI  
AMIGO, GREGORIO  
ESPARZA!

RECUERDEN  
EL ALAMO!!

NO ME  
ALAMO!

NO ME  
ALAMO!



GEN. CASTRILLON TRIES IN VAIN TO RALLY A DEFENSIVE STAND AROUND THE 12-POUNDER, BUT HE IS SWEEPED OVER BY THE AVENGING TEXIANS.



SANTA ANNA, AROUSED TOO LATE FROM A "SIESTA" WITH THE YELLOW ROSE OF TEXAS, TAKES ONE LOOK AT THE CARNAGE AND DECIDES TO ABANDON THE BATTLEFIELD.



IN TRYING TO ESCAPE BACK TO HIS MAIN ARMY, THE DICTATOR FINDS THAT DEAF SMITH HAS DESTROYED THE ONLY BRIDGE!

A DEADLY FEAR OF WATER CAUSES HIM TO SPEND THE NIGHT HIDING IN BULLRUSHES.





AFTER THE TEXIANS HAVE SATIATED THEIR BLOODLUST, THE SHATTERED REMNANTS OF THE MEXICAN VANGUARD ARE ROUNDED UP AND PUT IN A COMPOUND, RINGED BY THEIR MENACING CAPTORS.



SAM HOUSTON, SUFFERING FROM A GUNSHOT WOUND IN HIS ANKLE, ALSO SPENDS AN UNEASY NIGHT, FEARFUL THAT HIS PREY HAS ELUDED HIM.



THE NEXT MORNING A VERY DISORIENTED "NAPOLEON OF THE WEST" SNACKS ON A BOX OF CHOCOLATES AND DISCARDS HIS SILK PANTAMAS FOR SLAVE CLOTHING IN A DESERTED CABIN.

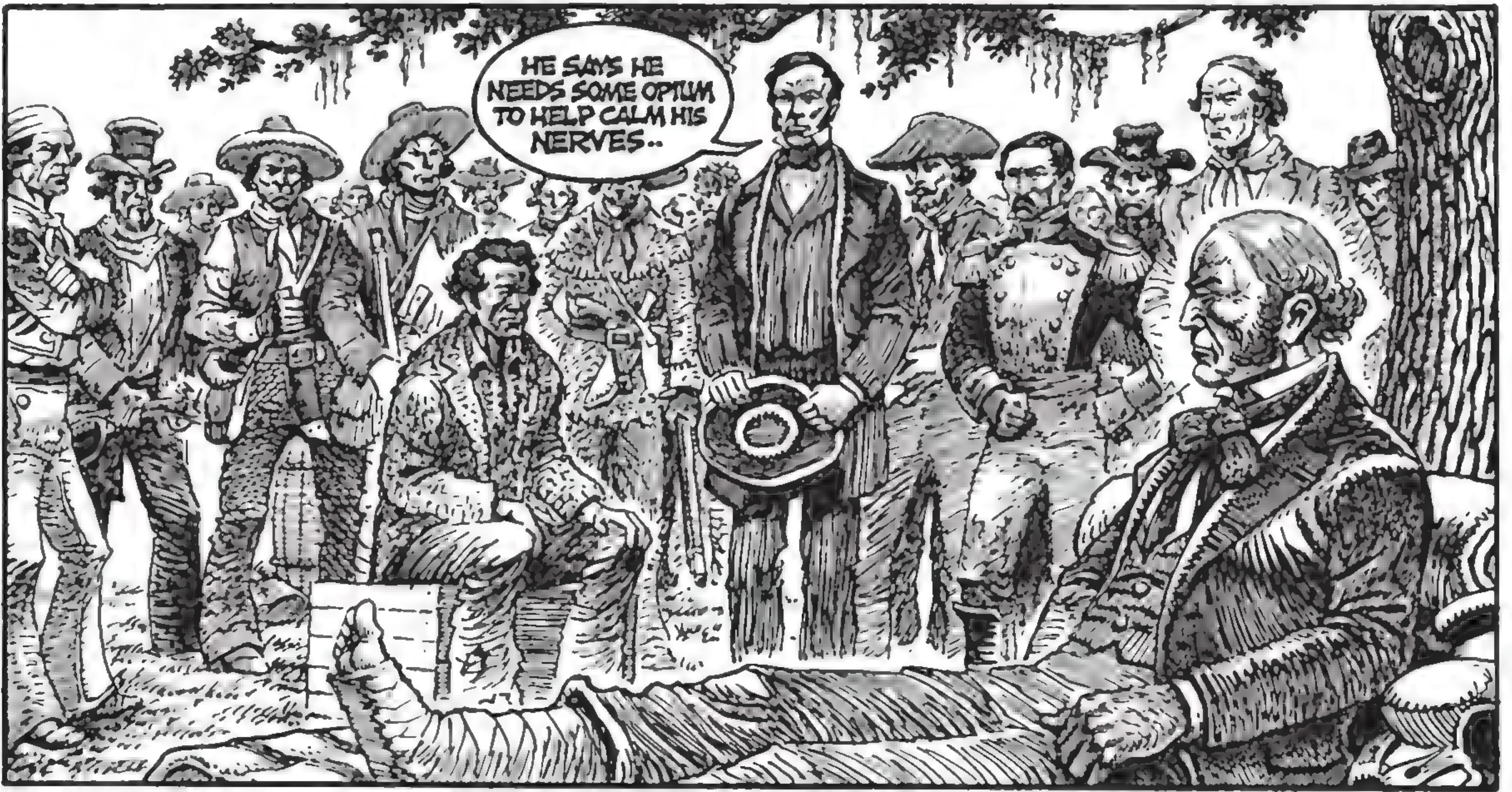


BY MERE CHANCE HE IS FOUND BY A TEXIAN PATROL MORE INTERESTED IN HUNTING DEER THAN MEXICAN SOLDIERS. UNAWARE OF THE IDENTITY OF THEIR CATCH, THEY TAKE HIM BACK TO CAMP WHERE HIS OWN MEN SPILL THE BEANS.





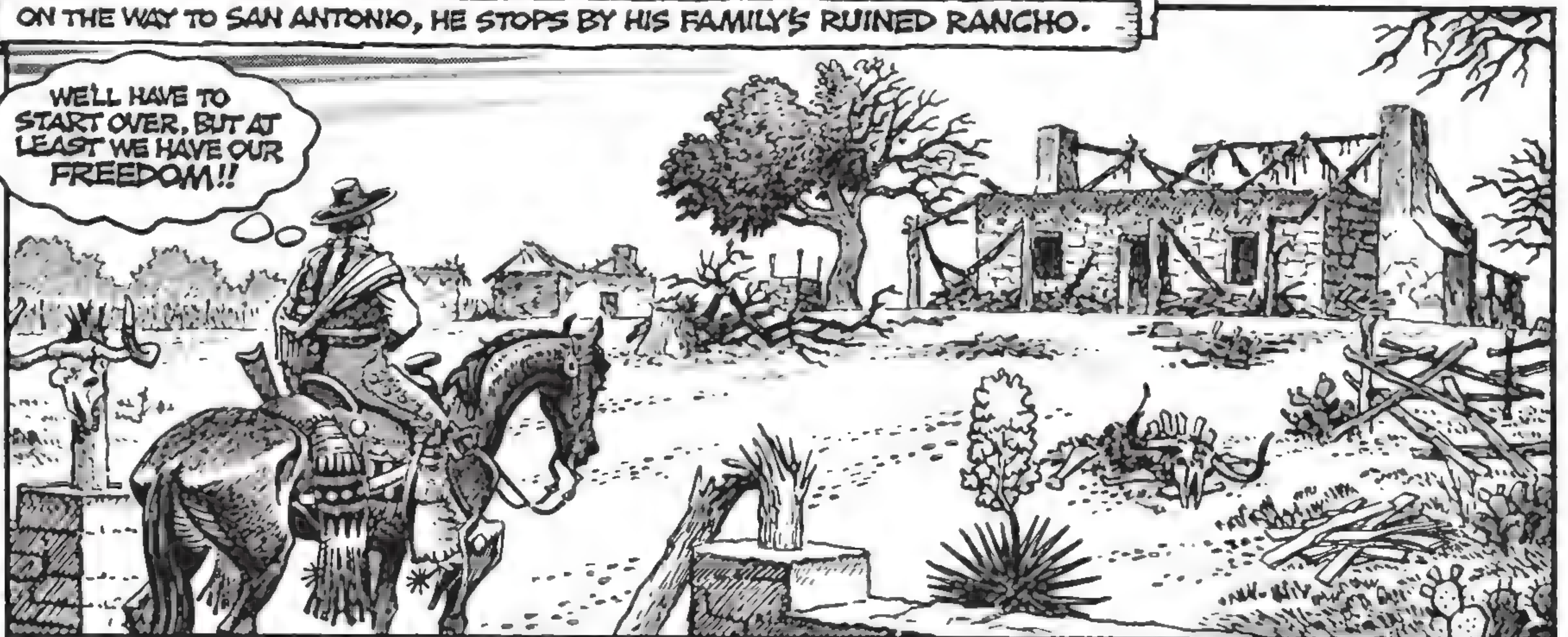
MAJ. LORENZO de ZAVALA, JR. — SON OF THE MEXICAN EXILE AND NEW VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC — SERVES AS HOUSTON'S INTERPRETER WHEN THE TWO COMMANDERS MEET. SANTA ANNA, FEARING FOR HIS LIFE, AGREES TO ALL THE REBEL DEMANDS.



JUAN AND HENRY KARNES ARE SENT TO WATCH THE RETREATING LEGIONS OF MEXICO, FOLLOWING AS FAR AS VICTORIA.



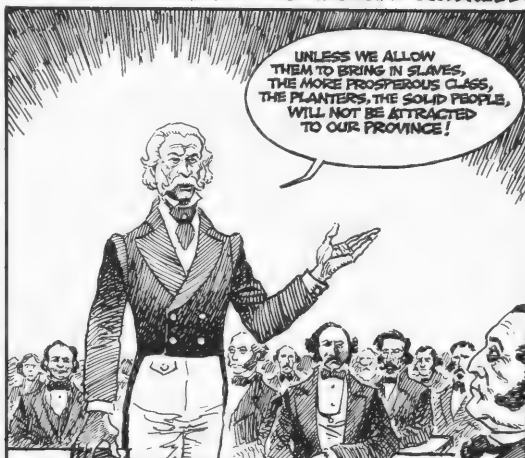
ON THE WAY TO SAN ANTONIO, HE STOPS BY HIS FAMILY'S RUINED RANCHO.





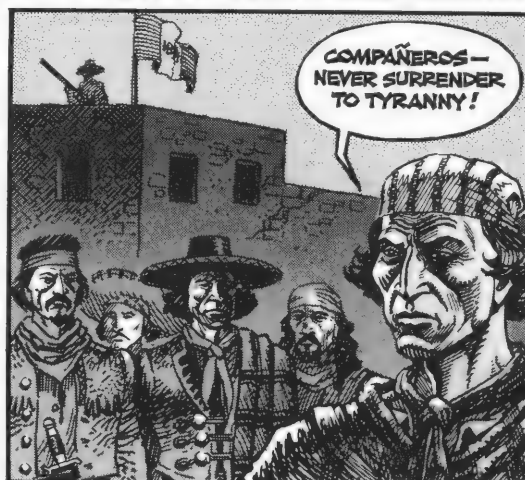
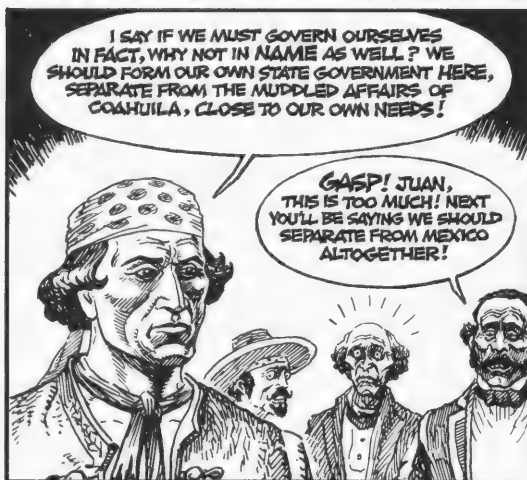
WHEN THE ANGLOS FIRST CAME TO SETTLE IN SPANISH TEXAS, ERASMO SEGUIN MET AND BEFRIENDED THEM.

IN THE FOLLOWING YEARS ERASMO WAS A FAITHFUL SUPPORTER OF THE ANGLO COLONISTS AND WORKED FOR THEIR INTERESTS IN THE NATIONAL CONGRESS.



HIS SON JUAN WAS ONE OF THE EARLIEST ADVOCATES OF INDEPENDENCE AMONG THE MEXICANS OF TEXAS.

BUT FOR HIS BEING SENT OUT AS A COURIER, HE WOULD LIKELY HAVE PERISHED WITH THE ALAMO MARTYRS.



HIS COMPANY OF TEJANO VOLUNTEERS FOUGHT VALIANTLY AT THE BATTLE OF SAN JACINTO, THEIR CRY ECHOING THAT OF THEIR ANGLO COMRADES, AS TEXAS WON ITS FREEDOM FROM MEXICO.





# WHAT PRICE,

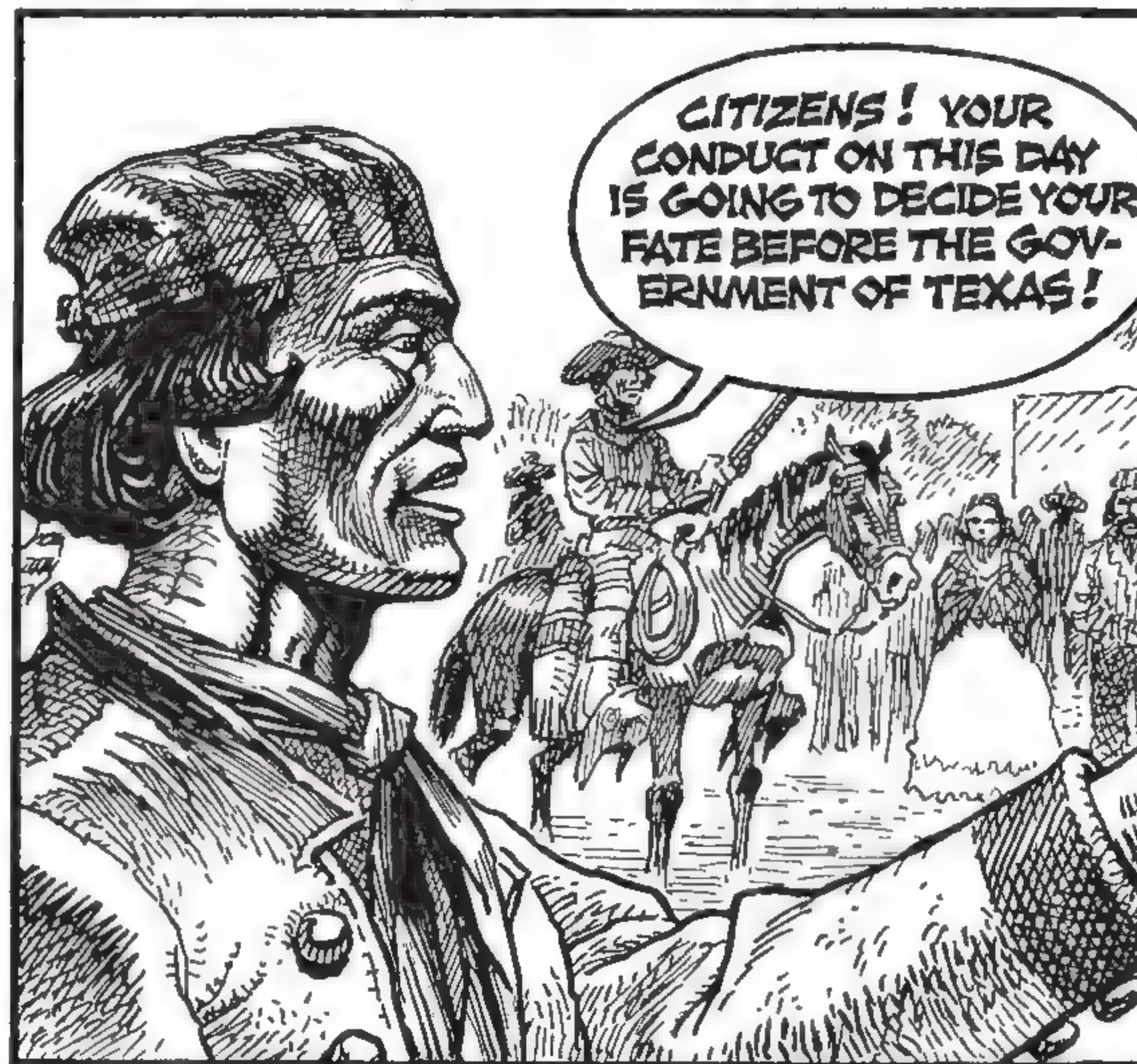


AFTER THE BATTLE OF SAN JACINTO, JUAN SEGUIN IS SENT TO SAN ANTONIO TO RECEIVE THE SURRENDER OF THE OLD PROVINCIAL CAPITAL. HE FINDS HIS HOMETOWN ALMOST DESERTED OF FRIEND AND FOE ALIKE.

SOME OF ITS INHABITANTS LEAVE WITH THE RETREATING MEXICAN SOLDIERS.



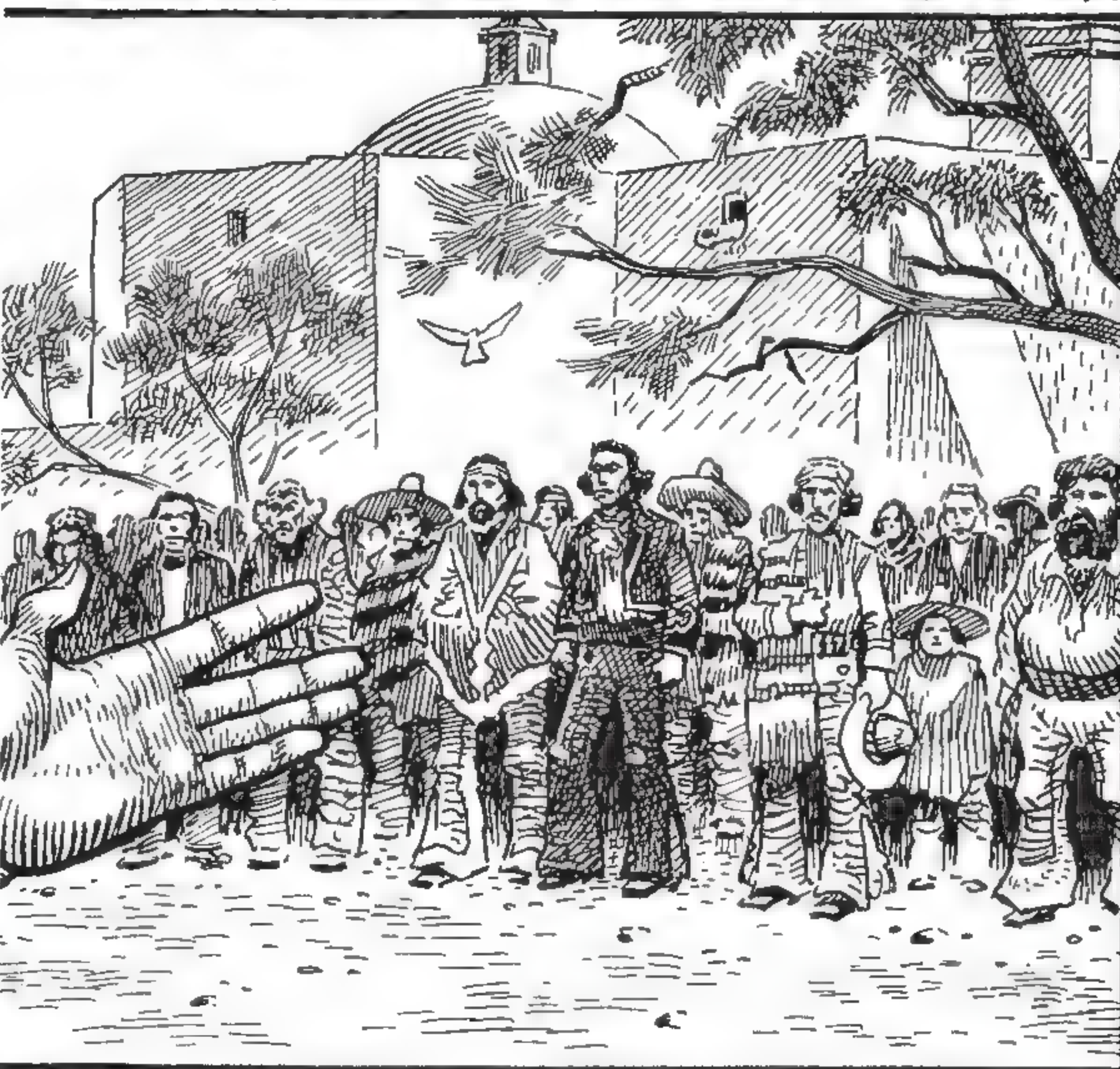
FREQUENT THREATS OF INVASION DURING THE SUMMER OF 1836 CAUSE UNSETTLED CONDITIONS. IN JUNE, JUAN IS ORDERED TO TAKE HIS MEN AND RETURN TO HEADQUARTERS, NEAR VICTORIA...



# FREEDOM?



... HE ADVISES THE CITIZENS OF THEIR PRECARIOUS SITUATION, URGING THEM TO EVACUATE WITH HIS TROOPS.



BUT THE RE-INVASION THREATS FAIL TO MATERIALIZE. MEXICO'S MILITARY LEADERS HAVE MIRED THEMSELVES IN AN ENDLESS HARANGUE TO PINPOINT RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE DISASTROUS TEXAS CAMPAIGN.



YOU CAN'T HANG THIS THING ON ME! IT WASN'T MY FAULT!!

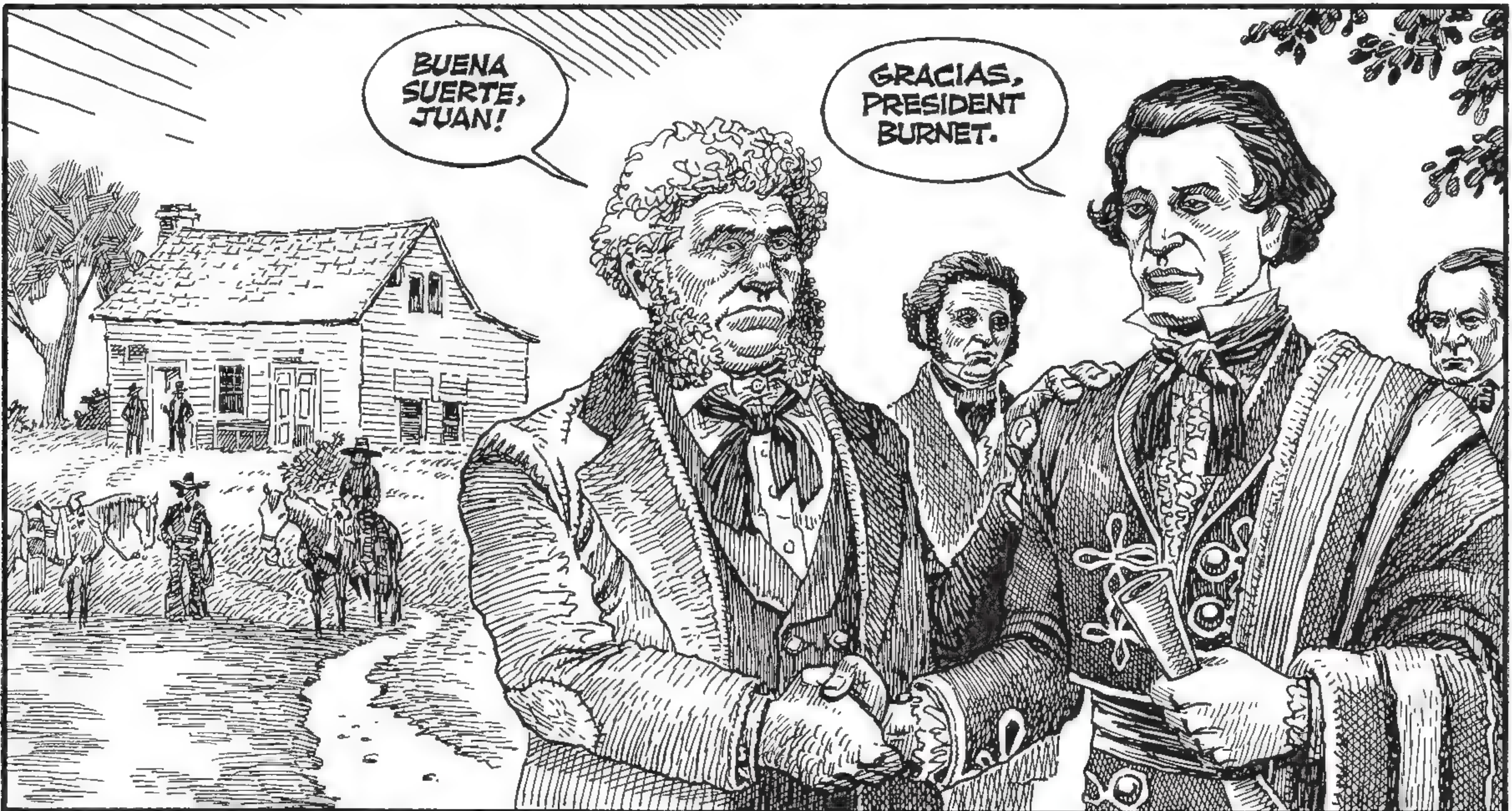
DON'T BLAME ME!



GRADUALLY FAMILIES BEGIN TO RECLAIM THEIR WRECKED HOMES, TO REBUILD AND CARRY ON AS BEFORE. THE FLAG MAY BE DIFFERENT, BUT THE LAND IS UNCHANGED. LIFE HAS NEVER BEEN A CERTAIN THING IN TEXAS.



FOR HIS EXCEPTIONAL SERVICE IN THE STRUGGLE FOR INDEPENDENCE, JUAN IS PROMOTED TO LT-COL. AND ORDERED TO TAKE OVER THE MILITARY GOVERNMENT OF BEXAR UNTIL CIVIL RULE CAN BE RESTORED.



HE IS GRANTED A LEAVE OF ABSENCE TO SEE ABOUT HIS FAMILY IN EAST TEXAS. HE FINDS THEM DESTITUTE, ALL SICK WITH FEVER, AND BECOMES SICK HIMSELF.





AFTER SEVERAL DEATHS, THE FAMILY DECIDES TO LEAVE THE PESTILENTIAL CLIMATE AND TRIES TO MAKE ITS WAY HOME. IT IS A PITIFUL SPECTACLE. ANTONIO MENCHACA, ALSO THERE TO SEE TO HIS FAMILY'S SAFETY, IS THE ONLY ONE STRONG ENOUGH TO DRIVE AND CARE FOR THE SICK.



IT IS OCTOBER BEFORE JUAN IS WELL ENOUGH TO TAKE CONTROL OF BEXAR. HIS APPEARANCE DOES MUCH TO RESTORE ORDER AND CONFIDENCE AMONG THE OLD-TIME TEJANO RESIDENTS, UNCERTAIN OF THEIR FATE IN THE NEW ORDER OF THINGS.



HE GATHERS THE ASHES OF THE ALAMO MARTYRS, AND AFTER A SOLEMN CEREMONY, INTERS THEM IN AN OLD PEACH ORCHARD ONCE USED AS A MILITARY CEMETERY.

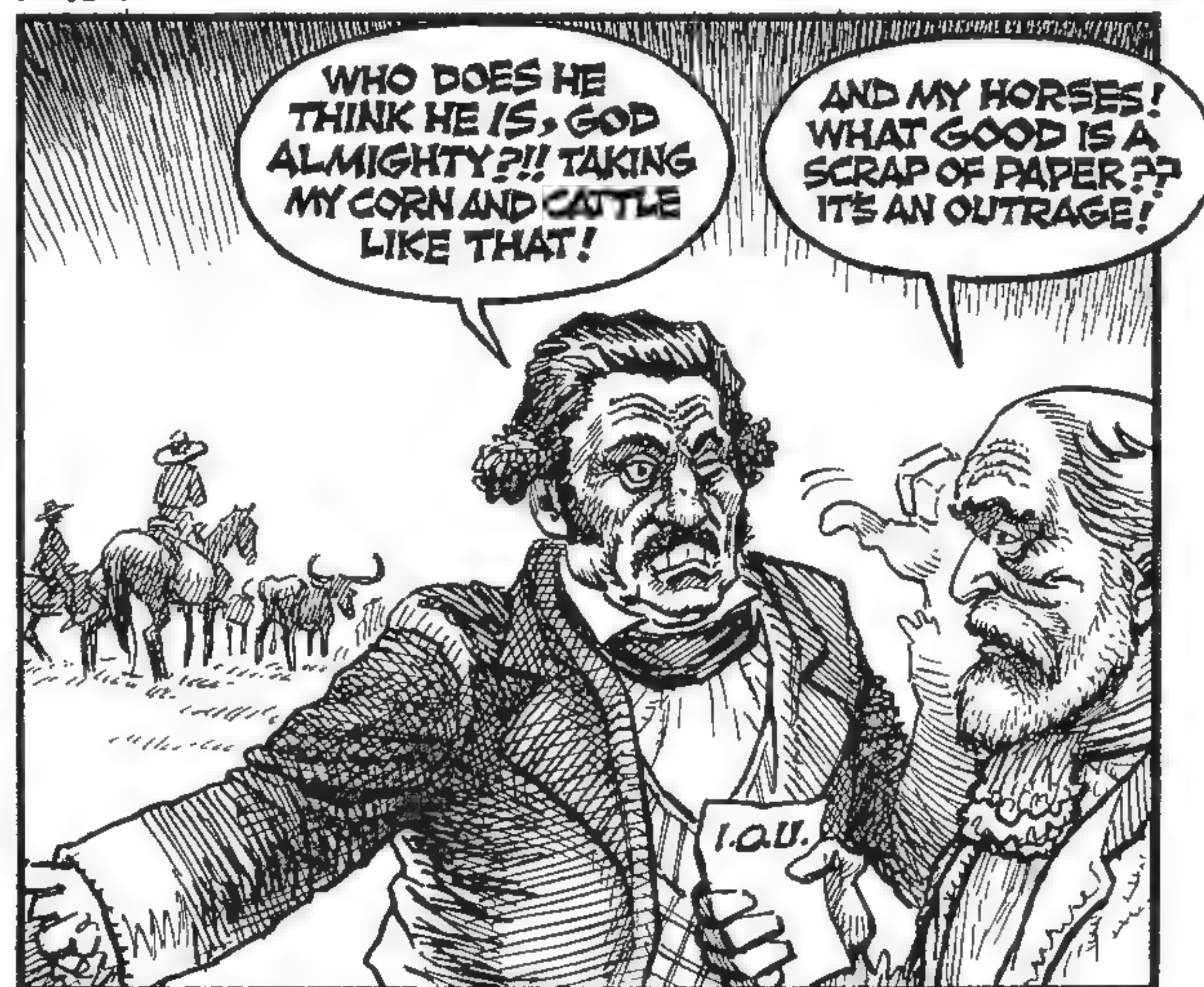




A SMALL PORTION OF THE ASHES ARE QUIETLY PLACED IN AN URN AND BURIED IN THE SAN FERNANDO CATHEDRAL OUT OF RESPECT FOR THE CATHOLICS AMONG THOSE FALLEN.



BUT HIS JOB IS AN IMPOSSIBLE ONE. PROVIDED WITH NEITHER MONEY NOR SUPPLIES BY THE FLEDGLING REPUBLIC, HE MUST MAKE REQUISITIONS ON THE CITIZENS. DISSATISFACTION IS INEVITABLE.



PART OF HIS JOB AS JEFE IS THE FERRETING OUT OF "ENEMY" SYMPATHIZERS AND OUTRIGHT SPIES — NOT A PLEASANT TASK, FOR MANY OF HIS OLD ACQUAINTANCES FALL INTO THIS CATEGORY.



TO ADD TO JUAN'S PROBLEMS AMONG HIS OWN PEOPLE, THERE IS AN INFLUX OF ANGLO NEWCOMERS, MOST OF WHOM ARRIVED TOO LATE TO EVEN FIRE A GUN IN THE REVOLUTION. NOW, THEY ARE PENNILESS, ADRIPT, AND PRONE TO MISCHIEF.



HE MUST CONTROL THE LAWLESS ELEMENT AMONG THEM — WHICH IS WIDE-SPREAD — AND THEY DO NOT TAKE KINDLY TO ORDERS FROM A "MEXICAN".



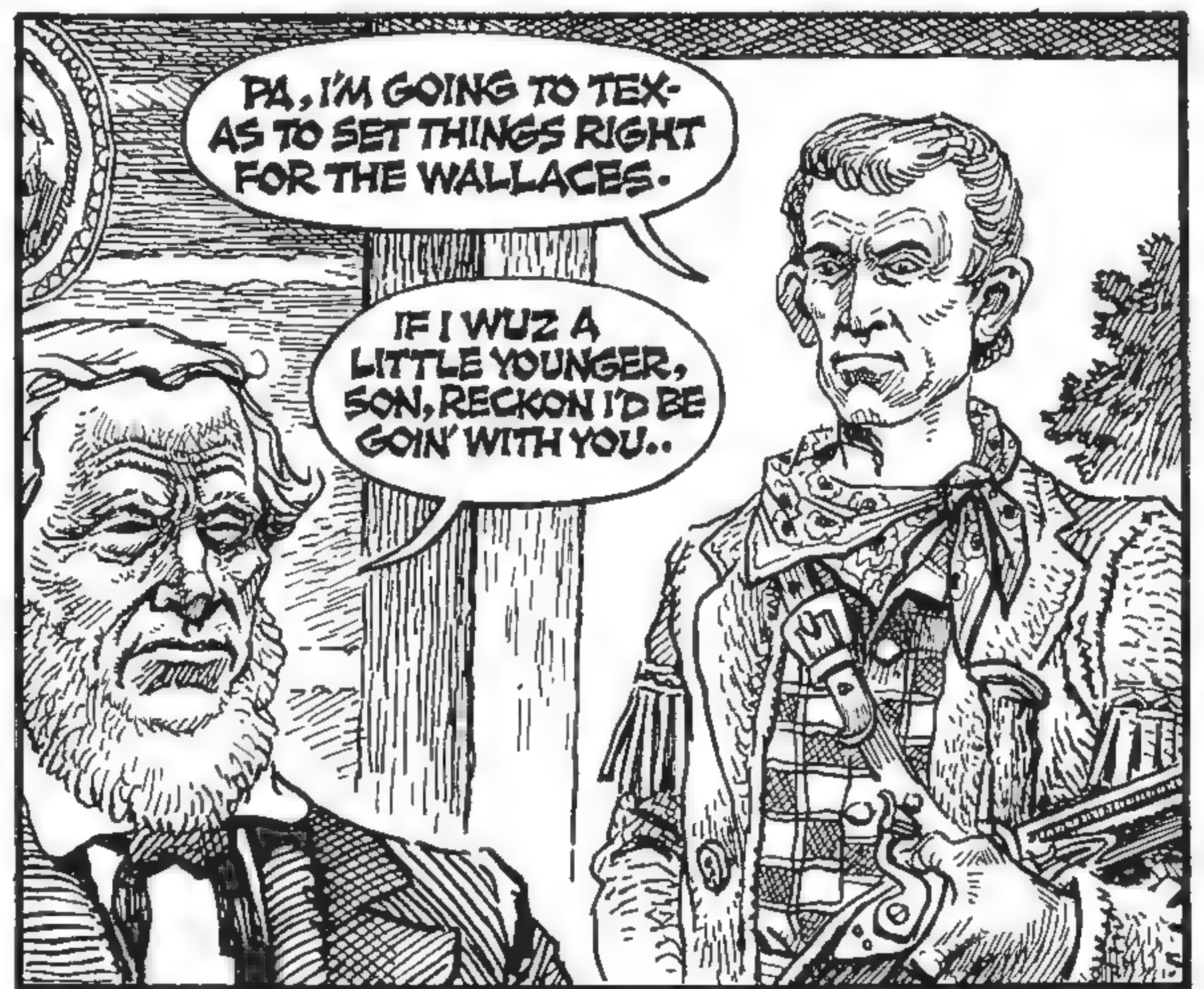


SEGUIN AND HIS FELLOW TEJANOS FAIL TO GRASP THE INTENSITY, THE DEEP NEED FOR VENGEANCE, THAT MOTIVATED THESE RECRUITS TO RUSH TO THE DEFENSE OF TEXAS. BACK IN THE STATES, LURID ACCOUNTS OF THE MEXICAN ATROCITIES AT THE ALAMO AND GOLIAD, EMOTIONAL PUBLIC RALLIES ON THE FATE FACED BY THEIR KINSMEN IN TEXAS — COUPLED WITH PERSONAL FAMILY LOSSES — ALL WORKED TO CREATE A FRENZY OF HATRED AGAINST THE "MONSTER MEXICO".

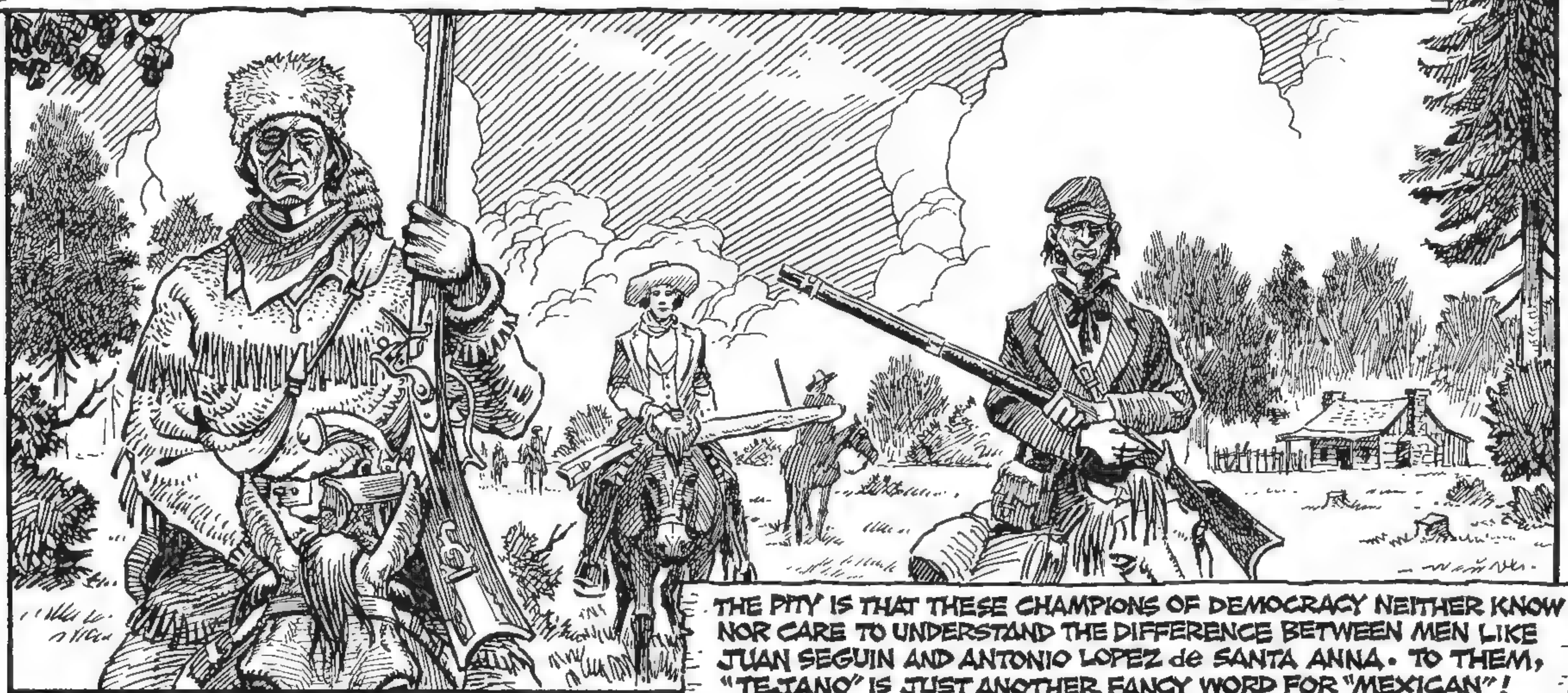


THE SENSELESS BUTCHERY OF THE GOLIAD VICTIMS AND THE DEATH OF POPULAR FOLK HEROES LIKE CROCKETT AND BOWIE CRIED OUT TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE FOR ATONEMENT.

MANY SONS OF LIBERTY, LIKE YOUNG WILLIAM A.A. WALLACE (LATER TO BE KNOWN AS "BIGFOOT"), FELT IT WAS THEIR SACRED DUTY TO TEACH THE "TREACHEROUS" MEXICANS THAT THEY COULD NOT SLAUGHTER FREE MEN WITH IMPUNITY.

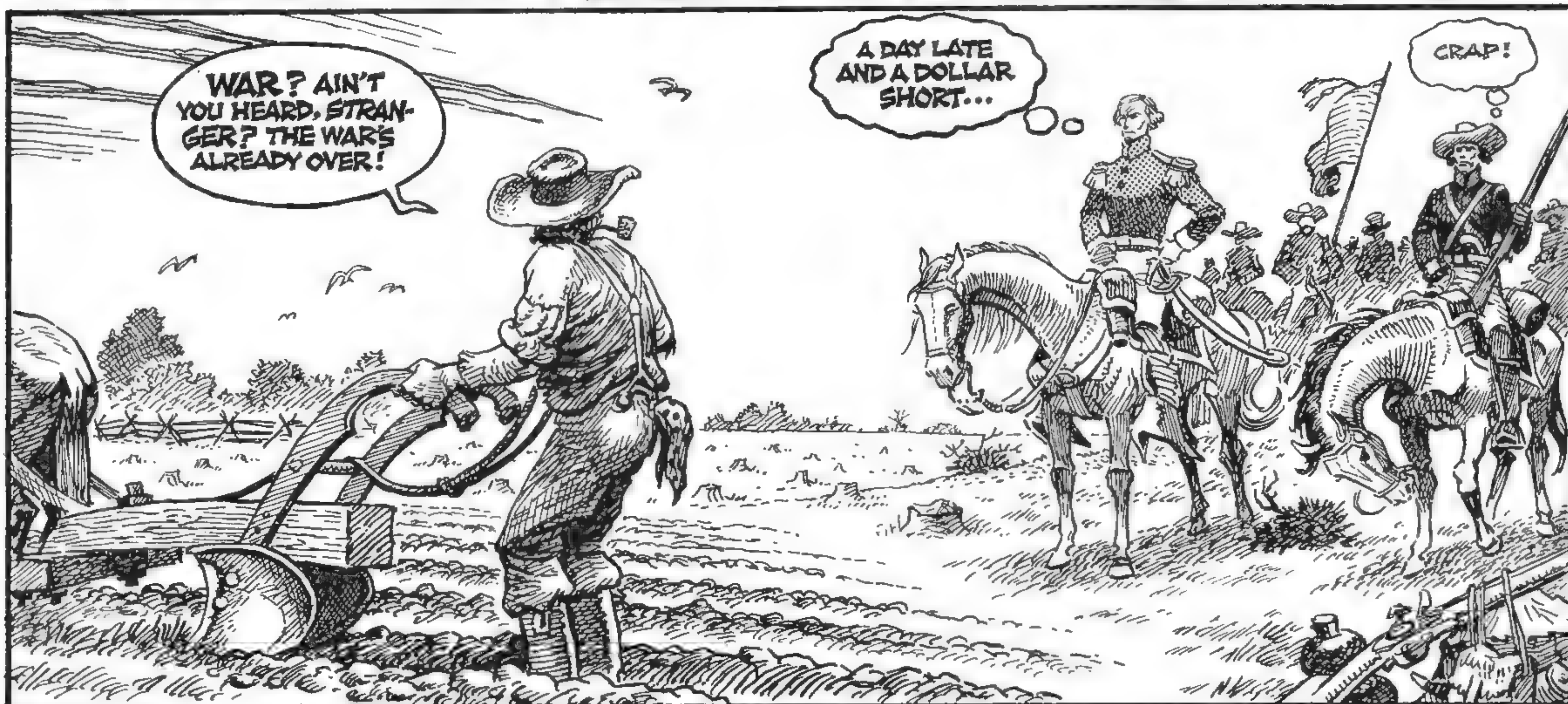


AND SO THEY CAME, FROM ALL SECTIONS OF THE YOUNG, ENERGETIC NATION, ARMED WITH LONG RIFLES AND THE CONSUMING PASSION, THE SELF-RIGHTEOUS INJUNCTION — MAKE THE MEXICANS PAY !!

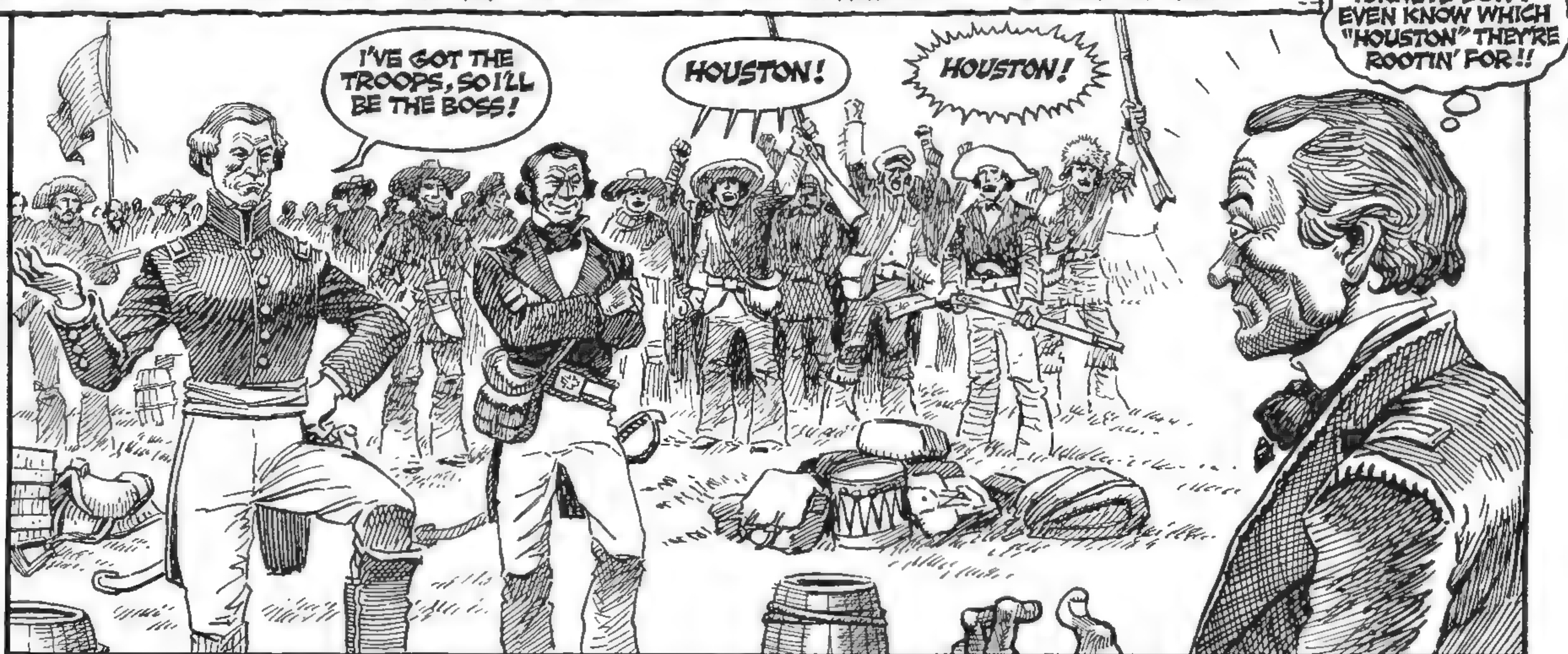




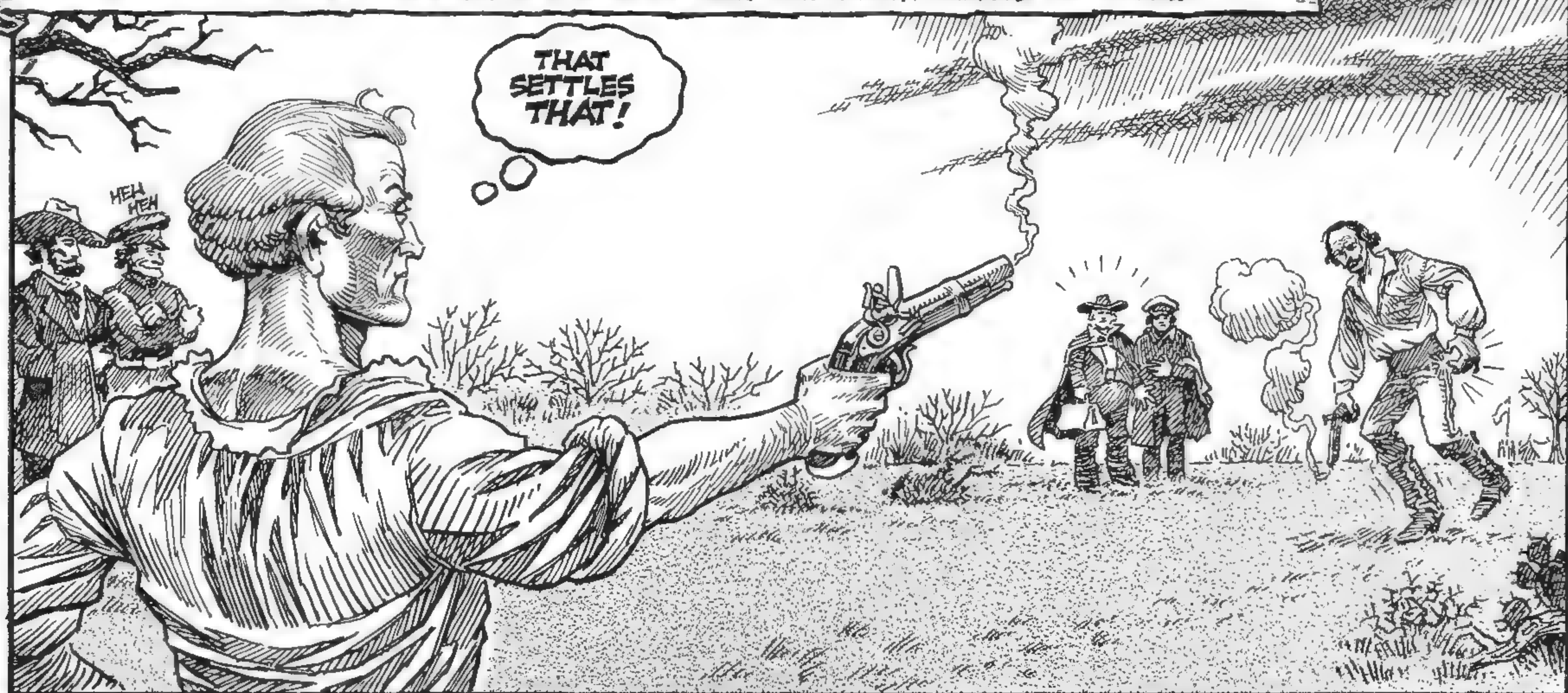
THESE FRUSTRATED EMIGREES FLOCK TO THE BANNER OF FELIX HUSTON, A TURBULENT AND OVER-BEARING SOLDIER OF FORTUNE WHO ALSO ARRIVED IN TEXAS AFTER SAN JACINTO, TOO LATE FOR GLORY — AND THE SPOILS OF WAR.



NOW, HUSTON — HOT BECAUSE HE HAD MISSED KILLING ANY MEXICAN TYRANTS — IS HEAD OF AN "ARMY" THREE TIMES AS BIG AS THE ONE THAT HAD WON INDEPENDENCE, AND WANTS TO USE IT. HE REFUSES TO RECOGNIZE LAMAR, THE AUTHORIZED COMMANDER OF THE TEXIAN ARMY.

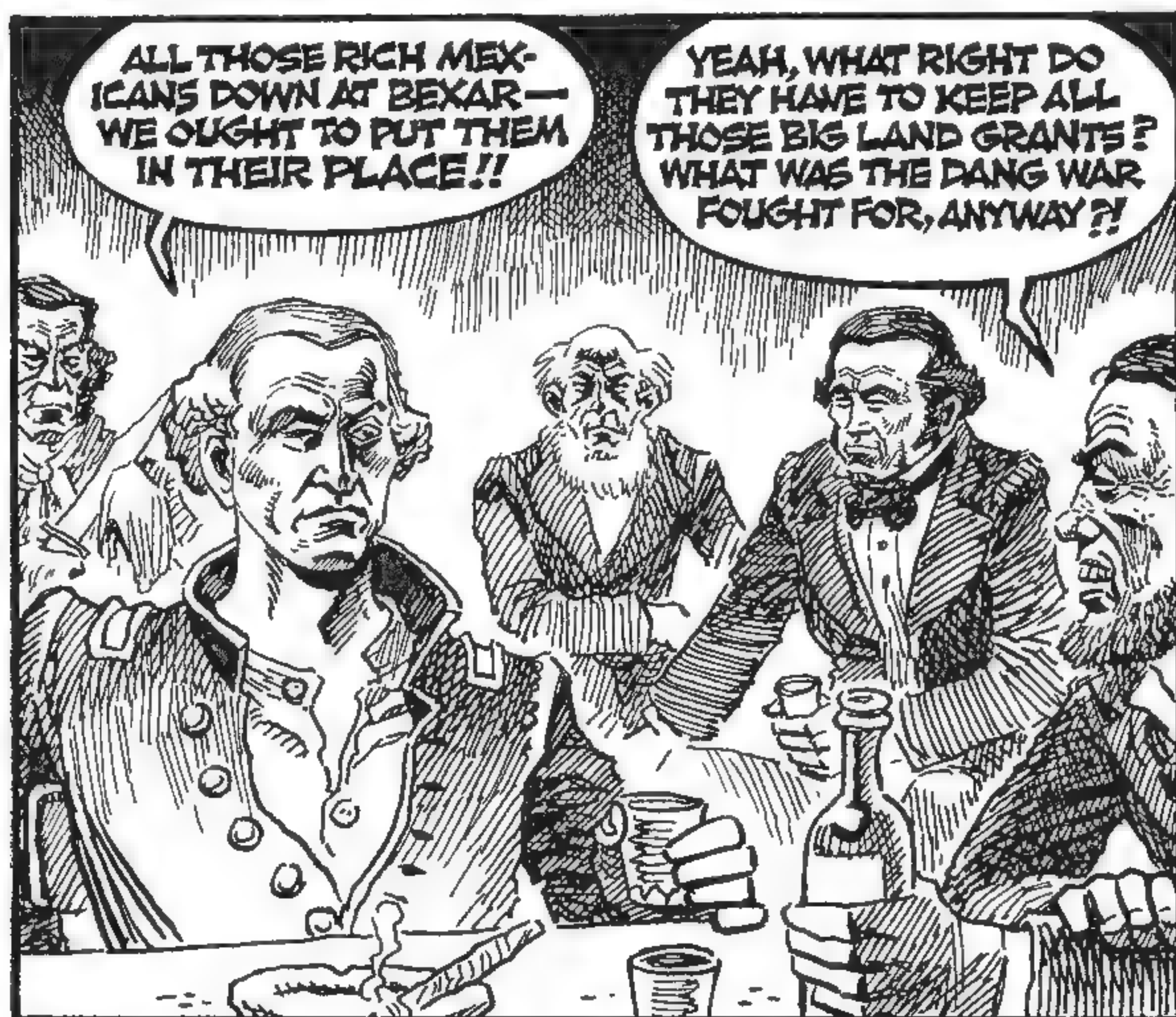


WHEN HE IS PASSED OVER AGAIN AND ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON GIVEN COMMAND OF "HIS" ARMY, HUSTON WOUNDS JOHNSTON IN A DUEL TO KEEP HIM FROM TAKING COMMAND.

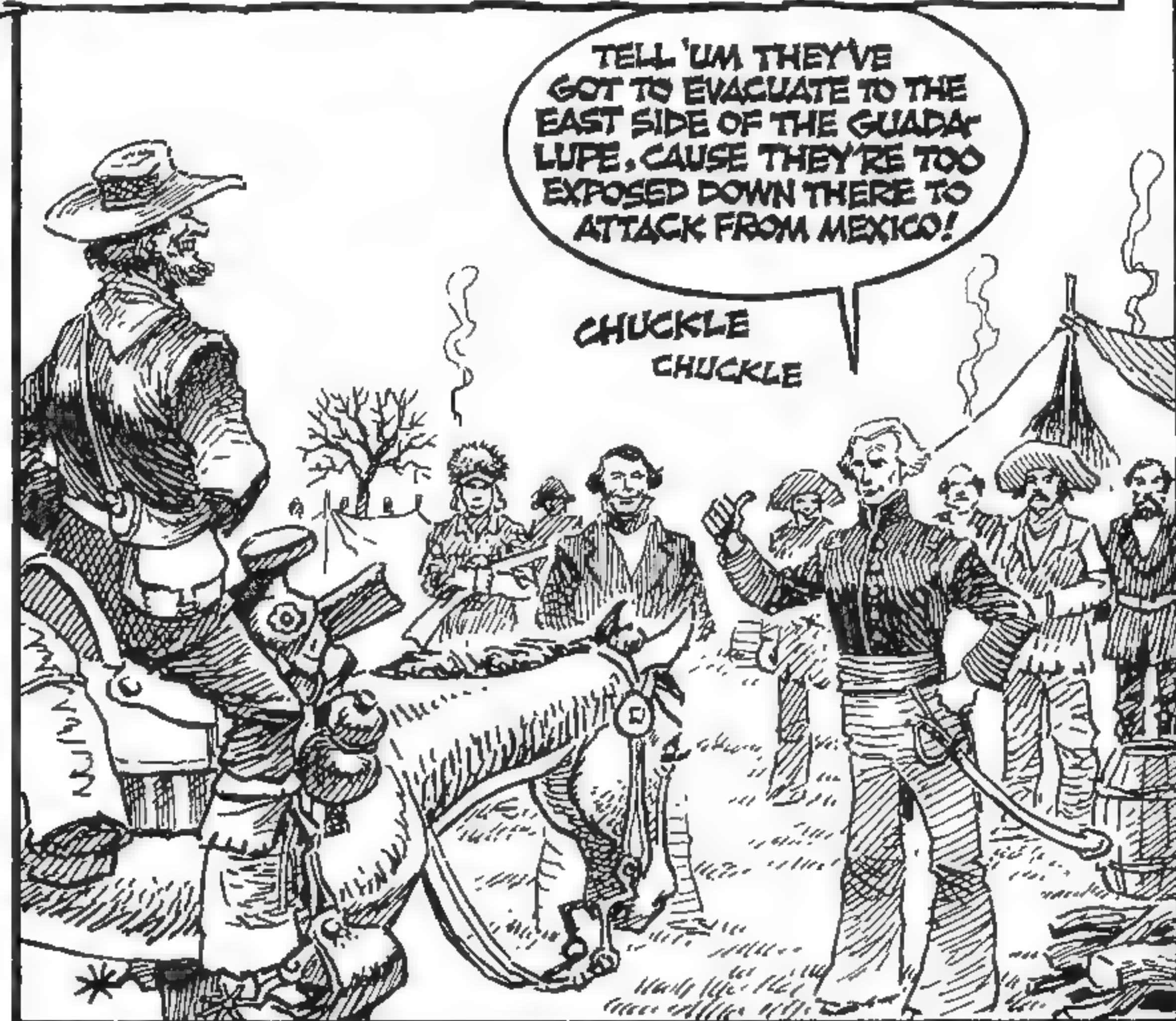




HUSTON HAD SPENT \$40,000 BACK IN MISSISSIPPI, RAISING AND EQUIPPING 500 VOLUNTEERS TO COME FIGHT IN TEXAS, AND HE DOESN'T PLAN TO LOSE HIS INVESTMENT!



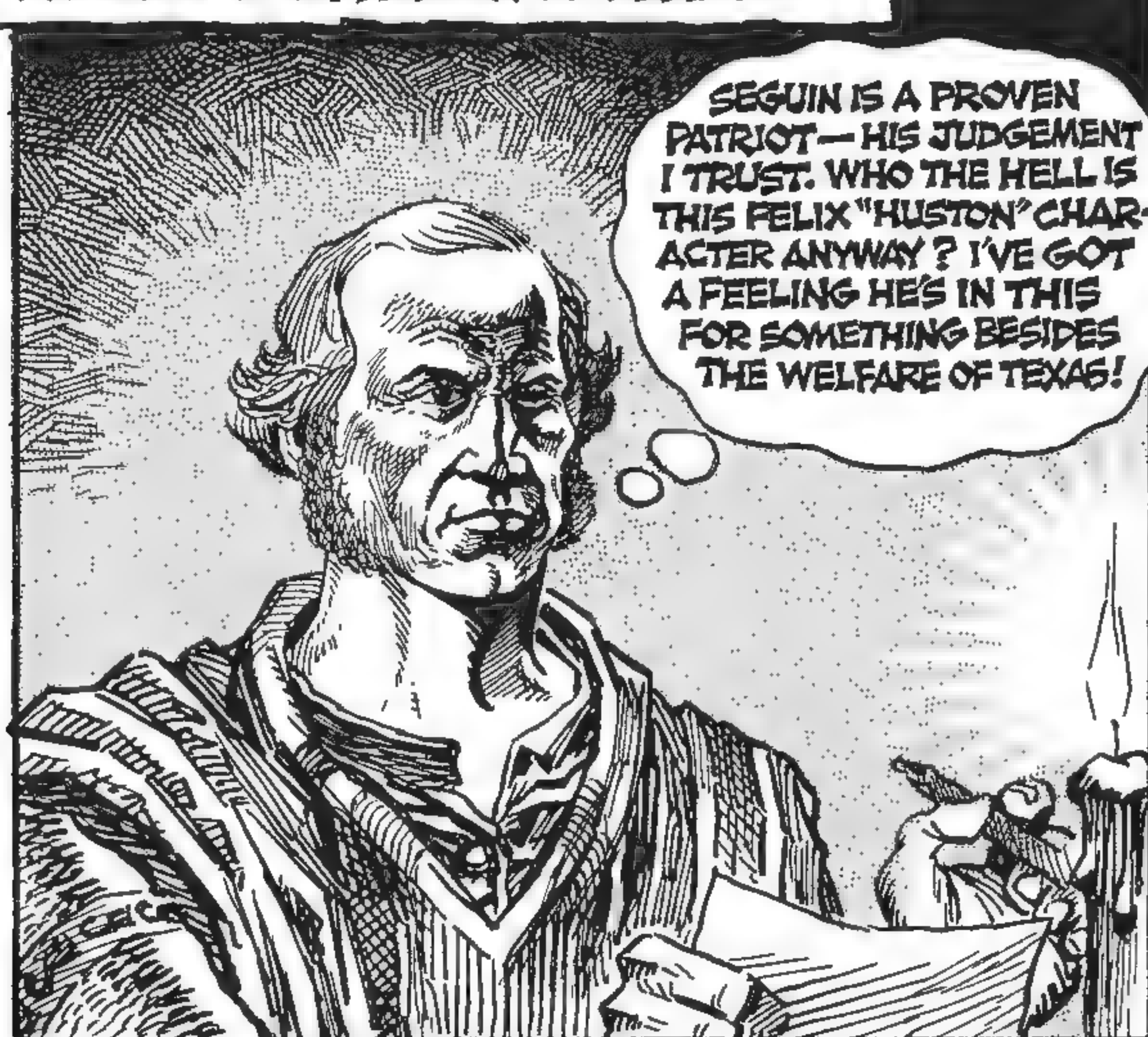
HUSTON AND HIS CRONIES DEVISE A PLAN TO MOVE ALL THE TEJANO POPULATION OUT OF BEXAR SO THEY CAN RAVAGE THE AREA AT THEIR CONVENIENCE.



WHEN SEGUIN IS HANDED THE ORDERS TO SCUTTLE AND ABANDON SAN ANTONIO, HE REFUSES TO CARRY THEM OUT AND APPEALS DIRECTLY TO PRESIDENT SAM HUSTON.



THE PRESIDENT TAKES JUAN'S SIDE AND PREVAILS UPON HUSTON TO DESIST.

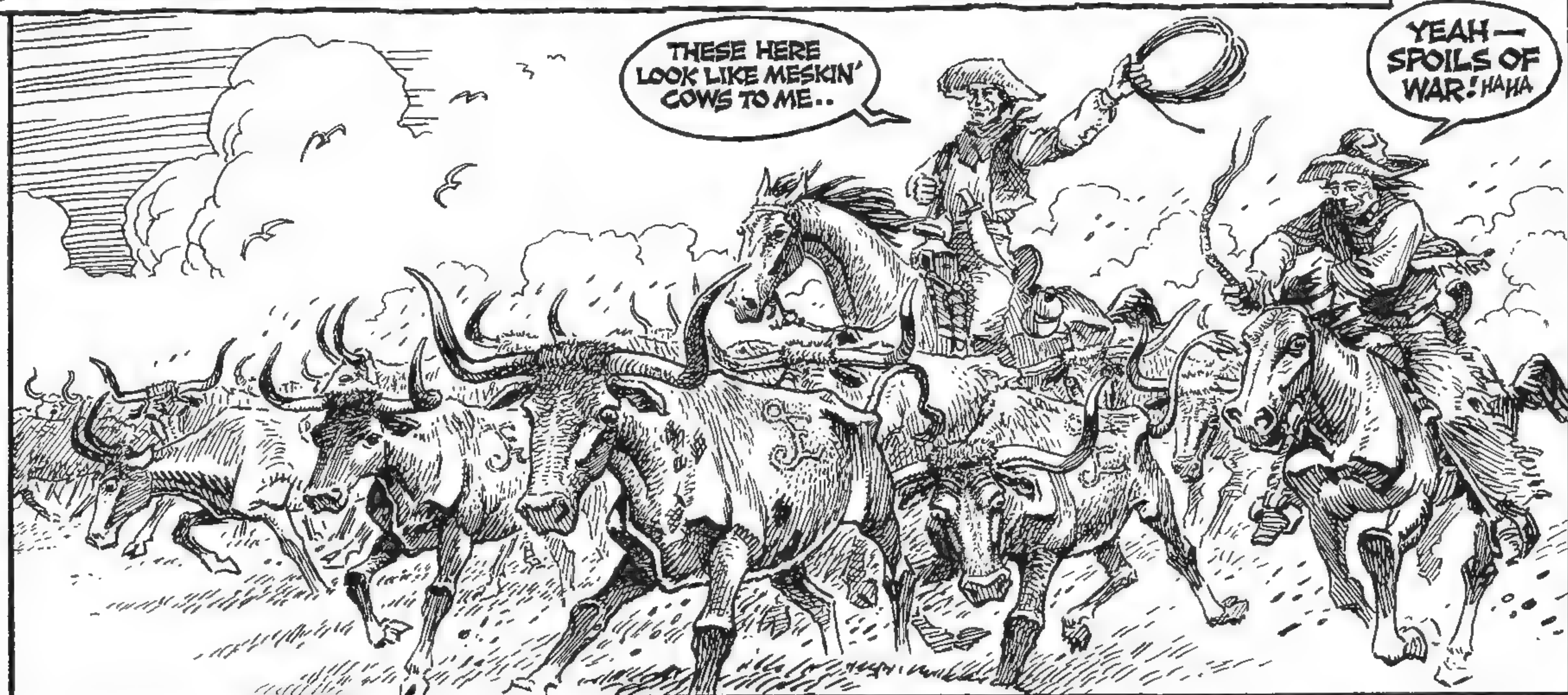


SO JUAN SAVES HIS TOWN FROM DESTRUCTION, BUT HE HAS MADE A BITTER ENEMY IN FELIX HUSTON.

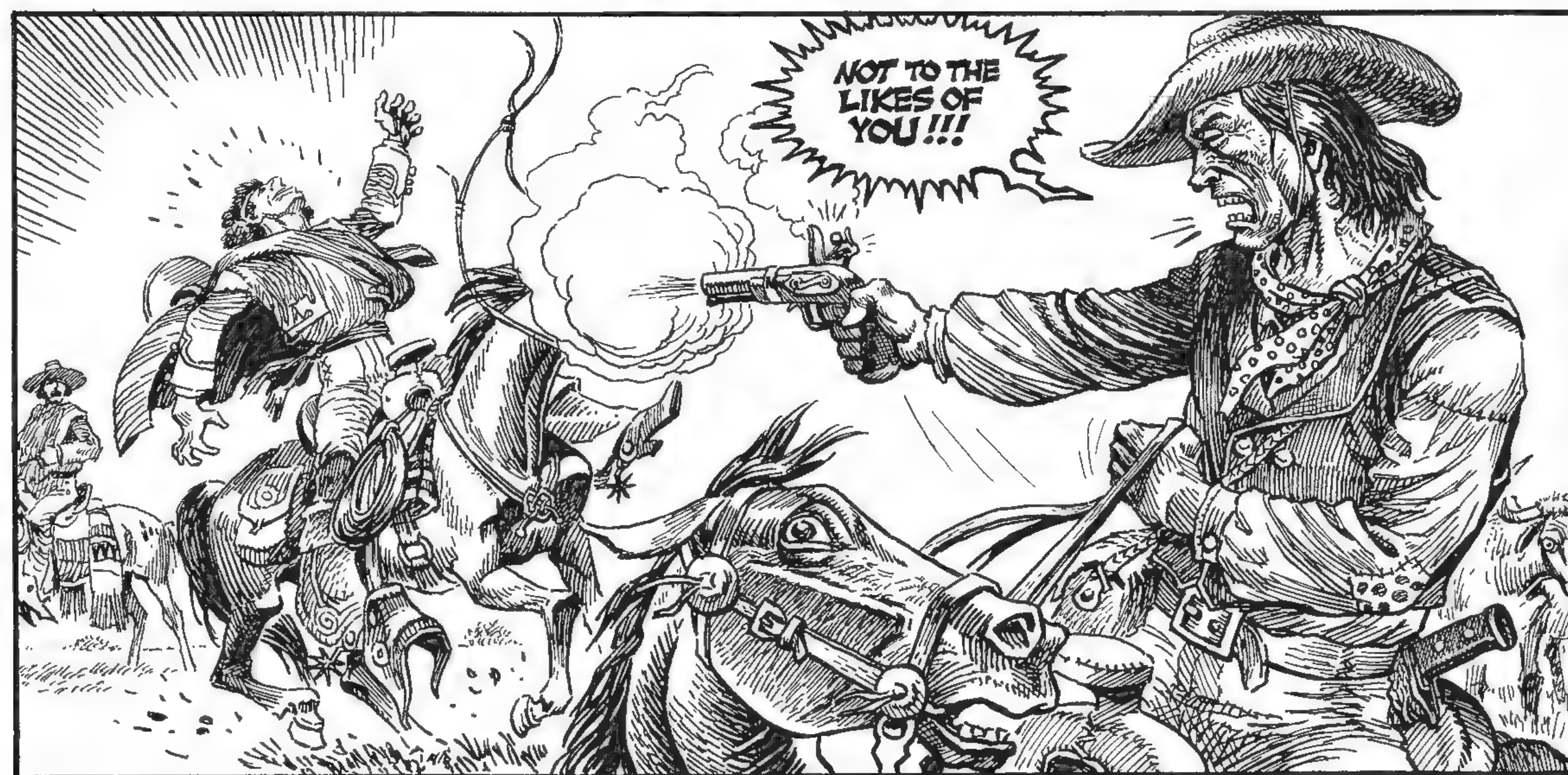




HUSTON'S ARMY IS SOON FURLOUGHED OUT FROM UNDER HIM, BUT MANY OF HIS "SOLDIERS" STAY TO PLAGUE THE CITIZENS AROUND BEXAR AND PREY UPON THE IRISH AND DE LEON COLONISTS.

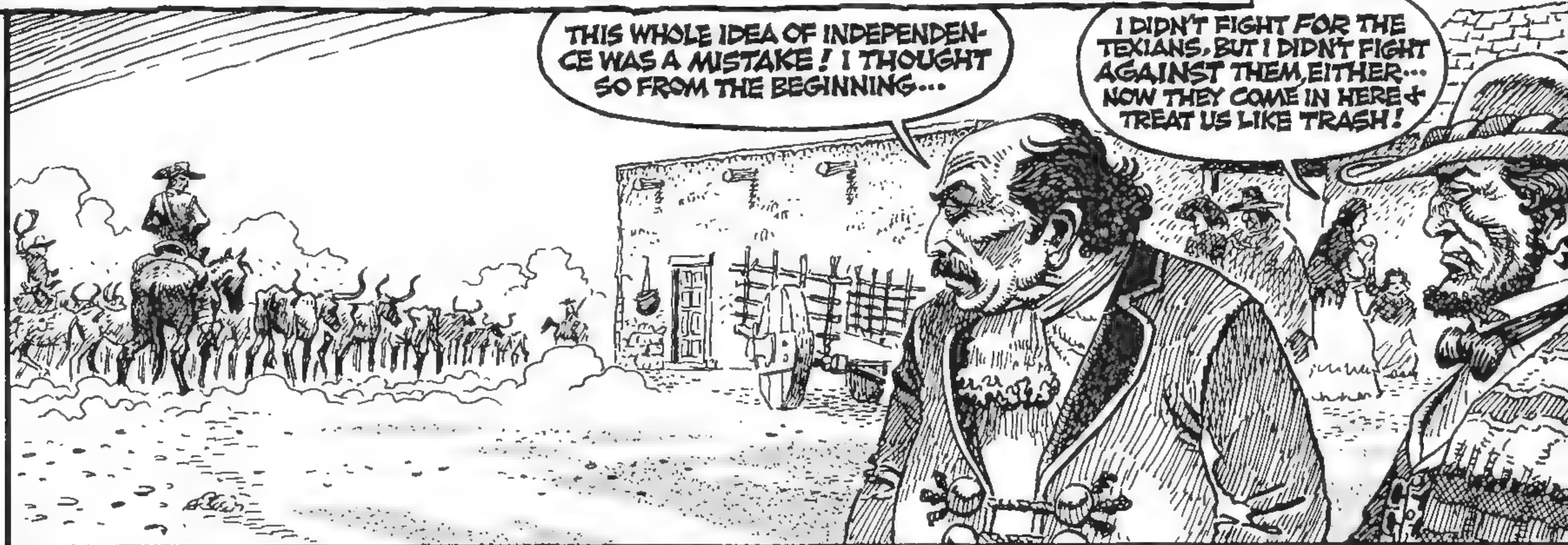


ENCOUNTERS BETWEEN TEJANOS, LIKE YOUNG AGAPITO DE LEON, AND THE FORAGING ANGLOS, LIKE "MUSTANG" GRAY, SOMETIMES TURN UGLY.





THROUGH THE ABUSES OF THESE "TEXAS VOLUNTEERS", MANY OF THE OLD-TIME TEJANO RESIDENTS BECOME HOSTILE TO THE ANGLOS AND OUTWARDLY SYMPATHETIC TO MEXICO.



THE SCOUT AND LONG-TIME TEXIAN, ERASTUS "DEAF" SMITH, RETURNING TO BEXAR FROM A SKIRMISH NEAR LAREDO IN THE SPRING OF 1837, NOTICES THAT THE SENTIMENTS OF THE TEJANOS ARE SWINGING TOWARD THE ENEMY.

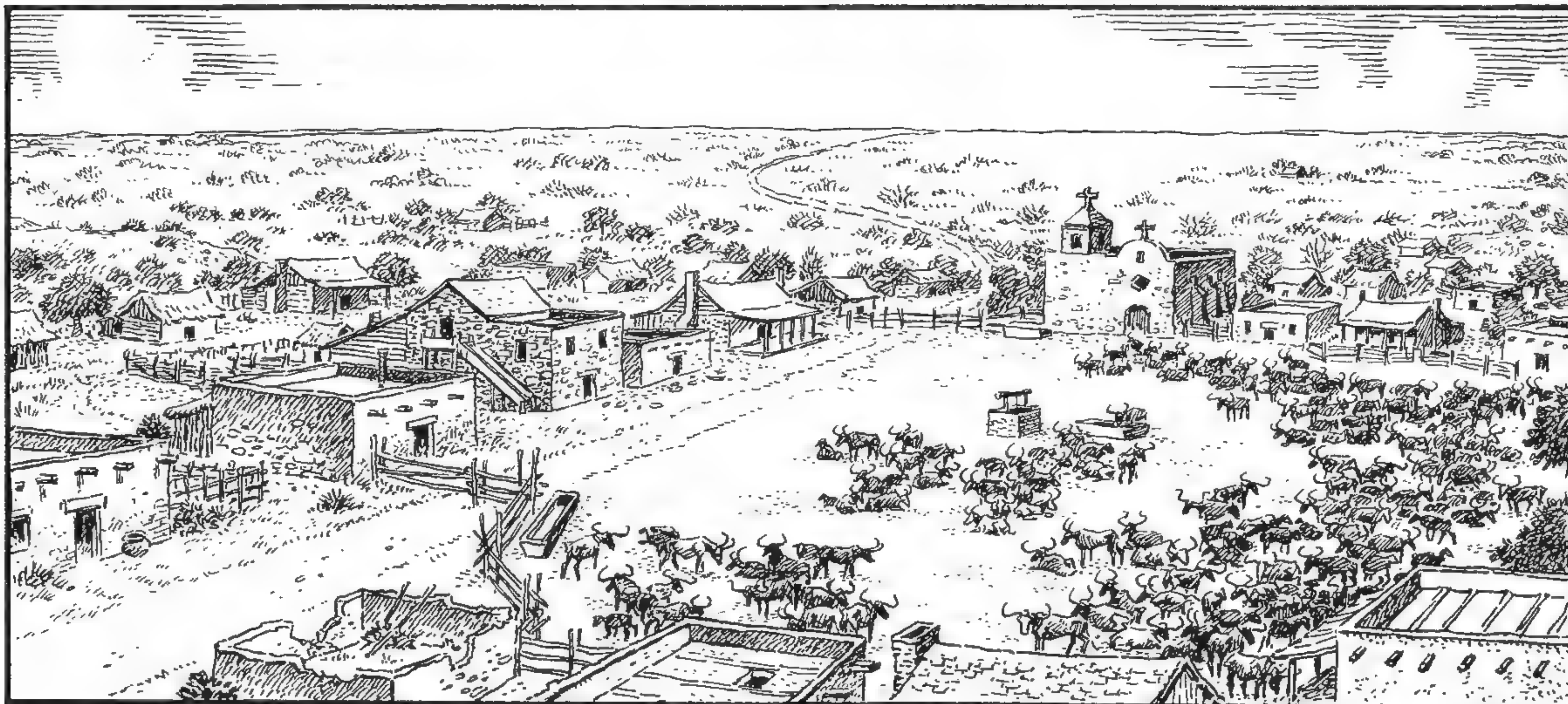


THE PRACTICE OF STEALING STOCK FROM THE TEJANOS BECOMES AN ESTABLISHED FEATURE OF THE "GUERRILLA WARFARE AGAINST MEXICO". THE NAME "COW BOYS" IS GIVEN TO THE ANGLO BANDS THAT RAID RANCHOS WITHOUT BOTHERING TO ASK THE POLITICAL SYMPATHIES OF THEIR OWNERS.





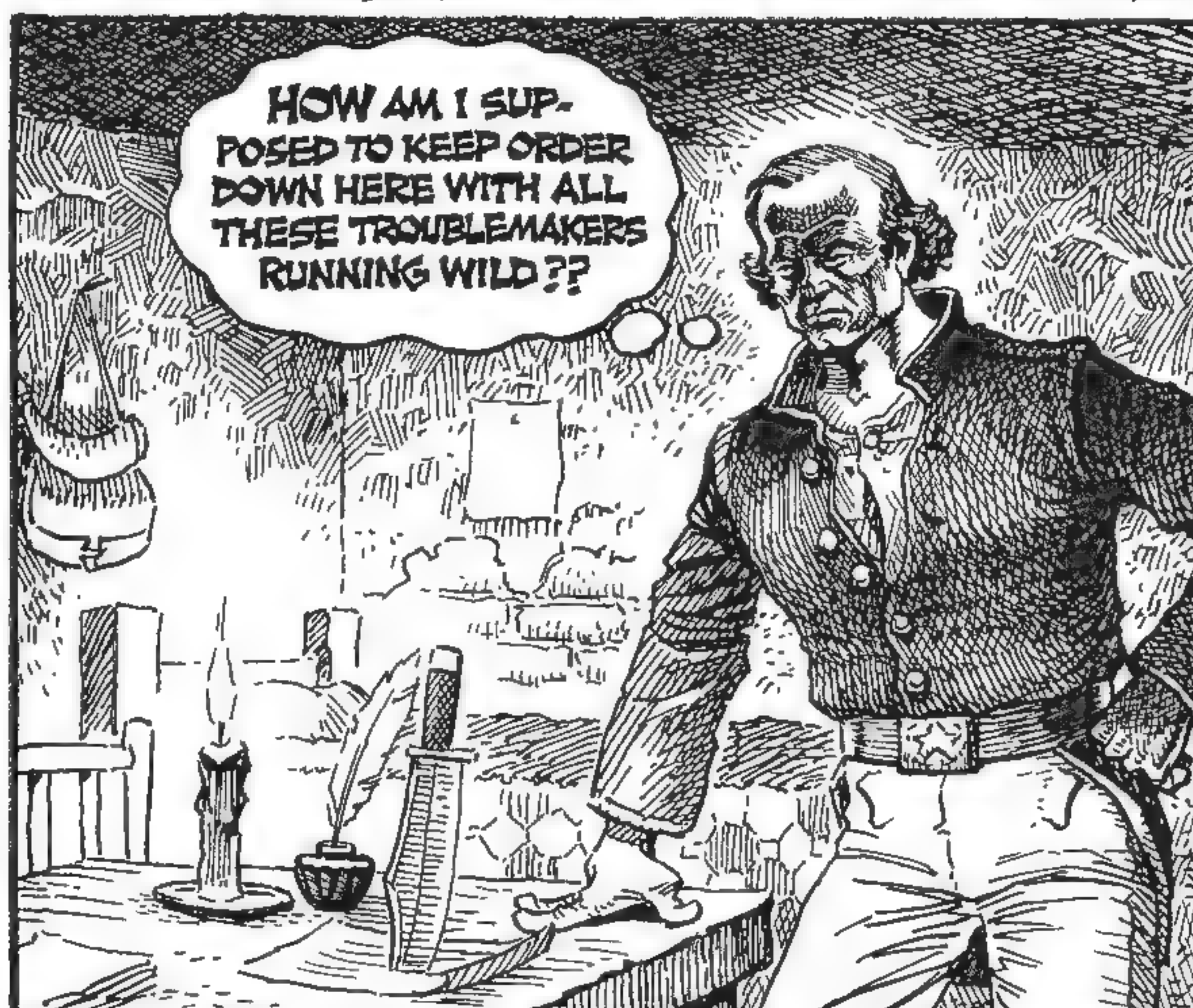
SOON THE FAR-FLUNG COUNTIES ARE VIRTUALLY UNDER THE CONTROL OF THIS WILD "COW BOY" ELEMENT, AND THE DESERTED FRONTIER TOWNS ARE LITTLE MORE THAN DEPOTS FOR THEIR "LIBERATED" CATTLE HERDS.



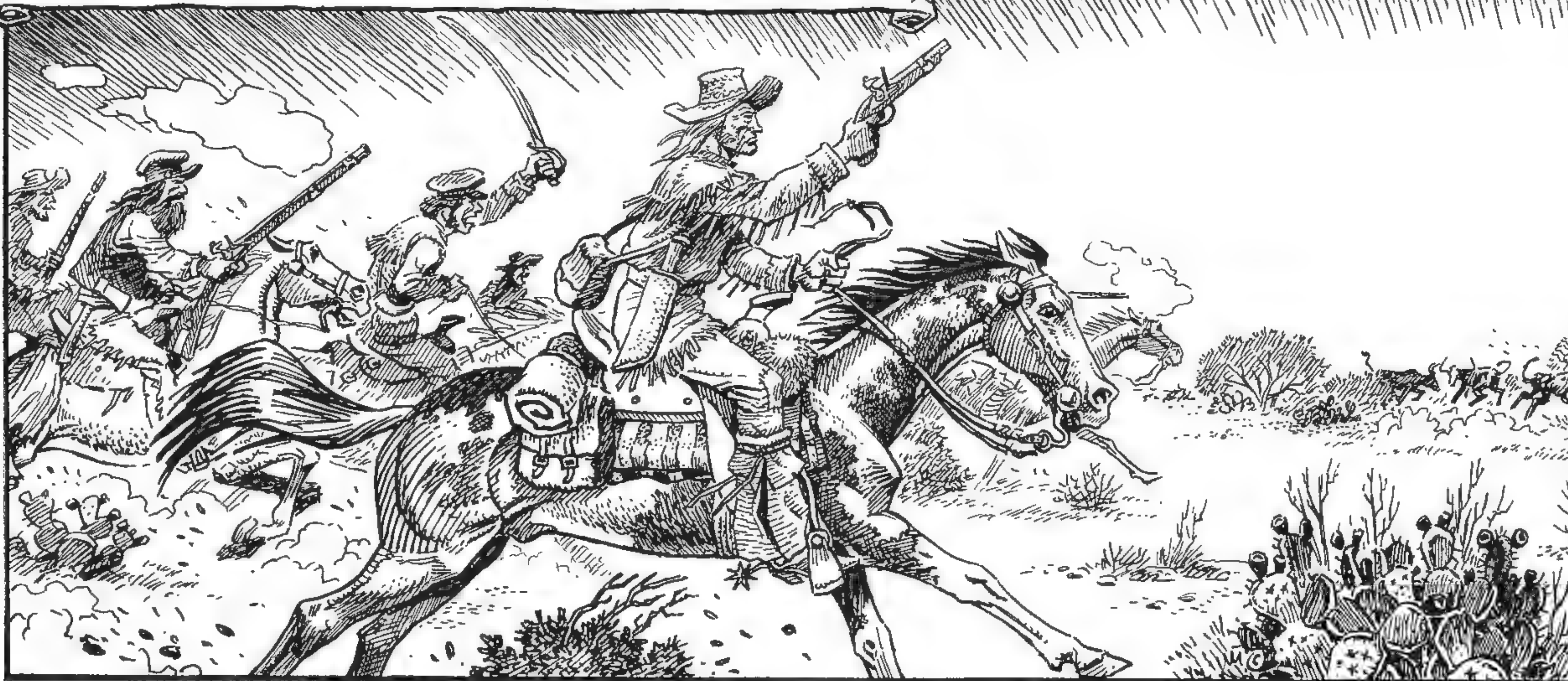
AT FIRST THEY RESTRICT THEIR OPERATIONS MOSTLY TO RAIDS BELOW THE NUECES, PLUNDERING "LOYALIST" RANCHOS, BUT SOON DISCOVER THE RICH POSSIBILITIES CLOSER TO HOME.



YOUNG HENRY WAX KARNES, HEAD OF TEXAN CAVALRY FORCES ON THE FRONTIER, TENDERS HIS RESIGNATION IN DISGUST BECAUSE OF THE REPUBLIC'S LICENSING OF THESE "COWBOYS"—WHO ARE IN FACT ONLY OUTLAWS.



TO SURVIVE, THE RANCHEROS MUST FIGHT FIRE WITH FIRE. SOON ALL THE AREA OF "WEST" TEXAS IS AFLAME WITH TERRORISM.





OTHER TEJANOS, LIKE AGATÓN QUIÑONES, TURN TO A LIFE OF BANDITRY, FORMING CATTLE RAIDS OF THEIR OWN AND PREYING UPON TRADERS WHO DARE TO VENTURE ACROSS THE "NUECES STRIP" WHICH RAPIDLY BECOMES A NO-MAN'S LAND.

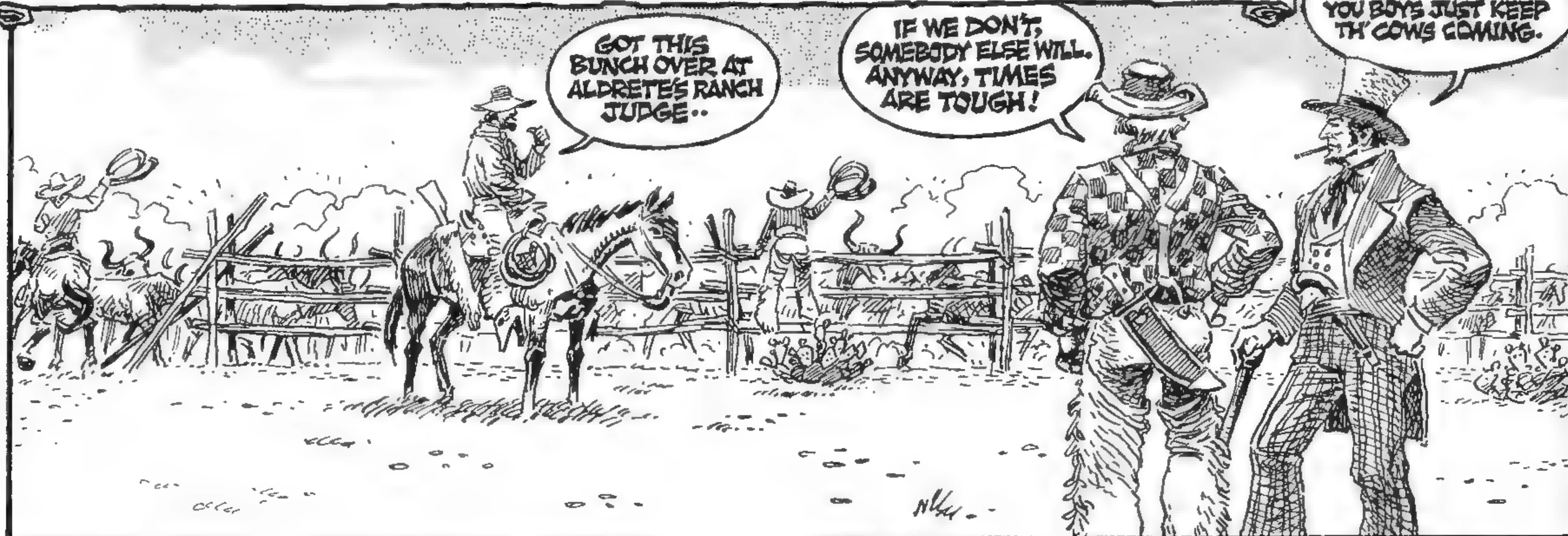


JUAN AND ERASMO SEGUIN'S PROPERTY—DEVIATED BY THE REVOLUTION—IS NOW SUBJECTED TO SIMILAR TREATMENT BY "COWBOYS" AND "BANDIDOS" ALIKE.

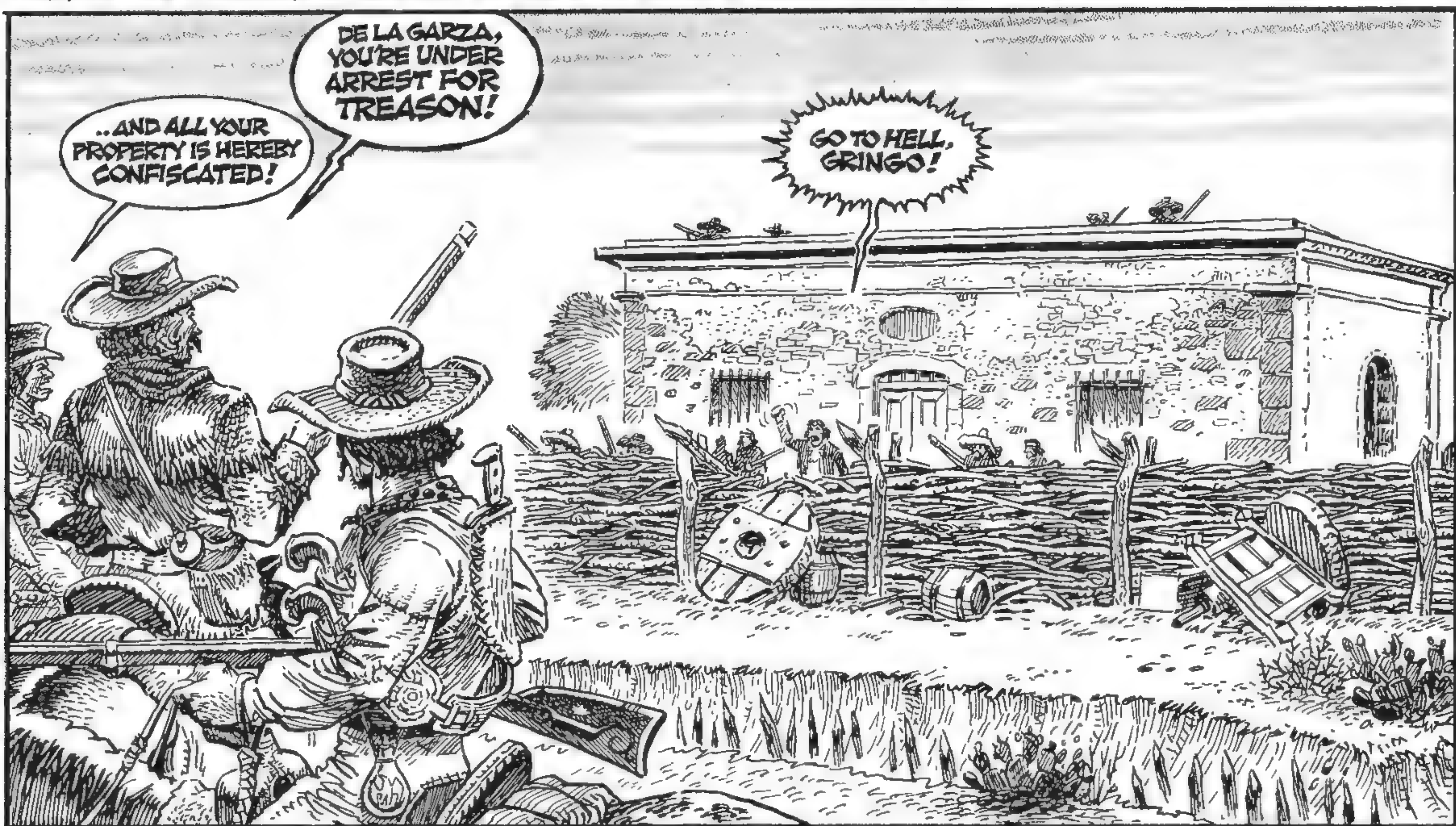




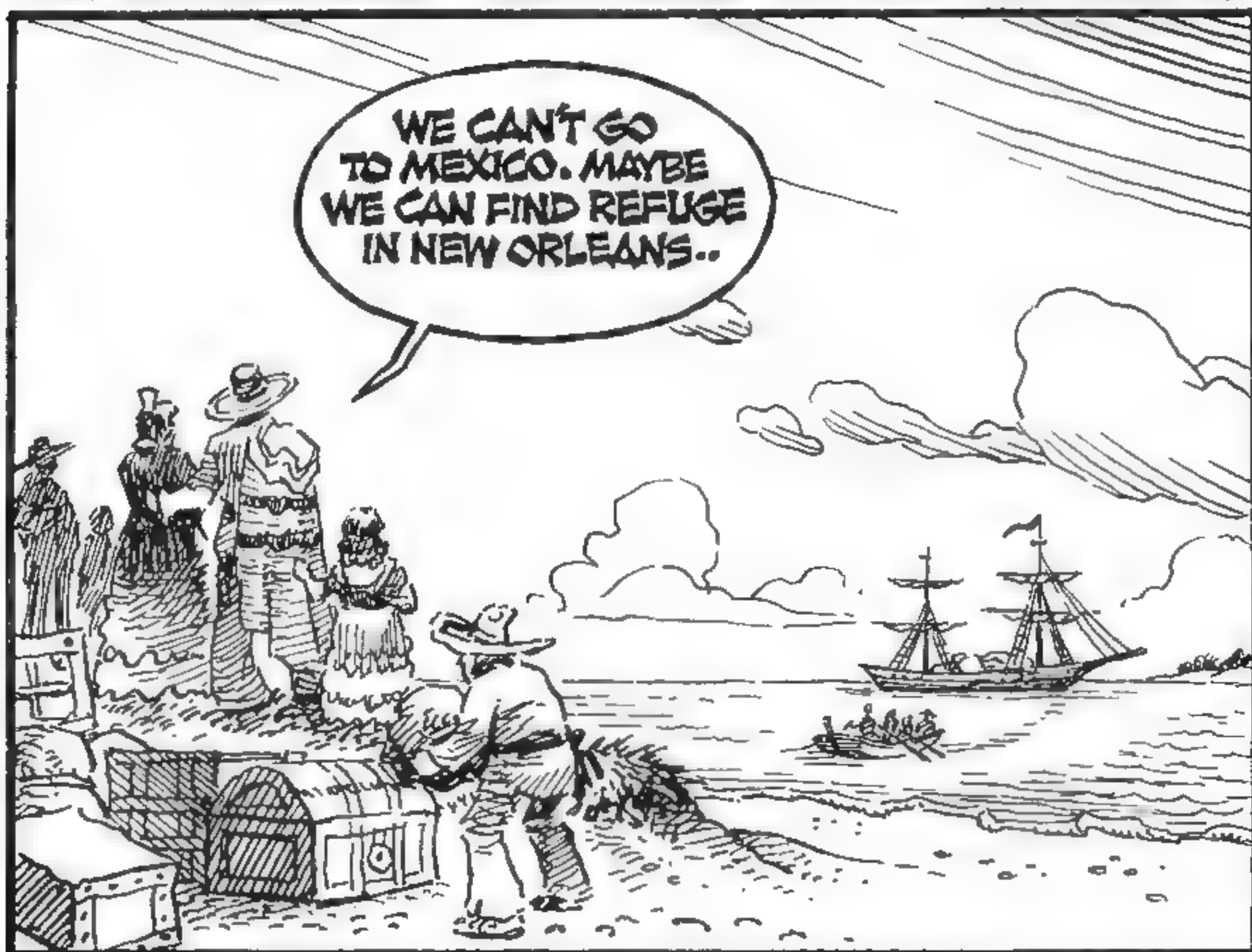
SOME HIGH-PLACED ANGLOS PARTICIPATE IN THE TRADE OF STOLEN CATTLE, EVEN BACKING RAIDS ON THE HERDS OF LEADING TEJANO RANCHEROS AND FORMER FREEDOM-FIGHTERS.



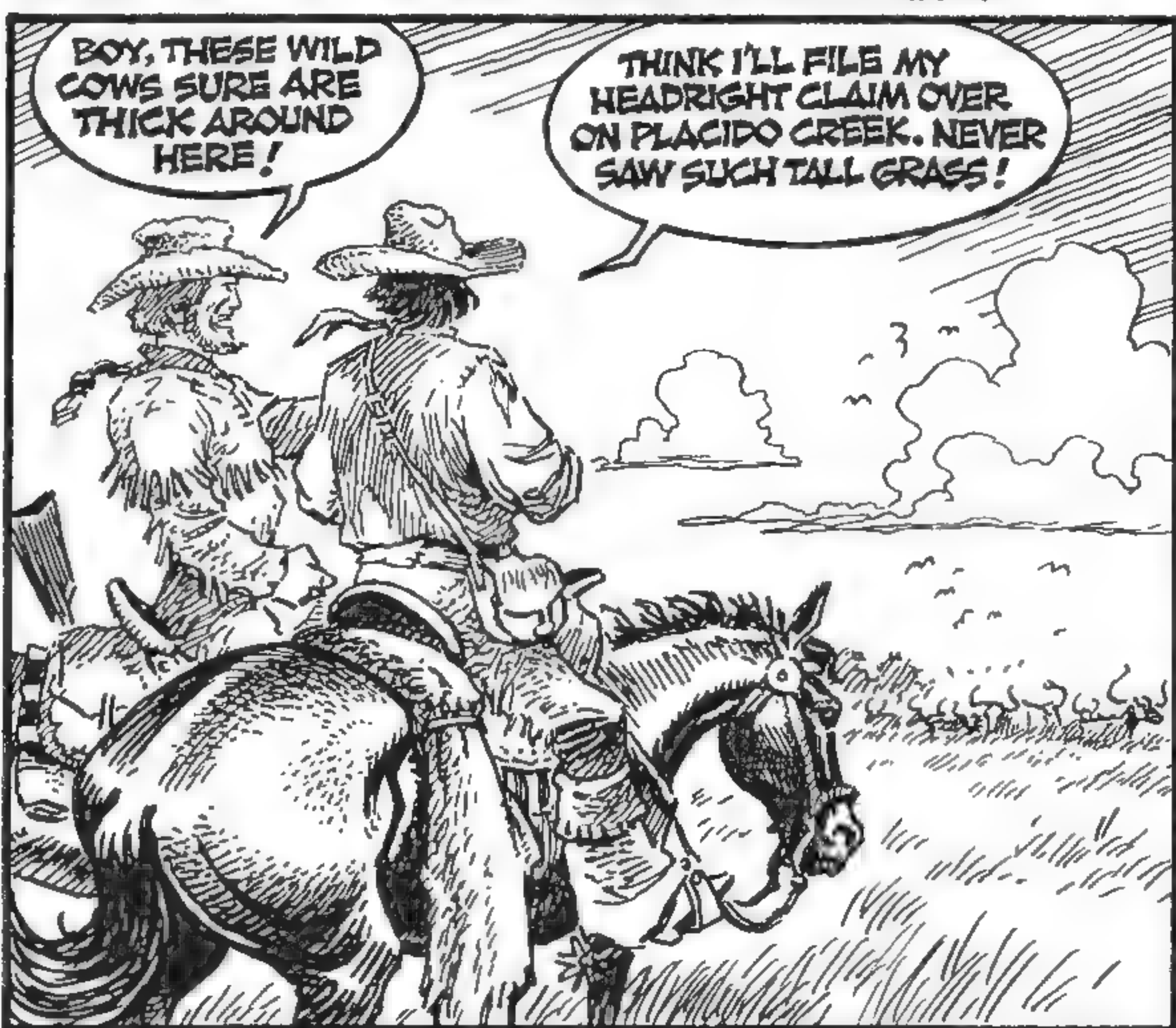
MOST OF THE TEJANOS AT GOLIAD RETREAT TO CARLOS RANCHO AND BAND TOGETHER FOR SELF-PROTECTION.



AT VICTORIA, WHERE THE VOLUNTEERS HAVE THEIR HEAD-QUARTERS, THE TEJANOS SUFFER WORST. INDIGNITIES ARE HEAPED UPON THEM, AND MANY OF THE PROMINENT FAMILIES, LIKE THE DE LEONS, THE CARVAJALS, AND PLACIDO BENAVIDES—ALL EARLY PARTICIPANTS IN THE STRUGGLE FOR INDEPENDENCE—ARE FORCED TO FLEE THE COUNTRY.



ONCE THEY ARE GONE, THEIR VAST CATTLE HERDS AND EXTENSIVE LAND HOLDINGS BECOME EASY PICKINGS FOR THE RAPACIOUS NEWCOMERS.





A BRISK BUSINESS IN HEADRIGHT CERTIFICATES DEVELOPS AROUND SAN ANTONIO. ALMOST OVERNIGHT, POTENTIAL OWNERSHIP OF THE LAND PASSES FROM THE HANDS OF TEJANOS TO A FEW ANGLO SPECULATORS.



ALSO ENGAGING IN THIS BUSINESS ARE SOME TEJANOS, INCLUDING JUAN SEGUIN—WHO NOT ONLY BUY FOR THEMSELVES, BUT ACT AS GO-BETWEENS FOR THEIR ILLITERATE TOWNSMEN WHO WANT TO CASH IN ON THE REPUBLIC'S GENEROUS LAND POLICY. (SEE NOTE)



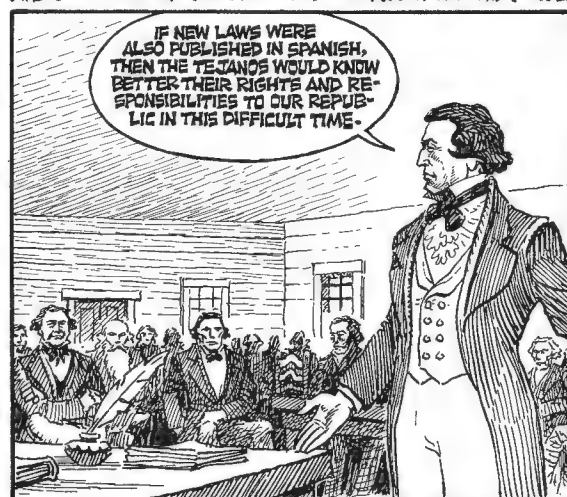
WHILE NO ONE GETS RICH QUICK THROUGH LAND SPECULATION, THE FOUNDATIONS ARE LAID FOR FUTURE FORTUNES BY THE TRAFFIC IN HEADRIGHT CERTIFICATES.



BUT FOR THE TEJANOS WHO SELL, THEY LOSE NOT ONLY THEIR CHANCE TO PARTICIPATE IN THE "JEFFERSONIAN DREAM"; THEY ALSO BARGAIN AWAY THEIR STAKE IN THE NEW REPUBLIC.



EARLY IN 1838 JUAN GOES TO CONGRESS TO SERVE AS SENATOR FROM BEXAR. HE TRIES TO PROMOTE UNDERSTANDING AND BETTER RELATIONS BETWEEN THE ANGLOS AND HIS PEOPLE.

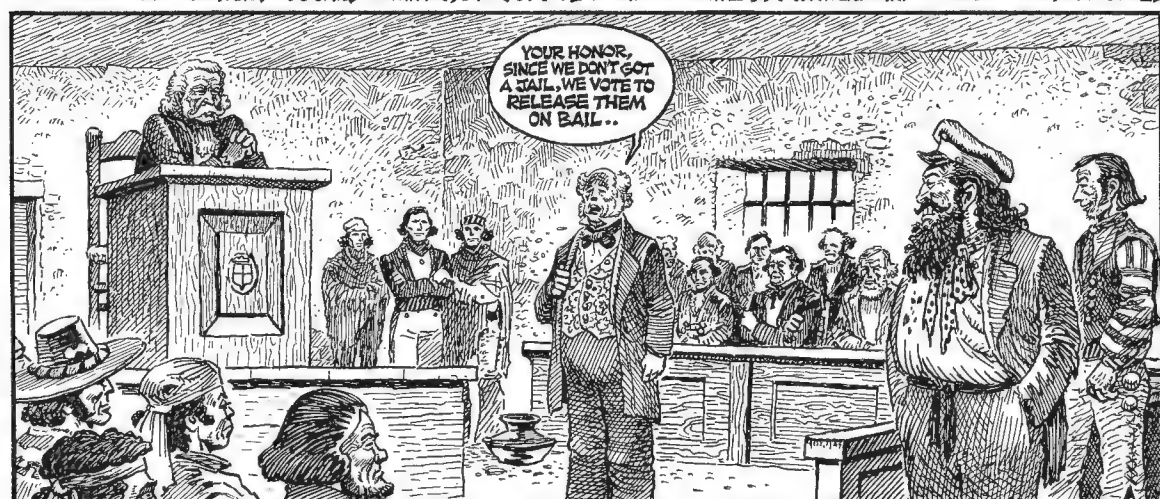


(NOTE: UNDER THE REPUBLIC, EVERY HEAD OF A HOUSEHOLD WAS ENTITLED TO A "LEAGUE AND LABOR"—4,605½ ACRES.) (65)

DESPITE HIS EFFORTS, THINGS AROUND BEKAR GROW WORSE. EVENTUALLY, TRADE ACROSS THE ENTIRE SOUTHWESTERN FRONTIER COMES ALMOST TO A STANDSTILL BECAUSE OF THE DEPREDACTIONS OF THE RIVAL GANGS, ANGLO AND MEXICAN.



ERASMO SEGUIN, AS JUSTICE OF THE PEACE IN BEKAR COUNTY, ORDERS THE SHERIFF TO ARREST ONE NOTORIOUS GROUP OF ANGLOS WHO HAVE BEEN ROBBING AND MURDERING TRADERS PLAYING THE BORDER ROUTE. TESTIFYING IN THE CASE IS ONE OF THE EARLIEST RECRUITS IN JUAN'S COMPANY, BUT JUSTICE IS HARD TO COME BY FOR MEXICANS IN THESE TROUBLED TIMES.



WITH THE OPENING OF THE LAND OFFICE, SAN ANTONIO SINKS INTO A PITHOLE, OVERRUN BY THE DRESS OF SOCIETY.





A "VOLUNTEER" NAMED TINSLEY PROVOKES A QUARREL WITH AND KILLS A YOUNGER BROTHER OF JOSE ANTONIO NAVARRO — BUT NOT BEFORE EUGENIO PUTS A KNIFE INTO HIS ASSASSIN.



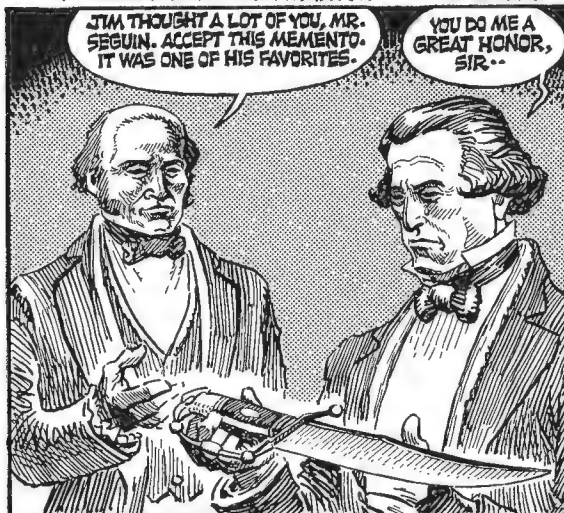
ONLY THE FACT THAT BOTH MEN PERISH KEEPS THE TWO SIDES FROM DEEPENING THE FLOW OF BLOOD.



NEVERTHELESS, JUAN REMAINS STEADFAST IN HIS CONVICTION THAT JUSTICE WILL PREVAIL. SERVING ON THE SENATE'S COMMITTEE OF MILITARY AFFAIRS, HE ACCOMPANIES LAMAR ON THE "BUFFALO HUNT" THAT VIEWS THE SPOT LATER TO BE SELECTED FOR THE NEW CAPITAL OF TEXAS.



REZIN BOWIE EMPOWERS HIM TO ADMINISTER THE ESTATE OF HIS FAMOUS BROTHER, MARTYRED IN THE ALAMO.



JUAN'S SERVICES TO THE REPUBLIC ARE NOT FORGOTTEN BY THE OLD, "HOME-GROWN" TEXIAN FREEDOM-FIGHTERS.



(Exactly how Juan came by this knife is another of those mysteries...)

WHILE HE IS VISITING THE RANCHO OF HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW MANUEL FLORES\* ON THE GUADALUPE, THE RESIDENTS OF NEARBY WALNUT SPRINGS—MOSTLY EARLY RANGERS—RENAME THEIR SETTLEMENT IN HIS HONOR.



BUT NOT LONG AFTER OCCURS AN INCIDENT THAT DOES MUCH TO INTENSIFY SUSPICION OF ALL THE TEXAS-MEXICANS. A GROUP OF RANGERS CATCH SOME FOLLOWERS OF VICENTE CORDOVA WITH PAPERS FROM THE MEXICAN GOVERNMENT, INCITING THE EAST TEXAS INDIANS TO RISE UP AGAINST THE ANGLOS.



THAT PREVIOUS FALL AT NACOGDOCHES, CORDOVA AND OTHER TEJANOS STILL LOYAL TO MEXICO—ALONG WITH A FEW ANGLO MALCONTENTES—HAD DISCLAIMED ALLEGIANCE TO TEXAS, AND AFTER CAUSING A MINOR FUSS, HAD DISPERSED TO THEIR FRIENDS AMONG THE INDIANS.



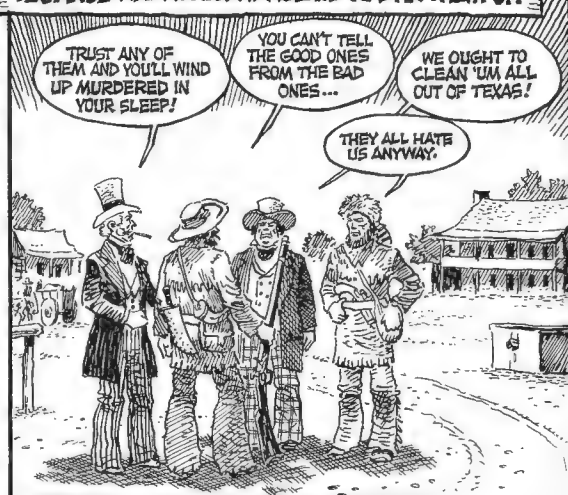


THE CHEROKEES AND OTHER EAST TEXAS TRIBES WERE NONE TOO HAPPY WITH THE REPUBLIC EITHER. CONGRESS HAD REFUSED TO HONOR HOUSTON'S TREATY, IN WHICH THEY WERE FINALLY TO GET TITLE TO THE RICH LANDS THEY OCCUPIED.



THE RESULT OF THE SHORT-LIVED "CÓRDOVA REBELLION" WAS THAT MOST OF THE ENCLAVE OF EAST TEXAS TEJANOS WERE FORCED TO ABANDON THEIR HOMES AND FLEE SOUTHWARD.

ALL OVER TEXAS THE WORD SPREADS: THE MEXICANS ARE IN LEAGUE WITH THE INDIANS, AND TEJANOS ARE ACTING AS AGENTS TO STIR THEM UP.



TO HELP COUNTER THE RISING HOSTILITY AGAINST THEM, JUAN AND OTHER TEJANO VOLUNTEERS RIDE WITH CAPT. JACK HAYS' RANGERS WHILE CONGRESS IS IN RECESS.



\* (Or to Louisiana where they settled around "Spanish Lake")

BUT THE COMANCHES FIND THEM FIRST, AT UVALDE CANYON, AND THE RANGERS ARE FORCED TO FIGHT FOR THEIR LIVES.

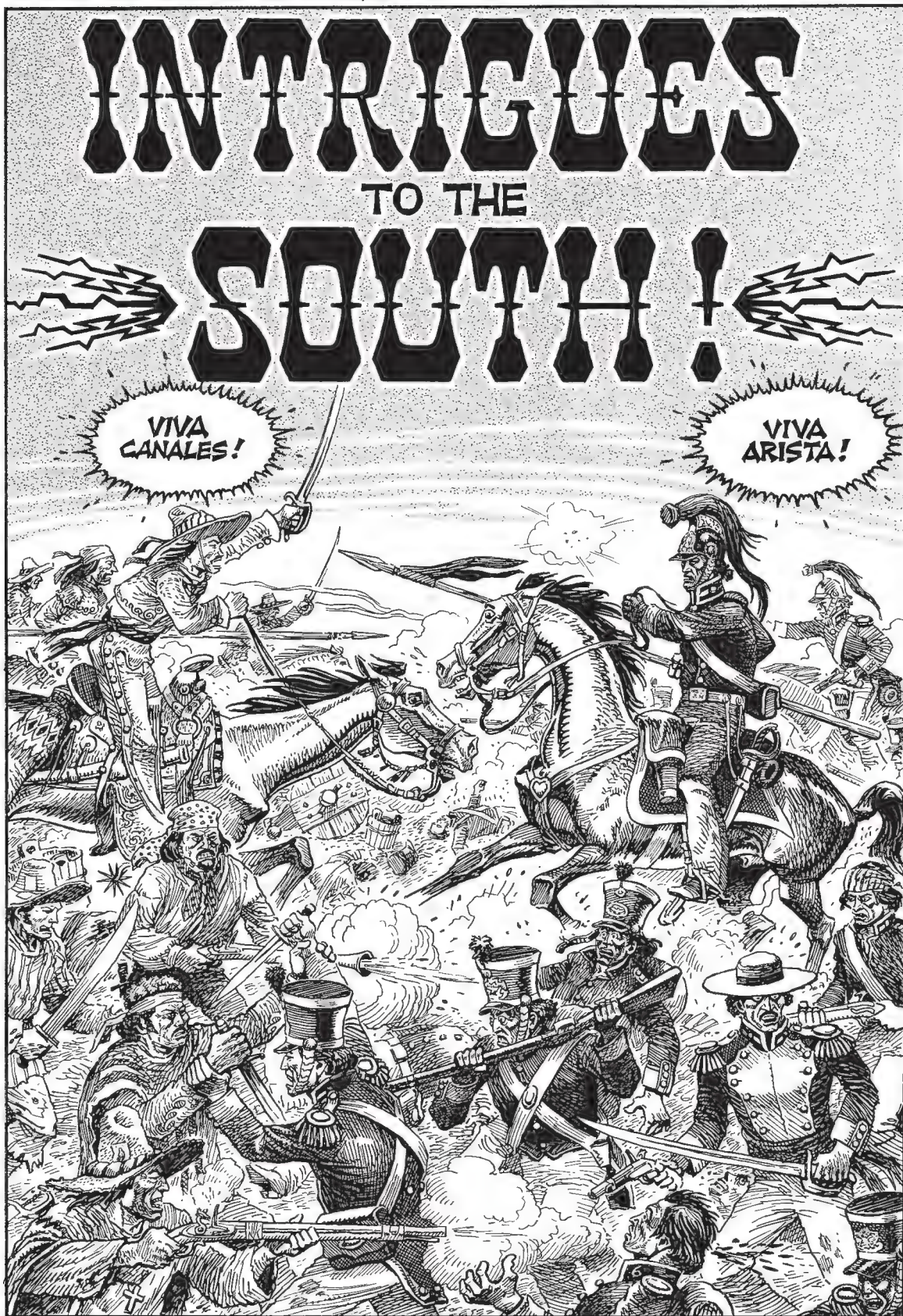


DESPITE THE UNCERTAIN TIMES, THE TEJANOS STILL FIND TIME FOR FESTIVITIES. MEXICAN INDEPENDENCE DAY, SEPT. 16TH, IS CELEBRATED IN SAN ANTONIO. THE PROCESSION ENDS AMID MUCH GAIETY AT THE HOUSE OF JOSE FLORES, JUAN'S FATHER-IN-LAW.



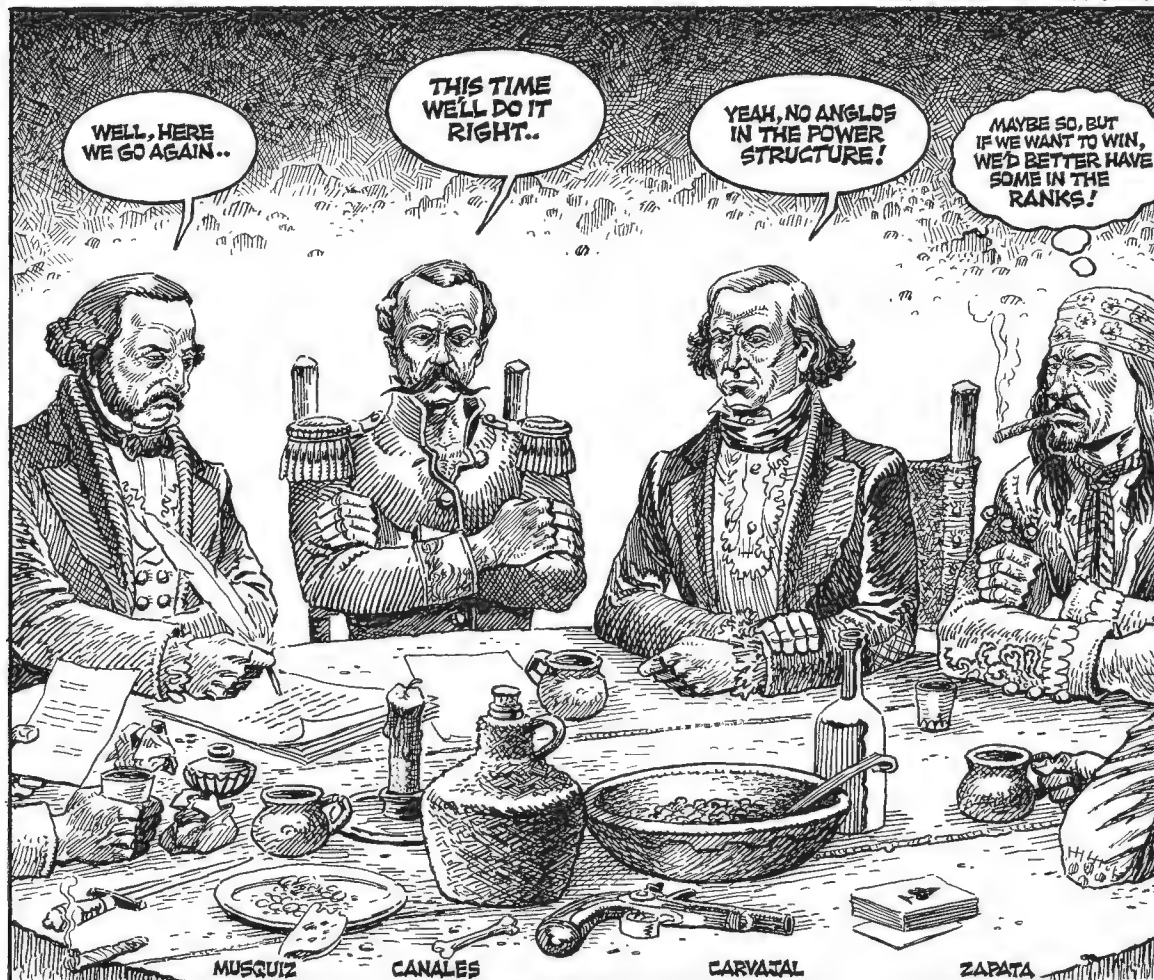


SOUTH OF THE BORDER, HOWEVER, FESTIVITIES ARE HARDER TO COME BY, FOR ANOTHER WAR IS RAGING...  
FEDERALISTS ARE AGAIN FIGHTING CENTRALISTS FOR MORE AUTONOMY IN THE NORTHERN STATES OF MEXICO.



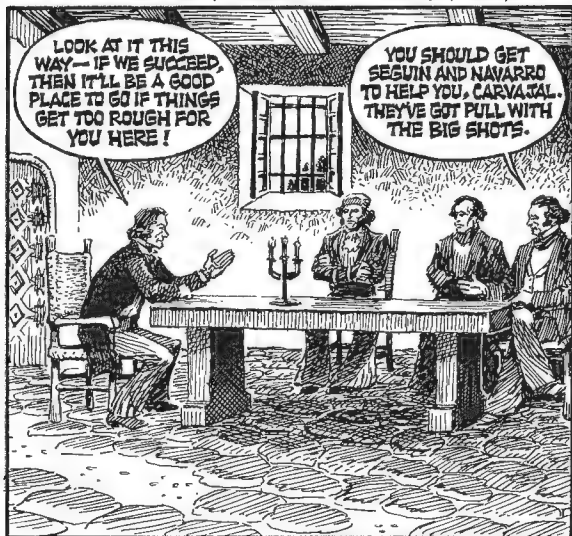


MANY INFLUENTIAL LEADERS IN THE FEDERALIST WARS ARE FORMER TEJANOS WHO HAVE BECOME DISILLUSIONED WITH THE COURSE OF THE TEXAS REPUBLIC. THEY INCLUDE RAMON MUSQUIZ, FORMER POLITICAL CHIEF OF BEXAR; JOSE ANTONIO MEJIA, "PROFESSIONAL" LIBERAL LEADER AND LAND SPECULATOR; ANTONIO ZAPATA, A LARGE RANCHERO EAST OF THE RIO GRANDE; JOSE M.J. CARVAJAL, FORMER RESIDENT OF VICTORIA AND SON-IN-LAW OF THE COLONIZER MARTIN DE LEON; ANTONIO CANALES, A CAMARGO LAWYER AND LONGTIME FOMENTOR OF BORDER POLITICS; AND OTHER MEN THAT ONCE HAD A HAND IN GUIDING THE AFFAIRS OF TEXAS — BUT A TEXAS UNDER MEXICAN RULE.



SAN ANTONIO BECOMES A HAVEN FOR THEM, AND MANY OF ITS TEJANO RESIDENTS FOLLOW WITH INTEREST THEIR EFFORTS TO SET UP A "FREE STATE" WITHIN MEXICO.

JOSE ANTONIO NAVARRO, WHO HAD REPRESENTED BEXAR COUNTY IN THE HOUSE OF THE THIRD CONGRESS AND RESIGNED HIS SEAT IN THE FOURTH BECAUSE OF ILLNESS, IS OFFERED A JOB AS AGENT BETWEEN THE FEDERALISTS AND THE REPUBLIC.





BUT THEY DO MANAGE TO ATTRACT TO THEIR RANKS A NUMBER OF TEXIAN VOLUNTEERS UNDER SUCH MEN AS COL. SAMUEL JORDAN, A FORMER RANGER CAPTAIN; COL. REUBEN ROSS, ONE OF GEN. FELIX HUSTON'S AIDES; AND EVEN CAMERON, LEADER OF THE VICTORIA "COWBOYS". EVEN JACK HAYS MARCHES SOUTH TO BRIEFLY FIGHT FOR THE FEDERALIST CAUSE.



BEFORE LONG, THE TEXIAN VOLUNTEERS HAVE TROUBLE WITH CANALES.



AFTER A PROMISING START, THE FEDERALISTS SUFFER SOME SERIOUS SETBACKS. ZAPATA, THE MOST CAPABLE REBEL FIGHTER, IS CAPTURED AND EXECUTED. CANALES IS DEFEATED AND BARELY ESCAPES, LIMPING INTO SAN ANTONIO.

HE OFFERS JUAN, STILL A SENATOR FROM BEXAR, A HIGH POSITION IN THE ARMY OF THE "REPUBLIC OF THE RIO GRANDE" AND ASKS HIS HELP IN RECRUITING MEN FOR ANOTHER TRY.





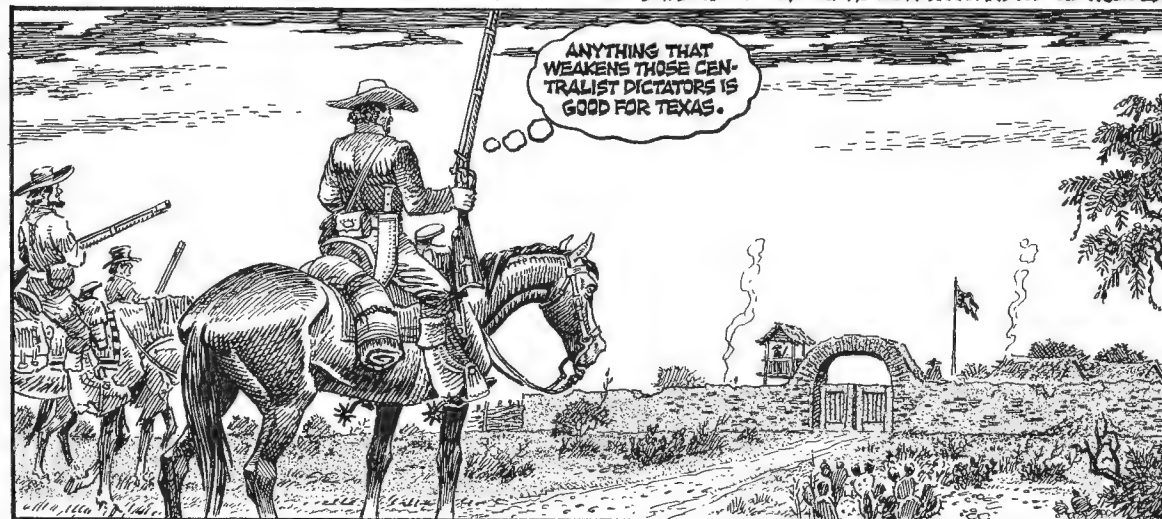
CANALES, BEARING A LETTER OF INTRODUCTION FROM SEGUIN, GOES TO SEE PRESIDENT LAMAR. NEITHER ONE TAKES TO THE OTHER VERY MUCH...



A MAJOR PROBLEM IS THE STRIP OF LAND BETWEEN THE NUECES AND THE RIO GRANDE, WHICH BOTH TEXAS AND THE FEDERALISTS CLAIM.



HOWEVER, SOME VOLUNTEERS ARE AGAIN RAISED IN TEXAS, UNDER MEN LIKE THE FORMER SEC. OF WAR OF HOUSTON'S ADMINISTRATION, WILLIAM FISHER. THE FEDERALISTS SET UP THEIR BASE OF OPERATIONS AT LIPANTITLAN, ON THE NUECES.





DEEP IN MEXICO, THE TEXIANS FIND THAT NEITHER THE FEDERALISTS NOR THE CENTRALISTS CARE MUCH FOR THEM.



JUAN, UNAWARE OF THESE DEVELOPMENTS, RESIGNS HIS SEAT IN THE ADJOURNED FOURTH CONGRESS AND MARCHES AT THE HEAD OF 200 MEN TO JOIN THE FRAY.



AT THE RIO GRANDE, HE IS MET BY SOME OF THE TEXIANS RETURNING FROM THEIR BETRAYAL BY THE FEDERALISTS.



JUAN DECIDES TO VISIT CANALES AND SEE ABOUT COLLECTING SOME OF THE PAY HIS VOLUNTEERS WERE PROMISED, INCLUDING THE \$4,000 HE HAD PERSONALLY SPENT OUTFITTING HIS COMPANY FOR FEDERALIST SERVICE.





WHILE IN MIER, JUAN NOTICES THAT PREPARATIONS ARE UNDERWAY FOR SOMETHING BIG...



HE SOON HEARS FROM GEN. REYES AND GEN. VASQUEZ ABOUT THE FEDERALISTS' CHANGE OF PLANS.



HOPING TO LEARN SOMETHING DEFINITE ABOUT THEIR INVASION PLANS, HE PROCEEDS TO MONTERREY WHERE HE MEETS ARISTA. HE ENCOURAGES THE GENERALS TO TALK BY FEIGNING DISSATISFACTION WITH TEXAS.





IT IS SOON BEING SAID LOCALLY THAT SEGUIN'S SENTIMENTS ARE ONCE AGAIN WITH MEXICO...



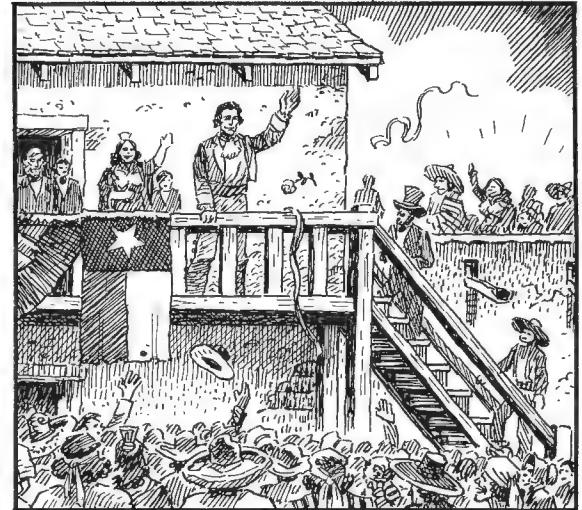
HE BRINGS WORD OF THE IMPENDING CAMPAIGN BACK TO ACTING PRESIDENT BURNET AND THE TEXAS GOVERNMENT.



BUT WHEN HE LEAVES, IT IS WITHOUT THE MONEY THAT CANALES HAD PROMISED FOR JOINING THE FEDERALIST CAUSE — A DEBT THAT THEIR NEW CENTRALIST 'ALLIES' HAD GUARANTEED TO HONOR.



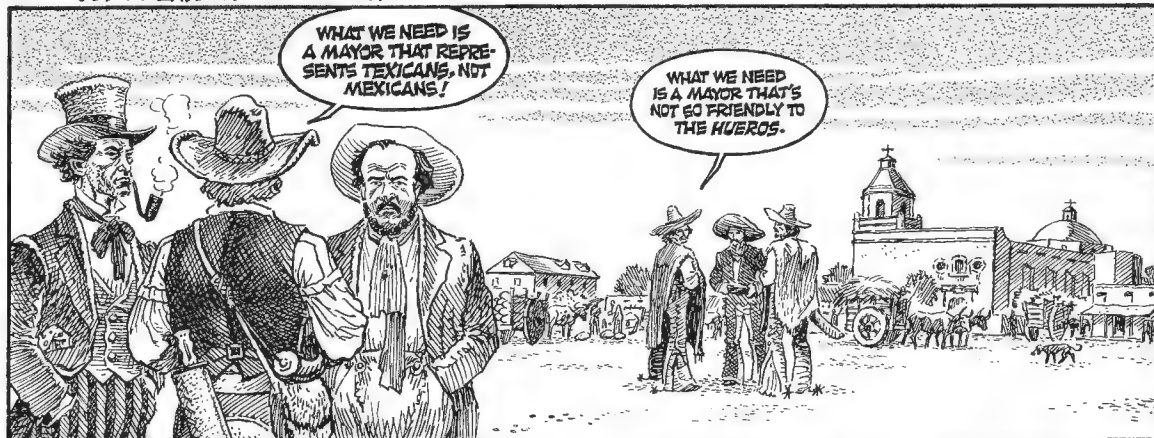
UPON HIS RETURN TO SAN ANTONIO, JUAN — HAVING RE-SIGNED HIS SENATE SEAT — IS PROMPTLY ELECTED MAYOR.



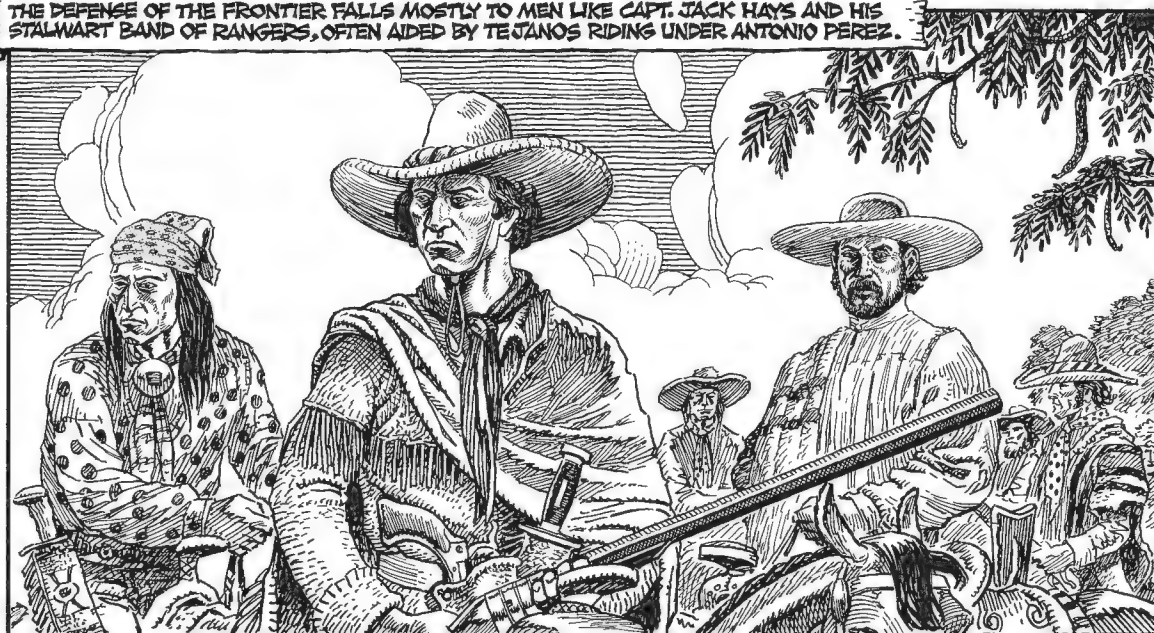
THE TOWN IS RAPIDLY BECOMING ANGLICIZED. SOME OF THE NEWCOMERS, JEALOUS OF HIS POSITION AND INFLUENCE, BEGIN TO DEVELOP INTRIGUES AGAINST HIM.



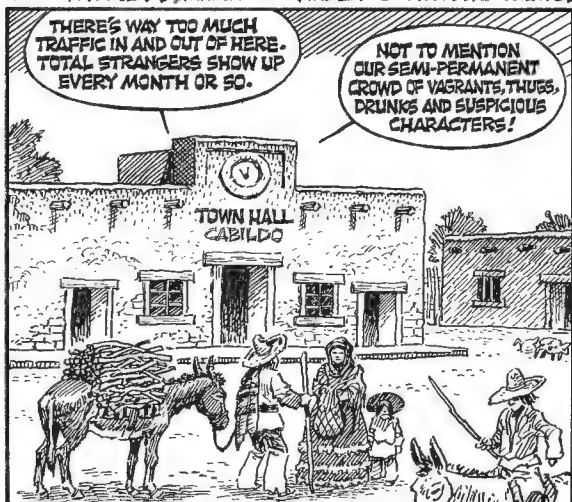
JUAN'S JOB BRINGS HIM INTO DAILY CONTACT WITH THE MORE UNDESIRABLE ELEMENTS OF BEXAR—MANY OF THEM OUT TO EXPLOIT THE COMMON PEOPLE. EACH TIME HE THWARTS THEIR PLANS, HIS ENEMIES INCREASE.



THE DEFENSE OF THE FRONTIER FALLS MOSTLY TO MEN LIKE CAPT. JACK HAYS AND HIS STALWART BAND OF RANGERS, OFTEN AIDED BY TEJANOS RIDING UNDER ANTONIO PEREZ.



CATTLE RAIDING AROUND THE AREA BECOMES WORSE. SOMEONE IS OBVIOUSLY TIPPING OFF THE MEXICAN RAIDERS AS TO RANGER MOVEMENTS, MAKING IT HARDER TO CATCH THE THIEVES.

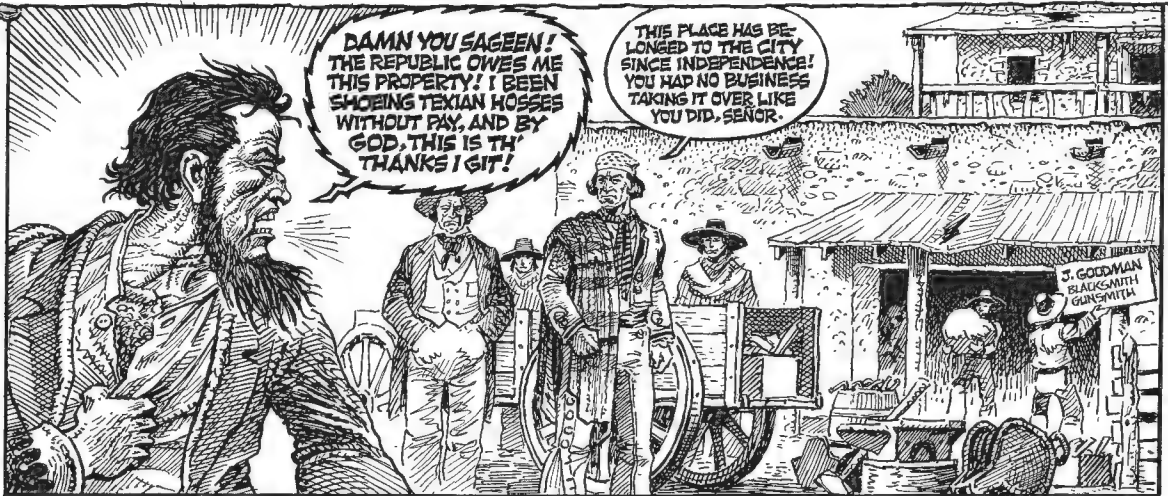


SAN ANTONIO TIGHTENS ITS SECURITY.





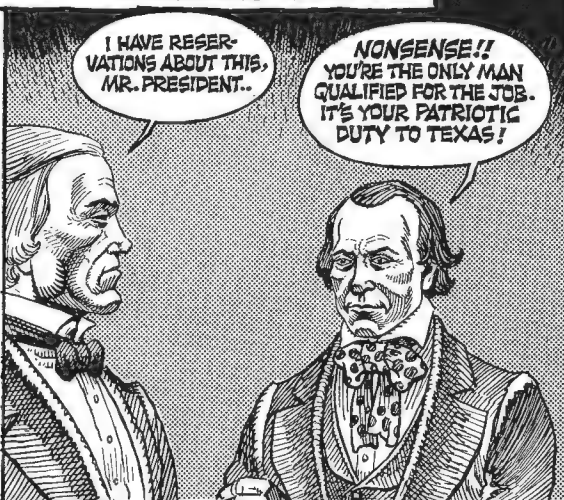
THE COUNCIL ALSO VOTES TO EXPELL JAMES GOODMAN, A NEWCOMER WHO HAS SQUATTED ON MILITARY PLAZA. JUAN, AS MAYOR, HAS TO EVICT GOODMAN, WHO IS SOMETHING OF A LEADER AMONG THE ROWDY CLASS.



IN THE SUMMER OF 1841 PRESIDENT LAMAR COMES TO VISIT SAN ANTONIO AND IS LAVISHLY ENTERTAINED. BUT HIS REAL PURPOSE IS TO GATHER SUPPORT FOR AN EXPEDITION TO SANTA FE, AND THUS STRENGTHEN TEXAN CLAIMS TO PART OF NEW MEXICO.



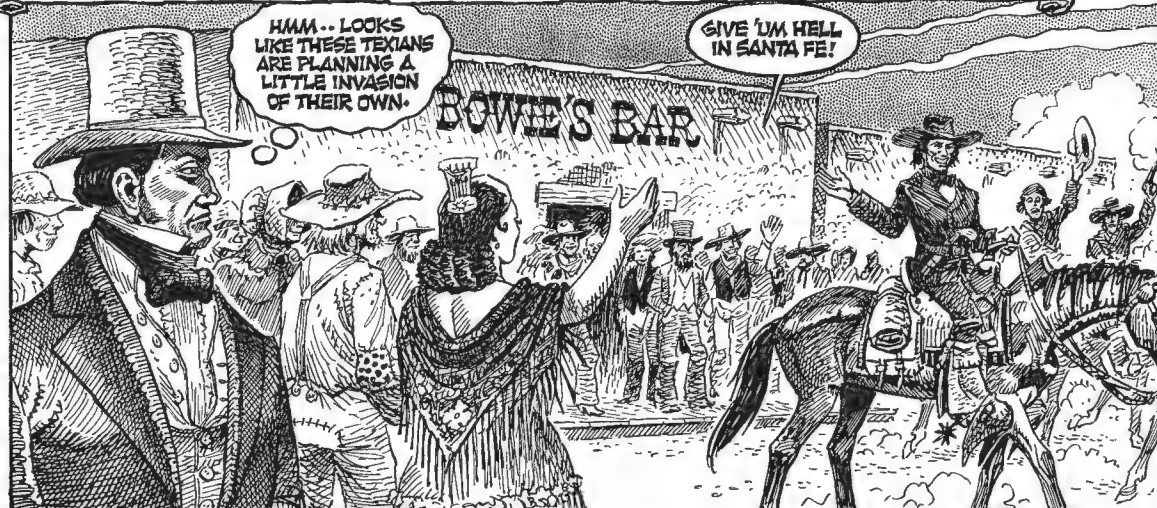
HE PICKS NAVARRO AS ONE OF THE MEN TO HEAD HIS GRANDIOSE SCHEME.



CONVINCED THAT THE PEOPLE OF NEW MEXICO WOULD WELCOME THE OPPORTUNITY FOR INDEPENDENCE, TEXAS-STYLE, LAMAR MAKES NO SECRET OF HIS INTENTIONS — EVEN SENDING A HEAD AN OPEN LETTER TO THE CITIZENS OF SANTA FE!



WHILE PREPARATIONS ARE BEING MADE FOR THE SANTA FE EXPEDITION, AN ENVOY SENT BY GEN. ARISTA PASSES THROUGH SAN ANTONIO, ON HIS WAY TO SEE LAMAR AND TALK ABOUT THE BORDER SITUATION.



HMM... LOOKS LIKE THESE TEXIANS ARE PLANNING A LITTLE INVASION OF THEIR OWN.

GIVE 'UM HELL IN SANTA FE!

JUAN IS THE ENVOY'S CONTACT AND TO RECOUP HIS EARLIER LOSSES WITH THE FEDERALISTS, HE AGREES TO DO A LITTLE SMUGGLING.

BUT WHEN JUAN GETS TO THE BORDER, HE IS NOT ALLOWED TO CONTINUE WITH THE COMMISSIONERS AND HIS TRADE GOODS ARE CONFISCATED.



EVERYBODY DOES IT ANYWAY, BUT WITH MY HELP, IT'LL BE A CINH!!

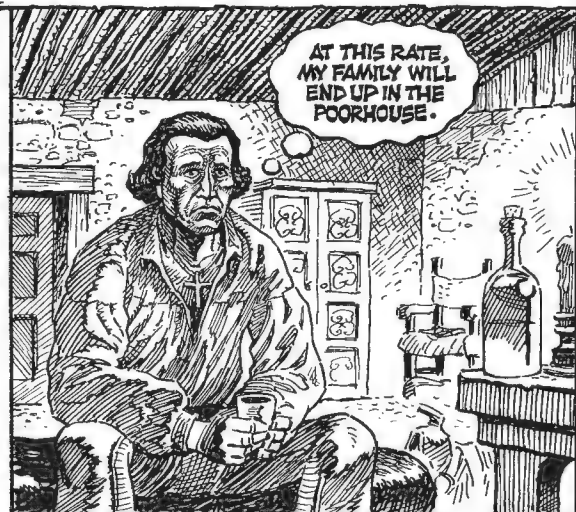
I'LL DRINK TO THAT!



NO PROBLEM. WE'LL SELL EVERYTHING FOR YOU, AMIGO, AND SEND THE MONEY! TRUST US! HEH HEH

SO JUAN, HAVING BORROWED YET ANOTHER \$3,000 FOR THIS VENTURE, IS PLUNGED DEEPER IN DEBT.

EVEN MORE DAMNING TO HIS FORTUNES, HOWEVER, IS THE REPORT THAT THE ENVOY, URIBE, CARRIES BACK TO ARISTA — INFORMATION THAT JUAN, BY ASSOCIATION, WILL SOON BE ACCUSED OF GIVING TO THE ENEMY.



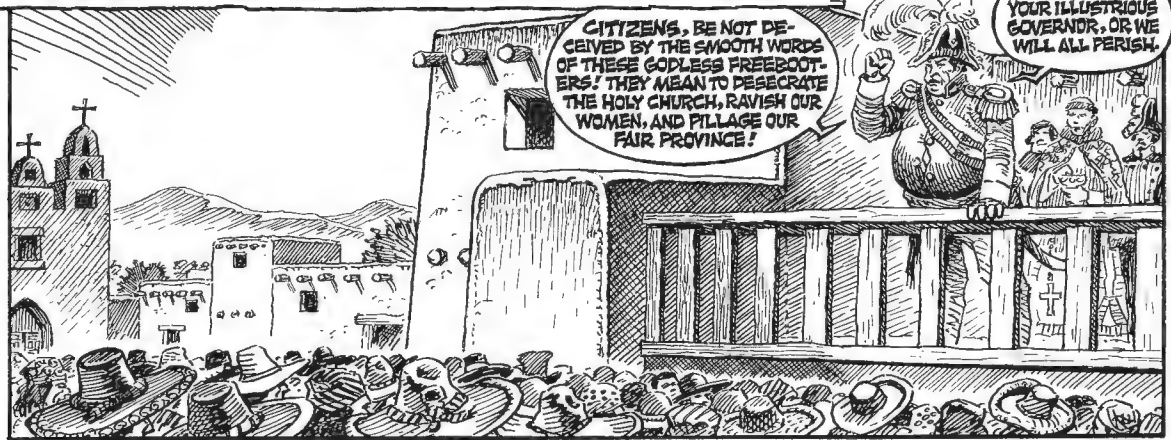
AT THIS RATE, MY FAMILY WILL END UP IN THE POORHOUSE.



THEY'RE ON THEIR WAY TO SANTA FE WITH AN ARMY — TO TAKE NEW MEXICO LIKE THEY DID TEXAS!!



THE TYRANNICAL RULER IN SANTA FE, MANUEL ARMITO, LAUNCHES AN ABUSIVE PROPAGANDA CAMPAIGN TO AROUSE HIS SUBJECTS AGAINST THE TEXIANS.



PERCEIVED BY THE MEXICANS AS A MILITARY INVASION RATHER THAN A COMMERCIAL VENTURE, THE TEXIAN "PIONEERS" MEET WITH DISASTER WHEN THEY STRAGGLE INTO NEW MEXICO.



THE REAL BETRAYER OF THE SANTA FE FIASCO TURNS OUT TO BE THE MAN WHO ORIGINALLY SOLD PRES. LAMAR ON THE IDEA AND GUIDED IT TO DESTRUCTION, CAPT. WILLIAM P. LEWIS.



WHILE LEWIS PARADES AROUND ON A MULE, ACTING AS GOV. ARMIJO'S PERSONAL INTERPRETER, NAVARRO AND THE OTHER TEXIANS ARE MARCHED OFF TO A MEXICAN PRISON.



ALL OF THE TEXIANS ENDURE GREAT SUFFERING, BUT NAVARRO — HATED BY SANTA ANNA FOR HIS ROLE IN THE TEXAS REVOLUTION — SUFFERS WORST OF ALL.



WHEN THE FULL EXTENT OF THE EXPEDITION'S ABJECT FAILURE BECOMES KNOWN IN TEXAS, THERE IS WIDESPREAD FRUSTRATION AND GREAT NEED FOR A SCAPEGOAT. MANY FIND IT CONVENIENT TO WHISPER AND POINT AN ACCUSING FINGER AT SEGUIN.



JUAN, WHEN APPRISED OF THE VICIOUS RUMORS, INDIGNANTLY DENIES THEM, BUT THE LOOSE TALK PERSISTS.



IN A DESPERATE LAST ATTEMPT TO PAY OFF HIS NOTES, JUAN PLANS TO BUY AND BRING BACK SOME SHEEP FROM MEXICO.



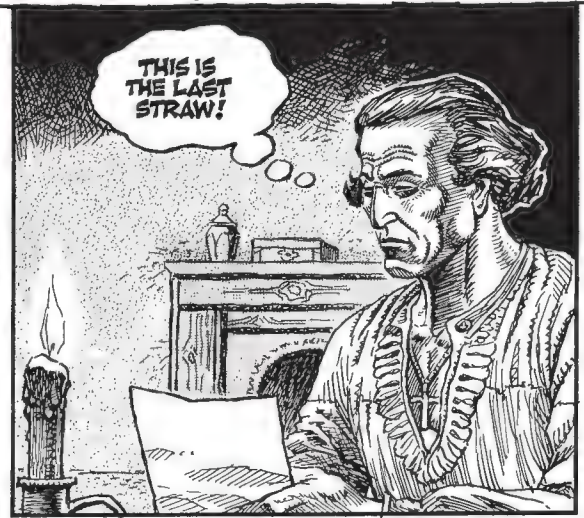
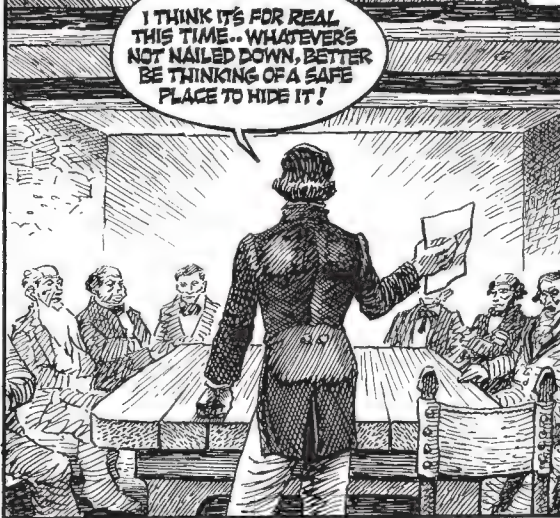
CORRESPONDENCE WITH GEN. VASQUEZ CONCERNING PERMITS FOR THE PURCHASE CONVINCES HIM THAT THE LONG-ANTICIPATED INVASION OF TEXAS IS NOW IMMINENT.





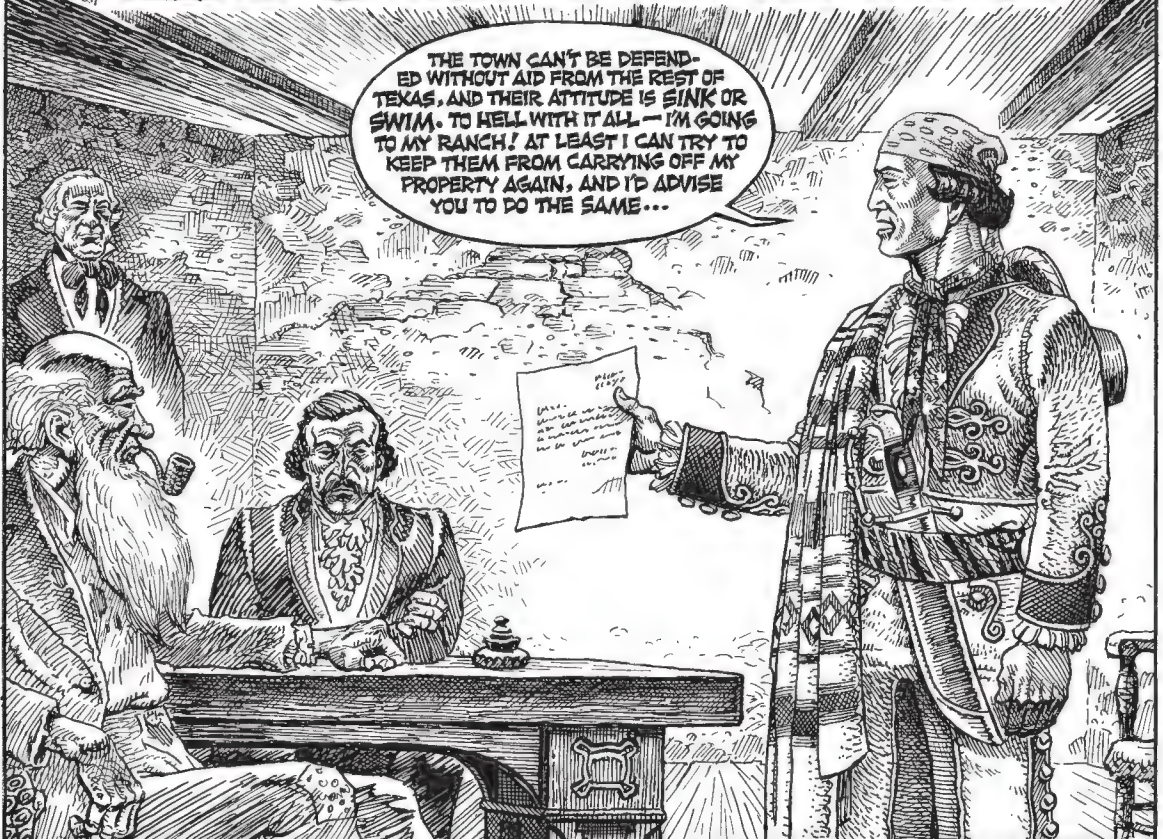
HE ALERTS THE CITY FATHERS AS WELL...

BUT SEC. OF WAR HOCKLEY INFORMS JUAN THAT THE GOVERNMENT IS BROKE, AND BEXAR WILL HAVE TO RELY ON ITS OWN DEFENSES.



JUAN, DISGUSTED AT THE REPUBLIC'S INABILITY TO RESPOND TO HIS WARNING, CALLS THE CITY OFFICIALS TOGETHER ONE LAST TIME.

# DREAM TURNS TO NIGHTMARE





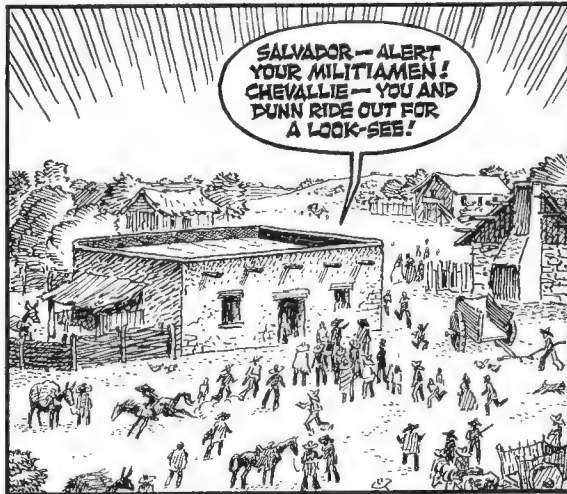
HIS DECISION TO ABANDON THE DEFENSE OF BEXAR MAKES PEOPLE MORE SUSPICIOUS. MALICIOUS GOSSIP HAS ALREADY LAID THE "BETRAYAL" OF THE SANTA FE AFFAIR AT HIS DOOR.

JACK HAYS IS CHOSEN BY THE ANGLOS TO ORGANIZE A DEFENSE GROUP UNDER MARTIAL LAW — INCLUDING A CONTINGENT OF LOCAL TEJANOS UNDER SALVADOR FLORES.



HMM... JUAN'S NEVER BEEN ONE TO RUN WHEN THE GOIN' GETS TOUGH..

MAYBE HE'S SWITCHED SIDES ON US, LIKE ALL THE OTHER MEXICANS IN TOWN!



SALVADOR — ALERT YOUR MILITIAMEN! CHEVALLIE — YOU AND PUNN RIDE OUT FOR A LOOK-SEE!

BUT WHEN VASQUEZ AND HIS ARMY SUDDENLY APPEAR ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN, THE SURPRISED TEXIANS HASTILY FALL BACK AND BEAT THE DUST TOWARD THE LITTLE SETTLEMENT RENAMED IN HONOR OF JUAN SEGUIN.



LET'S MEET ON THE GUADALUPE, AT FLORES' RANCHO!

ONE OF VASQUEZ' FIRST ACTS IS TO SEND A BUNDLE OF PROCLAMATIONS TO JUAN'S RANCH IN HOPES THAT HE WILL BREAK WITH TEXAS.



IN THE NAME OF HIS EXCELLENCY, GEN. RAFAEL VASQUEZ — GREETINGS TO ALL LOYAL MEXICANS SUFFERING UNDER THE YOKE OF FOREIGN OPPRESSION!

PLOP

VASQUEZ TELLS THE CITIZENS OF BEXAR THAT SEGUIN BACKS HIM AND HIS "RECONQUEST" OF TEXAS...



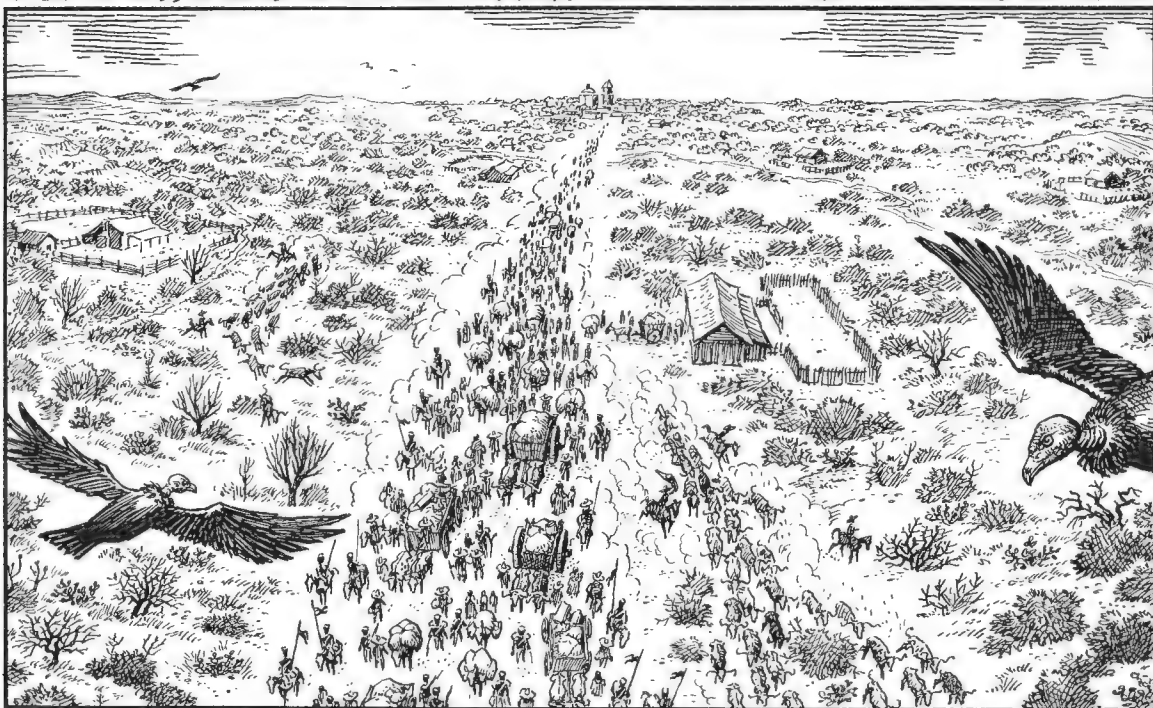
OH SURE, HE'S ONE OF OUR BIGGEST BOOSTERS. I'VE GOT A LETTER OF HIS HERE THAT PROVES IT.

SORRY, YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE MY WORD ON IT..

LET ME SEE THAT, I KNOW JUAN'S HAND-WRITING!

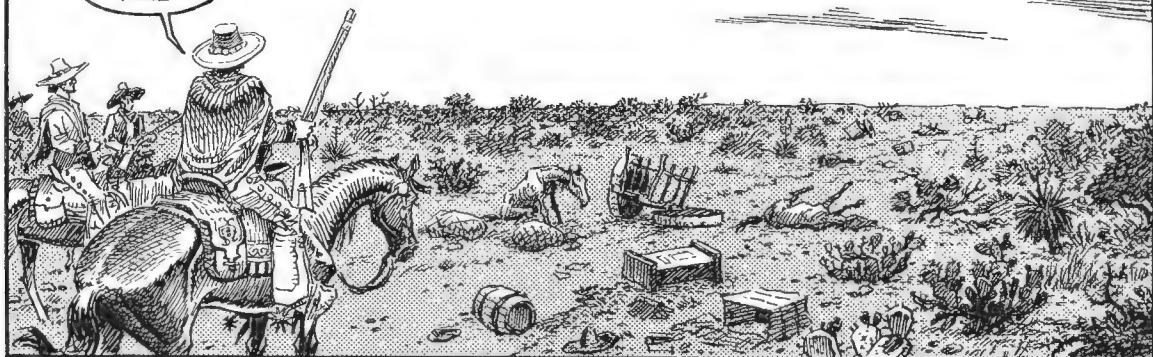


AFTER TWO DAYS, HE SACKS THE TOWN AND WITHDRAWS, HAVING THOROUGHLY DISCREDITED JUAN'S REPUTATION.



THEY DIDN'T  
WASTE ANY  
TIME...

VASQUEZ' RETREATING CARAVAN IS PURSUED TO THE NUECES BY CAPT. HAYS AND THE TEXIANS, ACCOMPANIED BY JUAN SEGUN AND A GROUP OF TEJANO MILITIAMEN.



BUT WHEN JUAN RETURNS TO BEXAR, HE FINDS THE PLACE AGAINST HIM...



YOU GOT A  
LOT OF NERVE,  
COMING BACK  
HERE, SEGUN!

WHY DIDN'T YOU  
JUST KEEP RIDING  
SOUTH, WITH THE REST  
OF YOUR BUDDIES?!

WE'RE WISE TO  
YOU! YOU'VE BEEN  
WORKING WITH THEM  
ALL ALONG. VASQUEZ  
EVEN ADMITTED IT!

YOUR LITTLE  
JTG IS OVER!

?!

ONE OF HIS FRIENDS, AND A SAN JACINTO VETERAN, MATIAS COURBIER, IS BEATEN SENSELESS BY GOODMAN AND SOME OF HIS BULLIES.

JUAN, HIS LIFE NOW IN DANGER, MOVES ABOUT THE STREETS IN DISGUISE.

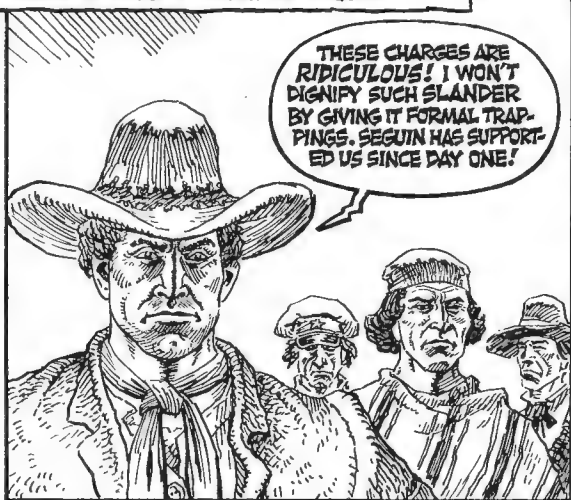


MORE VIOLENCE IS AVERTED BY THE TIMELY ARRIVAL OF GEN. ED BURLESON AND A COMPANY OF ARMY REGULARS.



JUAN DEMANDS A PUBLIC HEARING TO CLEAR HIMSELF OF MISDOING, BUT BURLESON REFUSES TO CALL A COURT OF INQUIRY.

BUT JUAN'S ENEMIES, SOME WHO HAVE NURSED PETTY GRIEVANCES AGAINST HIM FOR YEARS, CONTINUE TO AGITATE THE MOB.





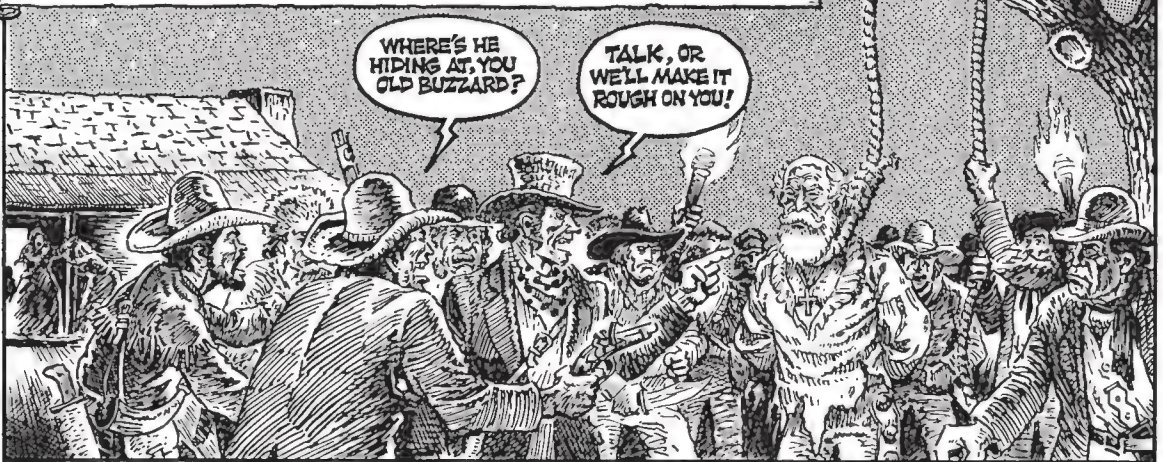
ONE OF THE MAIN RABBLE-ROUSERS IS JAMES GOODMAN, THE RECENTLY EVICTED GUNSMITH, AND HE RELISHES THE OPPORTUNITY TO TAKE VENGEANCE AGAINST JUAN.



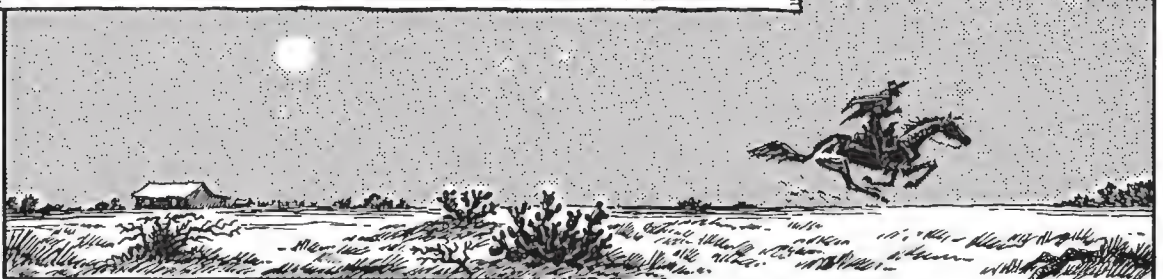
BURLESON, REALIZING THE PUBLIC MOOD IS TURNING UGLY, COMMISSIONS JUAN TO "FORAGE FOR PROVISIONS IN THE LOWER RANCHOS" — REALLY AN EXCUSE TO GET HIM BEYOND THE GRASP OF HIS TORMENTERS.



BUT A VOLUNTEER LYNCHING MOB LEARNS OF HIS "ESCAPE" AND GOES AFTER HIM. THEY STRING UP SENOR CALAVERAS, ONE OF JUAN'S NEIGHBORS.



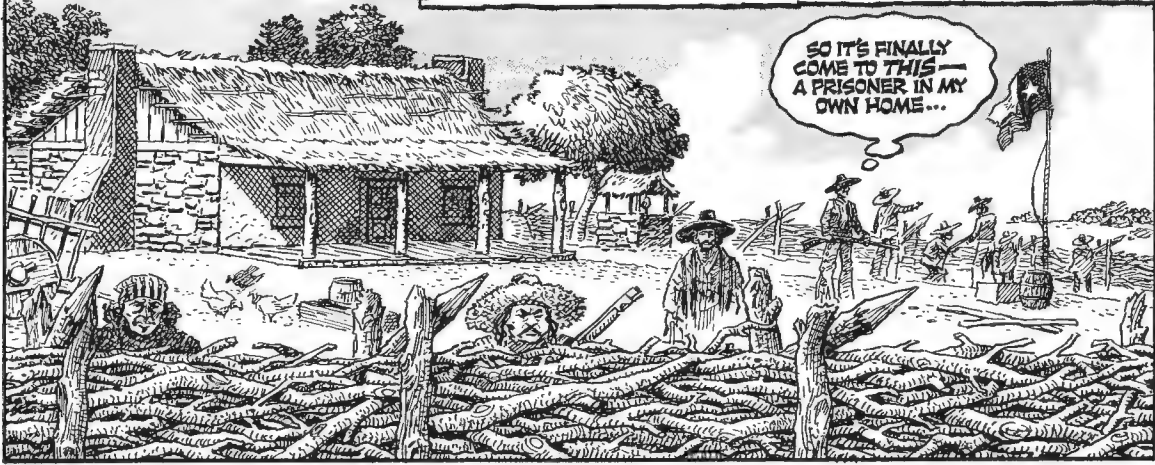
SENOR CALAVERAS DOES NOT TALK, AND JUAN MAKES HIS GETAWAY. HE GOES INTO HIDING FOR SEVERAL WEEKS, RUNNING FROM RANCHO TO RANCHO.





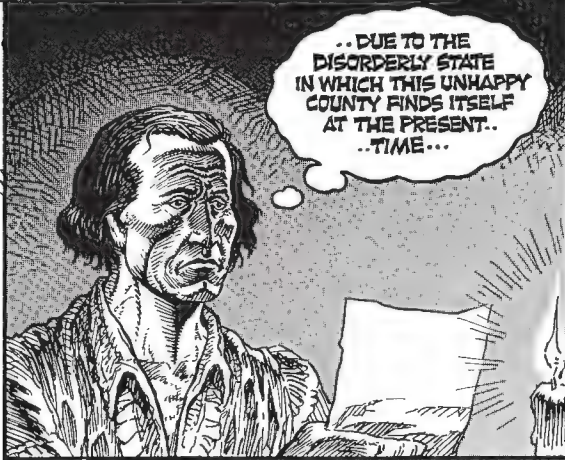
FINALLY, UNWILLING TO FURTHER ENDANGER THE LIVES AND FAMILIES OF HIS FRIENDS, HE DETERMINES TO FORTIFY HIS OWN RANCHO.

SO IT'S FINALLY  
COME TO THIS —  
A PRISONER IN MY  
OWN HOME...



NEAR DESPAIR, HE PENS HIS RESIGNATION  
AS MAYOR OF SAN ANTONIO DE BEXAR.

... DUE TO THE  
DISORDERLY STATE  
IN WHICH THIS UNHAPPY  
COUNTY FINDS ITSELF  
AT THE PRESENT..  
..TIME...

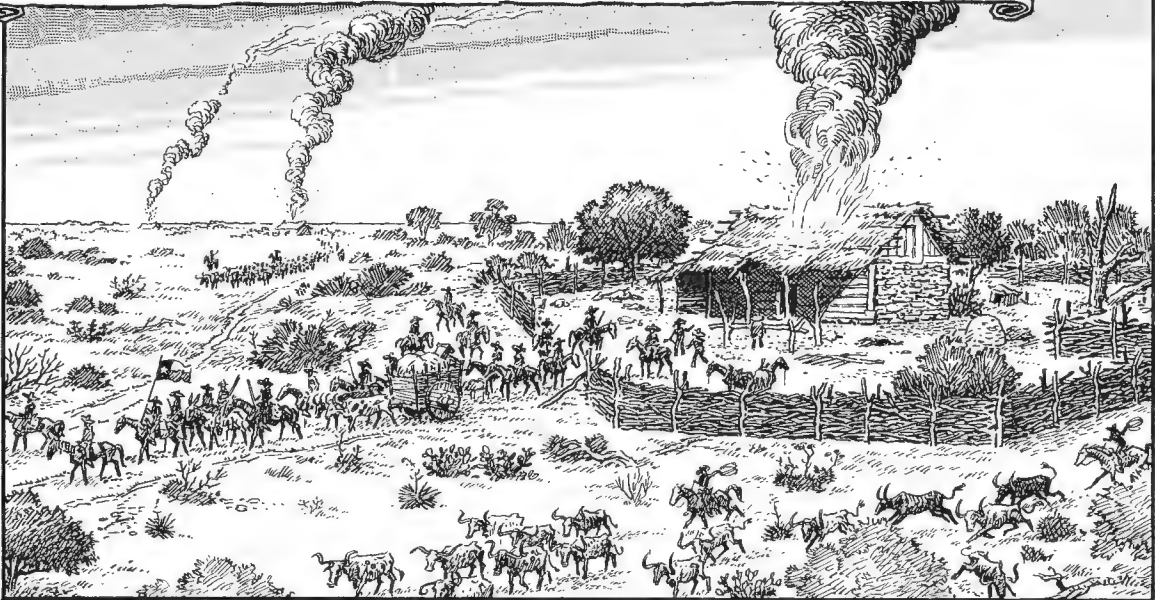


THE WORDS ECHO BACK TO HAUNT HIM, FOR THEY  
SOUND MUCH LIKE THE WORDS HE HAD WRITTEN ON  
ANOTHER, MORE HOPEFUL OCCASION — WORDS THAT HE  
HAD USED BACK IN 1834, TO CALL FREE-THINKING TEX-  
ANS TOGETHER TO CONSIDER FREEDOM FROM MEXICO!

... DUE TO THE CENTRAL  
GOVERNMENT'S INDIFFERENCE  
TO OUR PREVIOUS PETITIONS AND  
TO THE STATE OF ANARCHY  
EXISTING IN TEXAS...



HIS ENEMIES GLOAT. BUT THE MOB WANTS MORE THAN JUST JUAN'S PERSONAL CAPITULATION,  
THEY WANT TO DESTROY THE POWER OF THE TEJANOS AS WELL. CAPT. JAMES SCOTT BRINGS A  
COMPANY DOWN THE SAN ANTONIO RIVER VALLEY, LOOTING AND BURNING THE RANCHOS IN HIS PATH.





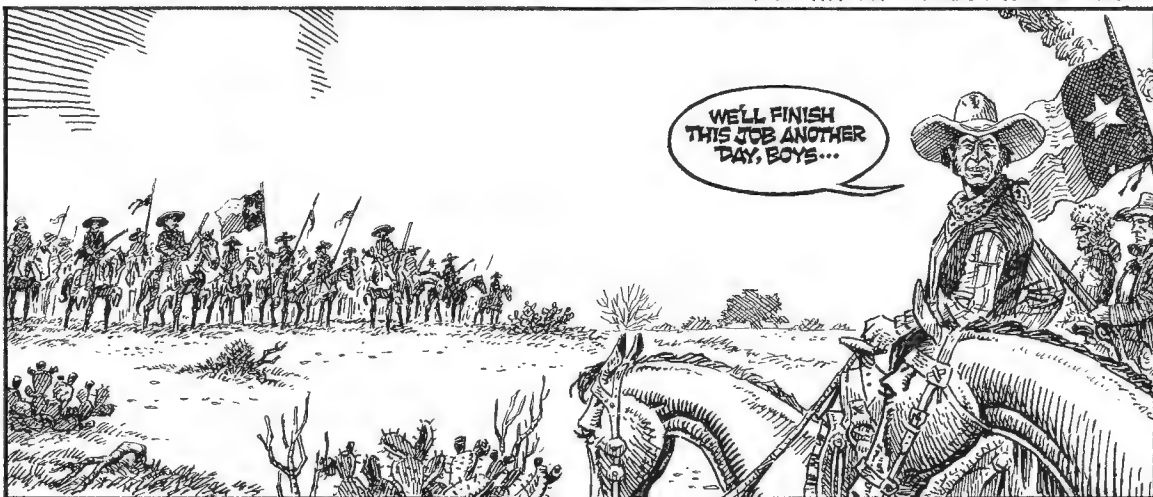
JUAN'S NEIGHBORS FLOCK TO HIM FOR PROTECTION.



HE HASTILY PUTS TOGETHER 100 VAQUEROS, JUST LIKE IN THE DAYS OF OLD...



EXCEPT NOW HIS FOES ARE NOT LIPAN OR COMANCHE MARAUDERS. THEY ARE OTHER TEXANS, MEN THAT RIDE UNDER THE FLAG OF THE REPUBLIC — **HIS FLAG!!** CAPT. SCOTT, FACED WITH THIS UNEXPECTED RESISTANCE, PULLS HIS "VOLUNTEERS" BACK AND CHOOSES TO BE CONTENT WITH HIS CHEAPLY-WON SPOILS.

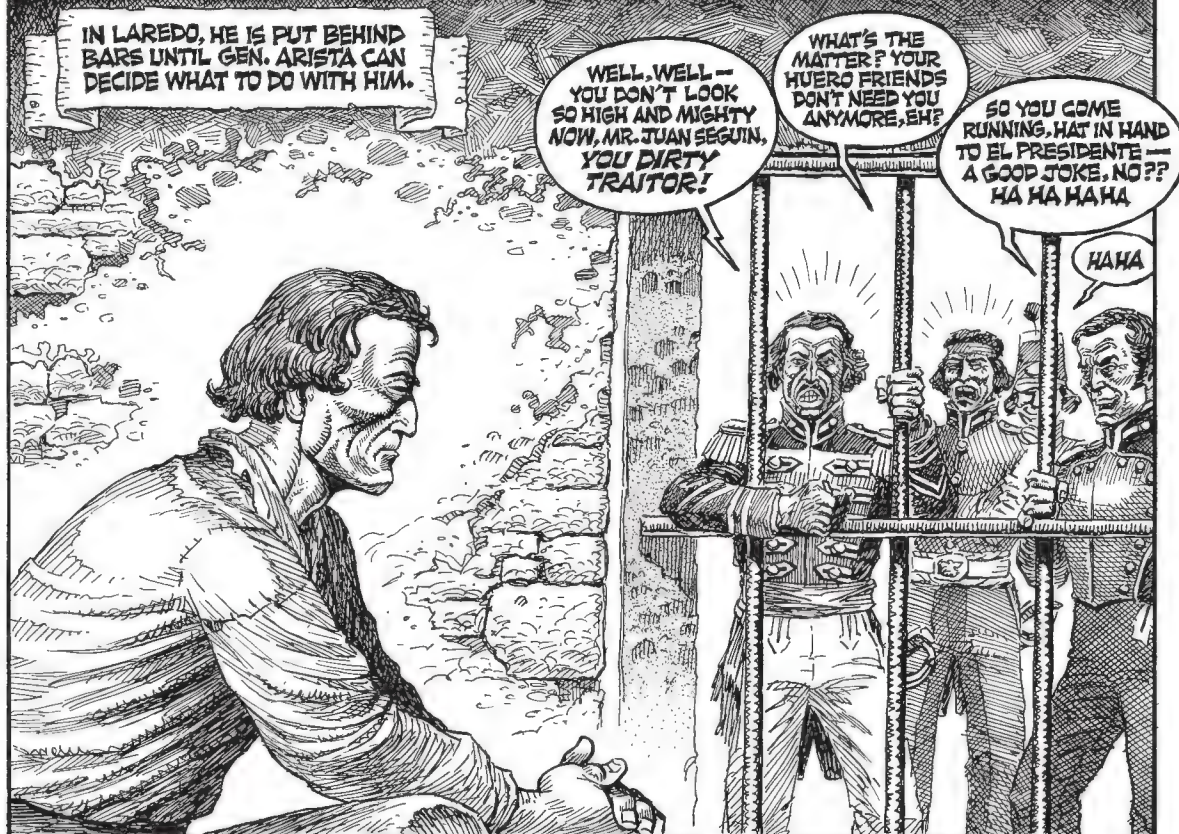


JUAN LOOKS INTO THE FUTURE AND SEES NO HOPE. HE DECIDES TO LEAVE HIS FAMILY, HIS RUINED RANCHO, HIS UNGRATEFUL COUNTRY, AND SEEK ASYLUM IN MEXICO — THE SAME MOTHERLAND THAT HE HAS RAISED HIS HAND AGAINST SO OFTEN IN THE PAST.





# BITTER EXILE



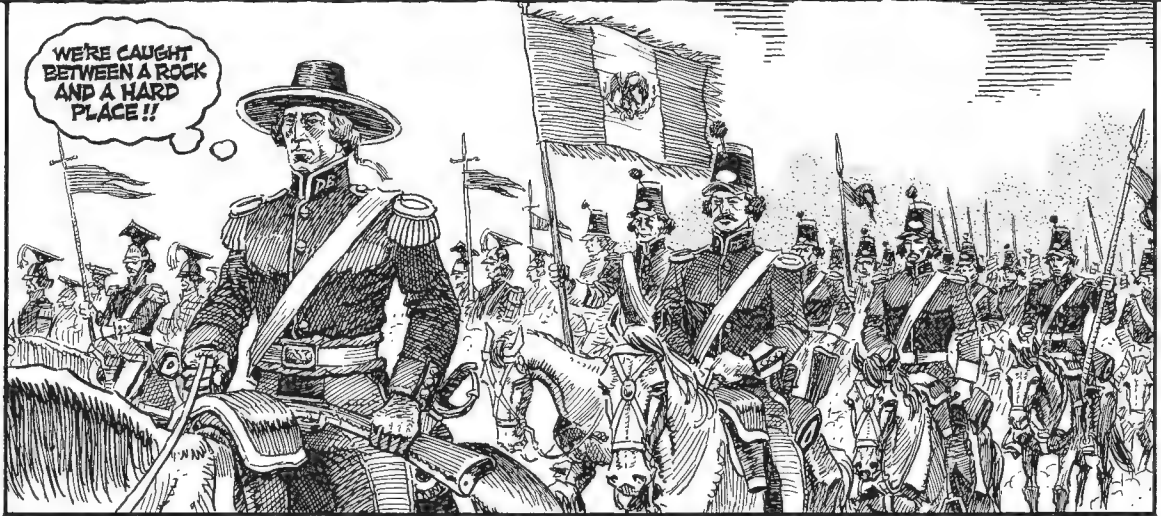
SANTA ANNA DECIDES TO MAKE AN EXAMPLE OF JUAN TO THE OTHER TEJANOS. HE GIVES HIM A CHOICE: JOIN THE INVASION FORCE OF GEN. ADRIAN WOLL, OR ROT IN PRISON!

SO JUAN SEGUIN, ONE OF THE FIRST NATIVE TEXANS TO SIDE WITH THE ANGLOS IN REVOLT, FINDS HIMSELF IN THE UNHAPPY SITUATION OF HAVING TO FIGHT AGAINST HIS FORMER COMRADES...





JUAN COMMANDS A SMALL FORCE OF 62 "DEFENDERS OF BEXAR"— OTHER YOUNG SONS OF TEXAS DRIVEN TO EXILE. THEY INCLUDE PAST COMPATRIOTS OF HIS LIKE ANTONIO PEREZ, MANUEL LEAL, LEANDRO ARREOLA, MANUEL FLORES, AND MANUEL CARVAJAL



THEY ARE BRIEFLY RESISTED BY SOME CITIZENS OF BEXAR, WHO THINK THEY ARE JUST ANOTHER BANDIT GANG, COME TO PLUNDER THE TOWN. ANTONIO MENCHACA, WOUNDED IN THE FIGHTING, IS AGHAST WHEN HE FINDS WHO THE ENEMY REALLY IS.



THE APPEARANCE OF JUAN SEGUIN IN THE RANKS OF THE INVASION FORCE SPREADS CONSTERNATION AMONG THE TEJANOS THAT HAD PLANNED TO HELP DEFEND THEIR TOWN. NOW, THEY DO NOT KNOW WHICH SIDE TO JOIN..



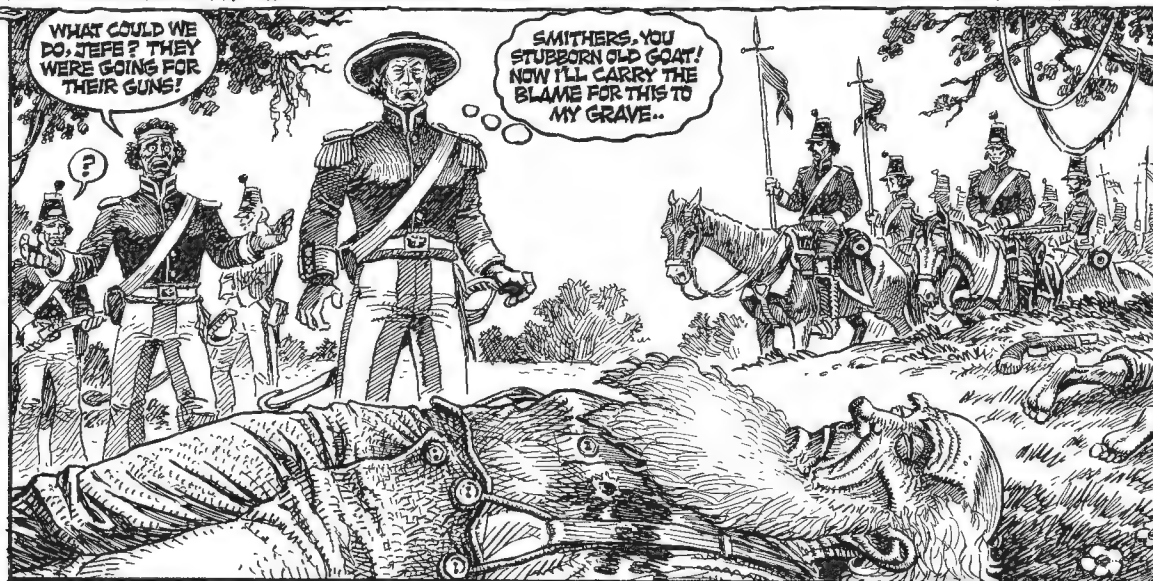
OTHERS, NOW FED-UP WITH ANGLO RULE AND THE ABUSES OF THE ROWDY ELEMENT, SOON SWELL THE RANKS OF GEN. WOLL'S ARMY.



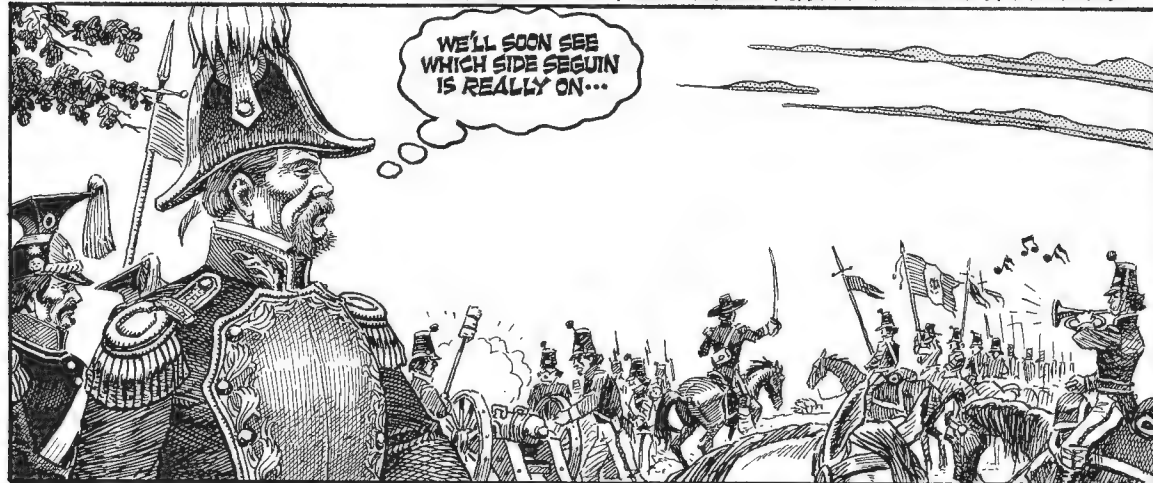
WHEN WOLL'S OCCUPATION OF BEXAR IS COMPLETE, MANY OF JUAN'S FORMER ENEMIES ANXIOUSLY COURT HIS FAVOR.



SEGUN IS SENT BY WOLL TO RECONNOITER ALONG THE GONZALES ROAD. SOME OF HIS TROOPS ENCOUNTER AND KILL THREE ANGLOS BATHING AT THE SULPHUR SPRINGS ON THE CIBOLO. ONE IS A FORMER COUNCILMAN, FRIEND OF JUAN'S.



WHEN A FORCE OF TEXIANS APPEARS ON THE SALADO CREEK, WOLL ORDERS JUAN TO ATTACK "AT ALL HAZARD".





HE AND THE BEXAR DEFENDERS ARE PLACED IN THE FOREFRONT OF BATTLE SO THAT JUAN, BY SHEDDING HIS BLOOD, MIGHT VINDICATE HIMSELF FOR PAST OFFENSES AGAINST MEXICO.



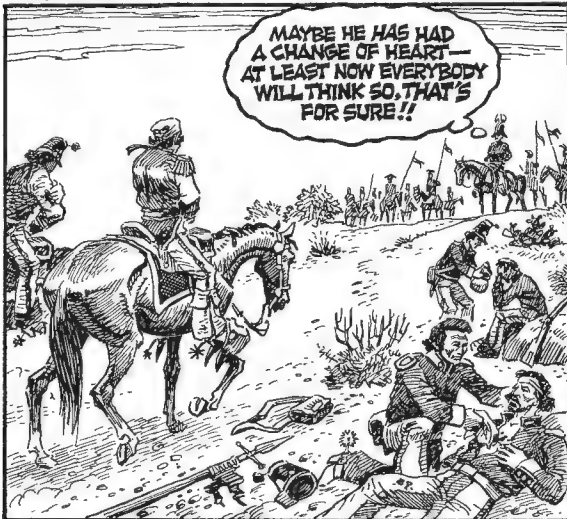
JUAN'S COMPANY ATTACKS TWICE AND IS HURLED BACK IN GREAT CONFUSION BY THE TEXIANS' DEADLY FIRE — JUST AS HE KNEW THEY WOULD BE.



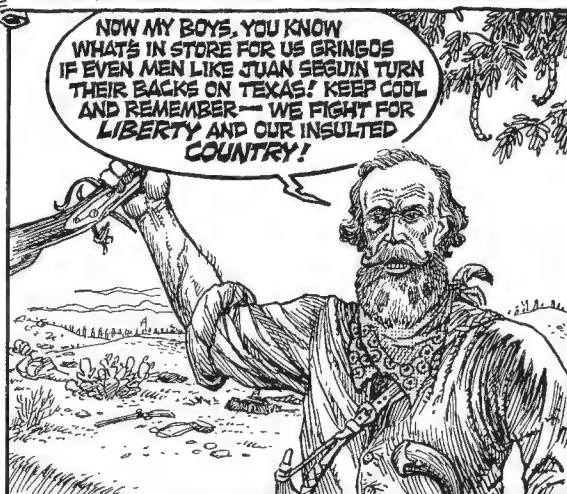
TEXIANS THAT HAD ONCE FOUGHT BESIDE JUAN — LIKE JACK HAYS, HENRY McCULLOCH, CREED TAYLOR, "BIGFOOT" WALLACE, AND OTHERS — ARE NOW ASTOUNDED TO SEE HIM LEADING THE ENEMY !!



GEN. WOLL, SATISFIED THAT JUAN IS NOW LOYAL TO MEXICO, RELIEVES HIM AS A THIRD CHARGE IS READIED.



IN THE LULL, MATHEW "OLD PAINT" CALDWELL — ONE OF MANY IN THE TEXIAN RANKS THAT HAD SPENT TIME IN A MEXICAN PRISON — ADDRESSES HIS SMALL ARMY.



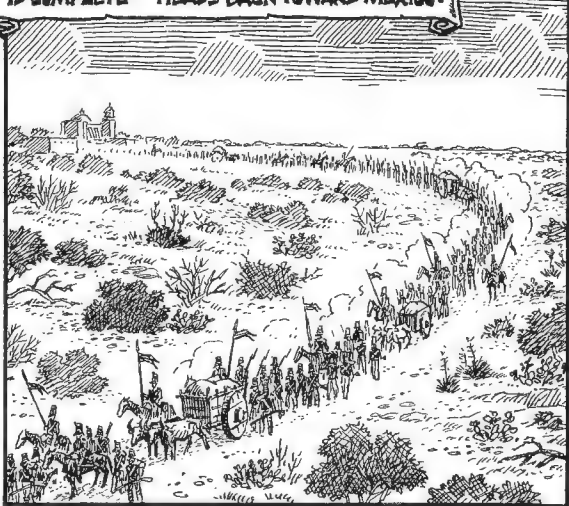
BUT IN THIS TEXIAN ARMY, THERE ARE PITIFULLY FEW TEJANOS: THE ANGLO-SAXON SONS OF KENTUCKY AND TENNESSEE STAND FACING THE HISPANO SONS OF CASTILE AND MEXICO.... AT LAST THE UGLY LINE HAS BEEN DRAWN FOR TEXAS.



AT SUNSET, AFTER A DAY OF BITTER FIGHTING AND HEAVY LOSSES ON BOTH SIDES, WOLL WITH-DRAWS FROM THE FIELD TO LICK HIS WOUNDS. \*



HAVING OCCUPIED BEXAR FOR A BRIEF TEN DAYS, WOLL — CONCLUDING THAT HIS MISSION IS COMPLETE — HEADS BACK TOWARD MEXICO.





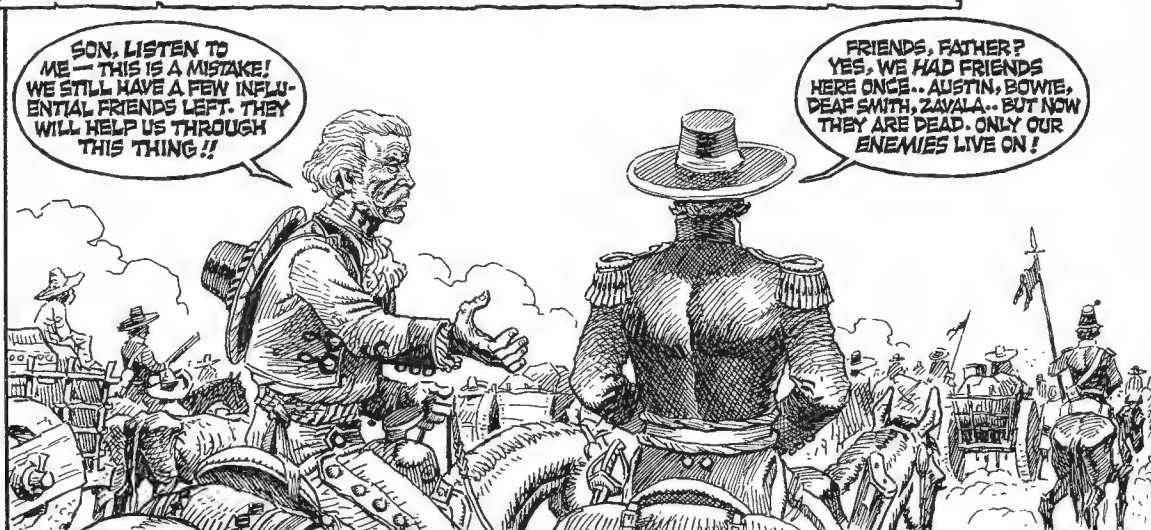
UNLIKE VASQUEZ, HE DOES NOT ALLOW HIS TROOPS TO PILLAGE THE CITY, BUT HE SENDS AHEAD 50 "PRISONERS OF WAR" — INCLUDING SAM MAVERICK AND ALL OF SAN ANTONIO'S CIVIL OFFICIALS AND IMPORTANT ANGLO CITIZENS.



SOME 200 PROMINENT TEJANO FAMILIES OF BEXAR GO WITH HIM, FEARING REPRISAL IF THEY REMAIN BEHIND. AMONG THEM ARE THE WIFE AND CHILDREN OF JUAN SEGUIN.



ERASMO FOLLOWS, HOPING TO PERSUADE HIS LOVED ONES TO REMAIN IN THEIR HOMELAND.



BUT JUAN KNOWS THAT TEXAS WILL NO LONGER EMBRACE HIM AFTER HE HAS BORNE ARMS AGAINST HER. HE HAS NO CHOICE BUT TO LEAVE THE LAND AND ALL THAT HE HAS FOUGHT FOR AND SUSTAINED THROUGH SO MUCH TRIBULATION.

NO PAPA...  
WHAT IS DONE,  
CANNOT BE UNDONE!  
..I MUST GO...



NEAR THE MEDINA RIVER, TEXIAN TROOPS IN PURSUIT OF THE RETREATING CAVALCADE, ENCOUNTER ERASMO—WORN, HAGGARD AND RENDERED DESOLATE BY HIS SON'S FLIGHT. THE OLD MAN, EVER LOYAL TO TEXAS, IS ALLOWED TO PASS UNMOLESTED.

ARE WE JUST  
GONNA LET THAT  
OLD MESKIN'  
GO?!

SHOW SOME RESPECT,  
YOU KNUCKLEHEAD. THAT'S  
DON ERASMO SEGUIN, AND HE  
WAS A TEXAS PATRIOT BE-  
FORE YOU WUZ EVEN BORN!



BUT FOR JUAN SEGUIN—ONCE THE PROUDEST NATIVE SON THAT TEXAS HAD TO OFFER—THERE IS NO CONSOLATION. AS HE RIDES TOWARD THE BORDER AND AN UNCERTAIN FUTURE, ALL HIS HOPES AND DREAMS REMAIN BEHIND, IN THE LAND THAT HE STILL LOVES—TEXAS!!





IN THE WAKE OF THE WOLL INVASION, TEXIAN MILITAMEN SWARM ON SAN ANTONIO, MAD AS HORNETS.



FROM THE RAMPARTS OF THE ALAMO, ED BURLESON — VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC — MAKES A ROUSING SPEECH, CALLING FOR A MASSIVE STRIKE AT MEXICO THE FOLLOWING MONTH...



THE ANGLOS TAKE THEIR FRUSTRATION OUT ON THE TEJANO RESIDENTS, CONFISCATING STOCK AND ANYTHING ELSE OF VALUE.



THE TEJANA WIDOW OF DEAF SMITH HAS HER HOUSE  
BROKEN INTO AND LOOTED BY TEXIAN VOLUNTEERS.



ALTHO CAPT. BOGART ORDERS WIDOW SMITH'S THINGS RETURNED,  
THE ASSEMBLING ARMY CONTINUES TO "LIVE OFF THE MEXICANS."



WITH THE WAR CRY CIRCULATING ALL OVER TEXAS, IT IS NOT  
LONG BEFORE JUAN SEGUIN IS PUBLICALLY DENOUNCED  
AS A TRAITOR TO THE REVOLUTION AND A FOUL MURDERER.



THE FACT THAT HE WAS THE MOST RESPECTED, POLITICALLY  
POWERFUL TEJANO IN THE REPUBLIC ONLY MAKES PEOPLE  
MORE BITTER AGAINST HIM— AND HIS FELLOW TEJANOS!



AFTER SEGUIN IT IS VIRTUALLY IMPOSSIBLE  
FOR A TEJANO TO GAIN HIGH PUBLIC OFFICE.



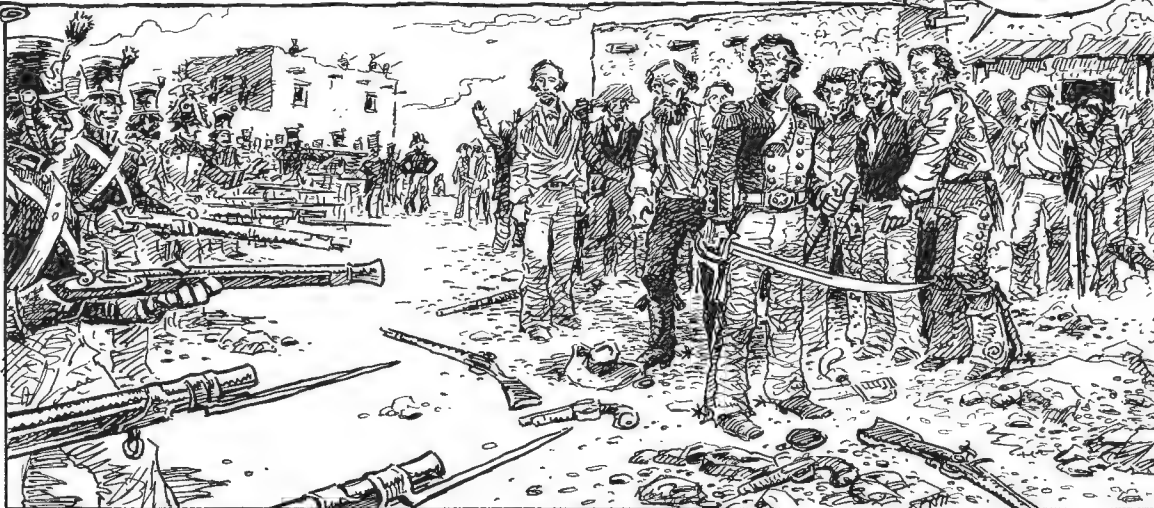
JUAN'S DEFECTION IS A SOURCE OF DISAPPOINTMENT— AND EM-  
BARASSMENT— TO FORMER FRIENDS OF HIS LIKE SAM HOUSTON.



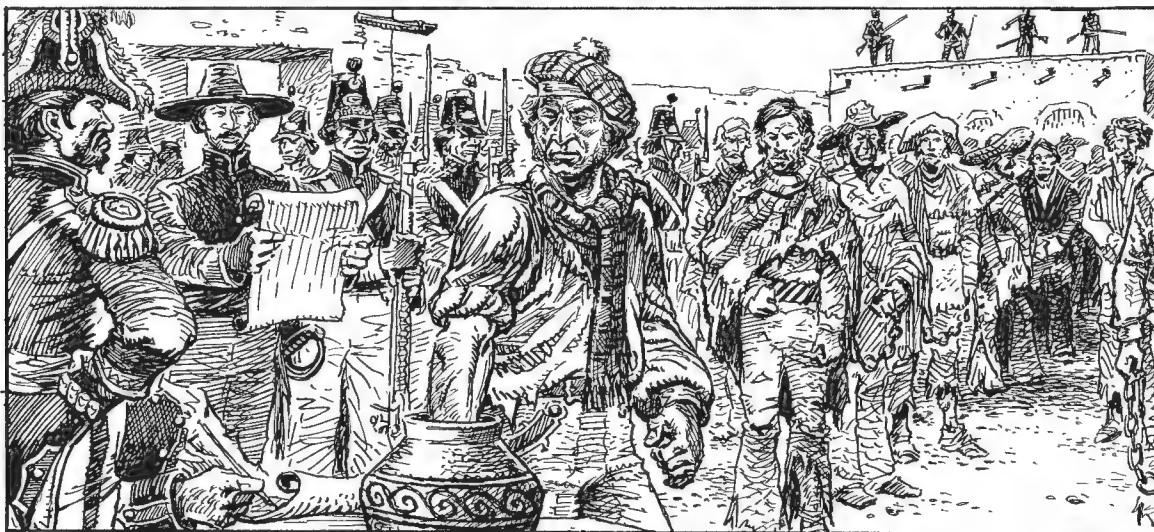


THE FAILURE OF THE SOMERVELL EXPEDITION IN THE WINTER OF 1842, MEANT TO PUNISH THE MEXICANS FOR THEIR RECENT INVASIONS, ONLY ADDS FUEL TO THE FLAMES OF RACISM.

WE'RE IN FOR IT NOW, BOYS.



AN ESCAPE ATTEMPT LED BY EWEN CAMERON RESULTS IN THE "BLACK BEAN EPISODE" AND THE DEATH BY FIRING SQUAD OF 17 TEXIANS.



EVEN THOUGH CAMERON DRAWS A WHITE BEAN HE IS EXECUTED AT THE INSTIGATION OF GEN. ANTONIO CANALES, A FORMER COMRADE IN THE FEDERALIST WARS WHO FEARS HIS INFLUENCE ON THE WESTERN FRONTIER.

NO BLINDFOLD...  
FOR THE LIBERTY OF  
TEXAS, I CAN LOOK  
DEATH IN THE FACE.





THE SURVIVING MIER PRISONERS JOIN THOSE TAKEN AT BEXAR BY WOLL. WRETCHED CONDITIONS IN PEROTE CASTLE DO LITTLE TO IMPROVE ROTTEN TEX-MEX RELATIONS.



WHEN PRESIDENT HOUSTON CRITICIZES THE MEN WHO SPLIT OFF FROM SOMERVELL'S COMMAND AND WERE CAPTURED AT MIER, HE INCURS THE WRATH OF MANY WAR-MINDED TEXIANS.

SAM SAYS THEY WENT ACROSS THE RIVER FOR SPOILS AND LOOT AND THE TEXAS FLAG SHOULDN'T SHELTER BANDITTI...

BANDITTI, HELL! THEY'RE TEXIANS - AND THEY'RE ROTTING IN A MEXICAN DUNGEON!!



THE FEW MEN WHO MANAGE TO ESCAPE FROM PRISON, LIKE SAMUEL WALKER AND T.J. GREEN, RETURN HOME FILLED WITH BITTERNESS, CONVINCED THAT HE ABANDONED THEM IN THEIR HOUR OF NEED.

NO, HOUSTON.. I WILL NOT SHAKE THE HAND THAT'S RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DECIMATION OF MY COMRADES!!

SORRY YOU FEEL THAT WAY, MR. WALKER..





SOME OF HOUSTON'S ENEMIES TRY TO LINK HIM TO JUAN'S "TREASON".

SAM ALWAYS  
BACKED THAT LOUSY  
TRAITOR SEGUIN.

IF WE COULD JUST PROVE  
THEY WERE IN IT TOGETHER, WE  
COULD PULL THAT OL' DRUNK  
CUR OFF HIS THRONE!



HOSTILITY AGAINST THE TEJANOS REMAINING IN TEXAS AT LAST GAINS RESPECTABILITY AND COMES OPENLY TO THE SURFACE.

WONDER WHICH  
SIDE THAT THERE  
GREASER'S ON?

WHO CARES?  
HE'S A GREASER.  
AIN'T HE?!

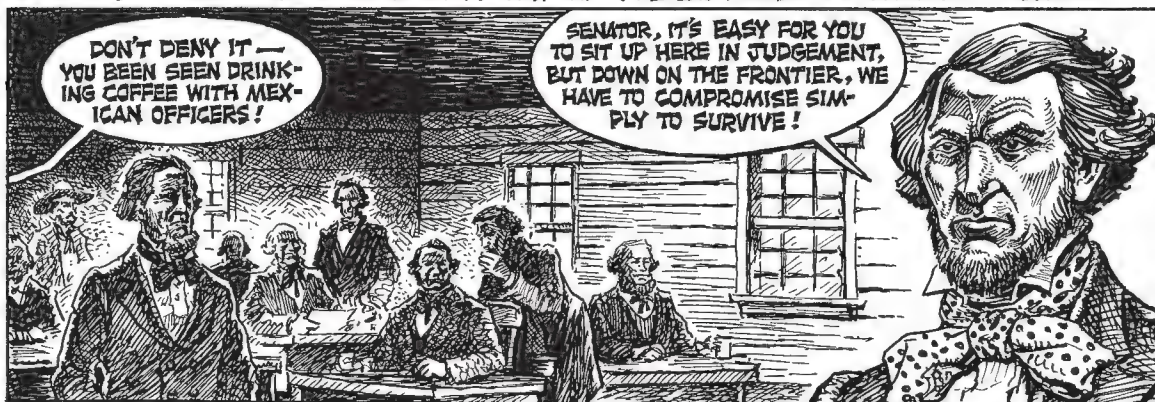
UH-OH. HERE  
COMES TROUBLE  
AGAIN..



EVEN ANGLOS WHO MUST DEAL WITH BOTH MEXICO AND THE REPUBLIC COME UNDER SUSPICION. HENRY KINNEY, OPERATOR OF A TRADING POST ON CORPUS CHRISTI BAY, HAS TO DEFEND HIMSELF ON CHARGES OF TREASON.

DON'T DENY IT —  
YOU BEEN SEEN DRINK-  
ING COFFEE WITH MEX-  
ICAN OFFICERS!

SENATOR, IT'S EASY FOR YOU  
TO SIT UP HERE IN JUDGEMENT,  
BUT DOWN ON THE FRONTIER, WE  
HAVE TO COMPROMISE SIM-  
PLY TO SURVIVE!



THE PROVISION IN THE TEXAS CONSTITUTION THAT LANDS MAY BE STRIPPED FROM THEIR OWNERS FOR "TREASONOUS ACTIVITIES" BEGINS TO TAKE ON OMINOUS IMPLICATIONS FOR TEJANO GRANTEES.

WE LEFT FOR MEXICO.  
IF THAT AIN'T TREASON.  
I DON'T KNOW WHAT IS!





THE MORE VALUABLE THE PROPERTY, THE MORE A TEJANO'S PATRIOTISM COMES UNDER SCRUTINY.

THIS XIMINEZ HAS GOT FOUR LEAGUES OF MIGHTY FINE LAND DOWN ON TH' LAVACA.

I'LL BET HE AIDED AND ABETTED TH' ENEMY, LIKE TH' REST OF 'UM DID !!



FORTUNATELY, CONGRESS AND THE JUDICIARY NEGLECT TO SET UP ORGANIZED PROCEDURES FOR ACTIVATING THIS CONSTITUTIONAL BASIS FOR DEPRIVING TEJANOS OF THEIR LAND.

THIS IS A HOT POTATO! TOO MANY OF OUR PEOPLE TOOK THE "SABINE CHUTE" TO AVOID FIGHTING.

IF WE CRACK DOWN ON THE MEXICANS, WE'LL HAVE TO DISPOSSESS THEM TOO!



AGAINST THE SMALL TEJANO LANDOWNERS OR "SQUATTERS"—THE ONES THAT NEVER FORMALLY DOCUMENTED THEIR TITLES—THREATS AND OUTRIGHT FORCE SOMETIMES ACCOMPLISH THE SAME END.

LET 'UM GO.. THEY'RE PROBABLY HALF-WAY DOWN TO MEXICO BY NOW !!

HABA



MANY PROMINENT RANCHERO FAMILIES FIND IT TOO DANGEROUS TO REMAIN ON THEIR GRANTS, ESPECIALLY THOSE IN THE NUECES STRIP. THEY GO TO THE RIO GRANDE TOWNS FOR REFUGE.





THOSE WHO REFUSE TO BE BULLIED OFF THEIR LAND, ESPECIALLY THOSE WITH KNOWN "TORY" SYMPATHIES, ARE BRAVE MEN INDEED.



OCCASIONALLY THEY MUST DEFEND THEIR SPANISH AND MEXICAN TITLES AGAINST ANGLOS WHO HAVE "LOCATED" ON DESIRABLE PARTS OF THEIR GRANTS. IT IS AN EXPENSIVE PROCESS...



DESPITE THEIR DETERMINATION TO STAY, THE TEJANO RANCHEROS FIND THAT THEIR HERDS GRADUALLY DIMINISH THROUGH THE OPERATIONS OF ROVING FRONTIER "COW BOYS".



RANCHING BEGINS TO PASS INTO THE HANDS OF ENTERPRISING ANGLOS. SINCE THE RANGE REMAINS OPEN, IT IS NOT EVEN NECESSARY TO BE A LANDOWNER TO RUN LARGE HERDS OF "RECENTLY BRANDED" STOCK.



IRONICALLY, THE COMMON VAQUEROS, WHO ONCE WORKED IN AN ALMOST FEUDAL-LIKE SYSTEM FOR LARGE TEJANO "PATRONS", NOW FIND EMPLOYMENT WITH THE NEW, UP-AND-COMING ANGLOS.

THEIR JOB IS OFTEN THE SAME—ROUNDING UP MESTENAS—EXCEPT THE BRANDS APPLIED ARE NOW OF BOLD, SIMPLE ANGLO DESIGN RATHER THAN THE ELABORATE "QUIEN SABE?" MARKS OF OLD.



YEAH, I'M RIDING FOR SENOR HOWARD NOW. HE'S A JEFE MUY FUERTE!

PUT IN A GOOD WORD FOR ME, EH DIEGO?

ME TOO



BUT WHEN THE LAND CHANGES HANDS, IT IS USUALLY FROM OLD FAMILIES TO NEW. TEJANO LANDHOLDINGS BEGIN TO RETREAT SOUTHWARD, TOWARD THE NUECES STRIP.



HAW HAW

OLD SENOR PEREZ DOWN AT CAMARGO DECIDED HE'D BETTER GIT SOMETHING FOR THIS SPREAD WHILE THE GITTIN' WAS GOOD!

THE FACT IS, WE GOT 'UM OVER A BARREL.

IN 1844 DUNCAN OGDEN AND GEORGE HOWARD FORECLOSE ON THE MORTGAGE COVERING THE \$3,000 JUAN HAD BORROWED FOR HIS SMUGGLING VENTURE BACK IN 1841. ALL THE PLEDGED LAND, TOWN HOUSES, AND LOTS ARE PUT UP FOR PUBLIC SALE.

HOWARD, THE SHERIFF OF BEXAR COUNTY, AND HIS BUSINESS PARTNER OGDEN ARE THE HIGH BIDDERS ON SEVERAL CHOICE PIECES OF SEGUIN'S REAL ESTATE.



...GOING..  
GOING..  
GONE!!



4,600 ACRES FOR 10¢ AN ACRE.. THAT'S NOT A BAD INVESTMENT, PARTNER.

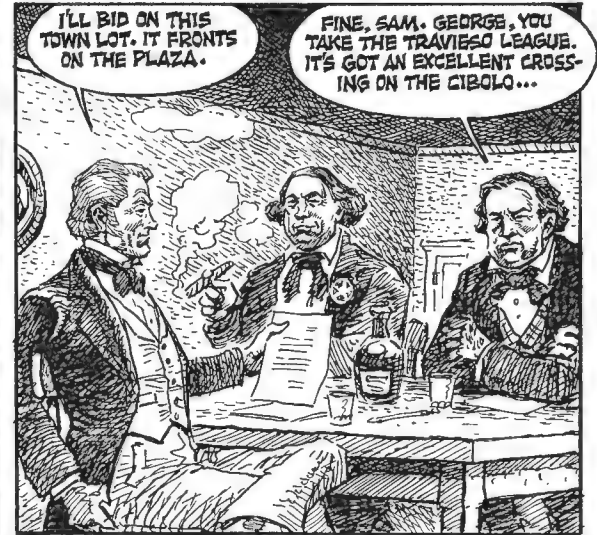
AND HIS HOUSE WENT CHEAP, TOO.



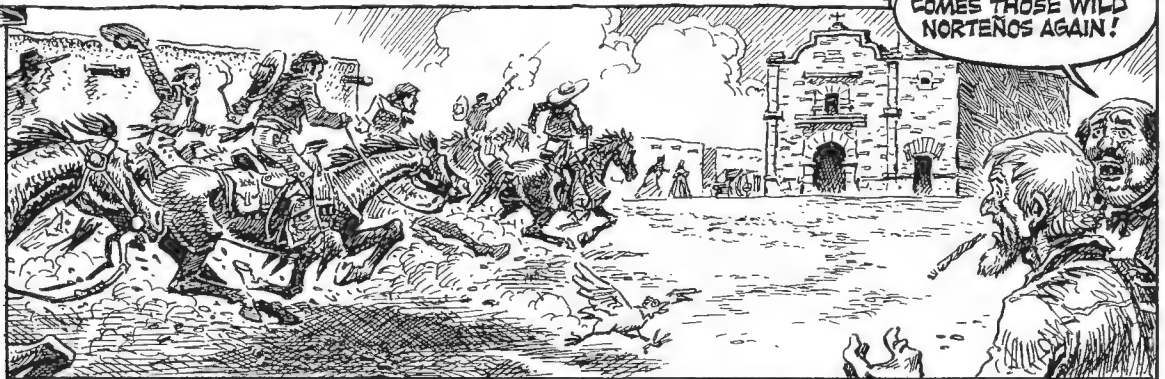
WHEN THE THREE PARCELS SECURING THE LOAN ARE SOLD, OGDEN AND HOWARD LOOK FOR MORE OF SEGUIN'S PROPERTY TO SATISFY THEIR SEEMINGLY-BOTTOMLESS JUDGEMENT.



THUS, JUAN'S WEALTH IS WHITTLED AWAY DURING HIS ABSENCE.\*



MEANWHILE, HE AND HIS DISPOSSESSED FOLLOWERS, STILL CONNECTED TO THE MEXICAN ARMY AS "IRREGULARS", VENT THEIR FRUSTRATIONS IN THE RIO GRANDE SETTLEMENTS.



BECAUSE OF THEIR PREVIOUS SERVICE TO TEXAS, IN MEXICO THEY ARE MEN WITHOUT A COUNTRY. THEY GAIN A REPUTATION AS ROUGH AND ROWDY, AND JUAN SEGUIN BECOMES KNOWN AS THE RAGING TEJANO WITH THE "CUCHILLO GRANDE"—BIG KNIFE!

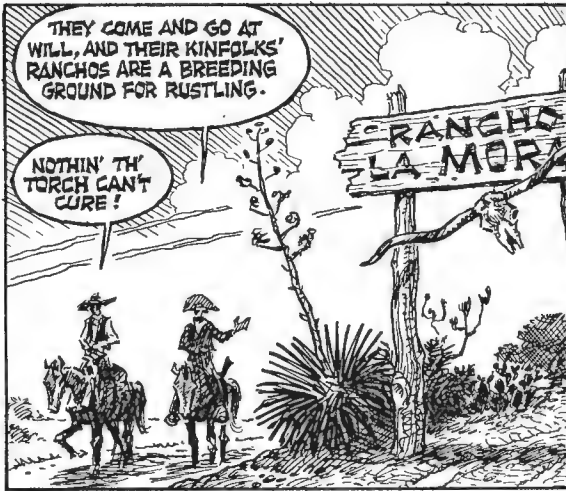


\* Seguin was not the only Tejano to be so victimized, nor were the gentlemen named the only perpetrators. Indeed, hardly a single Anglo family of Bexar emerges without some questionable land "transaction" blemishing its claim to prominence, so common was the practice. (105)

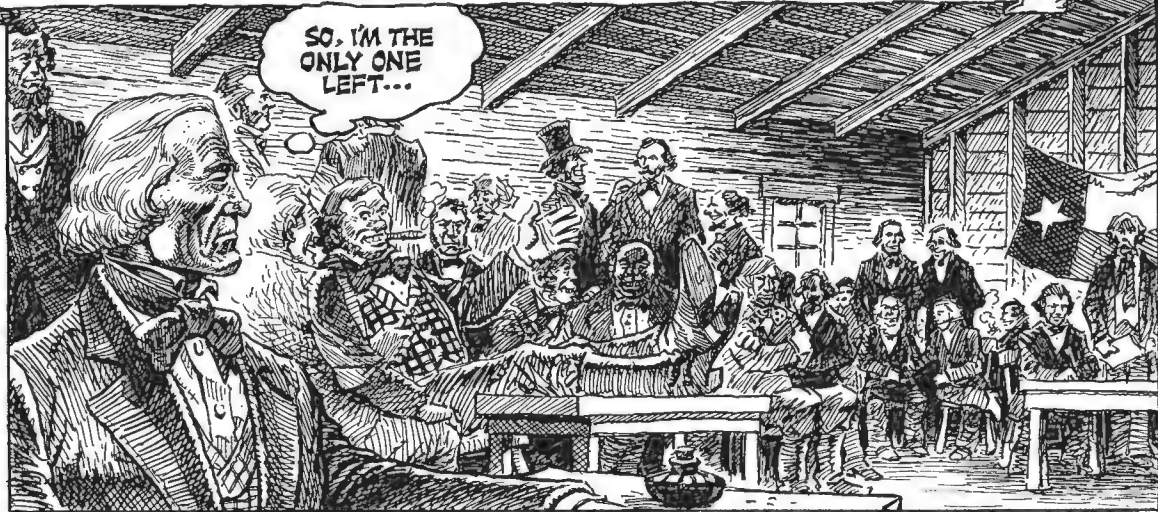


SOME TEXIANS SUSPECT THAT SEGUIN AND OTHERS LIKE HIM ARE INVOLVED IN RAIDS INTO TEXAS, USING THAT AS A PRE-TEXT FOR FURTHER ANIMOSITY TOWARD TEJANO RANCHEROS.

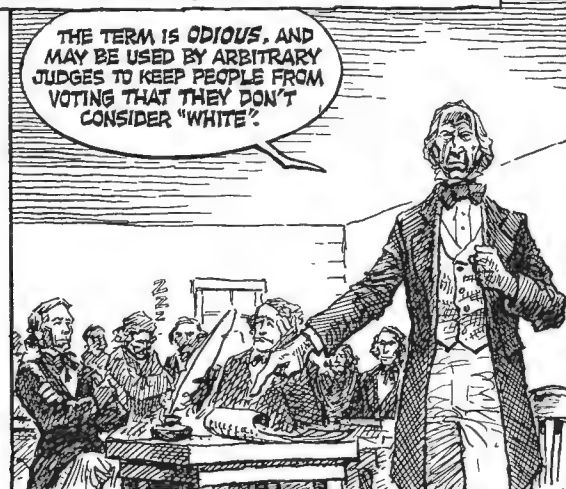
SUGGESTIONS ARE MADE THAT THE TOWN OF SEGUIN CHANGE ITS NAME. A PAGE IS MYSTERIOUSLY RIPPED FROM THE TOWN'S MINUTE BOOK...



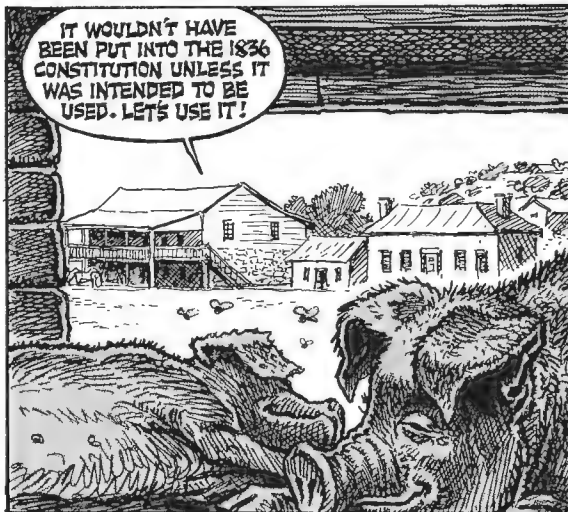
ON JULY 4, 1845, THE TEXAS CONVENTION MEETS TO CONSIDER ANNEXATION TO THE UNITED STATES AND TO FORM A CONSTITUTION. JOSE ANTONIO NAVARRO, RECENTLY OUT OF PRISON, IS THE SOLE TEJANO DELEGATE.



HE SPEAKS AGAINST THE USE OF THE WORD "WHITE" AS A VOTER QUALIFICATION, FEARING IT MIGHT BE USED AGAINST MANY DARK-SKINNED TEJANOS.

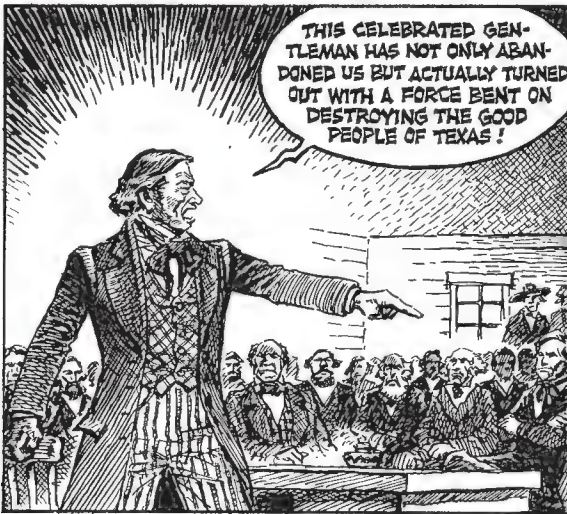


THE SUBJECT OF LAND FORFEITURE AGAINST THOSE WHO "AIDED AND ABETTED" THE ENEMY IS HOTLY DEBATED.

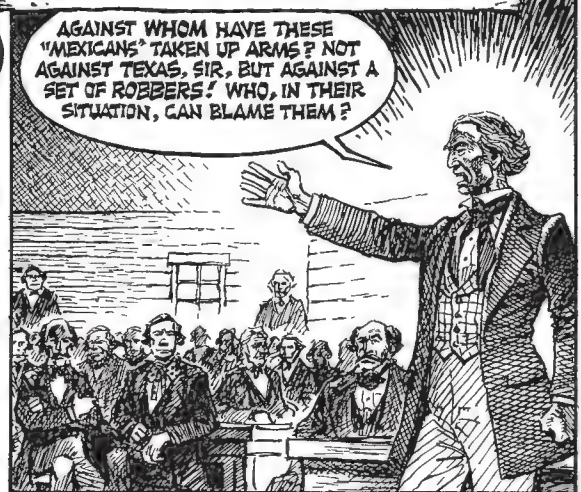




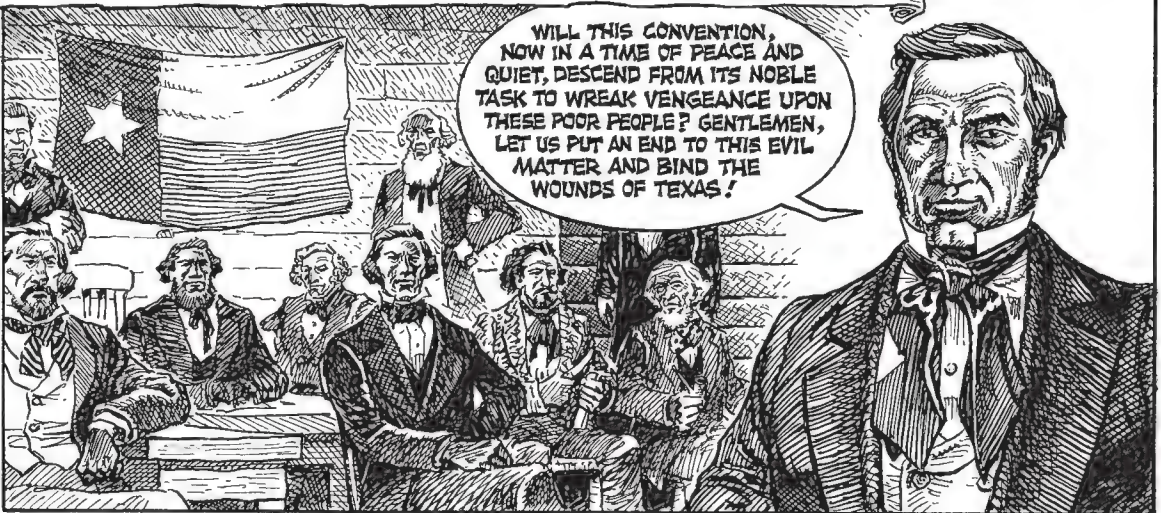
JUAN SEGUIN IS MENTIONED AS ONE TYPICAL OF THOSE WHOSE RIGHTS TO HOLD LAND IN TEXAS SHOULD BE TAKEN AWAY.



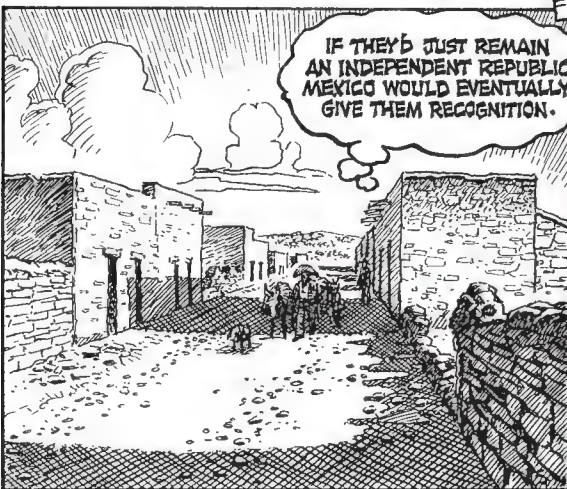
DELEGATES FROM THE WAR-TORN COUNTIES, LIKE H.L. KINNEY AND A.C. HORTON, SPEAK CANDIDLY IN DEFENSE OF THE TEJANOS' LAND AND CITIZENSHIP RIGHTS.



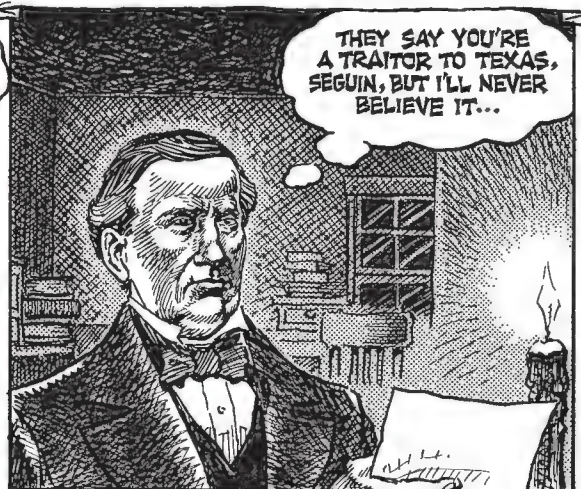
THEY ARE JOINED BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE CONVENTION, THOMAS J. RUSK, IN ADVOCATING LENIENCY TO THE FRONTIER TEJANOS, VICTIMIZED IN THE STRUGGLE BY BOTH SIDES.



JUAN, IN TOUCH WITH OPINION SOUTH OF THE BORDER, KNOWS THAT THE NATIONAL HONOR OF MEXICO WILL NOT PERMIT THE LOSS OF TEXAS TO ITS CONTINENTAL RIVAL.

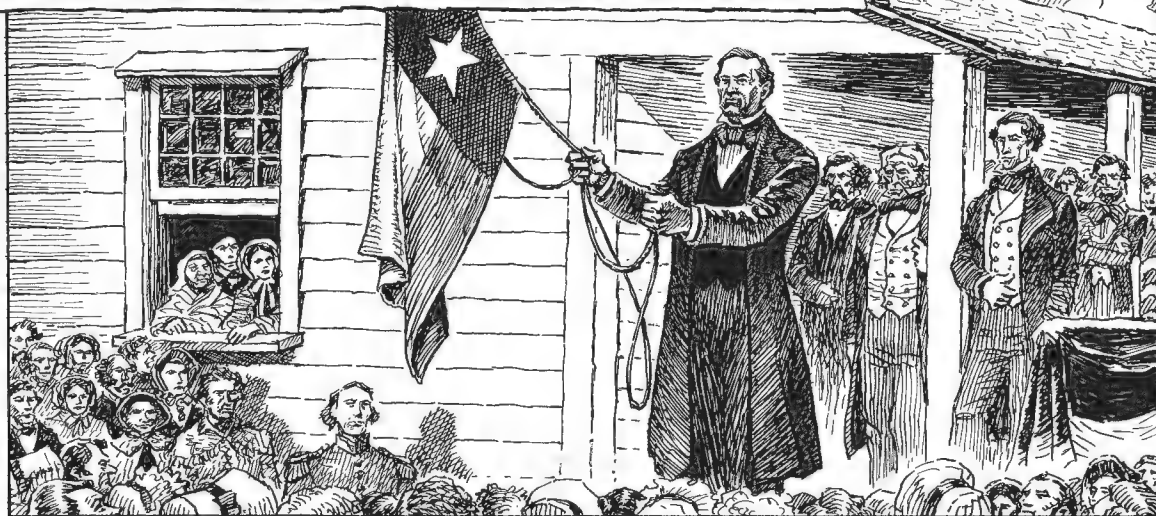


FEARING THAT THE CONVENTION WILL RESULT IN ANNEXATION, HE WRITES THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC, INFORMING HIM THAT SUCH A COURSE WOULD INEVITABLY MEAN WAR.





JUAN'S FEARS SOON BECOME REALIZED. THE CONVENTION DECIDES FOR ANNEXATION, AND ON FEB. 19, 1846, ANSON JONES PROCLAIMS THAT THE REPUBLIC OF TEXAS IS NO MORE.



UNITED STATES TROOPS UNDER GEN. ZACHARY TAYLOR, "OLD ROUGH AND READY," MOVE SOUTH FROM THEIR BASE AT CORPUS CHRISTI, ANTICIPATING MEXICO'S RESPONSE.



THE RESPONSE COMES QUICKLY AT PALO ALTO AND RESACA de la PALMA, JUST ABOVE MATAMOROS, BUT TAYLOR'S TROOPS PUT ARISTA AND THE MEXICAN ARMY TO PRECIPITOUS FLIGHT.





PRESIDENT POLK SENDS A WAR MESSAGE TO CONGRESS, BUT MEXICO IS ALREADY IN A STATE OF WAR—NOT JUST BECAUSE OF TAYLOR'S ADVANCE, BUT BECAUSE THE UNITED STATES HAS DARED TO ANNEX TEXAS, TERRITORY WHICH NO MEXICAN POLITICIAN CAN ADMIT AS LOST.



CRITICS OF "POLK'S WAR" ARE OUTSPOKEN FROM THE BEGINNING.



THE DETERIORATING MILITARY SITUATION FORCES THE MEXICAN AUTHORITIES TO SET ASIDE COURT MARTIAL PROCEEDINGS AGAINST JUAN AND HIS HELL-RAISING TEJANOS. THEIR SERVICES ARE QUICKLY ENLISTED AS SPIES, SCOUTS, AND GUERRILLA FIGHTERS.



THESE FUNCTIONS THEY PERFORM SO WELL THAT THEY IRRITATE GEN. TAYLOR AND THEIR FORMER COMRADES, THE TEXAS RANGERS, WHO ARE SERVING THE U.S. ARMY IN A SIMILAR CAPACITY.

RANGERS UNDER BEN McCULLOCH MAKE AN EFFORT TO CATCH SEGUIN, SAID TO BE OPERATING ON THE RUGGED CHINA ROUTE TO MONTERREY.





THE TEXANS SETTLE MANY OLD SCORES IN MEXICO, EARNING THE REPUTATION AS "LOS DIABLOS TEJANOS"—THE TEXAS DEVILS!



SEGUIN AND HIS TEJANOS FIGHT AT THE BATTLE OF BUENA VISTA, THE LAST DECISIVE ENCOUNTER IN NORTHERN MEXICO.



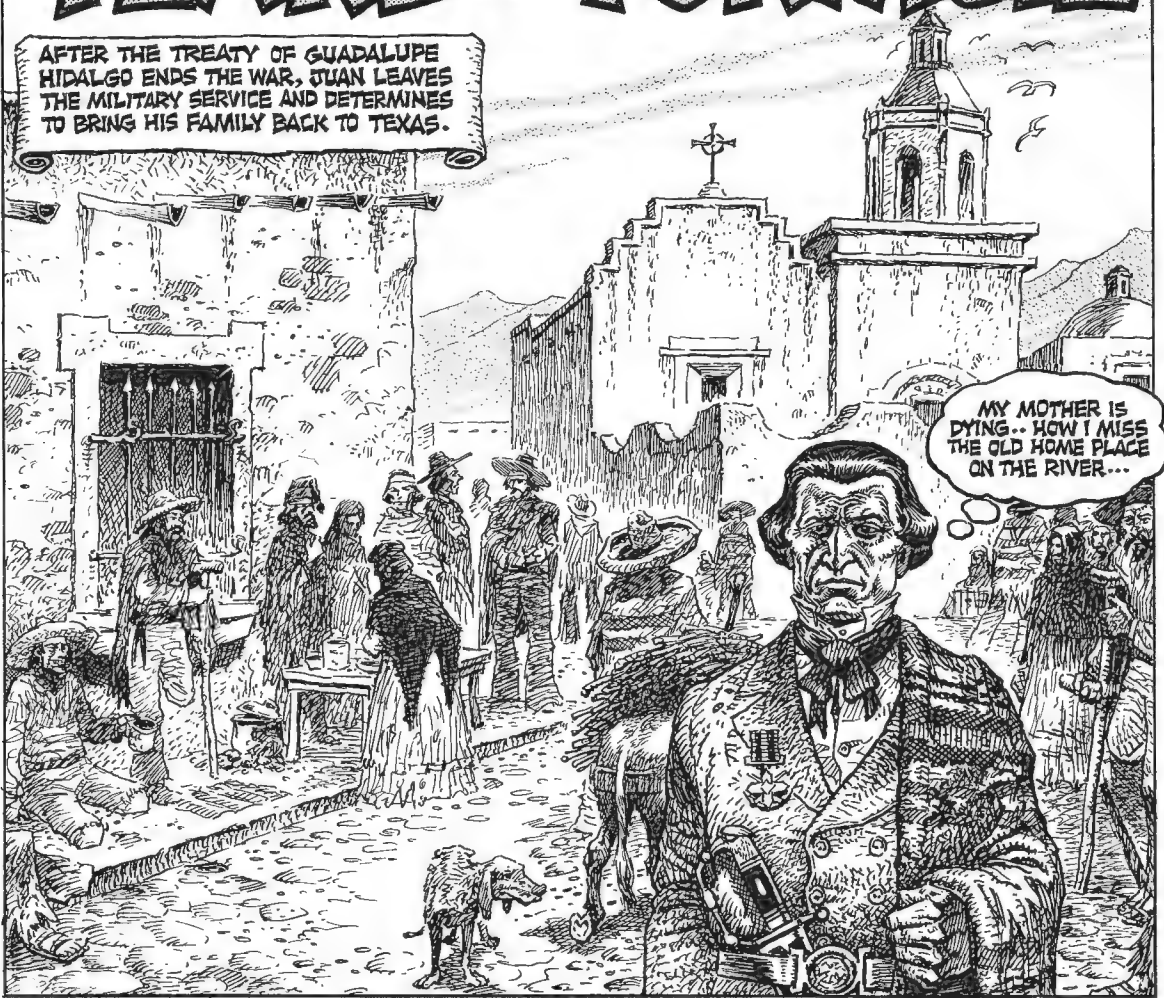
THE CARNAGE ON BOTH SIDES IS AWESOME AND JUAN IS WOUNDED IN THE FIGHTING. WHEN SANTA ANNA'S SHATTERED ARMY ABANDONS THE FIELD UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS, "OLD ROUGH AND READY" IS MUCH RELIEVED.





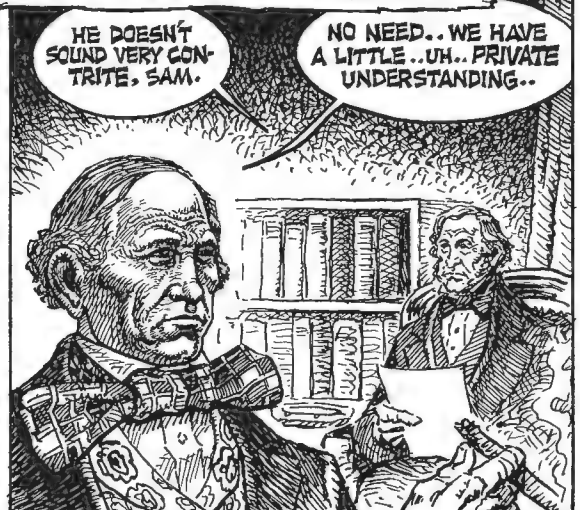
# YEARS of TURMOIL

AFTER THE TREATY OF GUADALUPE HIDALGO ENDS THE WAR, JUAN LEAVES THE MILITARY SERVICE AND DETERMINES TO BRING HIS FAMILY BACK TO TEXAS.



HE APPEARS BEFORE THE AMERICAN MILITARY COMMANDER AT PRESIDIO DEL RIO GRANDE, J.A. VEATCH, ANNOUNCING HIS INTENTION TO "RISK THE CONSEQUENCES" OF HIS RETURN HOME.

FROM SALTILLO HE WRITES SAM HOUSTON, NOW A UNITED STATES SENATOR, ASKING HIS HELP IN RESUMING LIFE AS AN ORDINARY TEXAS CITIZEN.



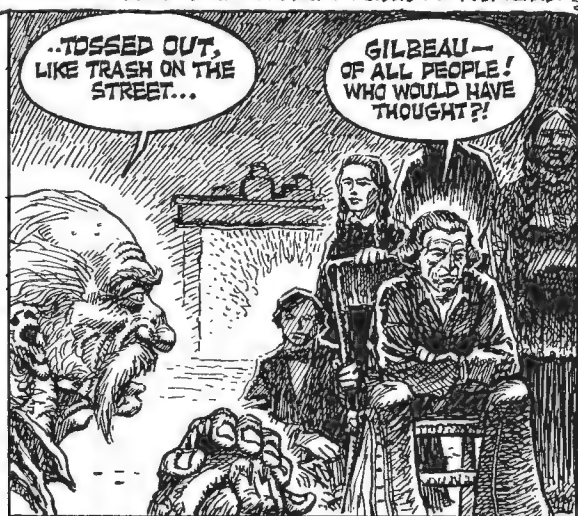
JUAN IS DUMBFOUNDED BY THE CHANGES THAT HAVE TAKEN PLACE IN HIS ABSENCE.



HE FINDS HIS FATHER'S RANCH IN RUINS AND IS SHAKEN BY THE PITIFUL CONDITION OF HIS ONCE-PROSPEROUS NEIGHBORS.



DON ERASMO TELLS OF HOW EVEN HE AND HIS FAMILY WERE FORCIBLY EJECTED FROM THEIR HOME DURING THE WAR YEARS.



DESPITE THE MOOD OF DOOM THAT HAS CAST ITS SHADOW OVER THE RIVER VALLEY, DON ERASMO HAS HUNG ON... BUT LITTLE REMAINS OF THE ONCE-GRAND "CASA BLANCA"

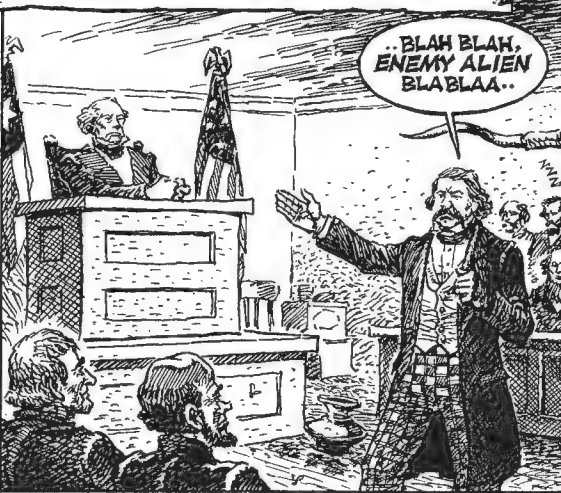




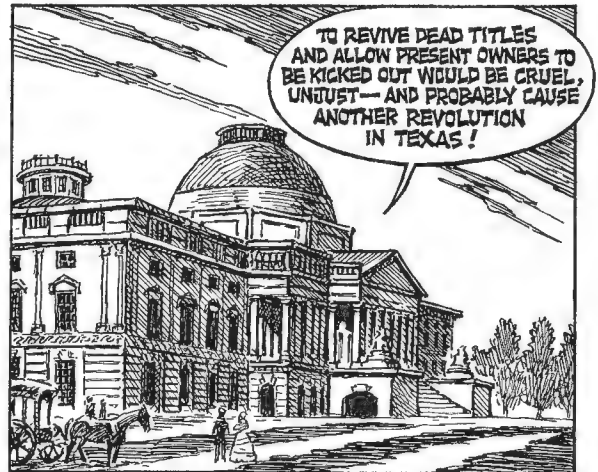
LIKE SEGUIN, OTHER HOMESICK TEJANOS MAKE THEIR WAY BACK TO TEXAS NOW THAT THE WAR IS OVER. MANY FIND THEIR CATTLE GONE, THEIR LAND, AND EVEN THEIR HOMES, TAKEN BY THE ANGLOS.



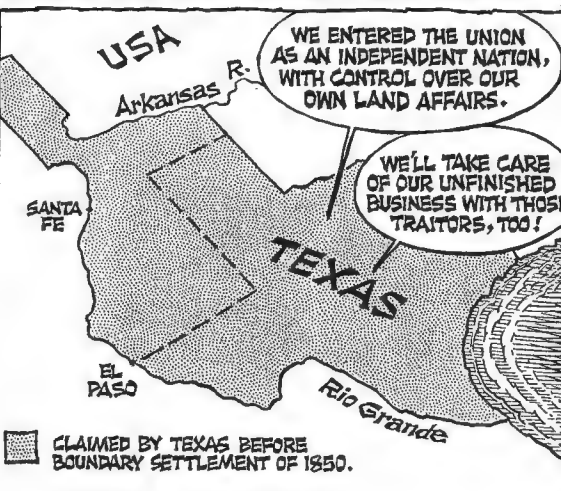
SOME, LIKE THE DE LEONS, TRY TO REGAIN TITLE TO THEIR LAND GRANTS BUT INSTEAD FIND THEMSELVES EMBROILED IN YEARS OF COSTLY LITIGATION.



ARTICLE X OF THE TREATY OF GUADALUPE HIDALGO, VALIDATING ALL MEXICAN GRANTS IN THE SOUTHWEST, IS STRICKEN OUT BY THE U.S. SENATE FOR FEAR THESE OLD TITLES MIGHT IMPERIL MORE RECENT ACQUISITIONS BY AMERICAN SETTLERS IN TEXAS.



SO EVEN THOUGH THE TREATY GUARANTEES THE RIGHTS AND PROPERTY OF FORMER MEXICAN CITIZENS, THE UNIQUE STATUS OF TEXAS MAKES THE REALITY QUITE DIFFERENT.



FLUSH WITH THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO, THE SWELLING ANGLO POPULATION IS IN NO MOOD TO VIEW SYMPATHETICALLY THE OLD CLAIMS OF 'MEXICANS' WHO LEFT DURING THE YEARS OF WARFARE.



THE RETURNING TEJANOS JUSTIFIABLY FEEL BITTERNESS TOWARD THE TEXANS FOR THEIR IMPOVERISHMENT. THERE IS AN UNDERLYING FEELING THAT THE LAND WAS STOLEN — LEGAL OR OTHERWISE!



JUAN'S DEFECTION HAS LEFT HIM POWERLESS IN POLITICAL AFFAIRS. HE CAN DO NOTHING TO RIGHT THE WRONGS OF HIS PEOPLE.



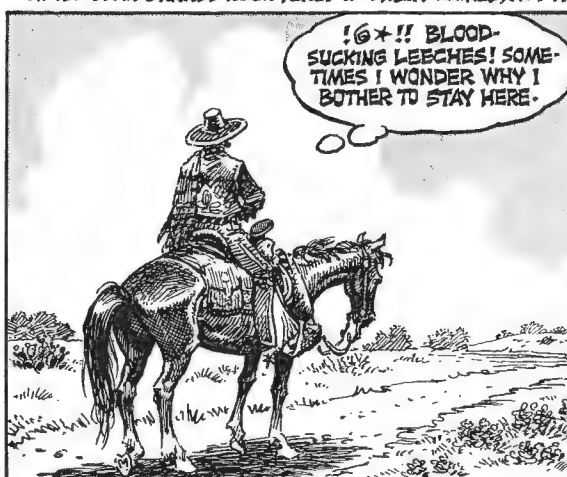
IN TIME COMES THE REALIZATION THAT THIS IS PERHAPS WHY HE HAS BEEN ALLOWED TO RETURN HOME: WITHOUT INFLUENCE AND HIS POLITICAL ASPIRATIONS BLASTED, HE NO LONGER POSES A THREAT TO THE DOMINANT ANGLO POWER STRUCTURE.



JUAN SOON FINDS HIMSELF THE DEFENDANT IN MANY LAWSUITS DIRECTED AT WHAT LITTLE REMAINS OF HIS WEALTH.



TO PUT HIMSELF BEYOND THE REACH OF HOSTILE "CREDITORS" JUAN IS OBLIGED TO DEED HOLDINGS TO HIS CHILDREN AND FILE A DECLARATION OF HIS WIFE'S SEPARATE PROPERTY. ALL FAMILY CATTLE BEAR BRANDS REGISTERED IN THEIR NAMES, NOT HIS.





THE POSTWAR YEARS DO NOT BRING AN END TO HOSTILITIES BETWEEN ANGLOS AND MEXICANS — ESPECIALLY IN THE NUECES STRIP. THE WIDE-OPEN BORDER DRAWS LAWLESS MEN OF ALL SHADES AND HUES LIKE A MAGNET.



MANY OF THESE RUFFIANS CLAIM TO BE "MUSTANGERS," LIVING OFF THE HERDS OF WILD HORSES AND ABANDONED CATTLE, BUT THEY ARE MORE ACCURATELY DESCRIBED AS CUT-THROATS AND PRAIRIE PIRATES.



RAIDS ACROSS BOTH SIDES OF THE BORDER ARE FREQUENT AND THE PEACEFUL SETTLERS, ANGLO AND TEJANO, ARE THE ULTIMATE VICTIMS.



EACH TIME A MEXICAN-BASED BAND ROBS AND PLUNDERS, ANGLO VIGILANTES RETALIATE AGAINST INNOCENT TEJANOS. WHEN "COW BOYS" STRIKE ACROSS THE RIO GRANDE, THE MEXICANS AVENGE THEMSELVES AGAINST ANGLO FAMILIES LIVING IN THE WARZONE.

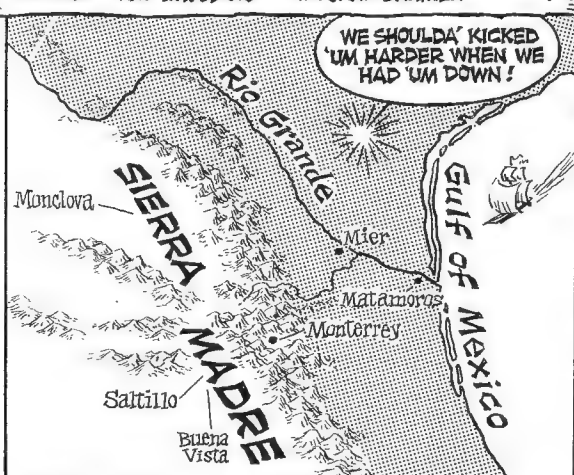




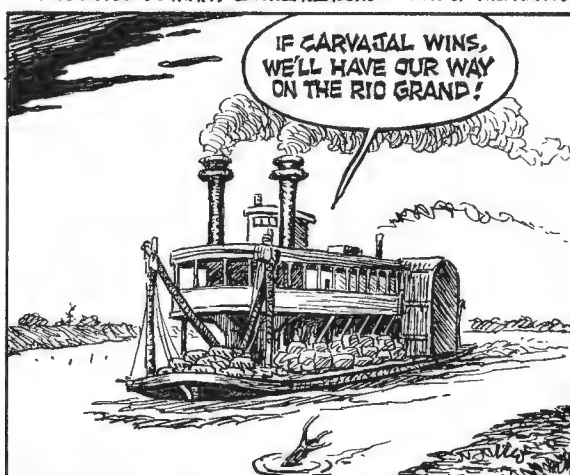
WITH THIS INTERNATIONAL BORDER SCUM HOLDING SWAY, IT IS NOT SAFE TO LIVE ON THE FRONTIER. THOSE WHO DO, FIND IT EXPEDIENT TO HIRE THEMSELVES PRIVATE ARMIES.



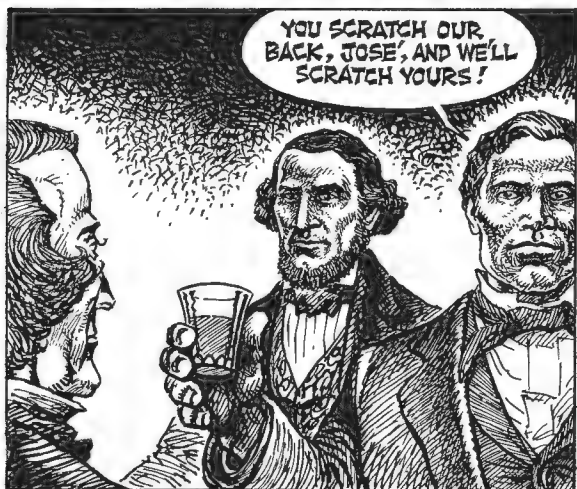
THE CHAOS CAUSES MANY TEXANS TO THINK THE UNITED STATES TOO GENEROUS WITH SETTling FOR THE RIO GRANDE AS A BOUNDARY. THEY CONSIDER THE SIERRA MADRE A MORE LOGICAL — AND IMPOSING — NATURAL BARRIER.



WHEN JOSE M. J. CARVAJAL, THE FORMER TEJANO FEDERALIST LEADER, DECIDES TO SEPARATE TAMAULIPAS FROM MEXICO AND CALL IT THE "SIERRA MADRE REPUBLIC" HIS SCHEME IS AVIDLY PROMOTED BY MANY ENTREPRENEURS NORTH OF THE RIVER.



HE RECEIVES SUPPORT FROM RICHARD KING AND MIFFLIN KENEDY, TWO OF THE "NEW BREED" OF TEXANS, WHO WILL SOON BECOME THE MOST POWERFUL RANCHERS SOUTH OF THE NUECES.



WITH THEIR BACKING, CARVAJAL'S CAUSE IS JOINED BY MANY HOT-BLOODED YOUNG ANGLOS WHOSE TASTE FOR TAME, "PEACEFUL" LIFE HAS BEEN SPOILED BY SERVICE IN THE MEXICAN WAR.





ALTHO CARVAJAL IS AGAIN UNSUCCESSFUL IN DISMEMBERING THE NORTHERN PORTION OF MEXICO, HIS FILIBUSTERING BANDS DO MUCH TO KEEP BORDER RELATIONS INFLAMED.



A FURTHER CAUSE OF CONFLICT IS THE FLIGHT OF BLACK SLAVES ACROSS THE BORDER. MANY SLAVE OWNERS FEEL THAT THE MEXICAN ABHORRENCE OF THE INSTITUTION OF SLAVERY ENCOURAGES RUNAWAYS.

AMIGOS!

WE MADE IT, CASSIUS! WE'RE IN MEXICO!!

WHAT DID I TELL YOU? TH' LAND OF MILK AND HONEY!



NUMEROUS RAIDS INTO MEXICO ARE MADE BY ANGLO TEXANS ON THE PRETEXT OF PUNISHING INDIAN RAIDERS, BUT THEY ARE REALLY "BOUNTY HUNTING" EXPEDITIONS TO CAPTURE FUGITIVE SLAVES.





STRANGELY ENOUGH, THE BORDER CAUSES A SIMILAR PROBLEM FOR MEXICO. PEONS, IN VIRTUAL LIFE-LONG SERVITUDE BECAUSE OF DEBTS, ARE CROSSING INTO TEXAS TO ESCAPE THEIR TASKMASTERS AND START A NEW LIFE.



JUAN SEGUN, CAUGHT IN THE MIDDLE AS ALWAYS, IS APPOINTED BY THE GOVERNOR OF NUEVO LEON TO DISCUSS A TREATY WITH TEXAS' GOV. RUNNELS FOR THE EXTRADITION OF "FUGITIVE SLAVES, PEONS, ROBBERS, MURDERERS + INCENDIARIES."



BUT SLAVES CONTINUE TO MAKE THEIR WAY TO FREEDOM, SOME WITH THE HELP OF SYMPATHETIC TEJANOS, A SITUATION WHICH CAUSES MANY TEXANS TO REGARD THEIR "LOWER CLASS OF MEXICANS" AS PUBLIC ENEMIES.



IN SOME COUNTIES TRANSIENTS ARE ARRESTED AND EJECTED, AND OTHER PLACES REQUIRE EVEN KNOWN TEJANOS TO HAVE PASSES TO USE THE PUBLIC ROADS.



IN GOLIAD, PARTLY BECAUSE OF THE TEJANOS' SUSPECTED ANTI-SLAVERY SENTIMENTS, A RESOLUTION IS PASSED THAT "THE CONTINUATION OF THE GREASERS OR PEON MEXICANS AS CITIZENS AMONG US IS AN INTOLERABLE NUISANCE."





THIS VOLATILE SITUATION ERUPTS IN 1857 INTO THE SO-CALLED "CART WAR" IN WHICH TEJANO FREIGHTERS ARE PERSECUTED BECAUSE OF RACE HATRED — AND THEIR CHEAPER RATES FOR HAULING CARGO.



IT TAKES A FORMAL COMPLAINT FROM THE MEXICAN LEGATION FOR THE SITUATION TO GET THE ATTENTION OF TEXAN OFFICIALS.





GOV. PEASE, RESPONDING TO PRESSURE FROM WASHINGTON, GOES TO BEXAR TO INVESTIGATE THE CHARGES. HE FINDS LOCAL AUTHORITIES INDIFFERENT TO THE ABUSES OF THE FREIGHTERS.



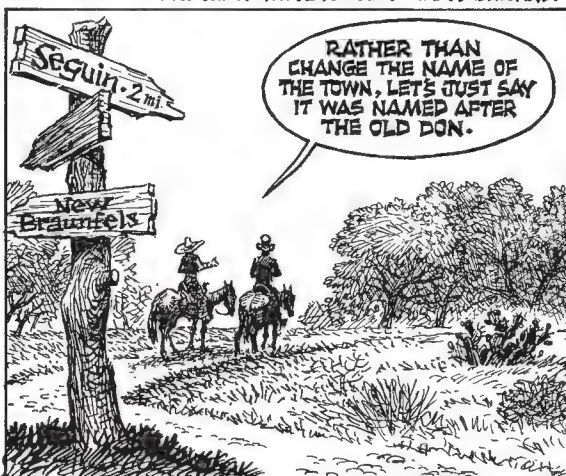
FINALLY, WHEN THE TEAMSTERS BEGIN TO UNLEASH THEIR VIOLENCE AGAINST OTHER ANGLOS, PEASE IS FORCED TO CLEAN UP THE MESSY SITUATION.



THE SAME YEAR THAT WITNESSES THE SPECTACLE OF THE CART WAR MARKS THE DEATH OF DON ERASMO, AT AGE 75. HE IS LAID QUIETLY TO REST BESIDE THE RIVER, NEAR THE HOME HE HAD CARVED FROM THE WILDERNESS.



DESPITE THE RACIAL TENSIONS OF THE PERIOD, ERASMO IS EULOGIZED AS "THAT TRUE HEARTED OLD MAN," WHO "IN THE INFANCY OF TEXAS — IN THE DAYS OF HER WEAKNESS AND HIS STRENGTH — WAS THE FAITHFUL FRIEND OF THE AMERICANS."



JUAN'S ATTEMPT TO REINVOLVE HIMSELF IN COUNTY POLITICS BRINGS A RASH OF HATE MAIL, SOME OF WHICH IS CIRCULATED IN AREA NEWSPAPERS.



HE ATTEMPTS TO PREVENT ONE OF HIS DAUGHTERS FROM MARRYING AN ANGLO ON THE BASIS THAT SHE IS UNDERAGED, BUT "YOUNG LOVE" PREVAILS.





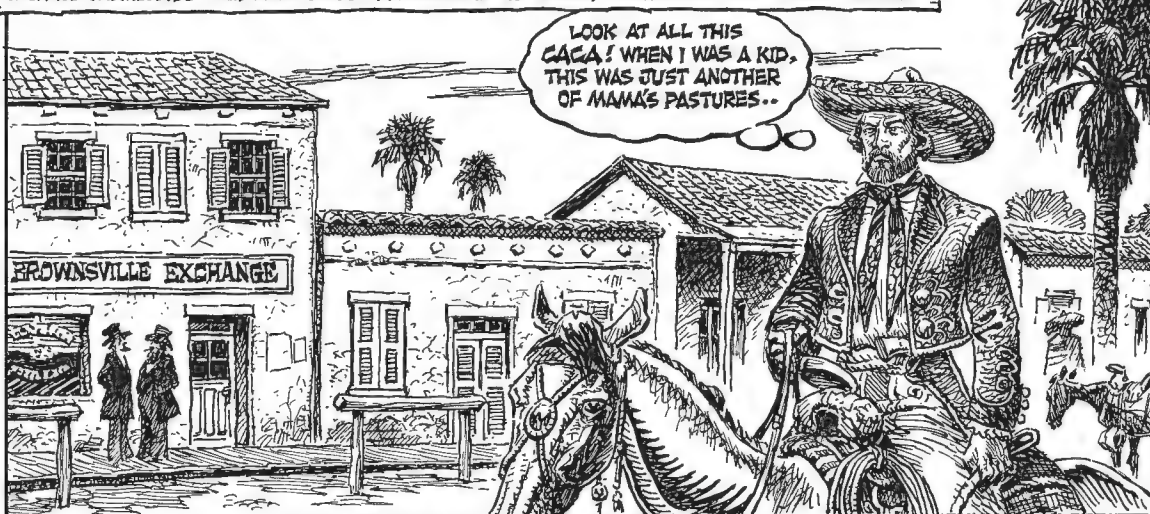
JUAN BUILDS A STONE HOUSE ON HIS FATHER'S LAND, BUT FOR HIM THESE ARE RESTLESS YEARS. HE CONSTANTLY TRAVELS BACK AND FORTH TO MEXICO, ROOTLESS IN THE TURMOIL AROUND HIM.



IN 1858 HE PUBLISHES HIS MEMOIRS IN WHICH HE CITES HIS LONG SERVICE TO TEXAS AND OFFERS A VINDICATION FOR HIS CONDUCT IN THE FATEFUL YEAR OF '42.



BUT THE TUMULTUOUS TIMES CALL FOR ANOTHER TYPE OF POPULAR HERO — EVEN AMONG THE TEJANOS THEMSELVES. THIS NEED FINDS EXPRESSION IN THE YOUNG, FLAMBOYANT JUAN "CHENO" CORTINA.



THE SCION OF AN OLD RANCHING FAMILY ON THE RIO GRANDE, CORTINA HAS WATCHED THE ANGLOS SLOWLY TAKE OVER SINCE THE WAR AND PUSH HIS PEOPLE ASIDE.



CORTINA MAKES A DRAMATIC ENTRANCE INTO THE PUBLIC EYE, SHOOTING THE MARSHAL OF BROWNSVILLE AND HELPING A POOR MEXICAN DRUNK MAKE AN UNEXPECTED GETAWAY.



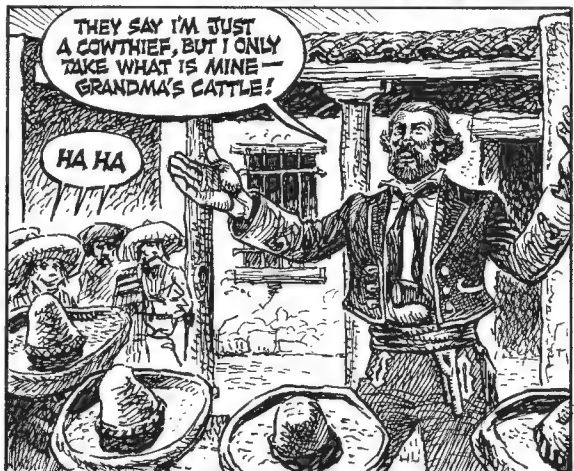
SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, HE RETURNS WITH A RAG-TAG ARMY AND TAKES POSSESSION OF THE TOWN.



HE DEFEATS BOTH A MOTLEY GROUP OF LOCAL "RANGERS" AND SOME MEXICAN TROOPS FROM MATAMOROS, SENT OVER TO PUT A STOP TO HIS "RABBLE-ROUSING".



ALTHO VIEWED BY THE ANGLOS AS JUST ANOTHER PETTY BORDER BANDIT, TO HIS PEOPLE — FROM THE LEGALLY VICTIMIZED GRANDEES TO THE DOWN-TRODDEN PEONS — JUAN CORTINA IS REGARDED AS THE CHAMPION OF THEIR RACE.





HE IS A SKILLFUL PROPAGANDIST AND THE EFFECTIVENESS OF HIS "PROCLAMATIONS" IS DOUBTLESS ROOTED IN THE MANY INJUSTICES WHICH HE ADDRESSES.

[illegible][illegible]

**LISTEN AT THIS:** "If the Gringos and their lawyers wish to rob us and possess our land, let them know that they must first fatten it with their own gore."

**BOY, THAT CHENO IS ONE BAD HOMBRE!**

**PROPRONCIAMIENTO!**  
JUAN NARCISUS CORONA  
A LOS VECINOS DEL ESTADO  
DE TEXAS ¡VIVA BROWN!

ALFONSO	BARTOLOME	CARLOS
DIEGO	FELIX	GABRIEL
HENRY	JUANITO	MIGUEL
PEDRO	RAMON	SANTIAGO
TOMAS	VICTOR	XAVIER
ZACHARY	ADOLFO	EUGENE
FRANK	JOSE	LUIS
MARIO	NICOLAS	RICARDO

Phil Witte

A FEW OF THE VALLEY'S SLICK REAL ESTATE MEN AND CROOKED LAWYERS HAVE SECOND THOUGHTS ABOUT THEIR PROFESSIONS.

SUN BELT PROPERTIES

SAY, J.B., MAYBE WE'D BETTER DEPART FOR SAFER CLIMES. THE NATIVES DON'T SEEM TO APPRECIATE US BRINGING CIVILIZATION TO THEM..

I HEAR JACK HAYS NEEDS HELP DEVELOPING OAKLAND!

SUN BELT PROPERTIES

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I HEAR JACK HAYS NEEDS HELP DEVELOPING OAKLAND!

AFTER A SIX-MONTHS REIGN — A SOURCE OF EMBARRASSMENT TO BOTH GOVERNMENTS — CORTINA IS FORCED TO FLEE INTO THE INTERIOR OF MEXICO BY U.S. TROOPS AND RANGERS UNDER RIP FORD.

HIS THREATS OF AN ANGLO BLOODBATH SERVE ONLY TO DEEPEN FRUSTRATION AND ENTRENCH HOSTILITY BETWEEN THE TWO RACES. FOR DECADES TO COME, BORDER RELATIONS WILL BE DOMINATED BY THE GRIM SPECTERS RAISED IN SOUTH TEXAS BY JUAN N. CORTINA.

NO SON, WE DON'T COUNT INDIANS AND MESKINS — JUST WHITE MEN!

GOSH..

NO SON, WE DON'T COUNT INDIANS AND MESKINS — JUST WHITE MEN!

GOSH..

MEANWHILE, AN AGING SAM HOUSTON HAS TAKEN OFFICE AS GOVERNOR. AWARE THAT STORM CLOUDS ARE BREWING OVER THE UNION, SAM CONCEIVES A GRANDIOSE SCHEME TO UNIFY THE DIVIDED NATION.

... A PROTECTORATE OVER MEXICO, WITH ME AT THE HELM!

HOUSTON PLANS TO LAUNCH A WELL-ARMED EXPEDITIONARY FORCE AGAINST MEXICO, USING PROVEN RANGERS AS A NUCLEUS. HE ENLISTS BEN McCULLOCH AS HIS "BIG CAPTAIN" AND EVEN ATTEMPTS TO WOO LT-COL ROBERT E. LEE, SENT TO QUELL THE CORTINA DISTURBANCES.

IF WE HAD DONE IT AFTER THE MEXICAN WAR, WE WOULDN'T HAVE HAD A DECADE OF BORDER HEADACHES.

SAM BELIEVES THAT MANY MEXICAN FEDERALISTS WILL RUSH TO ENLIST. JUAN SEGUN IS DOUBTLESS TAKEN INTO HIS OLD MENTOR'S CONFIDENCE.

BUT BEFORE HOUSTON CAN GET HIS AMBITIOUS PLAN IN MOTION, THE UNION IS SPLIT ASUNDER AND PLUNGED INTO CIVIL WAR.



THE CIVIL WAR BRINGS A SORT OF PROSPERITY TO THE BORDER AREA. THE CONFEDERACY NEEDS AN OUTLET FOR SOUTHERN COTTON, AND MATAMOROS BECOMES A BUSTLING CENTER OF ACTIVITY.



IN TOWNS ALL ALONG THE RIO GRANDE, COTTON TRAFFIC IS HEAVY AND THE WEALTH TRICKLES DOWN — EVEN TO THE TEJANOS.

MANY RIVER TEJANOS JOIN THE CONFEDERATE FORCES AND SOME, LIKE SANTOS BENAVIDES, DISTINGUISH THEMSELVES IN AREA FIGHTING.





OTHERS, LIKE JUAN CORTINA — NOW A BRIGADIER GENERAL IN THE MEXICAN ARMY — CALL THEMSELVES "YANKEES" AND CONTINUE RAIDING IN TEXAS FOR CATTLE TO SELL TO THE FEDERAL FORCES.



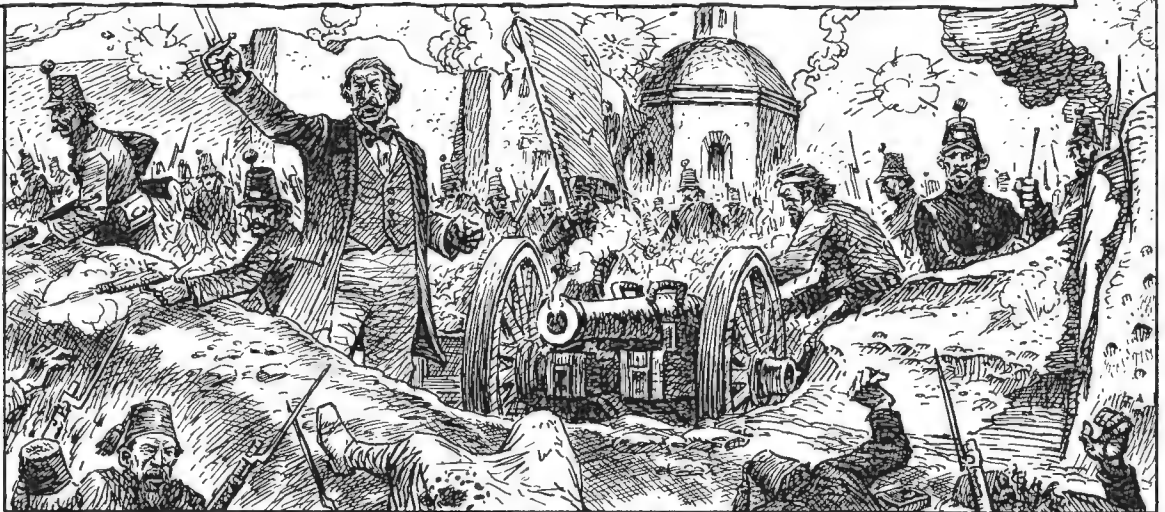
THE SITUATION IN MEXICO IS COMPLICATED BY THE CONFLICT BETWEEN THE FRENCH INVADERS AND THE JUAREZ LIBERALS, WHO ARE BACKED BY THE UNION.



MANY TEJANOS ARE SYMPATHETIC TO THE CAUSE OF BENITO JUAREZ. JUAN SEGUIN AND HIS COUSIN FROM LA BAHIA, IGNACIO ZARAGOZA, BOTH JOIN THE JUARISTAS TO HELP EXPEL THE FRENCH AND THEIR PUPPET EMPEROR, MAXIMILIAN.

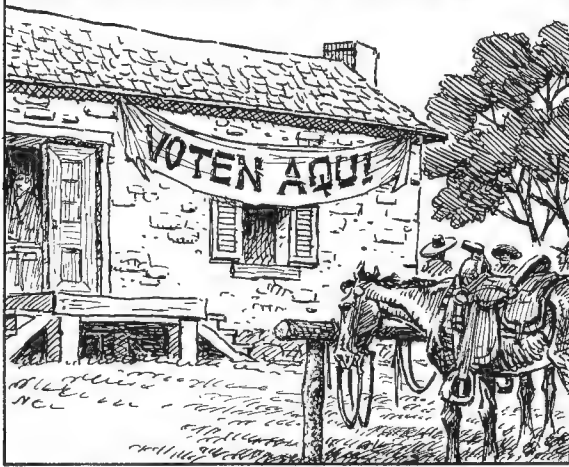


IN THE TURNING POINT OF THE WAR, ZARAGOZA AND SEGUIN LEAD TATTERED RECRUITS TO VICTORY OVER SUPERBLY EQUIPPED FRENCH FORCES AT PUEBLA, GIVING RISE TO THE NATIONAL HOLIDAY, CINCO de MAYO.\*

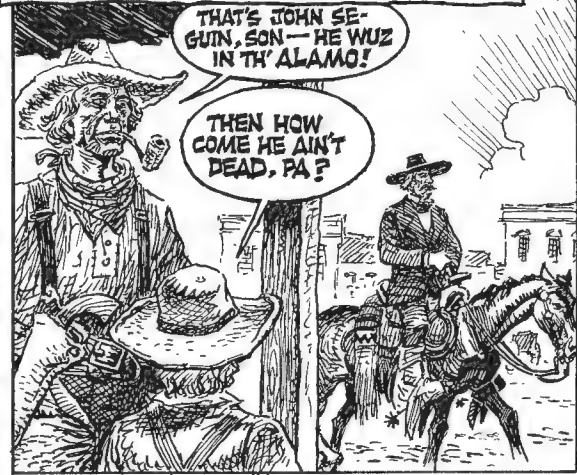


\* At the time of the May 5, 1862, battle, young Zaragoza was the Minister of War in Juarez's cabinet!

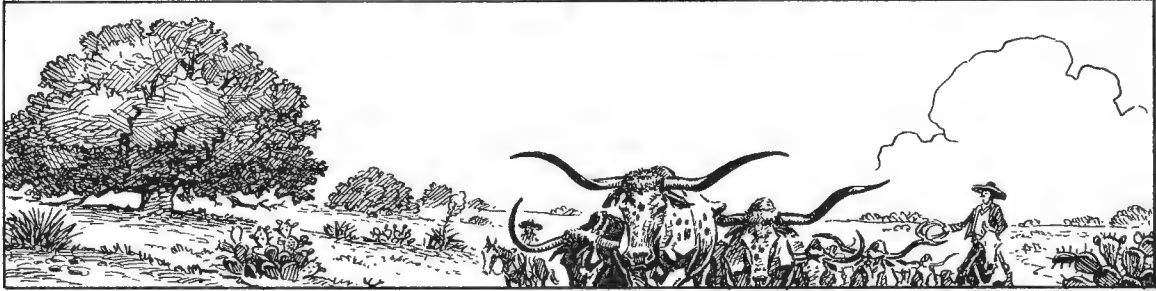
BETWEEN HIS ABSENCES IN MEXICO, JUAN TAKES AN ACTIVE PART IN THE AFFAIRS OF NEWLY-FORMED WILSON COUNTY. HIS HOUSE AT LODI IS A POLLING PLACE AND HE IS APPOINTED TO OVERSEE ELECTIONS.



DESPITE HIS CHECKERED CAREER, JUAN SEGUN STILL COMMANDS RESPECT AMONG HIS NEIGHBORS, ANGLO OR TEJANO, FOR THEY RECOGNIZE THAT HE IS A MAN OF CONVICTIONS — AND WILLING TO STAND UP FOR THEM.



HIS SONS SANTIAGO, JOSE ERASMO AND JUAN JR., NOW GROWN AND MARRIED, CARRY ON THE FAMILY RANCHING TRADITION.



MANY OF THE OLD RIVER FAMILIES — LIKE THE TREVIÑOS, HERRERAS, CANTUS, YNDOS, DE LA ZERDAS, SOTOS, AND OTHERS — ARE ALSO ACTIVE IN RANCHING AND COUNTY POLITICS DURING THE CIVIL WAR AND RECONSTRUCTION YEARS.

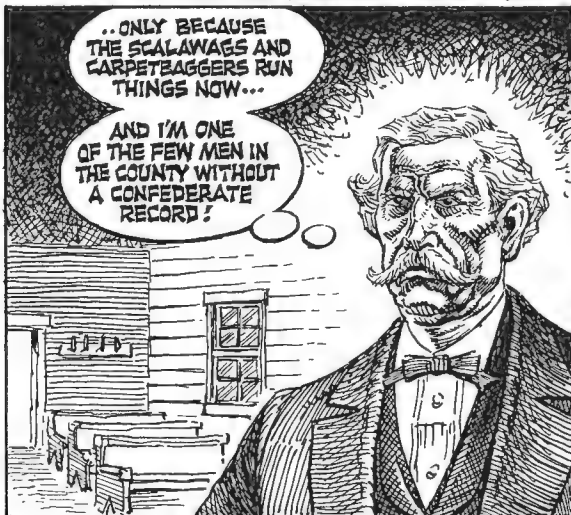


WHEN THE SITE FOR THE COUNTY SEAT IS SELECTED, IT IS NAMED "FLORESVILLE" IN HONOR OF THIS OLD RANCHING DYNASTY.





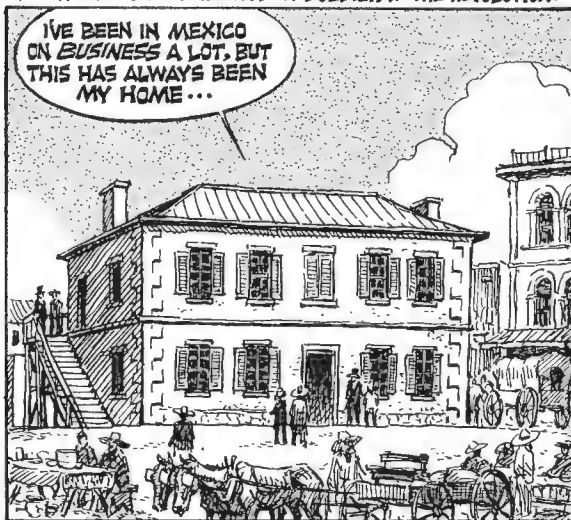
IRONICALLY, JUAN — STILL HOLDING A COMMISSION IN THE MEXICAN ARMY — SERVES AS WILSON COUNTY JUDGE IN 1869.



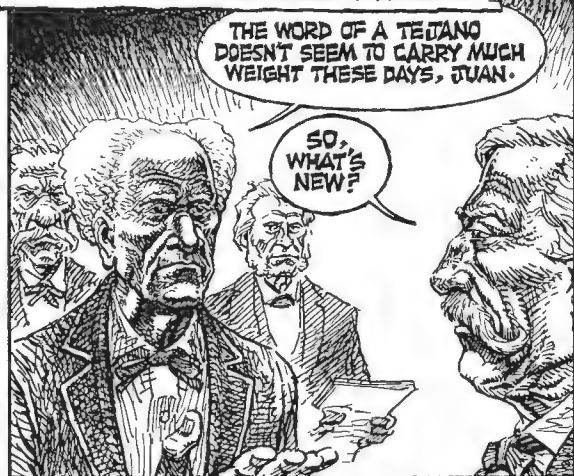
SHORTLY AFTER, WITH TEXAS IN THE THROES OF CARPETBAGGER RULE AND RAMPANT ANTI-MEXICAN PREJUDICE, JUAN RETURNS TO THE RIO GRANDE WHERE SOME OF HIS CHILDREN HAVE MOVED. IN 1871 HE RESIGNS HIS COLONELCY IN THE ARMY OF MEXICO.



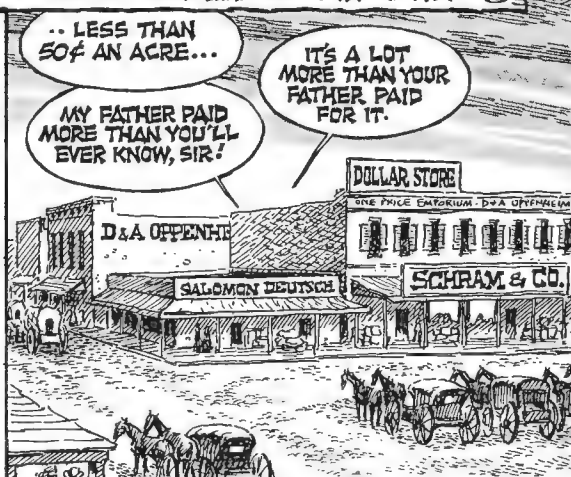
BY LATE 1874 HE IS BACK IN TEXAS TO SETTLE HIS AFFAIRS. HE IS AWARDED A PENSION AS A SOLDIER OF THE REVOLUTION.



HE, ANTONIO MENCHACA, AND OTHER AGING TEXAS VETS PETITION THE STATE COMPTROLLER ON BEHALF OF THEIR FELLOW TEJANOS, WHOSE CLAIMS FOR MILITARY PENSIONS SEEM TO MOVE SLOWER THAN ANGLOS.



IN APRIL OF 1875 JUAN'S SON SANTIAGO, ACTING WITH A POWER OF ATTORNEY FROM OTHER FAMILY MEMBERS, SELLS THE "JUAN SEGUIN LEAGUE" IN WILSON COUNTY, CLOSING OUT A LONG CHAPTER IN TEXAS HISTORY.



THE DOCUMENTS ACCOMPANYING THE DEED OF TRANSFER LIST BOTH JUAN AND HIS WIFE GERTRUDIS FLORES AS RESIDENTS OF THE STATE OF NUEVO LEON. THEIR DAYS IN TEXAS ARE NOW BEHIND THEM..



IN 1887 JUAN APPLIES FOR A MILITARY PENSION FROM MEXICO, BUT IS DENIED BECAUSE HE HAD ONCE BEEN A TEXAS REBEL.



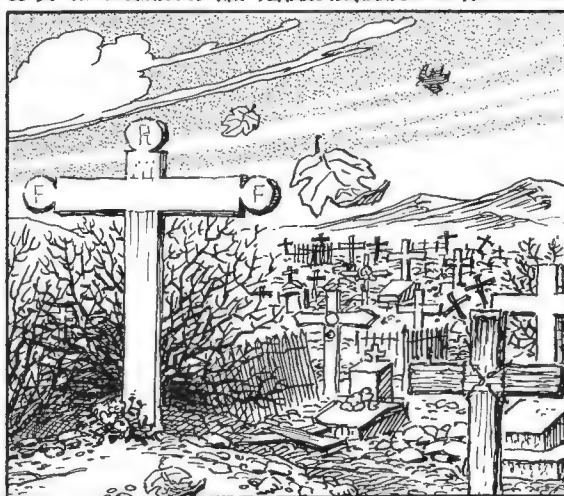
THAT SAME YEAR A NEWSPAPER REPORTER FINDS HIM LIVING WITH SANTIAGO, WHO IS MAYOR OF NUEVO LAREDO. JUAN MAINTAINS THAT HE HOLDS NO RANCOR AGAINST TEXAS.



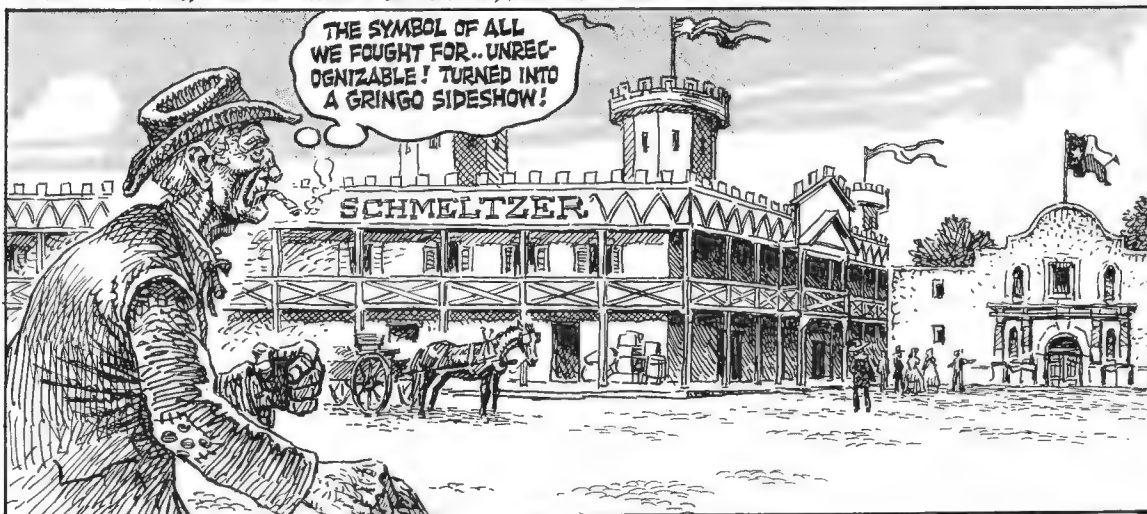
IN HIS LAST YEARS JUAN BECOMES SOMETHING OF A CELEBRITY. ANGLO HISTORIANS WRITE HIM TO GET HIS RECOLLECTIONS OF THE REVOLUTION.



AT THE RIFE OLD AGE OF 84 HE DIES AND IS BURIED AT NUEVO LAREDO — IF NOT EMBITTERED BY HIS "EXILE", CERTAINLY SADDENED BY THE UNGRATEFUL WAY TEXANS REWARDED HIS PATRIOTISM.



OTHERS, LIKE JUAN'S OLD FRIEND ANTONIO MENCHACA, NEVER LEAVE THEIR BIRTHPLACE — EVEN IN THE HARDEST OF TIMES. THEY STAY, WORKING TOWARD A BETTER DAY, STRIVING TO KEEP THEIR LANGUAGE, CUSTOMS, AND DIGNITY ALIVE.





NOW JUAN SEGUIN'S BONES ARE HOME AGAIN, FINALLY RESTING IN TEXAS SOIL, AND IF YOU LOOK CLOSELY YOU CAN PERHAPS SEE HIS VISAGE IN THE FLEETING CLOUDS — LOOKING DOWN ON A *NEW* TEXAS. THE RESULT OF A CENTURY AND A HALF OF CLASH AND FUSION BETWEEN THE TWO CULTURES, ANGLO AND HISPANIC, A TEXAS WHERE EACH NEW GENERATION BRINGS US REBORN HOPE FOR YESTERDAY'S BROKEN DREAMS.



**VIVA SEGUIN!** MAY HIS IDEALS OF FREEDOM, JUSTICE, AND EQUALITY SHINE BRIGHTLY, LIKE A LONE STAR, AND MAY HIS MEMORY LIVE IN THE HEARTS OF ALL TEXANS — FOREVER!

**END**

## SOURCES AND REFLECTIONS

SINCE NO MAJOR WORK HAS YET BEEN PUBLISHED ON JUAN N. SEGUIN — OR THE TEJANOS — IT WAS NECESSARY TO DIG AND PIECE TOGETHER THE SHARDS TO PRODUCE THIS BOOK. MORE THAN THAT WERE THE DIFFICULTIES IN PERSPECTIVE: SEGUIN LIVED IN A TIME OF RAMPANT RACISM, AND IT IS NOT EASY TO TRUTHFULLY DEPICT THOSE EVENTS IN A MANNER ACCEPTABLE TO MODERN-DAY, "ENLIGHTENED" MINDS.

AS WE IN TEXAS APPROACH OUR GLORIOUS SESQUICENTENNIAL, THE FACT THAT OVER THE PAST 150 YEARS SO FEW HAVE TRIED TO PUT THIS MALIGNED PATRIOT IN HISTORICAL PERSPECTIVE SHOULD INDICATE SOMETHING OF THE PITFALLS INVOLVED. THOSE RECKLESS ENOUGH TO ATTEMPT IT SHOULD REALIZE BEFOREHAND THAT FAILURE IS ALMOST A DEAD CERTAINTY. IT MAY WELL BORDER ON THE IMPOSSIBLE — EVEN NOW — TO TELL THE TRUTH ABOUT SEGUIN AND NOT OFFEND SOMEONE IN TEXAS. MORE LIKELY, EVERYONE WILL BE OFFENDED.

BUT THE STORY WAS NOT ALL AS UGLY AND GRIM AS I MAY HAVE LED THE READER TO SUSPECT. LIKE ANY OTHER CLASH OF CULTURES, THE HUMAN SPIRIT SOARED AS WELL AS STAGGERED DURING THE EXPERIENCE. THEN, AS NOW, MANY PEOPLE MAINTAINED THEIR RESPECT FOR EACH OTHER; THEY LIVED TOGETHER, WORKED TOGETHER, AND SOUGHT TO MAKE TEXAS A BETTER PLACE FOR ALL ITS CITIZENS. THEIR COURAGEOUS EXAMPLE SHOULD NOT BE OVERLOOKED AMIDST ALL THE BLOOD AND THUNDER, FOR IN THE END, IT WILL TRIUMPH.

I MUST ACKNOWLEDGE THE VARIOUS RESEARCH FACILITIES IN TEXAS WHERE THE TRUTH CAN STILL BE FOUND, IF ONE IS PATIENT AND AUDACIOUS ENOUGH TO SEEK IT, AND EXTEND MY THANKS TO THEIR CAPABLE STAFFS: THE BARKER TEXAS HISTORY CENTER AT UT; THE BEXAR COUNTY CLERK'S OFFICE; THE TEXAS STATE LIBRARY; THE GENERAL LAND OFFICE (SPANISH ARCHIVES); THE DRT LIBRARY (LOCATED AT THE ALAMO); AND THE WILSON COUNTY CLERK'S OFFICE IN FLORESVILLE. THE PORTRAIT OF SEGUIN, PAINTED BY THOMAS JEFFERSON WRIGHT IN 1838 AND NOW HANGING IN THE GOVERNOR'S OFFICE AT THE STATE CAPITOL, WAS REPRODUCED WITH PERMISSION OF THE STATE ARCHIVES.

ALSO, MY THANKS TO THOSE SCHOLARS (WHO SHALL REMAIN ANONYMOUS) FOR THEIR HELP AS I WORKED TO PUT TOGETHER THIS STORY AND MAINTAIN MY OBJECTIVITY. TO THEIR CREDIT, ON ALL FRONTS I FOUND ECHOED THE SENTIMENT: "IT'S HIGH TIME THE TRUTH ABOUT THE TEXAS-MEXICANS WERE TOLD." THIS COMFORTED ME GREATLY IN MOMENTS WHEN I WASN'T SO SURE MYSELF, FOR IT MUST BE ADMITTED THAT OUR HISTORY AT TIMES READS LIKE A CHRONICLE OF HORRORS — HORRORS THAT MOST TEXANS NOWADAYS HAD RATHER PUT BEHIND THEM.

MOST OF MY DOCUMENTATION IS TOO OBSCURE TO BENEFIT THE GENERAL READER. ITEMS, FOR INSTANCE, LIKE JACK BUTTERFIELD'S UNPUBLISHED



**MANUSCRIPT, "JUAN N. SEGUIN: A VINDICATION", REUBEN LOZANO'S TEXAS CENTENNIAL PAMPHLET, "VIVA TEJAS", OR SEGUIN'S OWN "PERSONAL MEMOIRS" ARE SCARCE AS HEN'S TEETH — EVEN IN TEXAS. A FEW OF THE MORE READILY AVAILABLE SOURCES ARE LISTED BELOW.**

- "13 DAYS TO GLORY"- LON TINKLE ; "A TIME TO STAND"- WALTER LORD ;**  
**"DAY OF SAN JACINTO"- FRANK X. TOLBERT.** The Alamo and San Jacinto battles in rip-snorting detail. Next to nothing on the Tejano role; mostly Divine Intervention on behalf of White-Anglo-Saxon-Protestants.
- "LONE STAR"- T.R. FEHRENBACH.** Good historical overview, altho some Chicano authors think his writing reflects an unconscious racism. I don't (but I ain't from Aztlan).
- "THE TEXAS RANGERS"- WALTER PRESCOTT WEBB.** The High Priest, Supreme Apologist, or Ultimate Groupie, depending on your intellectual/racial bias. In Webb's eyes the Rangers could do no wrong; is it History or Hero Worship? Only Time will tell...
- "FOREIGNERS IN THEIR NATIVE LAND"- DAVID WEBER ; "OCCUPIED AMERICA"- RODOLFO ACUÑA.** Currently making the rounds on the college level as "Chicano Studies" texts. The former noteworthy for its choice racial slur quotes, the latter for its militant, vaguely revolutionist "Brown Power" stance.
- "THE KING RANCH"- TOM LEA.** The "Authorized Version" of the King/Kleberg clan, masterfully written and beautifully illustrated in two volumes. Depicts Captain King as the two-fisted benefactor of La Raza, not as the red-handed gringo Robber Baron that others whisper he was. Whitewash, or artistic Public Relations?
- "A VAQUERO OF THE BRUSH COUNTRY"- J. FRANK DOBIE.** One gets the feeling that he, if ANYBODY, knew the truth but chose to stop at "Rocky times in Texas" when his evidence struck too close to home. A pity.
- "AFTER SAN JACINTO"; "ATTACK AND COUNTERATTACK"- J. MILTON NANCE**  
THE monumental reference work covering the years 1836-42. Hefty.
- "A JOURNEY THROUGH TEXAS" (1857) - FREDERICK L. OLMSTED.** One of the best peeks into pre-Civil War Texas, if you remember that the author was a rabid Yankee "free-soiler," who thought that Slavery made brutes of master and slave alike.
- "MY CONFESSION"- SAMUEL CHAMBERLAIN.** A relaxed account of the Mexican War by a cocky young U.S. Dragoon — with watercolors. Chilling.
- "WITH SANTA ANNA IN TEXAS"- JOSÉ E. de la PEÑA.** The Revolution as seen by an observant Mexican soldier. Excellent.
- "AN AMERICAN-MEXICAN FRONTIER"- PAUL S. TAYLOR.** Written in 1934; still stands as the best scholarly study of the Anglo takeover of South Texas.
- "THE TEXANS"- DAVID NEVIN.** From media "Big Bucks" Time-Life Books. Lots of pictures at least. See also their "The Mexican War." Better than nothing...

**IF YOU COME AWAY WONDERING WHY JUAN SEGUIN RECEIVES SO LITTLE MENTION IN THESE STUDIES, CONSIDER HIS OWN ASSESSMENT, GIVEN IN 1858:**

**"My enemies had accomplished their object; they had killed me politically in Texas, and the less they spoke of me, the less risk they incurred of being exposed in the infamous means they had used to accomplish my ruin."**

**WHATEVER THE REASONS FOR SEGUIN'S NEGLECT, SOONER OR LATER, THE TRUTH FINDS US ALL ; "LA MENTIRA DURA HASTA QUE LA VERDAD LLEGA."**



# **LOST CAUSE**

**JOHN WESLEY HARDIN,  
THE TAYLOR-SUTTON FEUD,  
AND RECONSTRUCTION TEXAS**

**BY JACK JACKSON**



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## P R E F A C E

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Texas reaped a bitter harvest from the War Between the States. Part of this dark legacy was the great civil unrest that plagued the beaten but unbowed populace during Reconstruction times. Although much of the violence was racially motivated, in certain localities it produced bloody feuds among kinsmen that deepened family rifts caused by the war. None of these was more devastating than the Taylor-Sutton Feud that raged in South Texas, embracing two generations and causing untold grief.

Most chroniclers of the feud have not approached their subject without bias, and I am no exception. My great-grandfather Ancil Jackson and his siblings were sheltered by Creed Taylor, one of the feud's crustiest participants. I was born and raised within "hollerin' distance" of Creed's log cabin on Ecletto Creek, Wilson County, where Federal men ambushed and killed his son, Hays. As a child I engaged in frolicsome chinaberry fights with neighboring kids at the old Taylor homeplace, never suspecting the tragic events that had unfolded there a century before.

In time I learned the stories passed down through the generations, stories that have enriched our heritage though they are now scorned for their factual frailty and often dismissed as fanciful folklore. Being a suspicious sort, I also learned to subject these stories to documentary scrutiny, under the fond illusion that the human spirit can be measured or understood by such impersonal means. Finally I realized that "facts" are just as frail and flimsy as "folklore," for their validity depends on who is using them and to what purpose.

Thus, in defense, I can only say that my ancestors are buried in the feuding ground, and I am a product of what they were. This is the story of their struggle for survival in hard times, as best I can tell it (warts and all).

Jack Jackson  
Austin, Texas

# LONGHORNS IN THE BRUSH

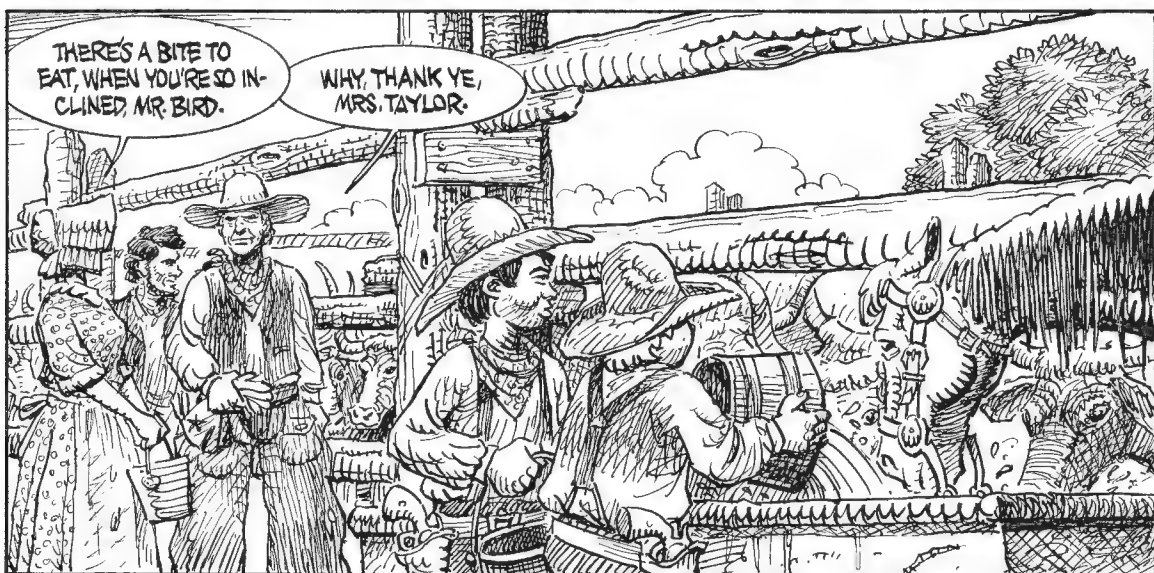
CREED TAYLOR'S RANCH ON THE  
ECLITO. THE YEAR IS 1857.







IN THE AFTERMATH OF THE TEXAS REVOLUTION AND THE MEXICAN WAR, MANY HISPANIC RANCHERS ABANDONED THE COUNTRY, LEAVING THEIR HERDS BEHIND. THESE WILD CATTLE HAVE BECOME "PUBLIC PROPERTY."





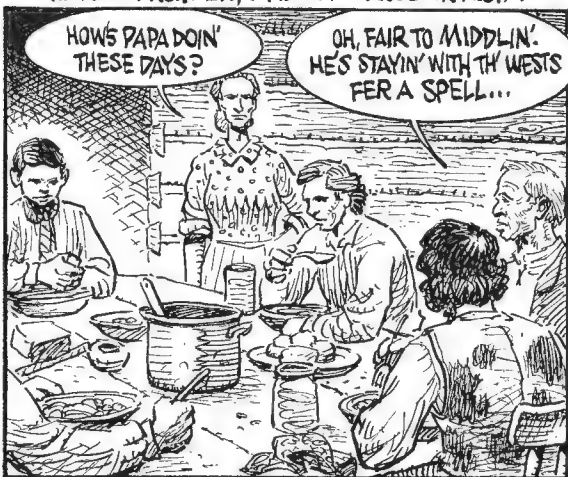
THE REST OF THE "CROWD" SOON FOLLOWS, DUMPING SADDLES IN THE DOGTROT AND SHUCKING SPURS AND PISTOLS.



THESE ARE THE SECOND GENERATION — MOST IN THEIR LATE TEENS OR EARLY TWENTIES. THEY ARE THE "COW BOYS," SOON TO MAKE TEXAS FAMOUS AS A KINGDOM HELD TOGETHER WITH RAWHIDE.



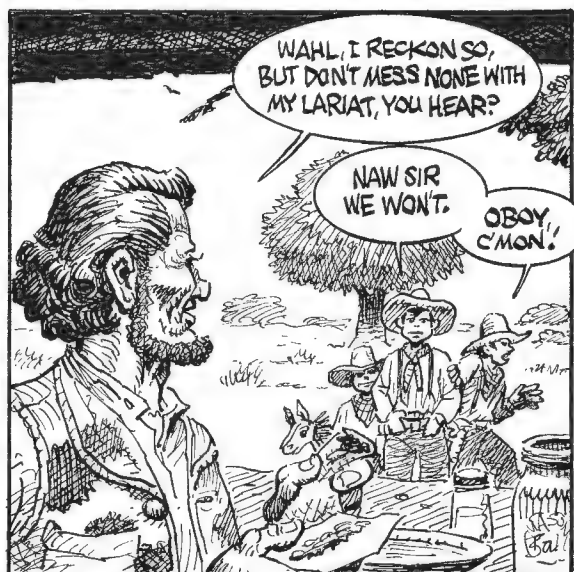
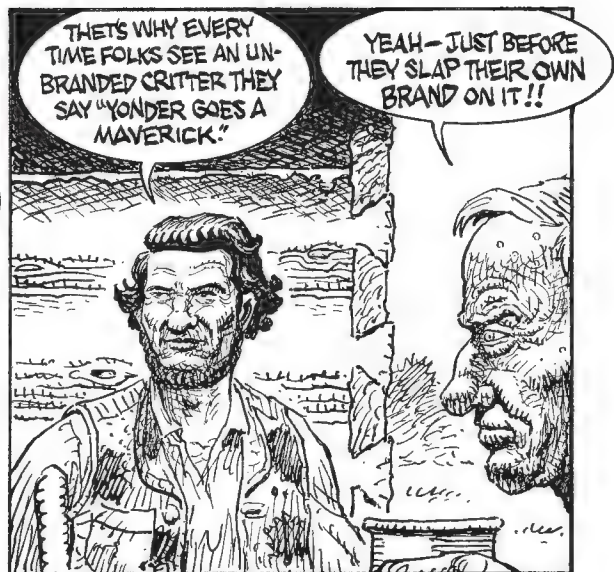
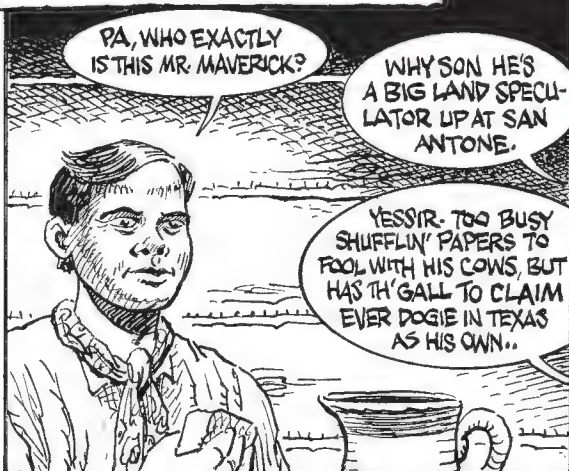
THEY ARE CLAN MEMBERS, ALL RELATED BY BLOOD OR MARRIAGE — LIKE MOST RANCHING ENCLAVES ON THE RAW FRONTIER, WHETHER ANGLO OR HISPANIC.



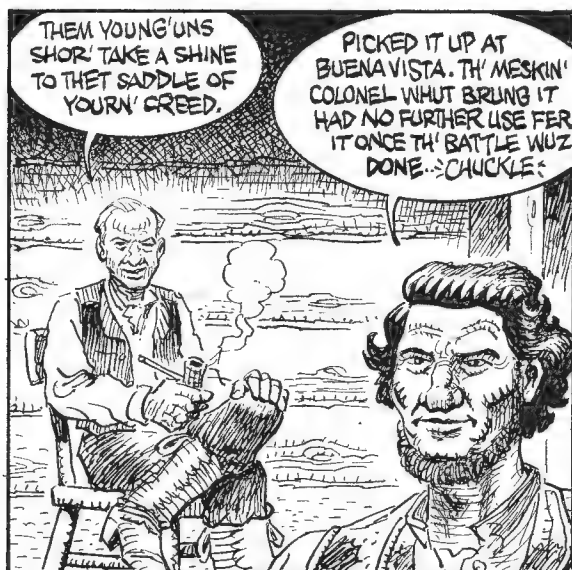
CONSTANTLY IN THE SADDLE, THEY HAVE LITTLE USE FOR MEN WHO LEAVE THE TENDING OF THEIR STOCK TO OTHERS.



PHILLIP GOODBREAD TAYLOR — CREED'S YOUNGEST SON, KNOWN AS "DOBOY," AGED FOURTEEN — ASKS A DUMB QUESTION.



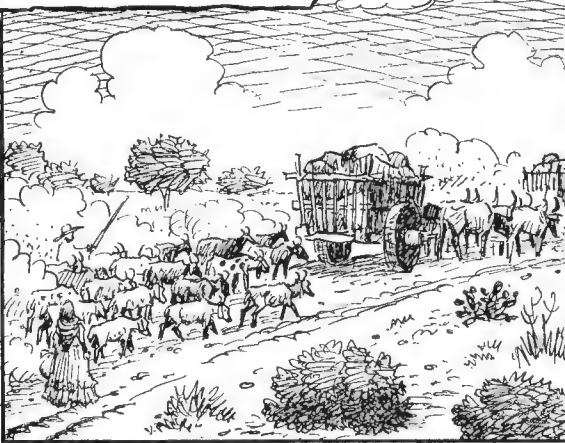




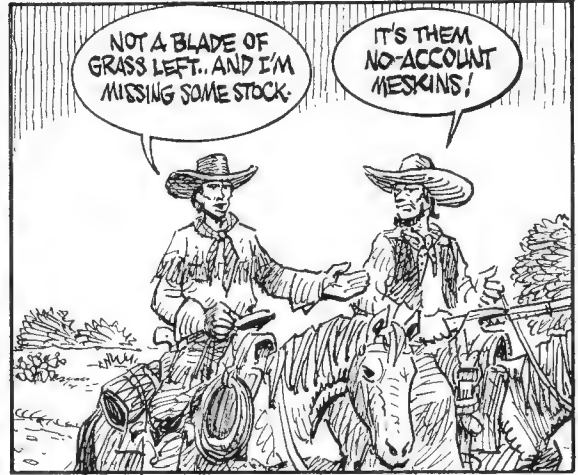
BUT CREED IS WRONG, FOR THE CART DISTURBANCES ON THE OLD GOLIAD ROAD HAVE ALL THE MAKINGS OF A SMALL WAR!



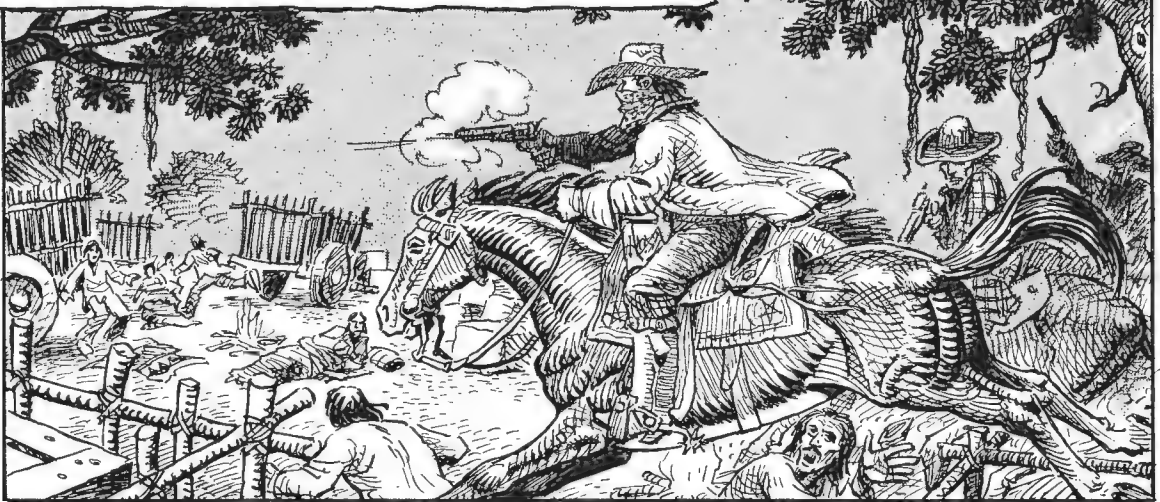
HAULING FREIGHT CHEAPER THAN ANGLO TEAMSTERS, MEXICAN DRIVERS HAVE A VIRTUAL MONOPOLY ON THE BUSTLING TRADE ROUTE THAT LINKS SAN ANTONIO TO INDIANOLA ON THE COAST.



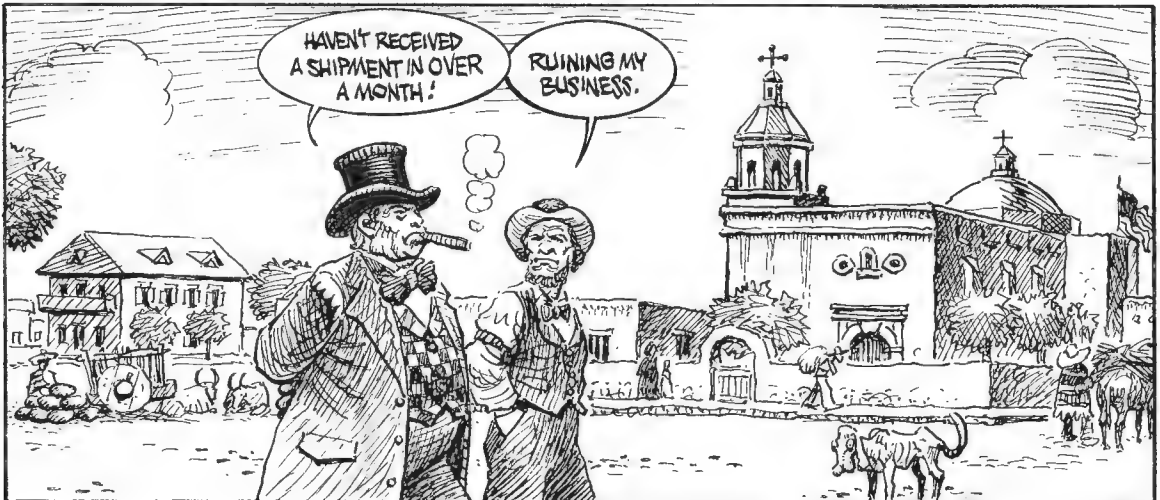
THEIR CONSTANT PRESENCE LEADS TO DIFFICULTIES WITH ANGLO PROPERTY OWNERS ALONG THE ROAD, ESPECIALLY IN TIMES OF DROUGHT.



UNEMPLOYED WAGONERS ATTEMPT TO BREAK THEIR MONOPOLY WITH ATTACKS ON THE CART TRAINS NEAR GOLIAAD IN JULY.



THESE 'OUTRAGES' THREATEN DIRE CONSEQUENCES FOR THE MERCHANTS DEPENDENT ON CHEAP LABOR TO KEEP THEIR GOODS MOVING—AND FOR THE CITIZENS DEPENDENT ON THOSE GOODS.





IN SEPTEMBER ANOTHER ATTACK OCCURS NEAR HELENA, KARNES COUNTY, NOT FAR FROM CREED'S RANCH. IT PUTS THE COUNTRY IN AN UPROAR.



CONVINCED THAT THE CIVIL AUTHORITIES IN KARNES COUNTY SYMPATHIZE WITH THE ATTACKS, CITIZENS IN SAN ANTONIO TAKE MATTERS INTO THEIR OWN HANDS. A VIGILANCE COMMITTEE IS FORMED.



COL. JOHN WILCOX, A VOCAL MEMBER OF THE "KNOW-NOTHING" PARTY,\* TAKES HIS COMPANY OF ALAMO RIFLES DOWN THE CIBOLO VALLEY.

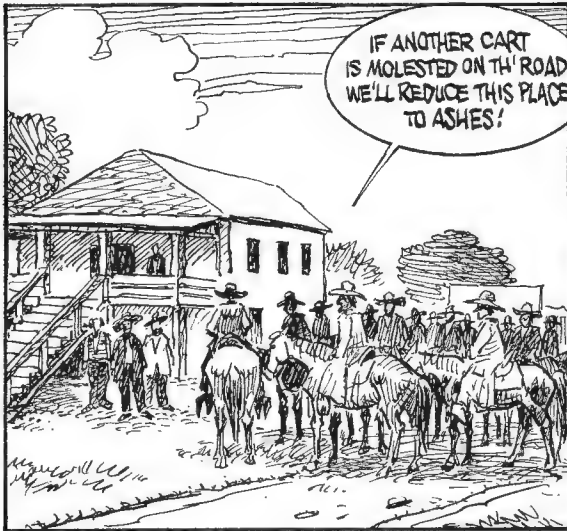


THE LIQUOR FLOWS, AND WILCOX'S PARTY GOES ON A RAMPAGE, RUNNING ROUGHSHOD OVER SOME OF THE OLD CITIZENS OF THE AREA.

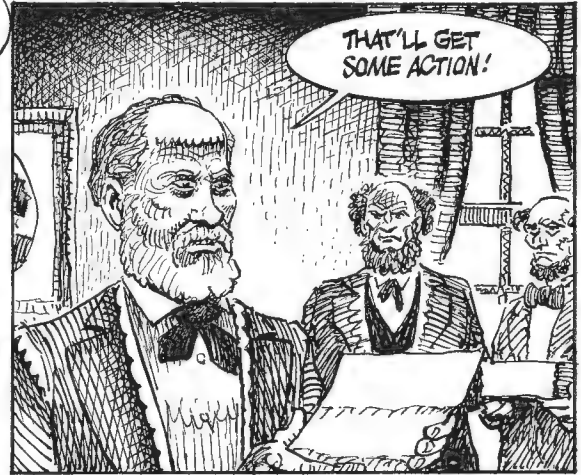


(144)\* A PRODUCT OF RACIAL AND RELIGIOUS ANTAGONISM WHICH SWEEPED THE U.S. IN THE 1850S, DIRECTED AT "FOREIGNERS".

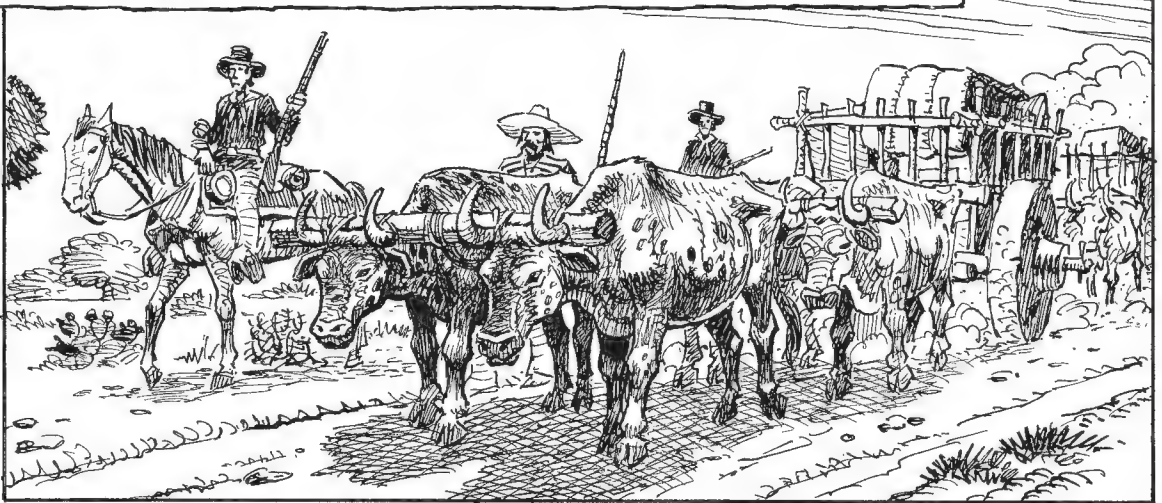
THEY RIDE TO HELENA AND LAY DOWN THE LAW.



IN RESPONSE TO THE RISING TIDE OF MERCHANT INDIGNATION, GOV. PEASE OFFERS A \$500 REWARD FOR THE ARREST OF THE CART RAIDERS.



BUT NO ONE COMES FORTH TO COLLECT, AND GEN. TWIGGS MUST PROVIDE ARMED ESCORTS FOR MILITARY SUPPLY TRAINS THAT TRAVEL ALONG THE OLD GOLIAD ROAD.



DUE TO THE EXCESSES OF WILCOX'S "VIGILANTS," THESE ESCORTS ARE MET WITH PUBLIC HOSTILITY AS THEY PASS THROUGH THE TOWN OF HELENA.



BUT CERTAIN LOCAL CITIZENS, STIRRED TO ACTION BY THE EXAMPLE OF BEXAR COUNTY, FORM THEIR OWN VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.



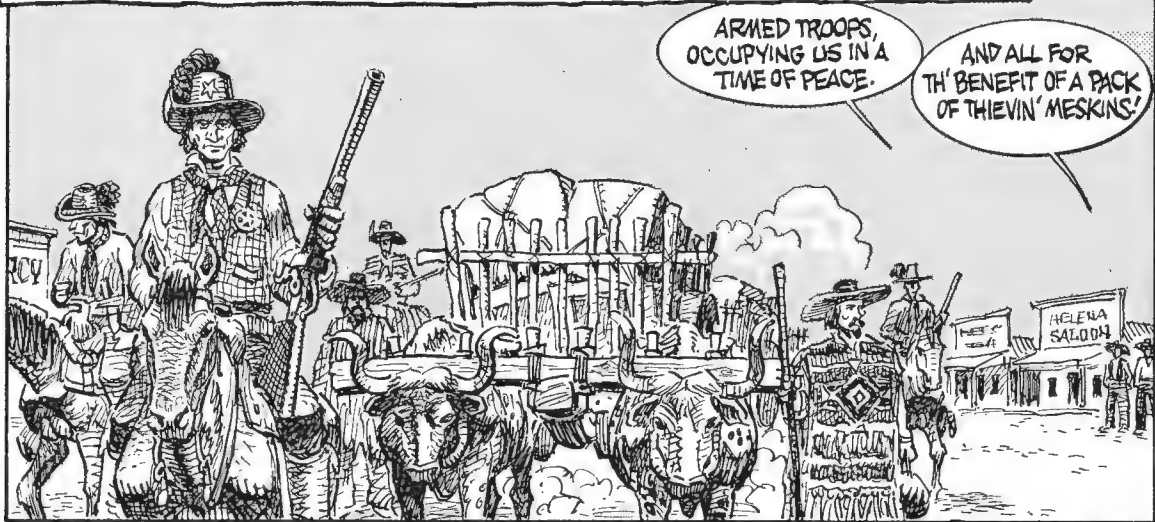


JOHN LITTLETON IS APPOINTED SHERIFF AND A NEW COUNTY JUDGE IS INSTALLED. THEY HASTEN TO REASSURE THE MERCHANTS OF SAN ANTONIO THAT THE ROAD IS SAFE.

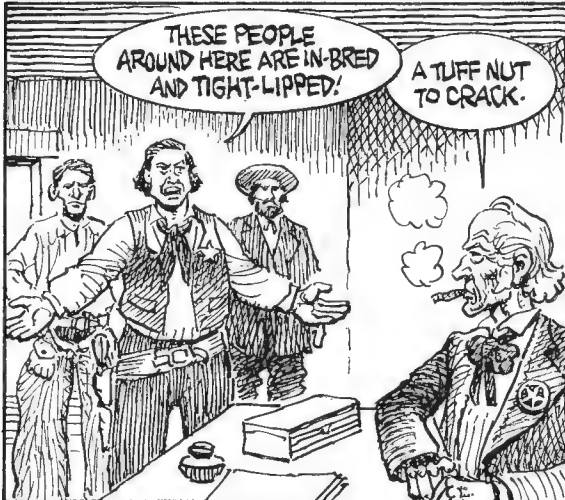
THE BUSINESSMEN ARE NOT CONVINCED. WHEN GOV. PEASE VISITS TO INVESTIGATE THE TROUBLE, THEY ASK HIM TO CALL OUT THE STATE MILITIA.



BY MID-OCTOBER "PEASE'S ARMY" INVADES THE COUNTIES LYING ASTRIDE THE CART ROAD.



ONE GROUP IS STATIONED AT HELENA, WORKING CLOSELY WITH LITTLETON'S VIGILANTES.



IT IS NOT LONG BEFORE LITTLETON'S CROWD EXPANDS ITS AVOWED PURPOSE.



SO THE KARNES COUNTY FACTION TURNS ITS ATTENTION FROM THE CART TRAFFIC TO ROUNDUPS AND BRANDING ACTIVITIES.

I RECKON WE CAUGHT YOU FELLERS AT IT RED-HANDED!

I GOT A ROPE - LET'S FIND A TREE!



DAMN YOU, JIM COX. WE AIN'T DOING NOTHIN' YOU AIN'T DONE A THOUSAND TIMES.

THESE HERE ARE RANGE CRITTERS - NOT A BRANDED ANIMAL AMONGST 'UM!



MOST "VIOLATORS" ARE MERELY THREATENED AND TOLD TO LEAVE THE COUNTRY.

WE'LL LET YOU GO THIS TIME, BUT YOU GOT ONE WEEK TO PACK UP AND GIT OUT - TH' WHOLE BUNCH OF YOU!!



LITTLETON'S MORAL BRIGADE SOON HAS OLD-TIME STOCKMEN LIKE THE TAYLORS UP IN ARMS. CREEDS BROTHER-IN-LAW SPREADS THE ALARM TO ECLETO CREEK.

WHO'S THAT COMIN' YONDER?

WHY, IT'S MART WEST, AND HE'S RUDIN' LIKE TH' DEVIL HISSELF!



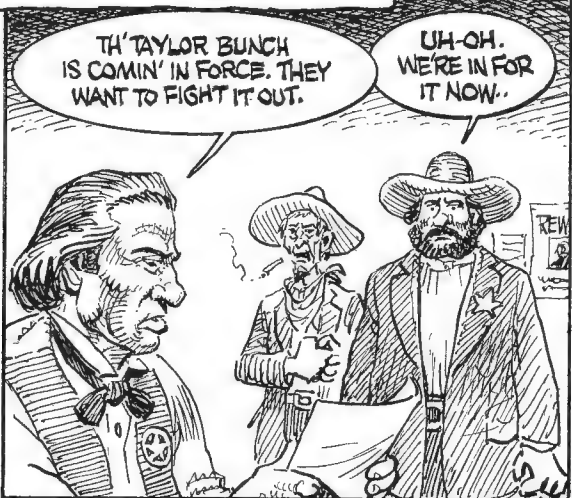




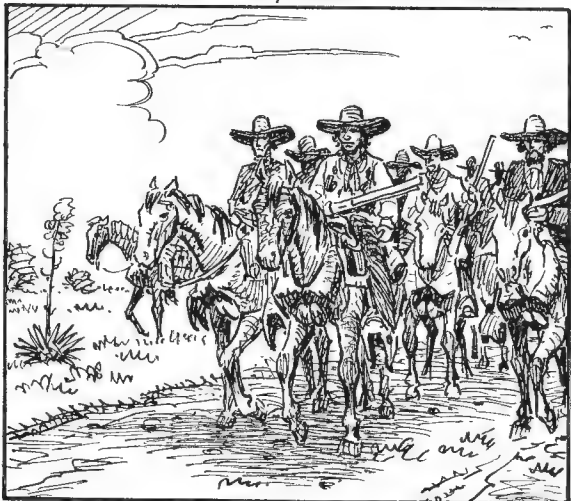
A MEETING IS CALLED AT CREED'S RANCH. IT IS WELL ATTENDED.



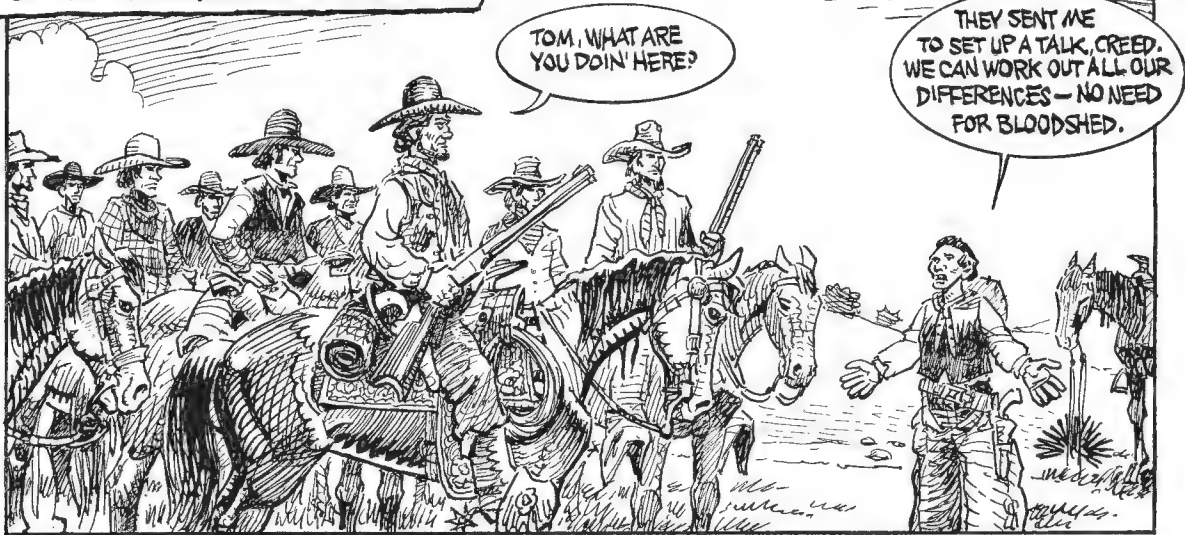
CREED SENDS A LETTER TO THE HELENA VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.



ON THE APPOINTED DATE, EIGHTY RESOLUTE MEN RIDE TO KARNES COUNTY, ARMED TO THE TEETH.

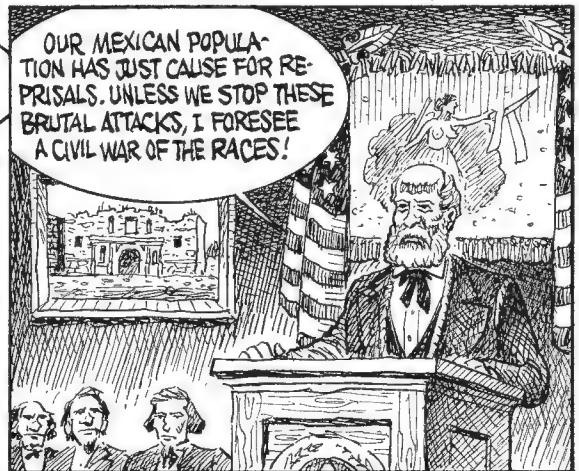
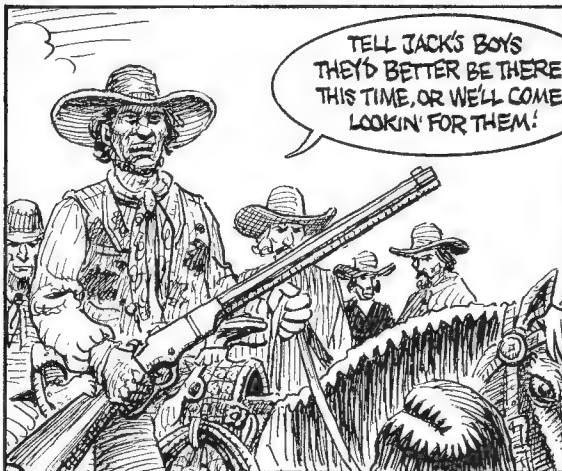


BUT THEIR ADVERSARIES FAIL TO SHOW..

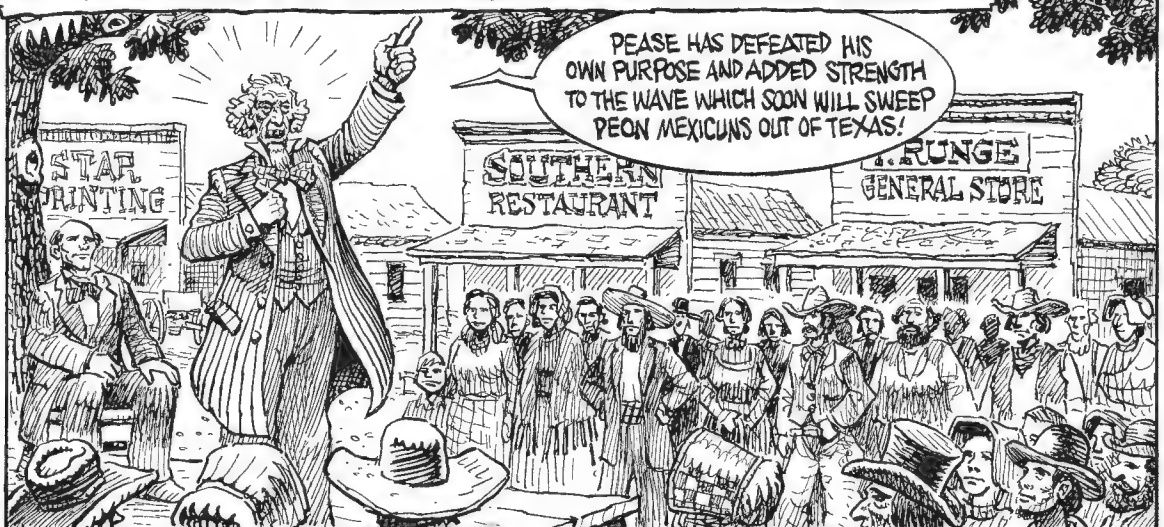


A MEETING AT THE HELENA MASONIC LODGE IS AGREED UPON, WHERE BOTH SIDES WILL AIR THEIR GRIEVANCES AND ABIDE BY THE MASONS' DECISION.

MEANWHILE, THE LAME-DUCK GOVERNOR DELIVERS A MESSAGE TO A JOINT SESSION OF THE LEGISLATURE, DEFENDING HIS POLICY ON THE RECENT CART WAR.

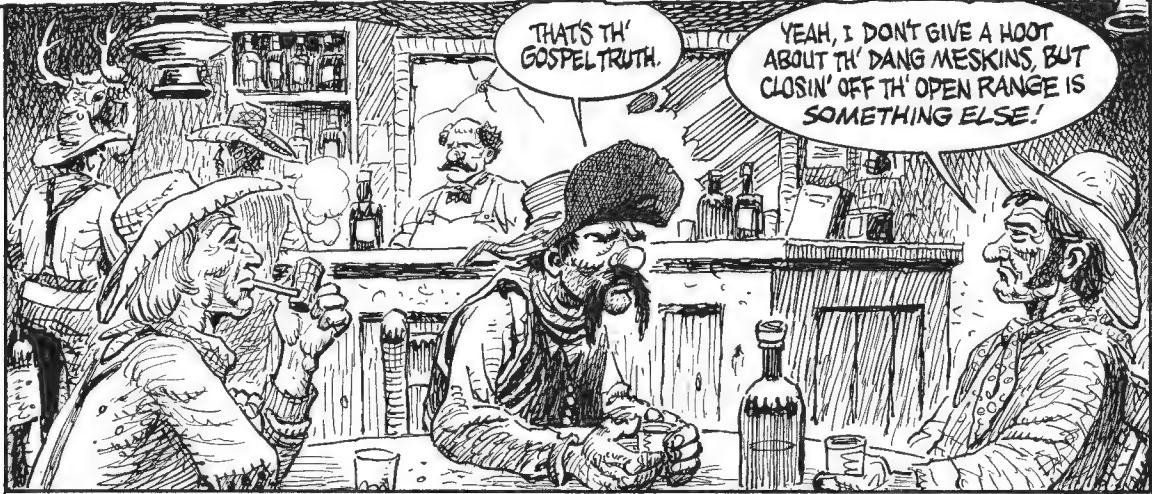


BUT LEADING CITIZENS OF THE OCCUPIED AREA DENOUNCE HIS DRACONIAN MEASURES.

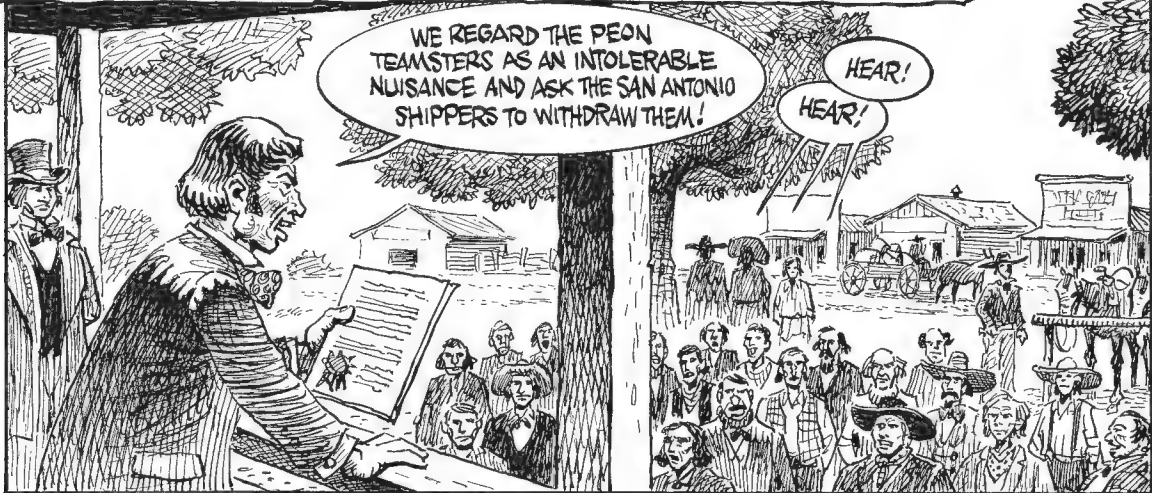




THESE CRITICS ARGUE THAT BY CLOAKING THE ACTIVITIES OF THE VIGILANTS UNDER EXECUTIVE AUTHORITY, MANY MEN—INDIFFERENT TO THE CART TRAFFIC—HAVE BEEN DRAWN INTO THE CONFLICT.



A PUBLIC MEETING IS HELD AT HELENA IN WHICH THE CITIZENS DEFEND THEMSELVES FROM PEASE'S ACCUSATIONS AND VENT THEIR FEELINGS ON THE CART DISTURBANCES.



LATER THE TAYLOR CROWD FACE LITTLETON'S VIGILANTS AT THE MASONIC HALL.



LITTLETON REPLIES..

WE ARE TRYING,  
UNDER THE GOVERNOR'S DI-  
RECTION, TO BRING ORDER TO  
THE FRONTIER. HONEST MEN  
SHOULD APPLAUD US..



JACK, THAT'S A DAMN' LIE, AND  
YOU KNOW IT! I WILL HOLD YOU PERSON-  
ALLY RESPONSIBLE IF YOUR ROWDIES HARM  
ANOTHER COW CREW IN THIS DISTRICT!!

IS THAT UNDERSTOOD?



SO "PEACE" IS MADE AT HELENA IN THE WANING DAYS  
OF 1857, BUT IT IS A PEACE THAT SUITS NO ONE.

WE HAVEN'T  
HEARD THE LAST OF  
THIS, I'LL WAGER.



FROM THIS EPISODE MAY BE TRACED THE BEGINNINGS OF THE TAYLOR-SUTTON FEUD, BUT  
THE DARK WAR CLOUDS LOOMING ON THE HORIZON PUT ALL SUCH LOCAL GRUMBLINGS TO REST.

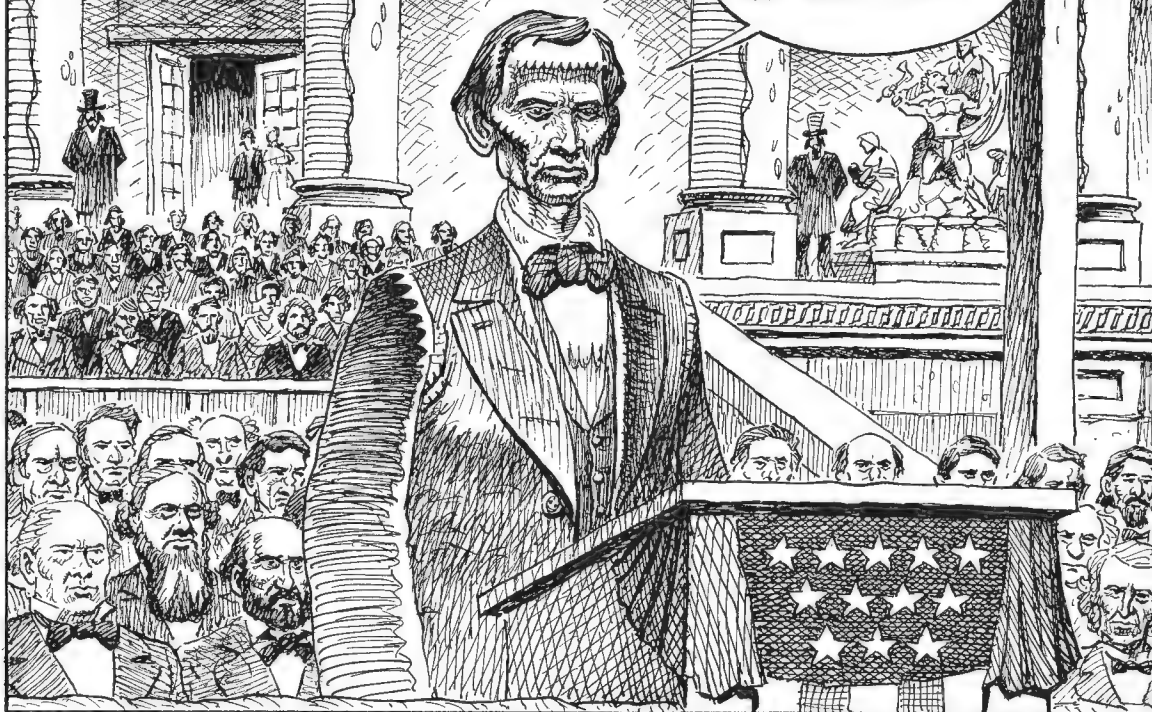




# THE FALLEN BANNER

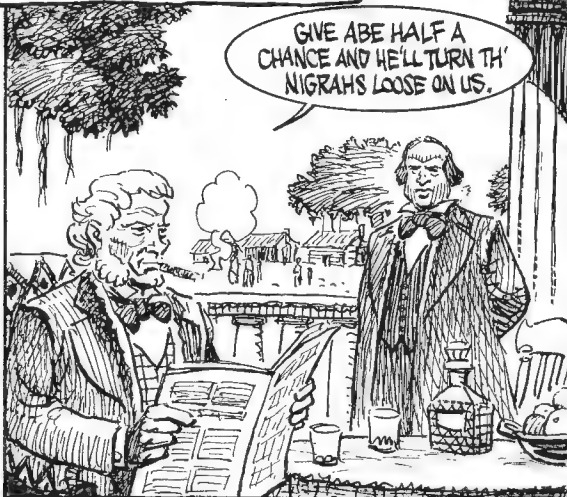
THE ELECTION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN TELLS SOUTHERNERS THAT THEIR INTERESTS IN THE UNION WILL GO UNATTENDED.

THIS NATION CANNOT EXIST HALF SLAVE AND HALF FREE!



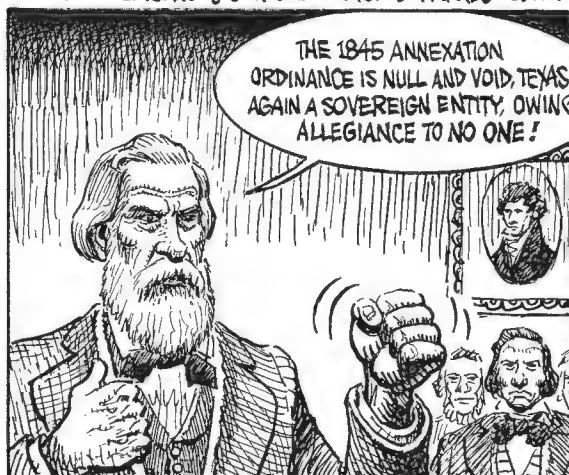
TEXAS, LIKE OTHER SLAVE-HOLDING STATES, SEES THE WRITING ON THE WALL.

GIVE ABE HALF A CHANCE AND WE'LL TURN TH' NIGRAHS LOOSE ON US.



AT A CONVENTION CALLED IN AUSTIN IN JAN. 1861 THE ASSEMBLED DELEGATES DECLARE FOR SECESSION. ONE OF THEIR MEMBERS IS JOHN LITTLETON OF KARNES COUNTY.

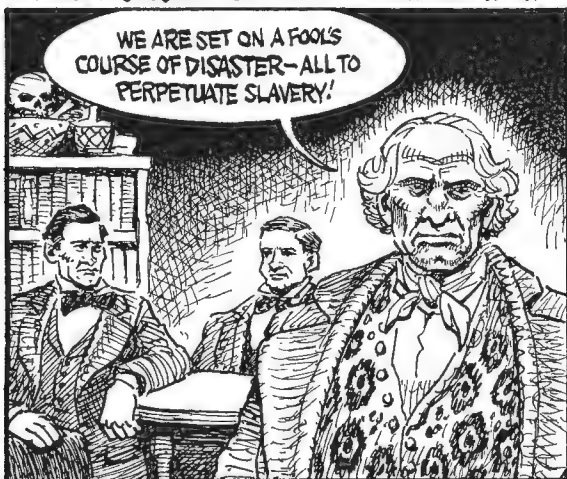
THE 1845 ANNEXATION ORDINANCE IS NULL AND VOID. TEXAS IS AGAIN A SOVEREIGN ENTITY, OWING ALLEGIANCE TO NO ONE!



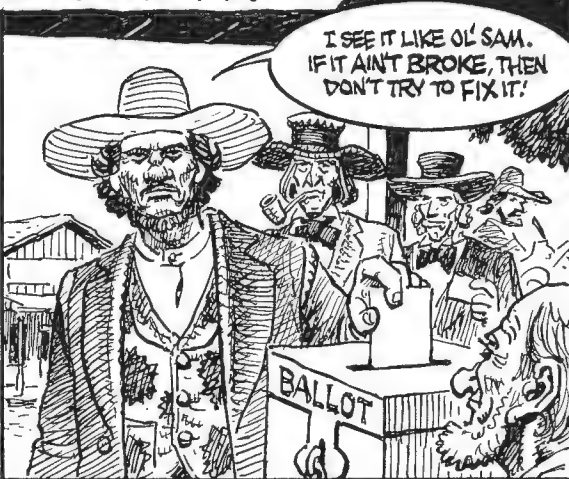
ORAN ROBERTS, PRES.

LITTLETON (153)

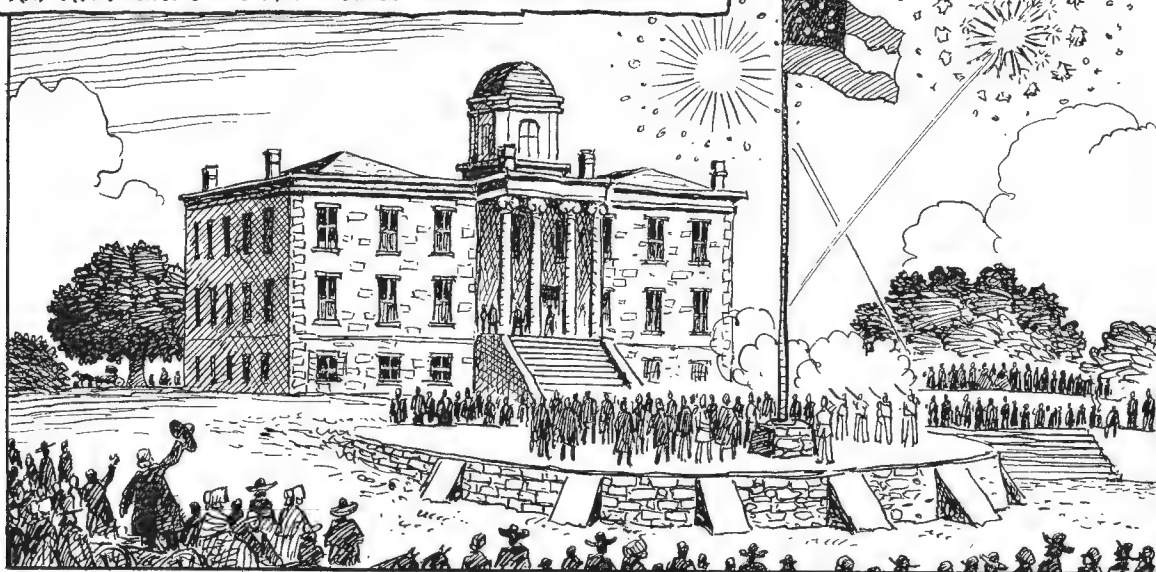
GOV. SAM HOUSTON AND OTHER MEN WHO HAD FORGED THE REPUBLIC OF TEXAS, AND GUIDED IT INTO THE UNION, OPPOSE SECESSION—BUT THE TIDE IS AGAINST THEM.



WHEN THE ACTIONS OF THE CONVENTION ARE PUT TO A VOTE, MANY OLD TEXIANS LIKE CREED TAYLOR REFUSE TO RATIFY "DISUNION."



NONETHELESS, THE MEASURE PASSES BY A FOUR TO ONE MAJORITY, AND ON MARCH 23<sup>RD</sup> TEXAS BECOMES PART OF THE CONFEDERACY.

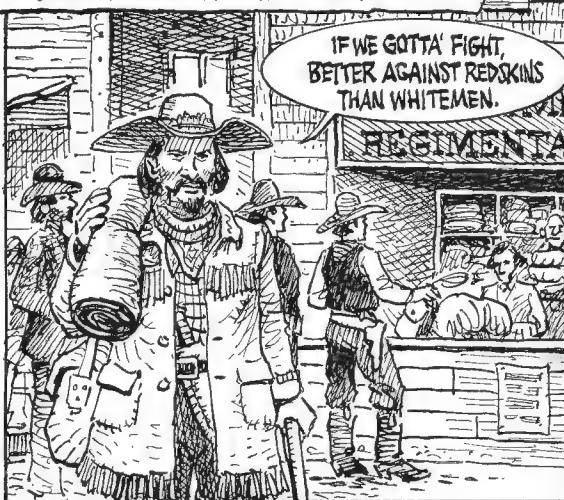


MANY OF HER YOUNG MEN MARCH OFF TO WAR, FULL OF ENTHUSIASM.



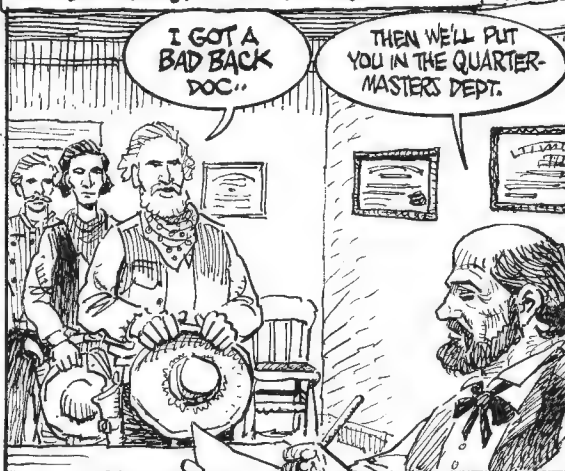


ONCE THE DIE IS CAST, SOME WHO HAD OPPOSED SECESSION VOLUNTEER FOR FRONTIER DUTY.



IF WE GOTTA' FIGHT, BETTER AGAINST REDSKINS THAN WHITEMEN.

OTHERS, LIKE CREED'S COWBOYS, SEEK REBEL SERVICE CLOSER TO THE HOME FRONT, WHERE THEY CAN PROTECT THEIR FAMILIES.



I GOT A BAD BACK DOC.

THEN WE'LL PUT YOU IN THE QUARTER-MASTERS DEPT.

THEIR DUTIES ARE MUCH AS BEFORE THE WAR: ROUNDING UP WILD CATTLE, EXCEPT NOW FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE CONFEDERACY.



HIYAA

HOME GUARDS ARE FORMED AT VARIOUS PLACES, LIKE THE ONE AT HELENA BY "CAPTAIN" JOHN LITTLETON.



MEN, OUR HELPLESS WIMMEN AND INNOCENT BABES LOOK TO US FOR SAFETY.

MANY SUCH "HEEL FLY" UNITS HAVE LITTLE TO DO EXCEPT ACT IMPORTANT AND HARRASS SUSPECTED UNIONISTS.



WHERE YOU GOIN' STRANGER?

HOW COME YOU AIN'T IN TH' ARMY, LIKE US??

WE NEED THAT GUN YOU'RE PACKING..

TEXAS, SPARED THE BRUNT OF MAJOR FIGHTING, SETTLES INTO A DULL ROUTINE.



BELTS TIGHTEN AS THE WAR DRAGS ON.



WOUNDED OR MAIMED, AN OCCASIONAL VETERAN RETURNS HOME. THEY BEAR DISCOURAGING PROSPECTS FOR THE SUCCESS OF THE REBEL BANNER.



WHEN NEWS OF LEE'S SURRENDER REACHES TEXAS IN LATE APRIL 1865 IT IS DENIED AS JUST ANOTHER YANKEE RUMOR, MEANT TO DEMORALIZE THE SOUTH'S FIGHTING SPIRIT.



ONCE THE SOLDIERS START STRAGGLING BACK, HOWEVER, GLOOM AND ANXIETY GRIP THE STATE.





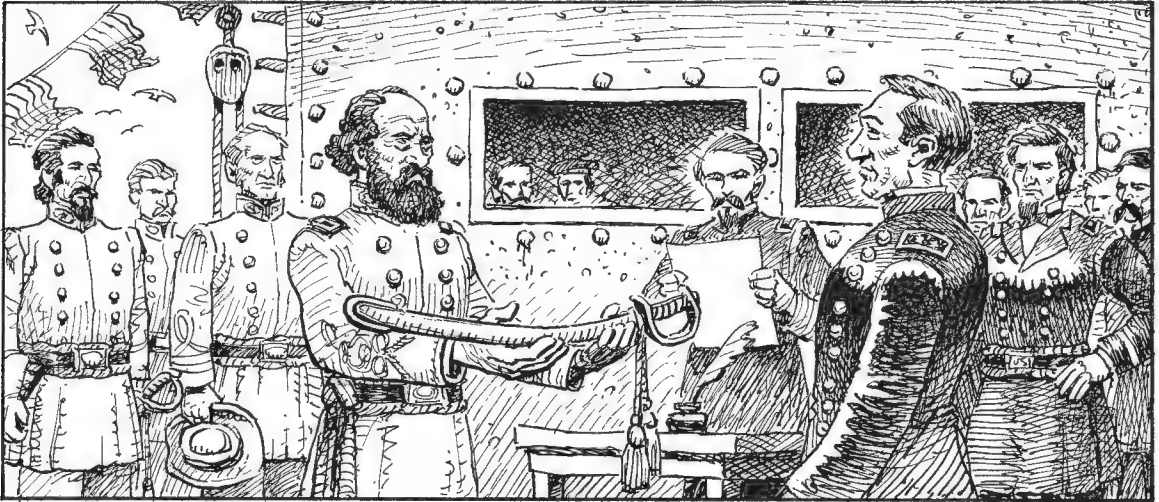
GEN. GRANT DEMANDS THE SURRENDER OF THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT, AND TEXAS TRIES TO GAIN MORE FAVORABLE TERMS THAN AGREED TO BY GEN. LEE.



THE APPEAL FALLS ON DEAF EARS.



ON JUNE 2nd GEN. EDMUND KIRBY-SMITH WALKS ABOARD A U.S. WARSHIP IN GALVESTON HARBOR AND SIGNS THE FORMAL PAPERS. WITH THIS GESTURE, THE LAST VESTIGE OF CONFEDERATE AUTHORITY IN TEXAS VANISHES.



THEN COMMENCES THE "BREAK UP." LOOTING TAKES PLACE THROUGHOUT THE STATE AS DISILLUSIONED SOLDIERS PILLAGE GOVERNMENT WAREHOUSES AND DEPOSITORIES.



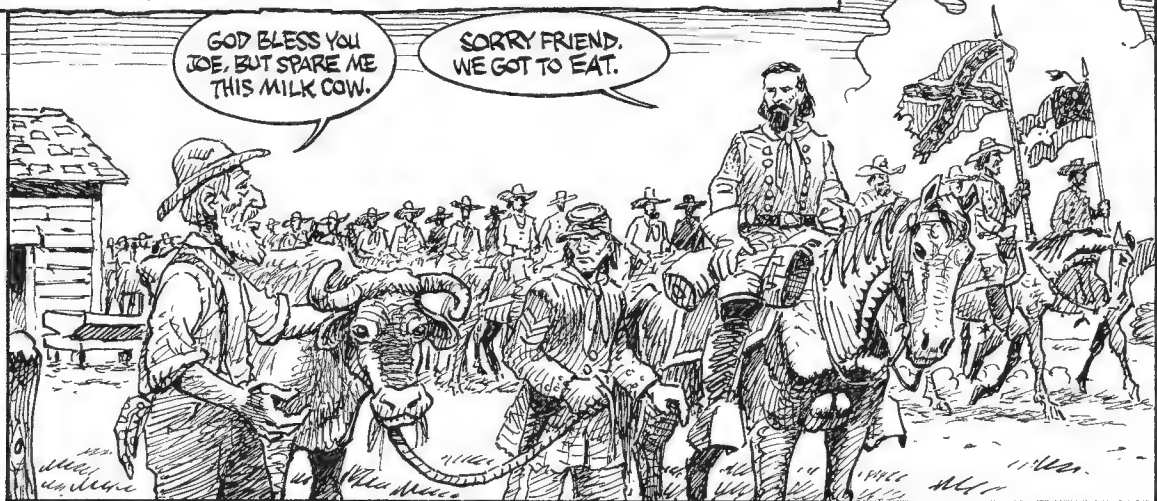
PUBLIC OPINION SELDOM DENIES THEIR RIGHT.



WHEN SUBSEQUENT GROUPS OF DISBANDED SOLDIERS FIND THE BOOTY GONE, THEY BECOME VIOLENT.



GEN. JOE SHELBY PASSES THROUGH TEXAS THAT SUMMER WITH HIS DIE-HARD MISSOURIANS, BOUND FOR MEXICO. THEY LIVE OFF THE LAND.



BURYING THEIR TATTERED BANNERS IN THE RIO GRANDE, THEY CROSS TO SELL THEIR SWORDS TO EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN.





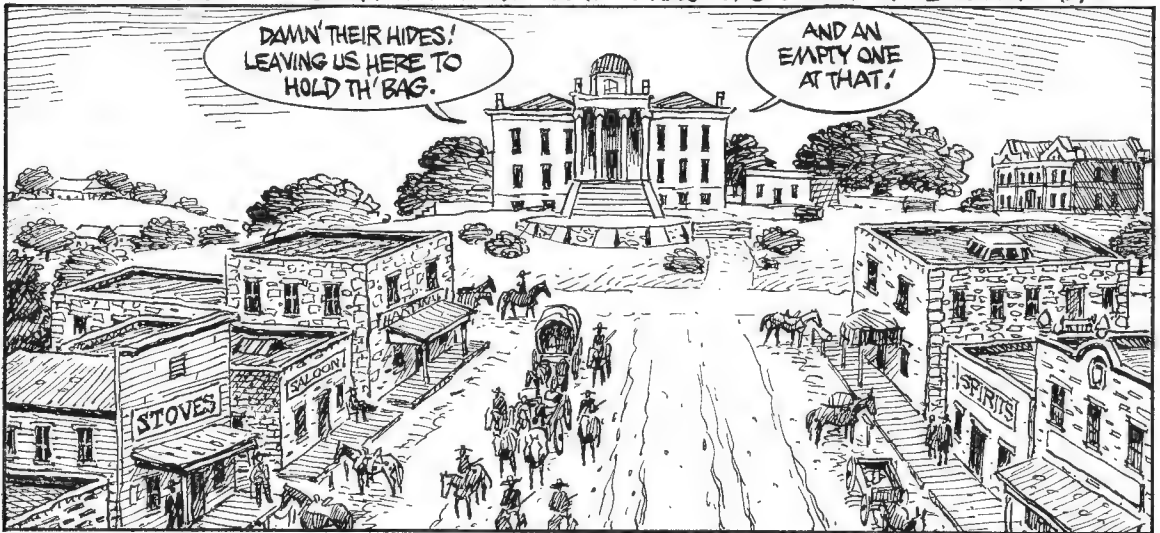
GOV. MURRAH TRIES TO SAVE SOME STATE PROPERTY FOR THE REBUILDING THAT LIES AHEAD, BUT HIS ADMONITIONS ARE SWEEPED ASIDE. LAWLESSNESS AND CHAOS REIGN.



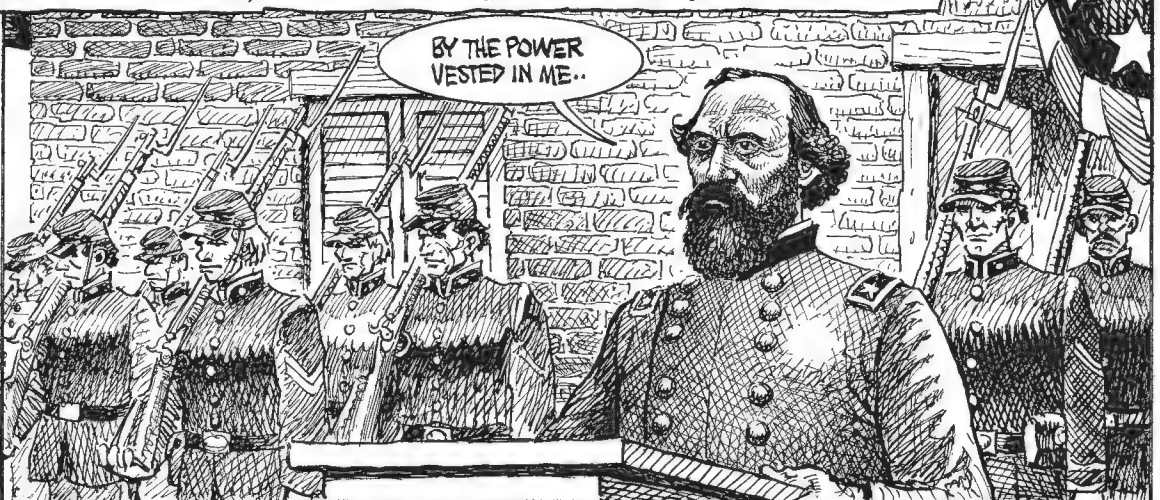
RUMORS ABOUT THAT THE VICTORIOUS YANKEES MEAN TO CONFISCATE THE PROPERTY OF LEADING REBELS AND TRY THEM FOR TREASON.



IT IS NOT LONG BEFORE THE GOVERNOR AND OTHER HIGH-RANKING OFFICIALS JOIN THE EXODUS TO MEXICO.



ON JUNE 19<sup>TH</sup> GEN. GRANGER LANDS AT GALVESTON. HE DECLARES AUTHORITY RESTORED AND FREES THE SLAVES, A DAY THAT BECOMES CELEBRATED BY BLACKS AS "JUNETEENTH."



IN THE TURMOIL AND CONFUSION OF THE "BREAK UP" THE SLAVES HAD ALMOST BEEN FORGOTTEN. BUT NOW THE MOST SERIOUS CONSEQUENCE OF THE LOST CAUSE HAS TO BE DEALT WITH: WHAT'S TO BE DONE WITH THE NEGRO?



AS WORD OF EMANCIPATION SPREADS, THE BLACKS DRIFT AWAY FROM THEIR PLANTATION HOMES — SOME JOYFULLY, SOME RELUCTANTLY.



OTHER OWNERS HAVE NO INTENTION OF FREEING THEIR SLAVES, AND THE DASH FOR FREEDOM IS A RISKY AFFAIR.



THEY CONGREGATE IN SHANTY-TOWNS NEAR CITIES OR MILITARY POSTS, OFTEN FALLING PREY TO VICE AND MISERY.





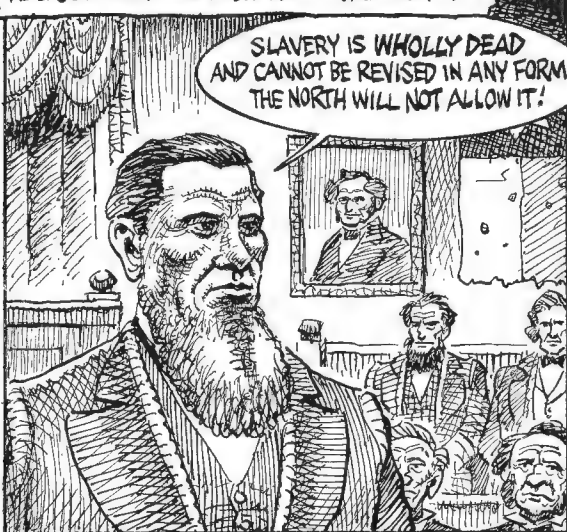
IDLE, WITHOUT MEANS OF SUPPORT, THEIR PRESENCE IS SALT IN THE WOUNDS OF THEIR FORMER MASTERS.



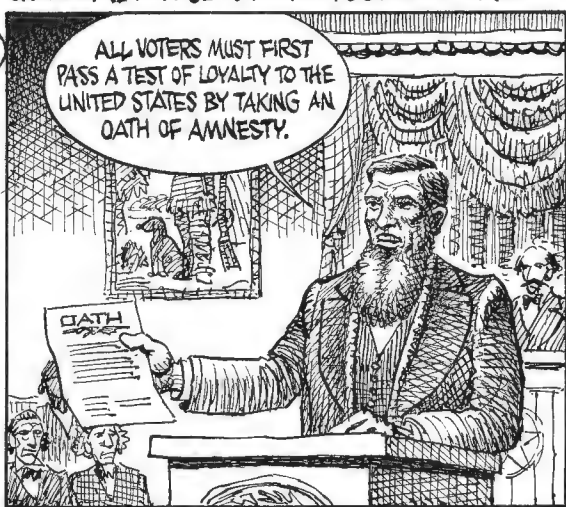
IT IS HOPED THAT WHEN A. J. "JACK" HAMILTON ARRIVES AS INTERIM GOVERNOR A SYSTEM OF STATE-REGULATED LABOR WILL BE DEvised.



ALL BUT RABID UNIONISTS ARE DISAPPOINTED.



INSTEAD, HAMILTON ADDRESSES THE SUBJECT OF WHO SHALL HAVE A VOICE IN RULING POST-WAR TEXAS.



IN THE MEANTIME, THE EX-SLAVES ARE LEFT TO THEIR OWN DEVICES, AND CROPS ROT IN THE FIELDS.



DURING THE LATE SUMMER AND FALL, NEGRO TROOPS ARE BROUGHT TO TEXAS TO REPLACE DISCHARGED WHITE VOLUNTEER REGIMENTS.

OH LORD, IT'S  
FINALLY HAPPENED.



THE TROOPERS SPARE NO PAINS TO HUMILIATE THEIR FORMER FOES.

THIS HERE'S  
MY ONLY SET OF  
CLOTHES..

WELL, YOU'LL JUS'  
HAVE TO WEAR IT WITHOUT  
THESE PURTY CONFEDERATE  
BUTTONS, GREYBACK.



JUST AS FEARED, THE BLACK SOLDIERS INCITE THEIR HAPLESS BRETHREN TO A GREATER APPRECIATION OF THEIR RIGHTS.

LOOKY HERE,  
YOU'RE A FREE  
MAN NOW.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO STEP  
OFF THIS SIDEWALK FOR NO  
WHITE WOMAN, ESPECIALLY NO  
RAG-TAG REBEL GAL !!



THERE ARE NOT LACKING THOSE EX-SLAVES WHO TAKE TO THEIR NEW ROLE WITH SATISFACTION. MOST WHITES CANNOT ACCUSTOM THEMSELVES TO THE ALTERED STATE OF AFFAIRS; FEW EVEN TRY.

WE'S TH' COCK OF  
TH' WALK, LUTHER.

WE SHO' IS..  
DE BOTTOM RAIL BE  
ON TOP NOW.

THESE NIGGERS  
DONE FORGOT THEIR  
PLACE, SETH.

RECKON  
WE'D BETTER  
REMIN'D 'EM.





STORIES CIRCULATE IN TEXAS HOUSEHOLDS AS LOST RELATIVES BEGIN TO SHOW UP...



... STORIES OF YANKEE BRUTALITIES DURING THE WAR, IN OTHER SOUTHERN STATES, THAT CAUSE HATRED TO LINGER ON.



THAT WINTER IS AN UNEASY ONE, AS NEGRO SOLDIERS ROAM ABOUT THE COUNTRYSIDE, KEEPING PEOPLE IN CONSTANT TERROR.



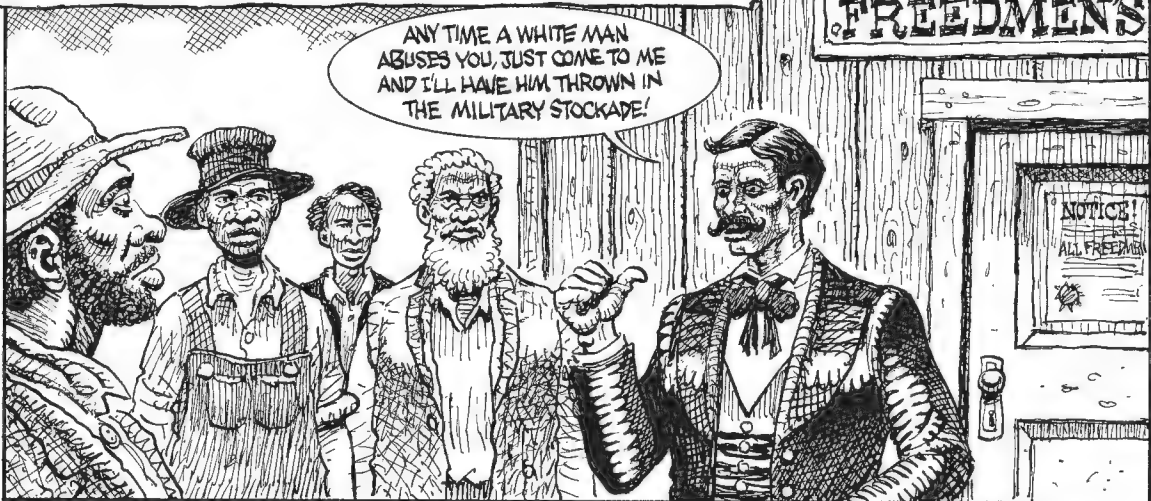
JACKSON COUNTY SENDS THE GOVERNOR A PETITION FOR RELIEF FROM THE ABUSES BEING COMMITTED BY 300 COLORED TROOPS STATIONED IN THEIR MIDST.



WHITE GARRISONS ALSO PROVE UNRULY (SUCH AS THE ONE AT GALVESTON), AND ASSAULTS UPON THE DIGNITY OF WOMEN CRY OUT FOR SOUTHERN VENGEANCE.



BUT RACE IS AT THE CORE OF THE PROBLEM, SO WHEN THE FREEDMEN'S BUREAU SETS UP SHOP, RACIAL DIFFICULTIES INTENSIFY.



FOLLOWING CLOSELY ON THEIR HEELS ARE YANKEE "CARPETBAGGERS," COME TO TEXAS FROM THE NORTH TO EXPLOIT THE NEW ORDER OF THINGS.





ADDED TO THESE TROUBLES ARE RENEWED COMANCHE RAIDS, NOW THAT CONFEDERATE TROOPS ON THE FRONTIER HAVE BEEN DISBANDED, AND THE UNION SOLDIERS ARE BUSY BEING POLICEMEN.



THESE RAIDS DEVASTATE THE ENTIRE FRONTIER, AND THE SETTLEMENT LINE IS PUSHED BACK 100 MILES.



BESET BY HOSTILE INDIANS, OVERBEARING U.S. TROOPS, GANGS OF LAWLESS RUFFIANS, AND THE CARPETBAGGER PLAGUE, OLD TEXAN FAMILIES PULL TOGETHER FOR SURVIVAL. THE TAYLOR CLAN IS NO EXCEPTION.



# A GATHERING OF THE CLAN

AT THE "BREAK UP" THE TAYLORS SUFFERED SEVERE LOSSES TO THEIR HERDS. LARGE NUMBERS OF CATTLE WERE CARRIED OFF BY DESERTERS, HEEL-FLIES, AND OTHERS WHO FELT THEY HAD A RIGHT TO ANY STOCK FOUND ON THE OPEN RANGE.

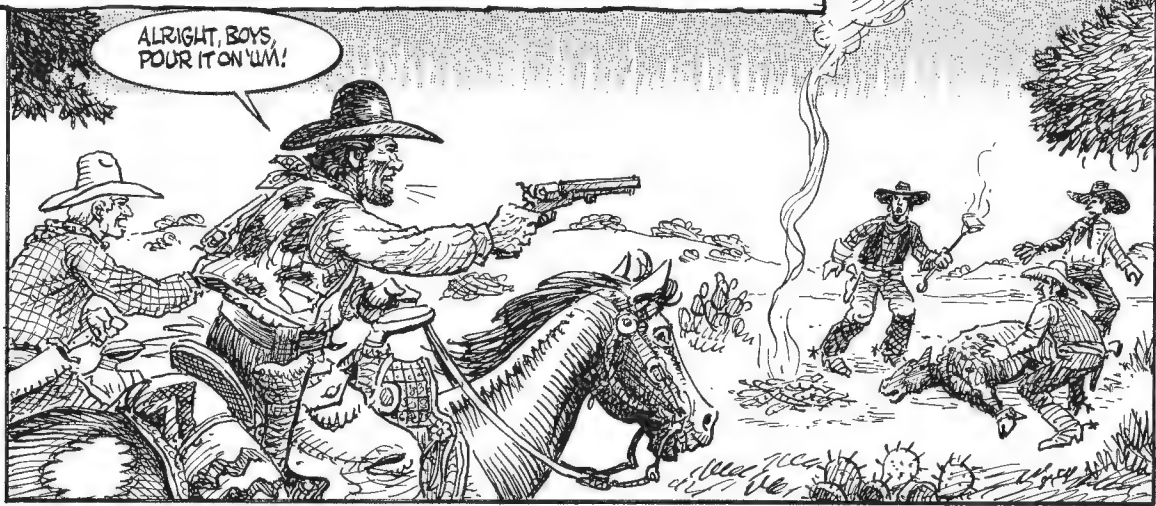


THE WILD HERDS IN SOUTH TEXAS HAVE MULTIPLIED PROLIFICALLY DURING THE WAR, AND EVERY RETURNING SOLDIER IS ANXIOUS TO MAKE UP FOR LOST TIME. MAVERICKING ATTAINS A SCALE UNKNOWN BEFORE THE WAR YEARS.

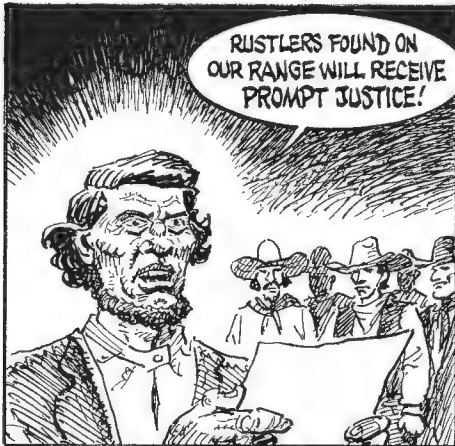




STOCKMEN LIKE CREED TAYLOR ARE AGAIN FORCED TO TAKE THE LAW INTO THEIR HANDS. OLD RIVALRIES ARE REBORN AND NEW ONES SPRING INTO BEING.



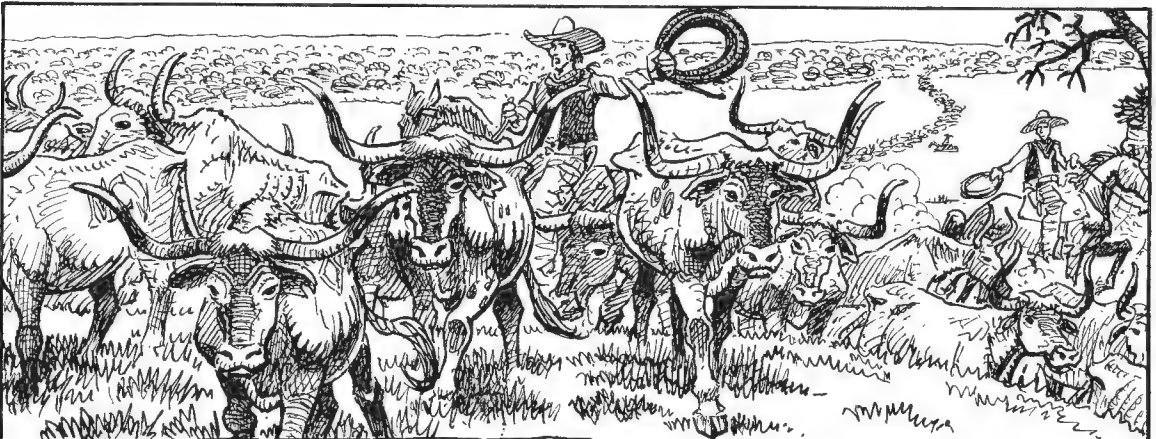
TO COMBAT THE SITUATION VARIOUS RANCHERS MEET IN MARCH, 1866, AT RANCHO, GONZALES COUNTY, AND DRAW UP RESOLUTIONS TO PROTECT THEIR INTERESTS AS STOCK RAISERS.



SEVERAL HERDS WERE TRAILED NORTH IN THE FALL OF 1865, DESPITE HAVING TO PASS THROUGH THE YANKEE GAUNTLET IN EAST TEXAS.



MORE HERDS GO THE FOLLOWING SPRING, TAKEN BY HARDY MEN LIKE MONROE CHOATE OF KARNES COUNTY, THORNTON CHISHOLM OF DEWITT COUNTY, AND CAPT. EUGENE MILLETT OF GUADALUPE COUNTY.



IT IS ONE OF THE FEW WAYS THAT SONS OF THE SHATTERED CONFEDERACY CAN MAKE A LIVING IN THESE HARD TIMES.

TYPICAL OF THE PROBLEMS THEY ENCOUNTER IS THE HERD BOSSSED BY 16-YEAR-OLD JIM DAUGHERTY. HE IS MET AT THE KANSAS-MISSOURI BORDER BY IRATE JAYHAWKERS, SPOILING FOR A FIGHT.



AFTER HIS HERD IS STAMPED, THE YOUNG TEXAN RECEIVES A LASHING.



THIS'LL TEACH YOU TO BRING DISEASED COWS TO KANSAS, BOY!

HE BARELY ESCAPES A WORSE FATE.



HANG HIM I SAY..

AW, LET HIM GO, JETHRO. HE'S JUST A DUMB KID.

OTHER GANGS, SUPPOSEDLY CONCERNED WITH "TICK FEVER," ATTACK DROVES OF TEXAS CATTLE — APPROPRIATING THE HERDS FOR THEMSELVES!



LET 'UM GET A LITTLE CLOSER. THEN YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO.

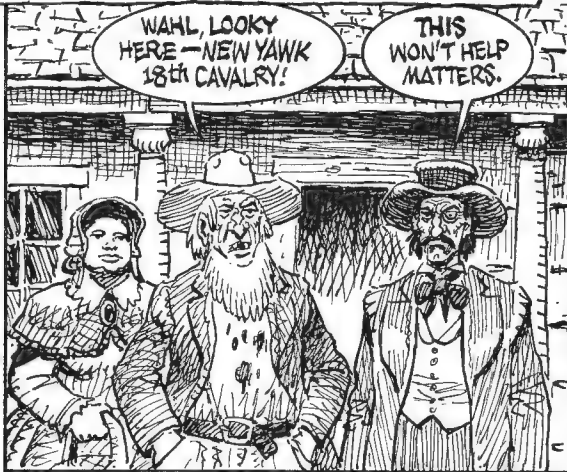
DESPITE THESE DANGERS, 250,000 LONGHORNS CROSS THE RED RIVER IN 1866, BRINGING MUCH-NEEDED CASH TO THE TEXAS ECONOMY.



AT HOME THINGS HAVE BEEN HEATING UP BETWEEN THE SEMI-VANQUISHED REBELS AND THE U.S. MILITARY.



DUE TO THE "BAD CONDUCT" OF CERTAIN CITIZENS, A SQUAD OF 18 SOLDIERS IS SENT TO CLINTON, IN DEWITT COUNTY, TO REPRESS INSURRECTIONIST TENDENCIES.



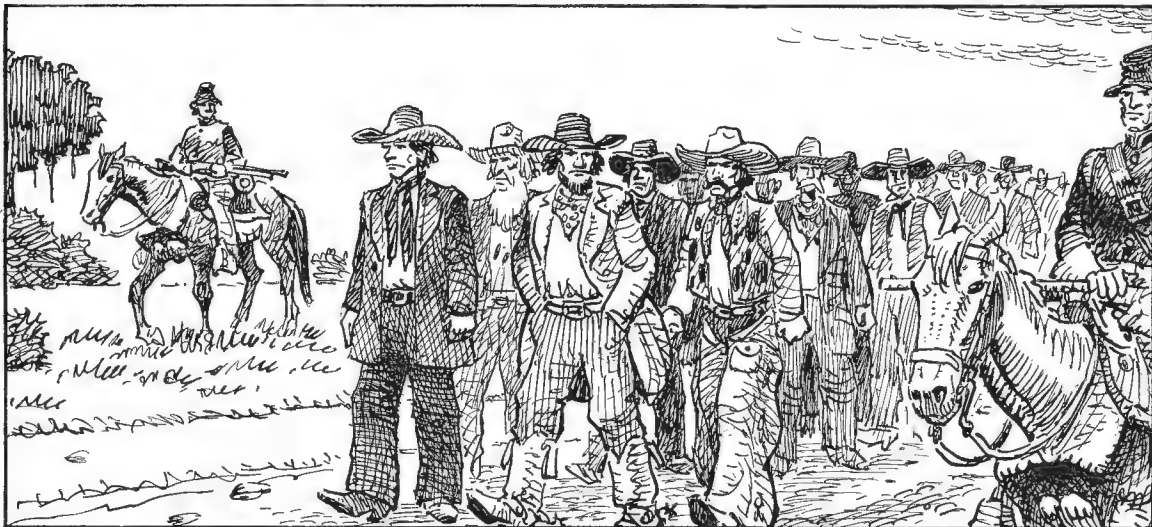
THEY CRASH A WEDDING PARTY, LOOKING FOR A WANTED MAN.



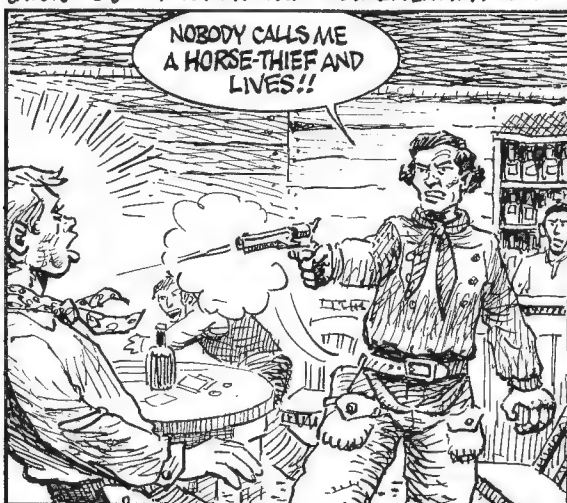
IN THE ENSUING SCUFFLE SEVERAL SOLDIERS ARE ROUGHED UP AND THE FUGITIVE, BEFORE DYING, MORTALLY WOUNDS CAPTAIN NOLAN.



TWENTY-ONE CELEBRANTS ARE ARRESTED AND MARCHED OFF TO JAIL. MANY ARE TAYLOR RELATIVES OR SYMPATHIZERS.



IN KARNES COUNTY A DESPERADO NAMED CHARLEY TAYLOR SHOTS THE SON OF A PROMINENT HOTEL KEEPER AT HELENA.



THE DYING BOY, JACK POLK, IS CARRIED TO THE HOUSE OF JOHN LITTLETON — ONE FORMER REBEL WHO IS ANXIOUS TO MEND HIS WAYS.



BUT TROUBLED TIMES DO NOT KEEP THE TAYLOR CLAN FROM MAKING FESTIVE. ONE SUCH GATHERING IS THE PARTY THROWN AT JOE TUMLINSON'S PLACE NEAR YORKTOWN IN LOWER DEWITT COUNTY.

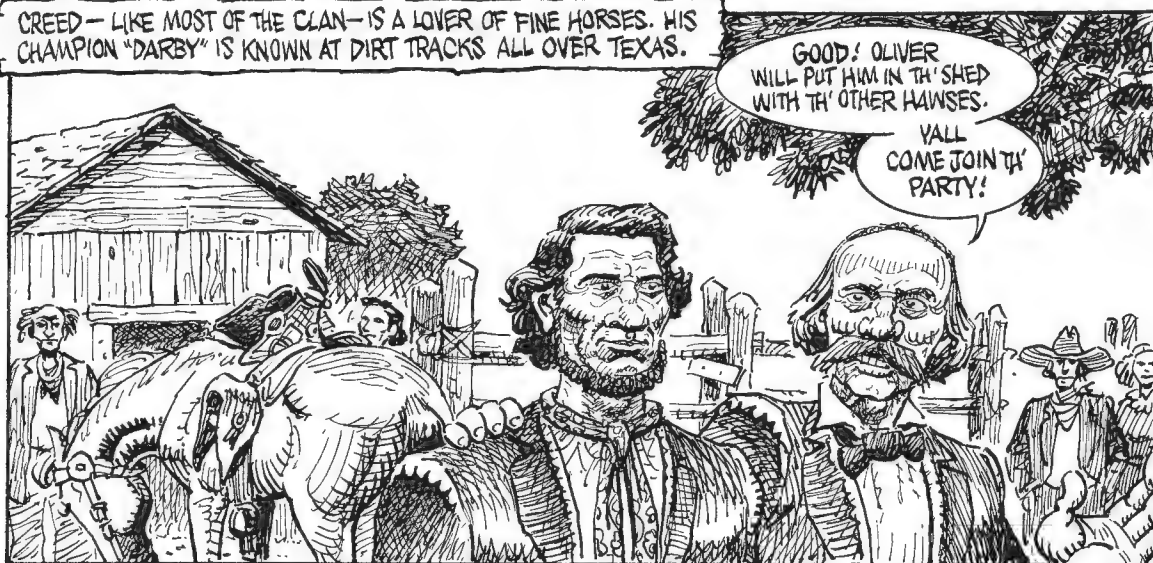




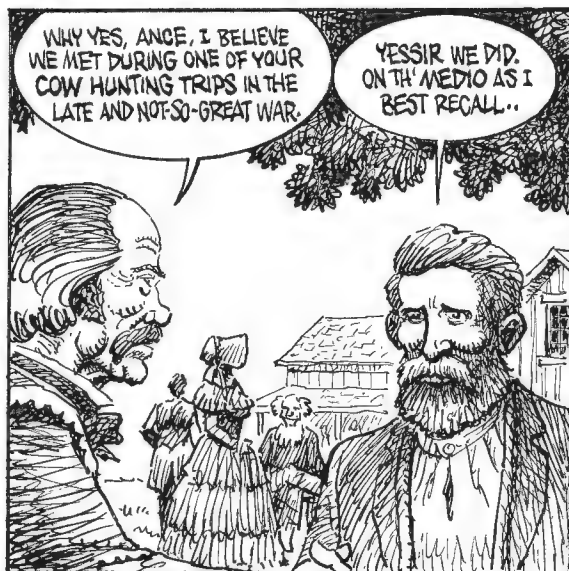
JOE IS A ROUGH-AND-TUMBLE FRONTIERSMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL. HIS FIRST WIFE WAS CREED'S SISTER, JOANNA, AND JOE'S SISTER ELIZABETH HAD MARRIED ONE OF CREED'S BROTHERS, WILLIAM RILEY TAYLOR, NOW DECEASED.

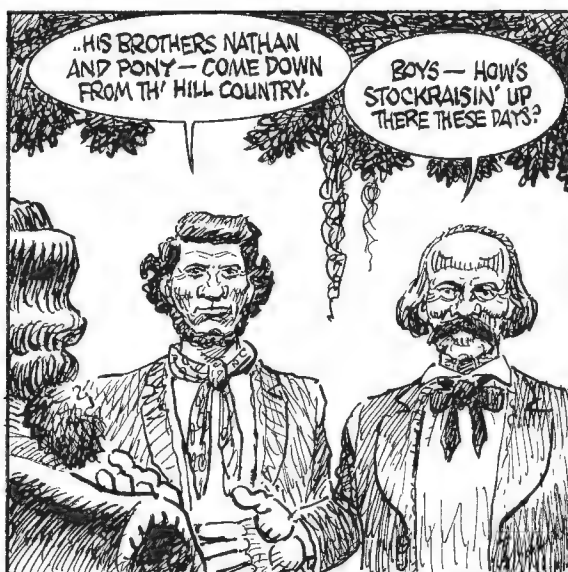


CREED — LIKE MOST OF THE CLAN — IS A LOVER OF FINE HORSES. HIS CHAMPION "DARBY" IS KNOWN AT DIRT TRACKS ALL OVER TEXAS.



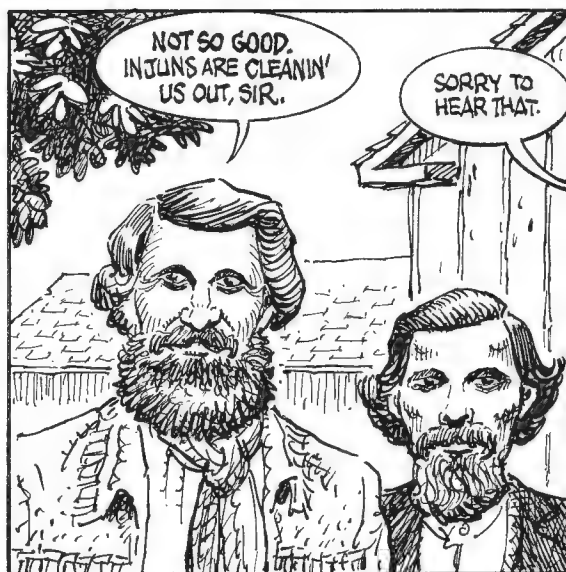
THE INTRODUCTIONS AT SUCH AFFAIRS ARE ELABORATE..





..HIS BROTHERS NATHAN AND PONY— COME DOWN FROM TH' HILL COUNTRY.

BOYS— HOW'S STOCKRAISIN' UP THERE THESE DAYS?



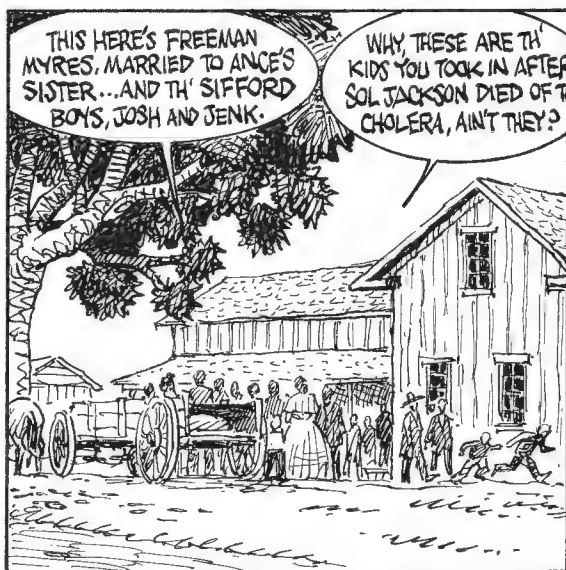
NOT SO GOOD. INJUNS ARE CLEANIN' US OUT, SIR.

SORRY TO HEAR THAT.



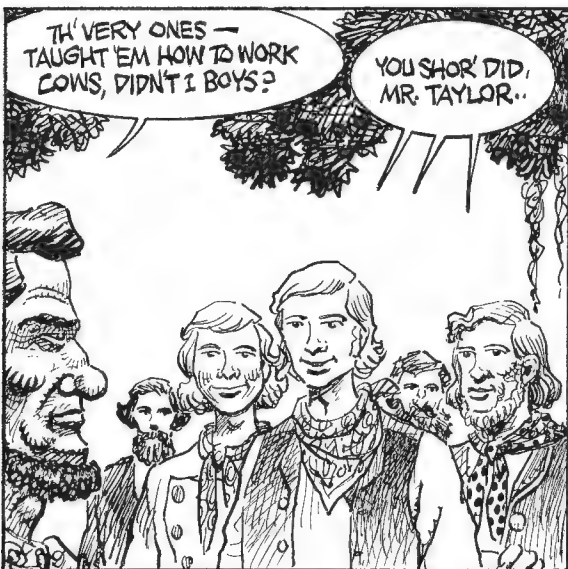
NATHAN'S WIFE IS ONE OF TH' TINKLE GALS OVER ON TH' CLAYTO.

OH, J.P.'S GIRL? CHARMED, MY DEAR..



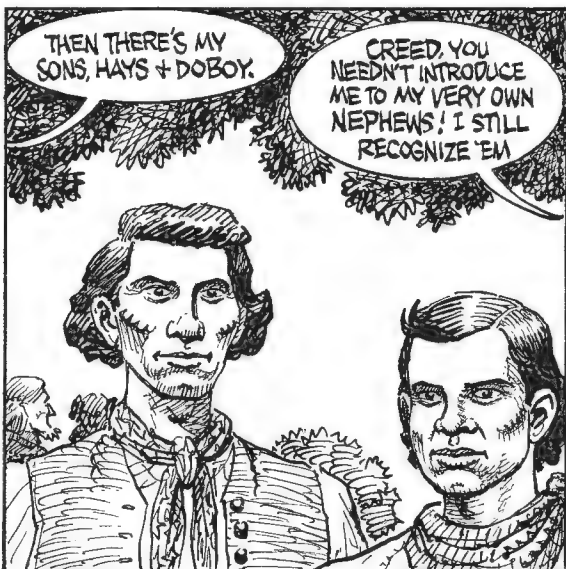
THIS HERE'S FREEMAN MYRES, MARRIED TO ANCE'S SISTER...AND TH' SIFFORD BOYS, JOSH AND JENK.

WHY, THESE ARE TH' KIDS YOU TOOK IN AFTER SOL JACKSON DIED OF TH' CHOLERA, AIN'T THEY?



TH' VERY ONES — TAUGHT 'EM HOW TO WORK COWS, DIDN'T I BOYS?

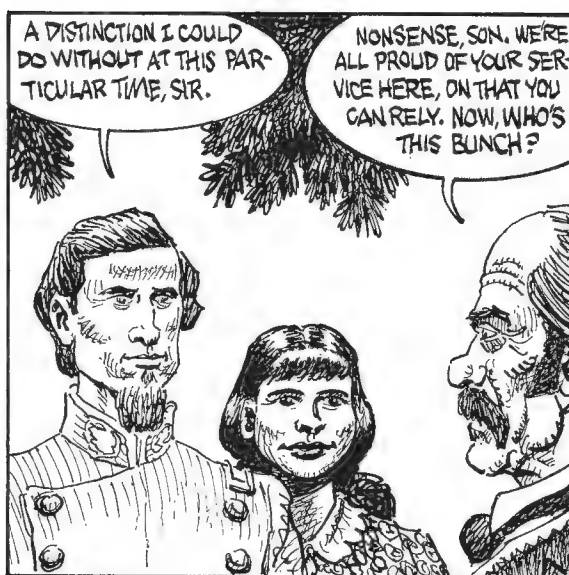
YOU SHOR' DID, MR. TAYLOR..



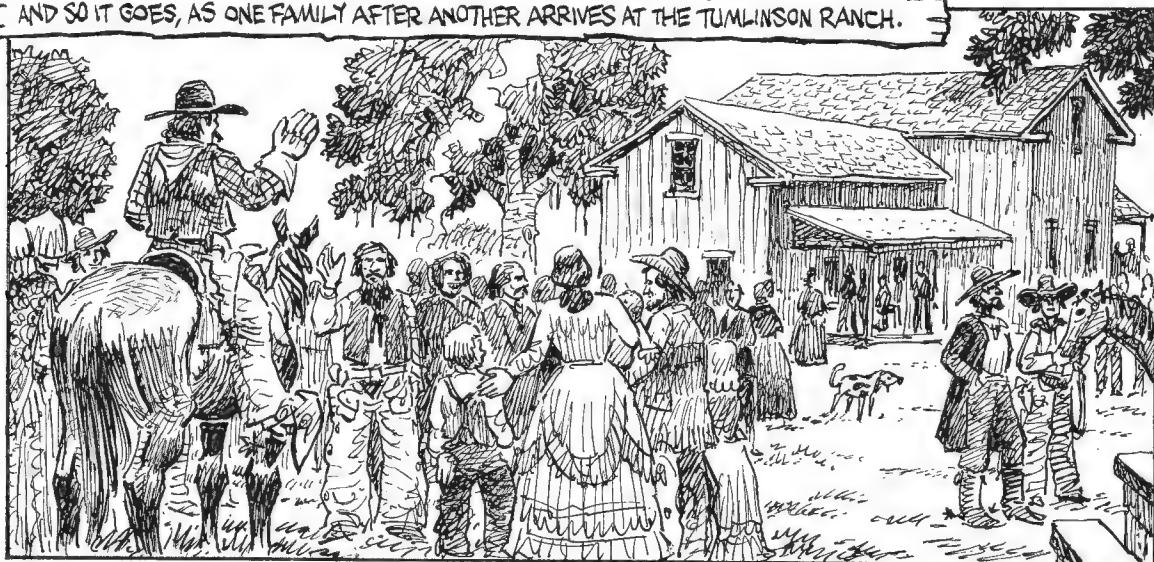
THEN THERE'S MY SONS, HAYS + DOBOY.

CREED, YOU NEEDN'T INTRODUCE ME TO MY VERY OWN NEPHEWS! I STILL RECOGNIZE 'EM





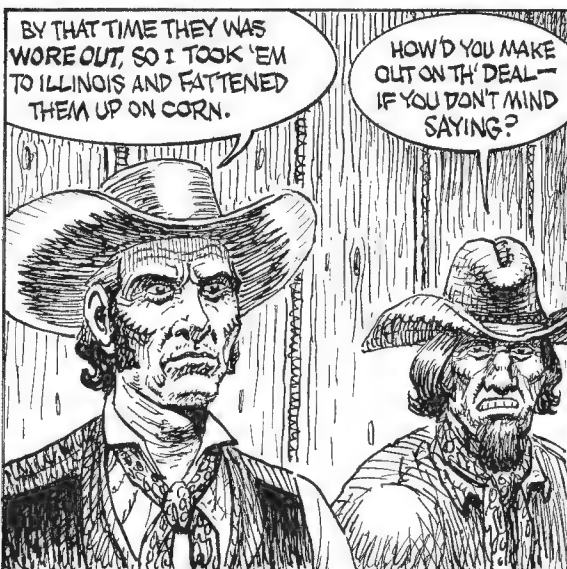
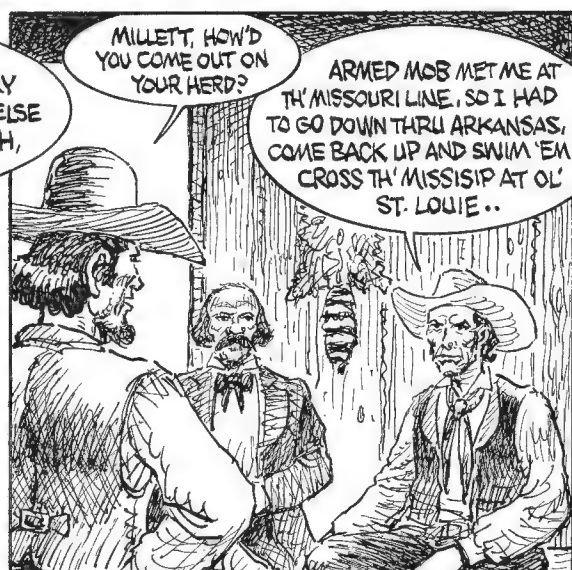
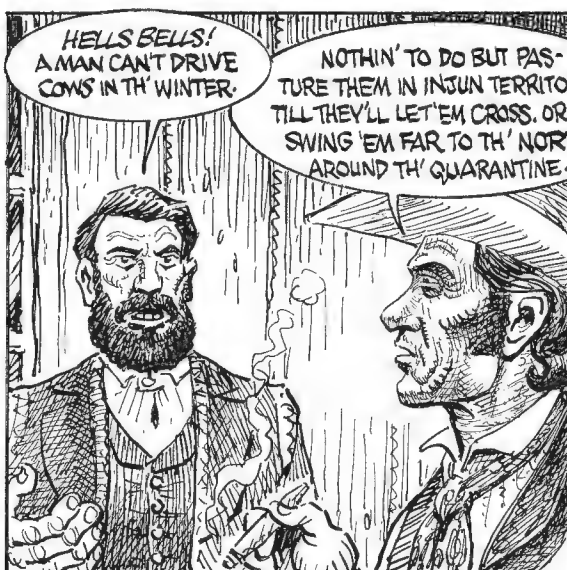
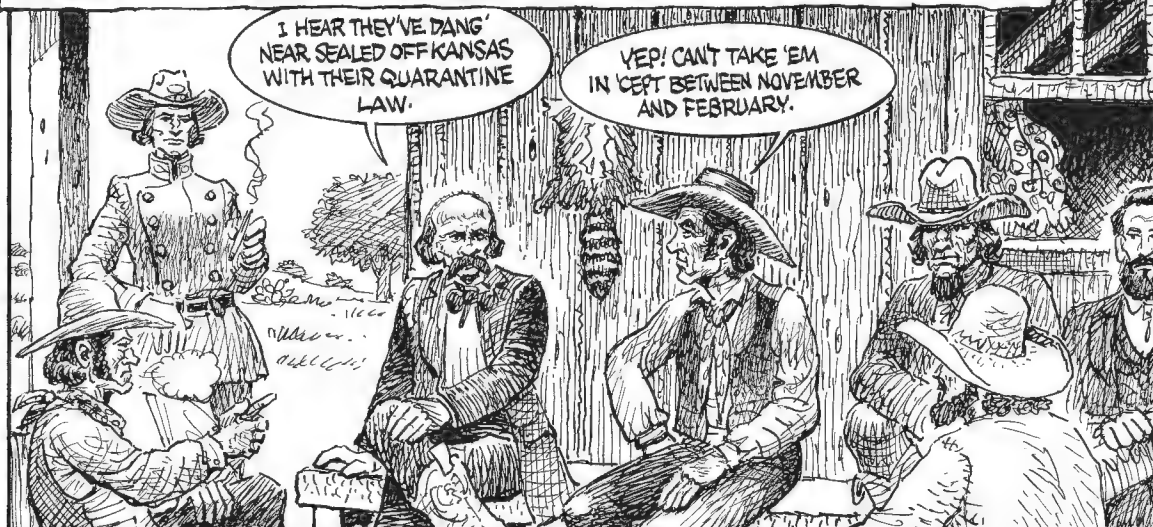
AND SO IT GOES, AS ONE FAMILY AFTER ANOTHER ARRIVES AT THE TUMLINSON RANCH.



THE WOMENFOLK TEND THEIR BROOD OF CHILDREN AND PREPARE THE OUTDOOR TABLES.

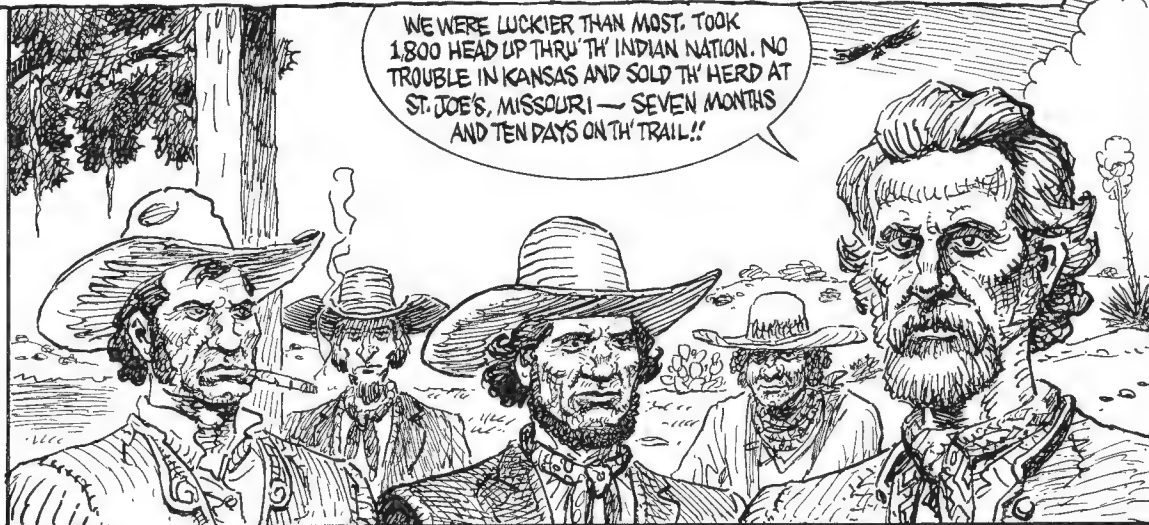


THE MEN CONGREGATE TO SPEAK OF THE RECENT CATTLE DRIVES AND DISCUSS FUTURE PROSPECTS.





THORNTON CHISHOLM—WHOSE MOTHER WAS A TAYLOR—RECOUNTS HIS EXPERIENCE TO THE GROUP.



THE MULTITUDE IS SEATED BY SOME PROTOCOL KNOWN ONLY TO THE MISTRESS OF THE HOUSE.

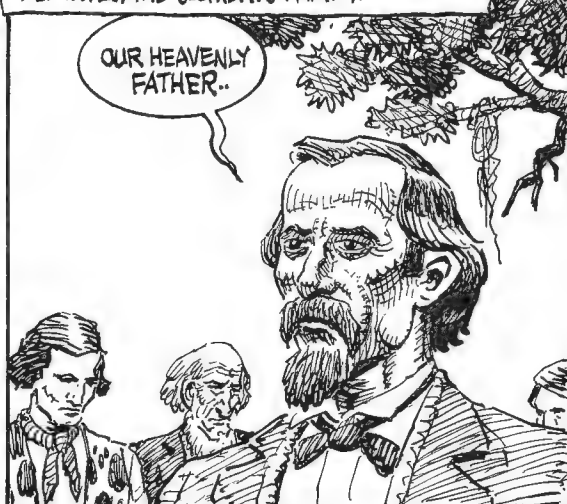


TUMLINSON, NOT A CHURCH-GOING MAN, YIELDS THE HONORS TO A VISITING CIRCUIT PREACHER.



REVEREND HARDIN,  
WOULD YOU ASK TH'  
BLESSING?

HE IS JAMES GIPSON HARDIN, HERE WITH HIS RELATIVES, THE CLEMENTS FAMILY.



OUR HEAVENLY  
FATHER..

AS CUSTOMARY, CONVERSATION AT THE TABLE IS LIMITED TO FAMILY TALK AND SOCIAL AFFAIRS.



HOW'S YOUR PA DOIN'  
SALLY? STILL HUNTIN' BEARS  
UP IN TH' CEDAR BRAKES  
AROUND KERRVILLE?

I RECKON SO-  
AND WILL BE TILL  
THERE AINT NONE  
LEFT..

AFTERWARDS, THE MEN DIGEST THEIR MEAL WHILE THE WOMEN CLEAR THE TABLES.



THAT SHOR' WUZ  
GOOD BERRY COBBLER  
MISS LOUISA.

WHY, THANK  
YOU, MR. CHOATE.

ONCE THE LADIES HAVE DRIFTED AWAY, POLITICS DOMINATE THE TALK.



HOW'S THINGS IN YALL'S  
NEW COUNTY, CREED? I HEAR  
OL' LONGWORTH HAS OPENED UP  
A FREEDMEN'S BUREAU AT  
SULPHUR SPRINGS..

YES, THAT DAMNED  
SCALLYWAG HAS GOT TWELVE  
UNION SOLDIERS OVER THERE AND  
IS RAISIN' HELL AMONGST DIALS  
AND POLLEY'S NIGRAHS!



WILLIAM LONGWORTH, A CANADIAN BY BIRTH AND POST-MASTER AT RANCHO BEFORE THE WAR, HAS BENEFITED FROM THE CHANGING OF THE GUARD.

BUT WE GOT RID OF TH' RASCAL ON THE COUNTY LEVEL.

DAN BIRD'S A COMMISSIONER AND PROSPECTS LOOK REAL GOOD FOR WALKER BAYLOR AS CHIEF JUSTICE.



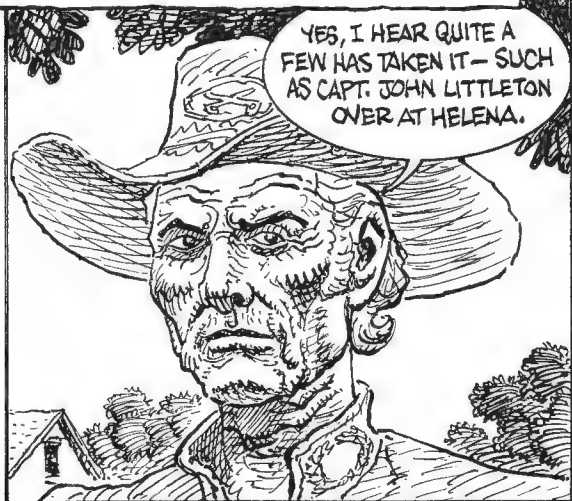
YEAH, BUT HOW DO YOU KNOW LONGWORTH WON'T GET A MILITARY WRIT + OVERTURN TH' WHOLE BUSINESS?

CAN'T SAY.. LEASTWISE, SOME OF OUR CROWD HAS TAKEN THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE.



THE 'AMNESTY OATH,' NECESSARY FOR FORMER REBELS TO PARTICIPATE IN CIVIL AFFAIRS.

YES, I HEAR QUITE A FEW HAS TAKEN IT— SUCH AS CAPT. JOHN LITTLETON OVER AT HELENA.



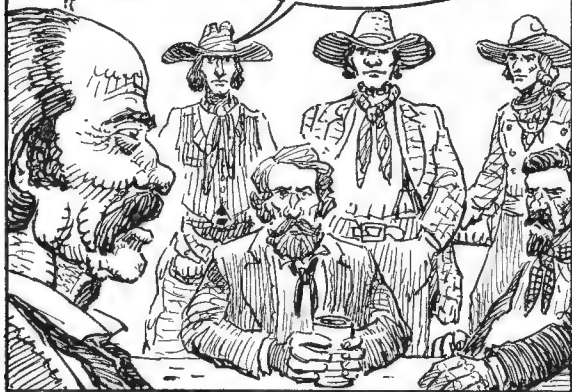
JACK TOOK IT?!? DAMN HIS HIDE— HE WUZ ONE OF TH' LOUDEST SECESSIONISTS AROUND!!

YEAH. NO SOONER WAS HE BACK FROM TH' BIG CONVENTION THAN HE STARTED RAISIN' COMPANIES OF FIGHTIN' MEN!



OLD JOE TUMLINSON PUTS IT SUCCINCTLY...

WAHL BOYS, THESE IS STRANGE TIMES, WHAT MAKES PEOPLE DO SOME STRANGE THINGS.



I SEE IT THIS WAY: BETTER TO TAKE TH' BLASTED OATH AND STAY ON IN TH' SADDLE THAN LET TH' SCALAWAGS AND NIGRAHS RUN THINGS, DONCHA' THINK? AIN'T THAT SO??

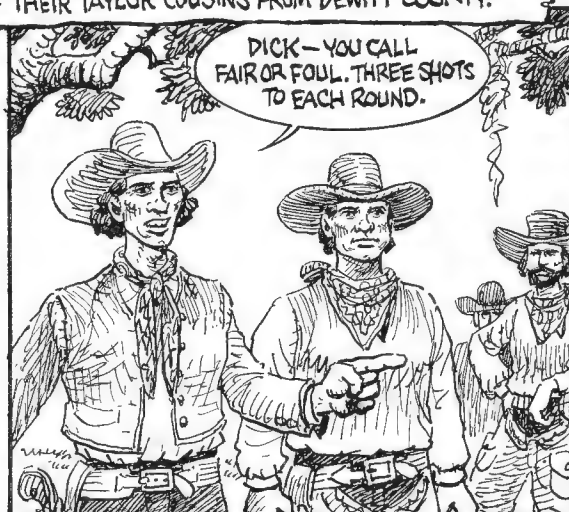


A MURMUR OF AGREEMENT GOES UP, BUT THE OATH REMAINS A DEGRADING REMINDER OF CONQUEST FOR MOST SOUTHERNERS.

AWAY FROM THE MAIN HOUSE, THE YOUNGER CROWD ENTERTAINS ITSELF IN A DIFFERENT WAY.



IT IS ORGANIZED BY HAYS AND DOBOY, ALONG WITH THEIR TAYLOR COUSINS FROM DEWITT COUNTY.



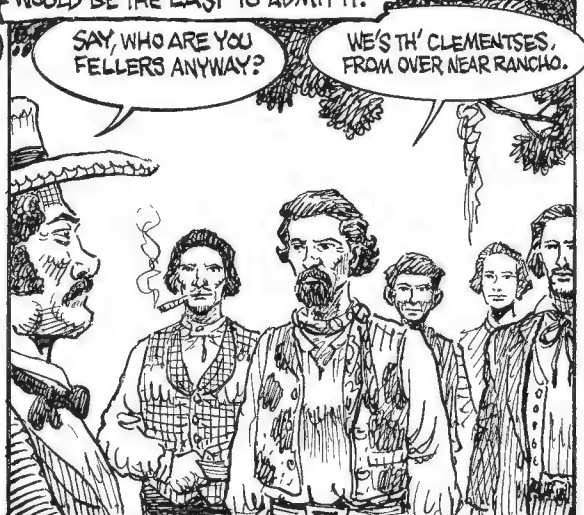
BUCK, A SON OF WILLIAM RILEY TAYLOR AND JOE'S SISTER ELIZABETH TUMLINSON, IS THERE WITH HIS COUSINS, THE CHISHOLM BROTHERS - ONE OF WHICH IS DICK.



ANOTHER CLUSTER OF YOUNG MEN ASKS THE INEVITABLE QUESTION..



IT IS, BUT THE PROUD SONS OF EMANUEL CLEMENTS WOULD BE THE LAST TO ADMIT IT.



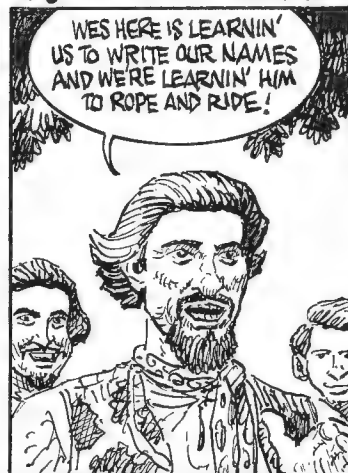




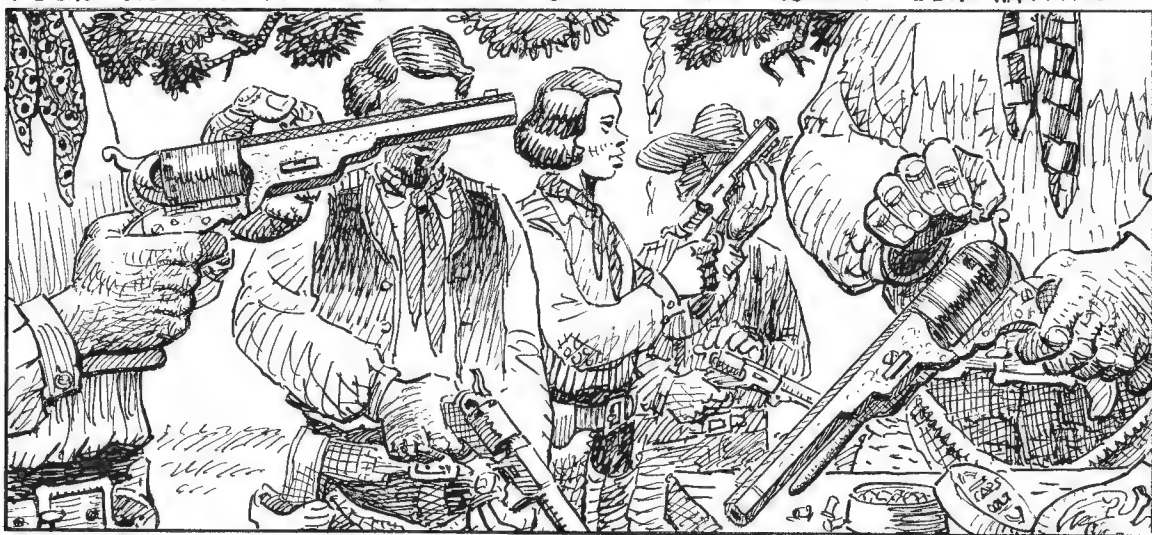
FOR A 13 YEAR-OLD, WES HARDIN EYES DOBOY TAYLOR STERNLY.



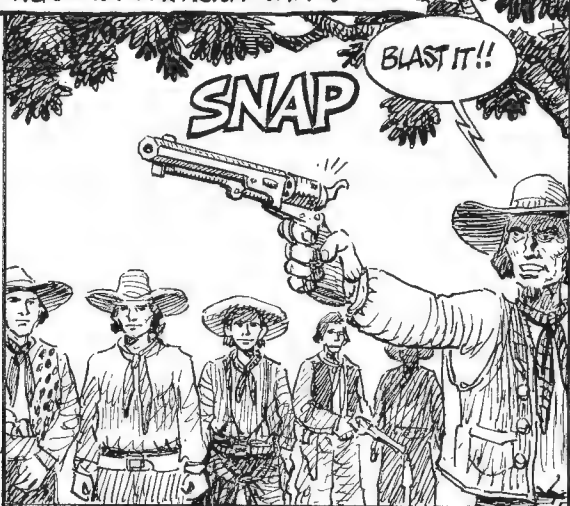
MANNING CLEMENTS KNOWS HIS COUSIN'S FIESTY NATURE AND IS QUICK TO DEFUSE THE SITUATION.



THE SHOOTISTS LOOK TO THEIR PISTOLS, A MOTLEY COLLECTION OF BROKEN DOWN RELICS FROM THE PRE-WAR YEARS.



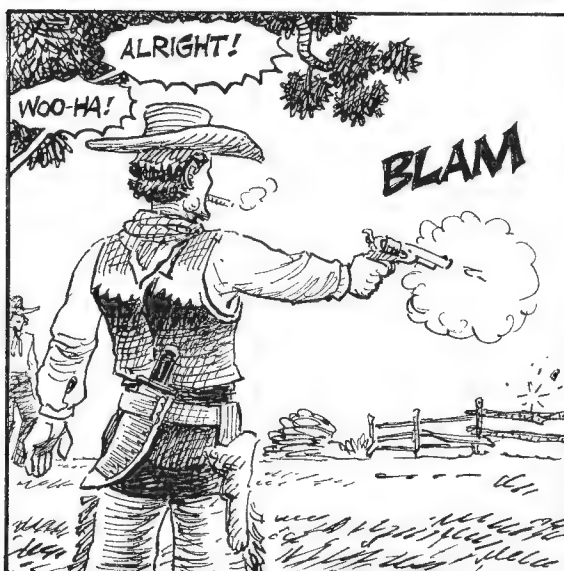
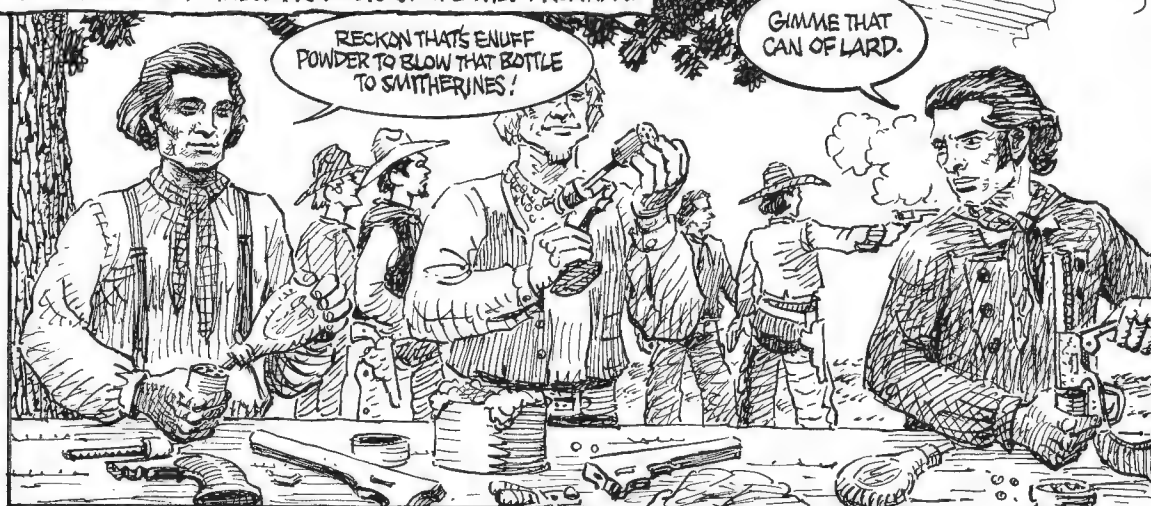
"SNAPPING" IS AS COMMON WITH THESE WEAPONS AS AN ACTUAL SHOT IS.



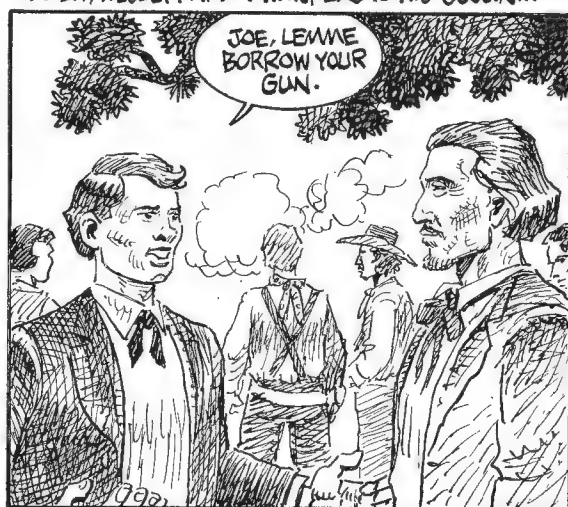
THAT'S TWO-A-HIT AND A MISS. JIM GETS TO RELOAD FOR ANOTHER GO!



RELOADING THE OLD CAP AND BALL IS A CHORE, BUT ONE THAT COMES AS SECOND NATURE TO THESE PRODUCTS OF THE WILD FRONTIER.



AS THE CONTEST NEARS THE BOTTOM OF THE PECKING ORDER, WESLEY HARDIN WHISPERS TO HIS COUSIN...



IT IS A DECREPIT OLD COLT DRAGOON, ALMOST AS BIG AS THE BOY HIMSELF.

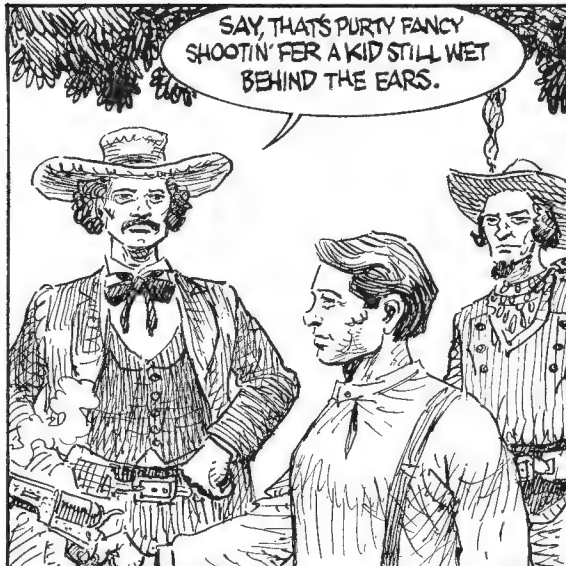




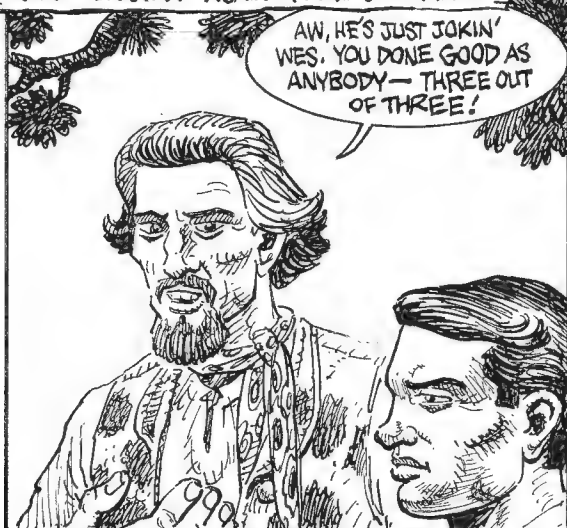
THE RESULTS ARE HOLLERED OUT.



SAY, THAT'S PURTY FANCY SHOOTIN' FER A KID STILL WET BEHIND THE EARS.



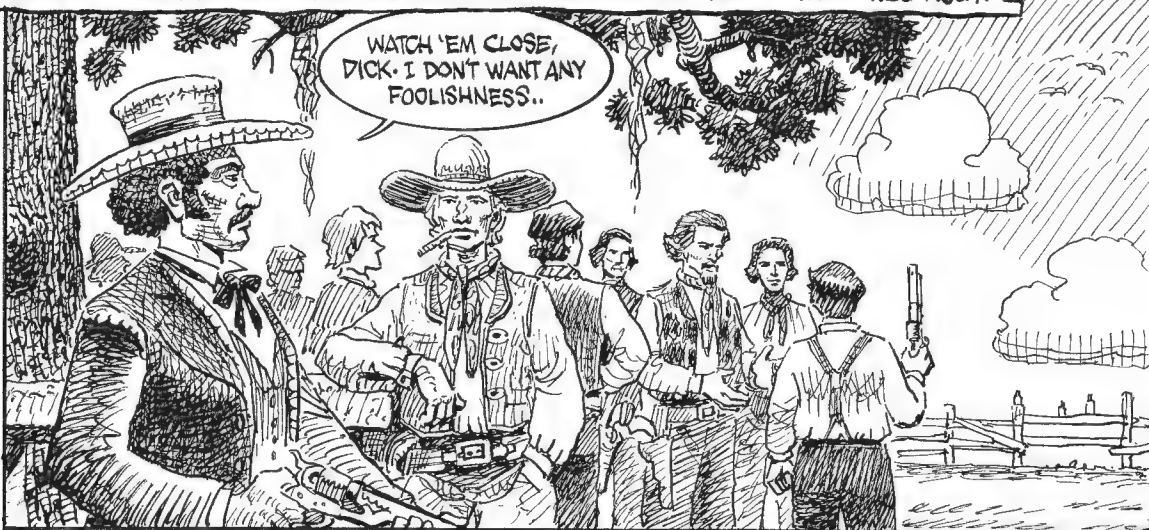
HARDIN BRISTLES. AGAIN MANNING IS THERE.



THE SECOND ROUND BEGINS, THOSE ELIMINATED PLACING SIDE BETS ON FAVORED CONTENDERS.



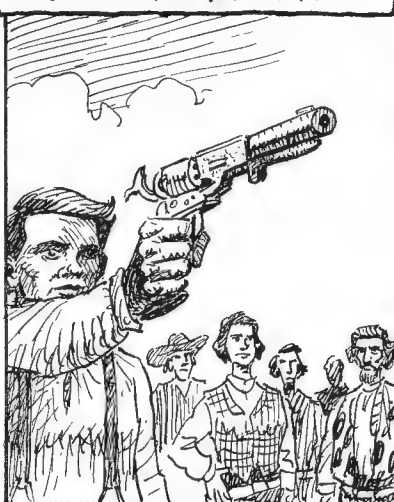
FINALLY IT COMES DOWN TO LITTLE WES HARDIN AND BUCK TAYLOR (WHO IS TWICE WES' AGE).



THIS TIME BUCK IS NOT SO LUCKY.  
HE HITS ONE BOTTLE, MISSES ONE,  
AND GRAZES THE THIRD.



THE PRESSURE IS ON. WES LICKS HIS  
LIPS AND TAKES CAREFUL AIM.



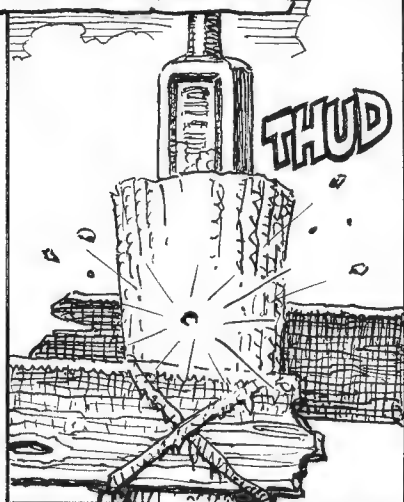
HE MISSES THE FIRST  
BUT NAILS THE SECOND.



THE EXCITEMENT GROWS.



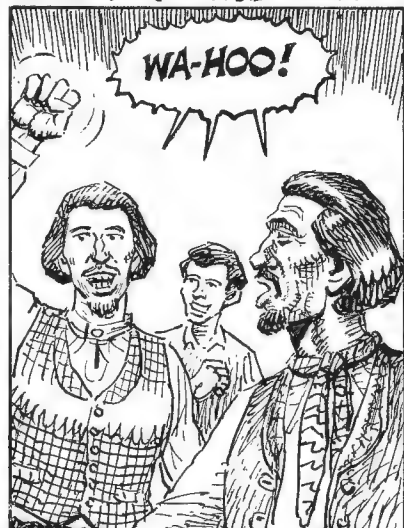
HIS FINAL SHOT HITS THE  
POST BELOW HIS MARK..



BUT THE FIRST BOTTLE  
SWAYS AND FALLS!

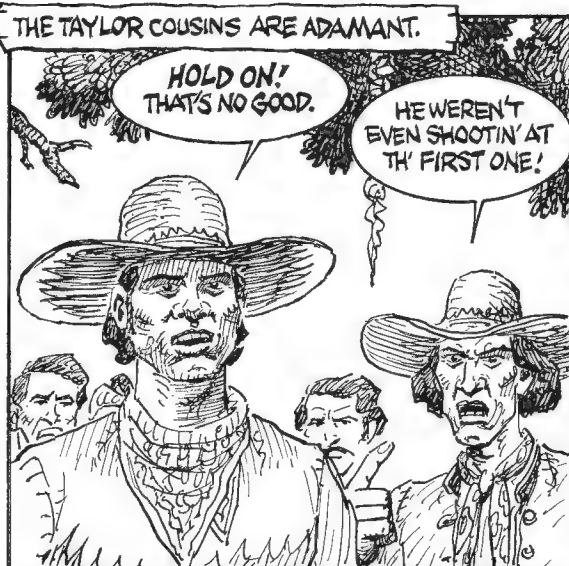


THE CLEMENTS BOYS ARE JUBILANT.





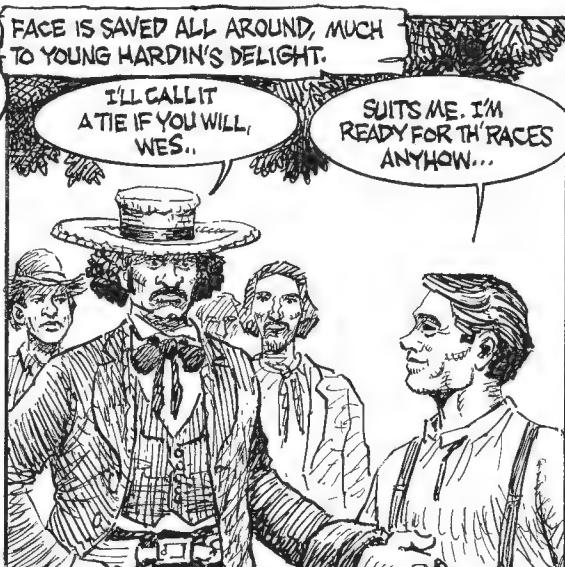
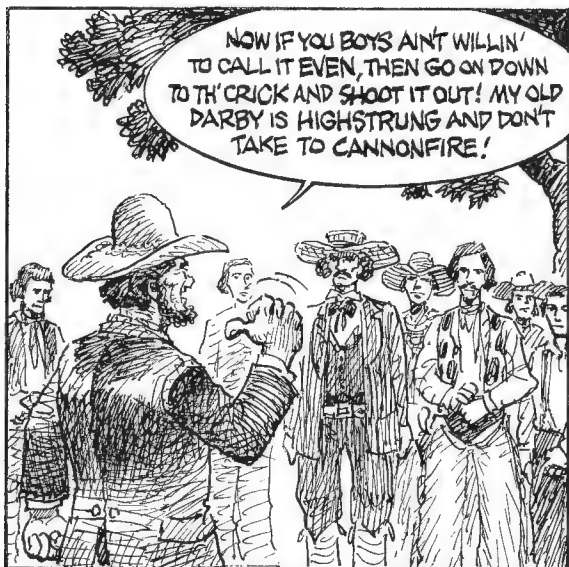
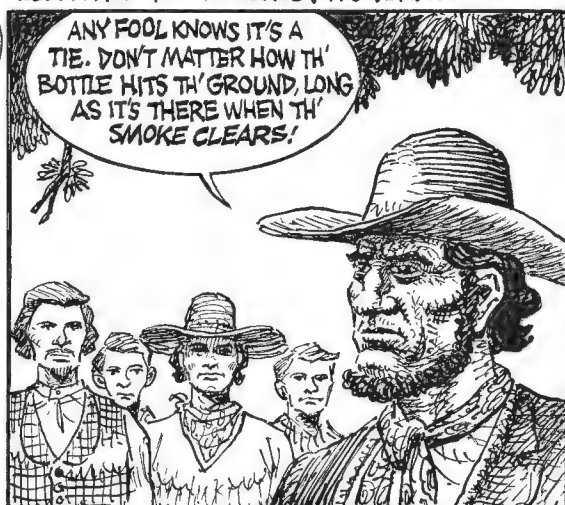
THE TAYLOR COUSINS ARE ADAMANT.



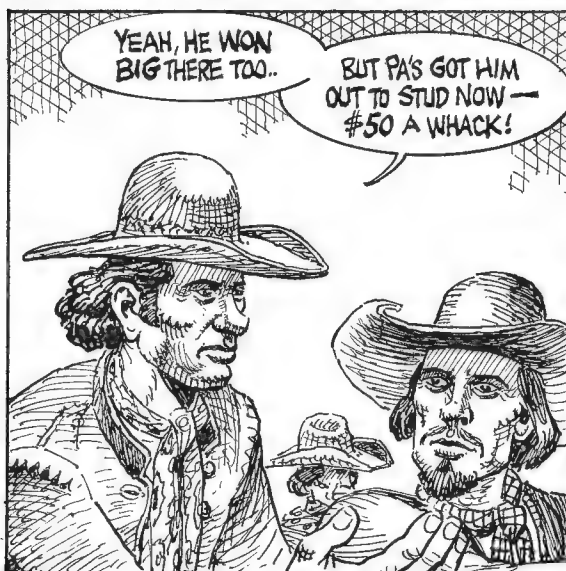
CREED STOMPS OUT TOWARD THE RUCKUS.



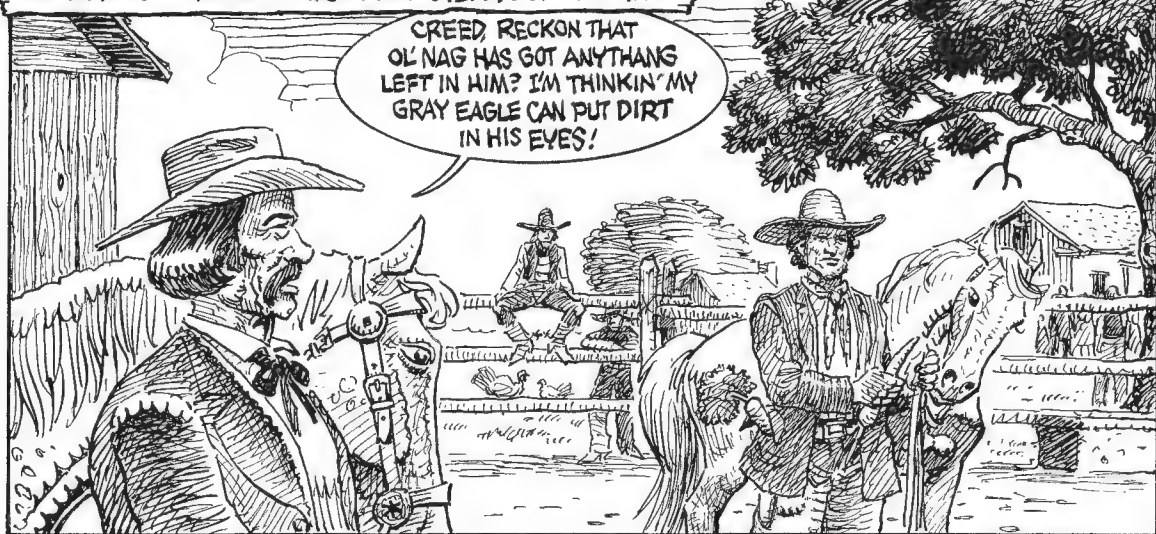
THEY EXPLAIN THE POINT OF DISSENT TO THEIR ELDER AND HE PRONOUNCES HIS VERDICT.



THE WINNERS POCKET THEIR MONEY AND DRIFT DOWN TO THE HORSE CORRAL WHERE JOCKEY OLIVER LIGHTFOOT IS PUTTING DARBY THROUGH HIS PACES.



JOE TURLINSON LEADS OUT HIS PRIZED STEELDUST STALLION.

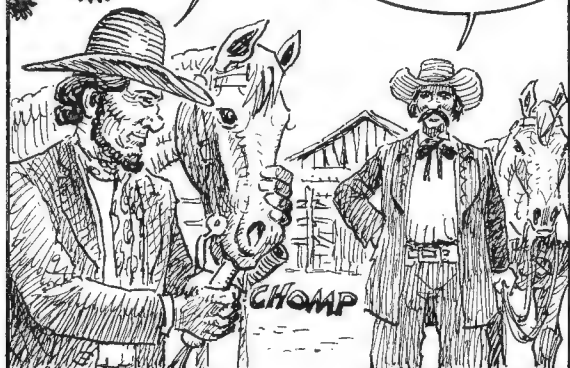




TAYLOR, AN EXPERT AT CONNING EASY MARKS, BEGINS ON HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW.

MOST LIKELY, JOE.. THIS OL' SAWBONES AINT BEEN ON A TRACK IN YEARS.

YEAH, SEEMS A SHAME TO RUN HIM ANYMORE. MIGHT BE FATAL! GUESS MY STEEL-DUST IS TOP-DOG NOW.

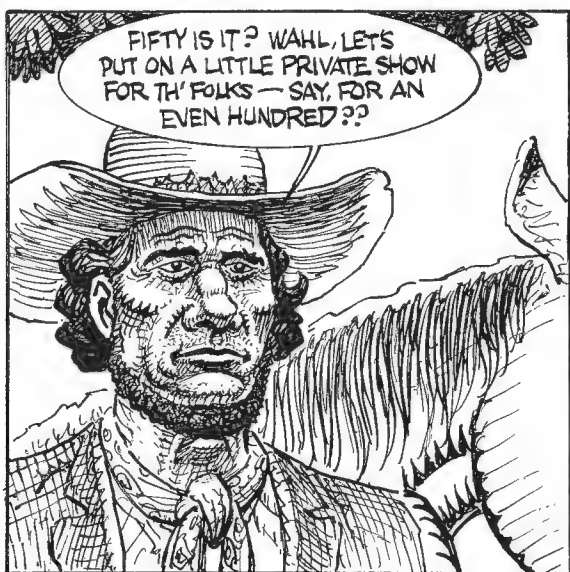


FROM WHAT I HEAR HE'S A DANDY PONY—ON ANY KIND OF GROUND.

I THINK SO — AND HAVE \$50 TO BACK IT UP!!



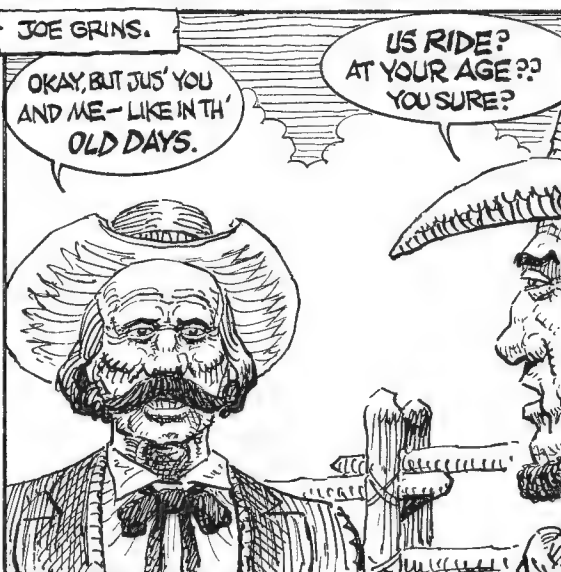
FIFTY IS IT? WAHL, LETS PUT ON A LITTLE PRIVATE SHOW FOR TH' FOLKS — SAY, FOR AN EVEN HUNDRED??



JOE GRINS.

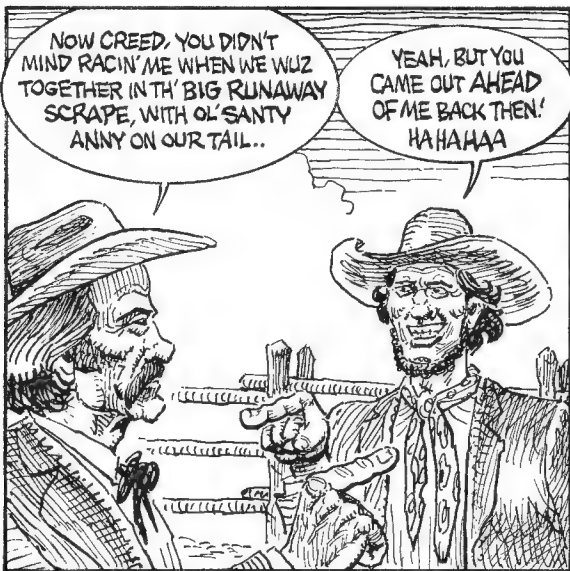
OKAY, BUT JUS' YOU AND ME — LIKE IN TH' OLD DAYS.

US RIDE? AT YOUR AGE?? YOU SURE?



NOW CREED, YOU DIDN'T MIND RACIN' ME WHEN WE WUZ TOGETHER IN TH' BIG RUNAWAY SCRAPE, WITH OL' SANTY ANNY ON OUR TAIL..

YEAH, BUT YOU CAME OUT AHEAD OF ME BACK THEN! HAHAA

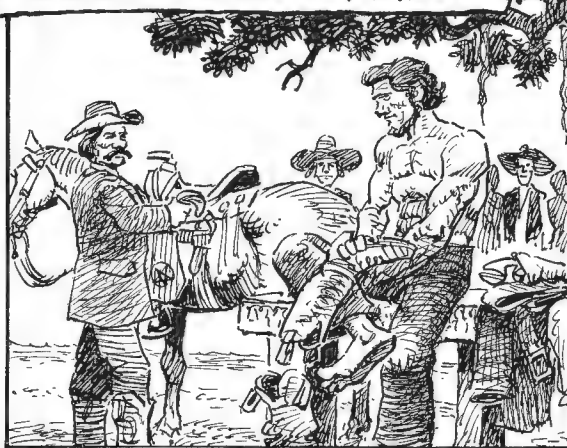


SO THE CROWD GATHERS AT A CLEARING BEHIND THE TUMLINSON HOUSE TO WATCH THE "OLD TIMERS" HAVE A GO AT IT... CREED IS 46 AND JOE 55.

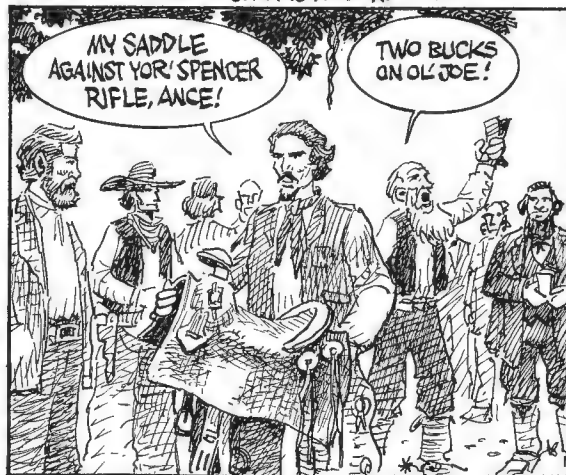
'ROUND THAT MOTTE YONDER, ALONG THE GULLY AND BACK HERE — JUST ABOUT A MILE..



CREED STRIPS FOR ACTION WHILE JOE VIEWS THE SCENE WITH BEAMUSED INDIFFERENCE..



BETTING AMONG THE CLAN IS HOT AND HEAVY.



AT THE SOUND OF THE GUN THEY STREAK OFF, ADVANCING YEARS FORGOTTEN.



CREED'S TACTICS REFLECT HIS EXPERIENCE IN THE PROFESSION.



JOE BARELY AVOIDS A LOW BRANCH, BUT GRAY EAGLE THUNDERS ON.



AS THEY NEAR THE FINISH LINE, CREED DIGS IN HIS BARE HEELS AND TURNS OLD DARBY LOOSE.





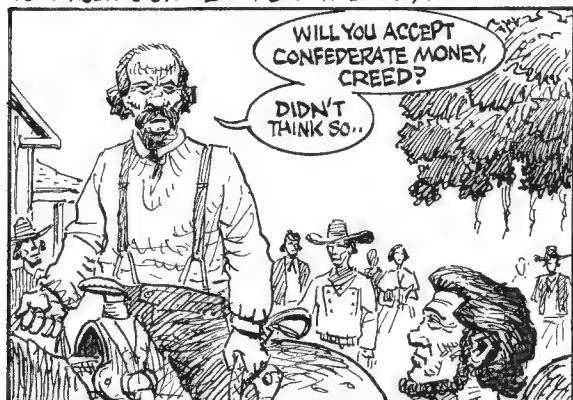
RELATIVES RESPOND AND REV. HARDIN'S EXORTATIONS REND HEAVEN'S VEIL.



DARBY EDGES THE CONTENDER BY A NOSE - ALMOST TOO CLOSE TO CALL.



TUMLINSON IS GRACEFUL ABOUT IT. SURLY, BUT GRACEFUL.



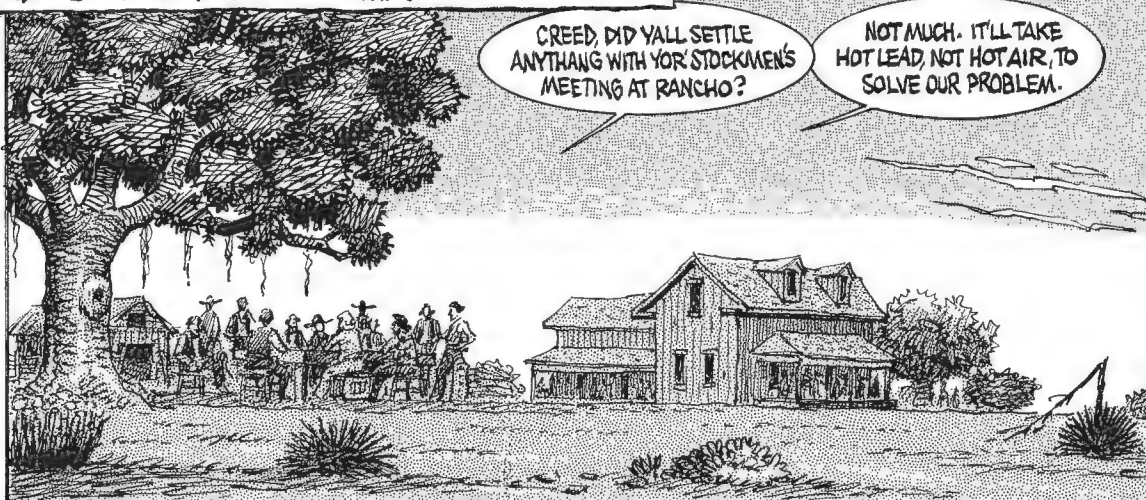
FIVE \$20 GOLD PIECES COME OUT OF OL' JOE'S MORRAL.



AND SO THEY DO, EXCEPT THIS TIME THE FIELD IS CROWDED.



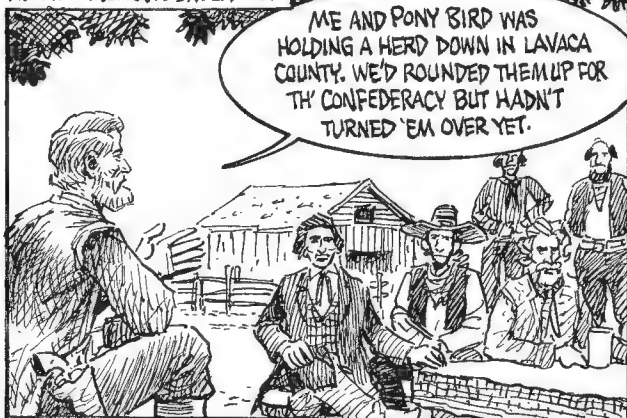
FINALLY, AS THE SUN SINKS BELOW THE RUGGED HORIZON, THINGS QUIETEN AND THE MEN TALK OF RANCHING IN MUTED VOICES.



CREED, DID YALL SETTLE ANYTHANG WITH YOR STOCKMEN'S MEETING AT RANCHO?

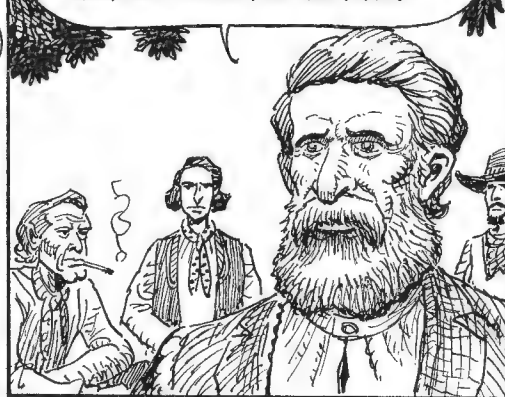
NOT MUCH. IT'LL TAKE HOT LEAD, NOT HOT AIR, TO SOLVE OUR PROBLEM.

THE "PROBLEM" BEGAN AFTER THE BREAK-UP, WHEN EVERYTHING REMOTELY CONSIDERED GOVERNMENT PROPERTY WAS POUNCED UPON. ANCIL JACKSON EXPLAINS.



ME AND PONY BIRD WAS HOLDING A HERD DOWN IN LAVACA COUNTY. WE'D ROUNDED THEM UP FOR TH' CONFEDERACY BUT HADN'T TURNED 'EM OVER YET.

A GANG OF POLECATS HIT OUR CAMP AND TOOK ALL 500 HEAD AT GUNPOINT. SAID THEY WUZ OWED BACK-PAY. HELL, I HADN'T BEEN PAID MYSELF FOR TWO YEARS!



FROM THAT SORT OF THIEVERY THESE SO-CALLED SOLDIERS STARTED FORMING INTO PACKS, CARRYING IRONS WITH THEM AN' BRANDIN' EVERYTHING IN SIGHT—ALTERING BRANDS, TOO.

HERD AFTER HERD IS DRIVEN OUT AND NOBODY KNOWS TH' RIGHTFUL OWNER.

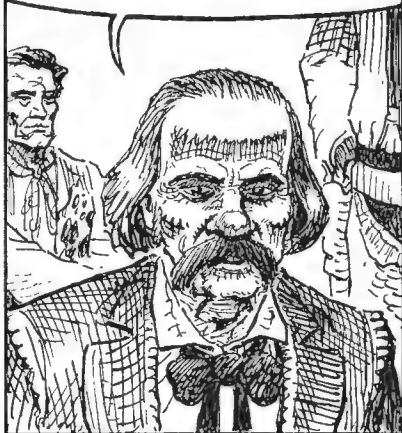
THAT'S WHY WE APPOINTED INSPECTORS FOR OUR RANGE, AND YOU CAN BE DAMN SURE NO COWS ARE GONNA LEAVE WILSON + GONZALES COUNTIES WITHOUT TH' BRANDS BEING RECORDED.

AND MONEY PASSIN' HANDS!

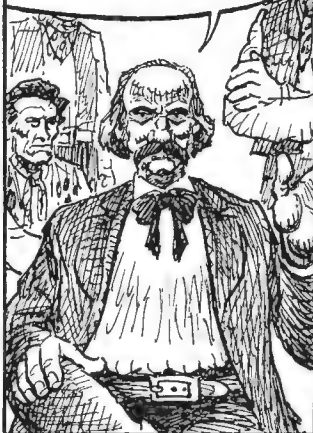




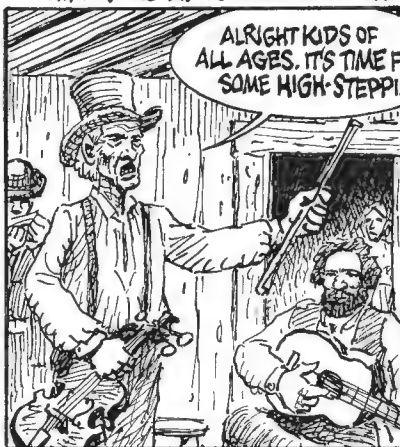
IT'S BAD DOWN HERE TOO, MAYBE WORSE. DURING TH' WAR I LOST 1,300 HEAD OVER AT FT. CLARK. WE'RE TALKIN' ABOUT OUR OWN ASSOCIATION AT HELENA.



SOONER OR LATER, BOYS, WE GOT TO CLEAN UP THIS COUNTRY AND SEPARATE TH' SHEEP FROM TH' GOATS!

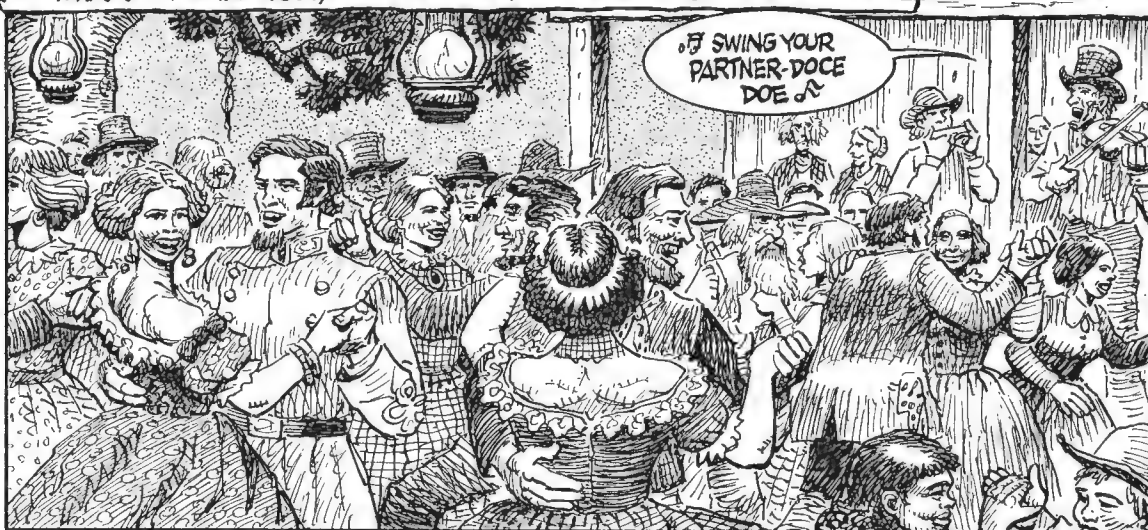


MULLING JOE'S WORDS OVER, THE SOMBER RANCHERS HEAR THE BAND TUNING UP ON THE FRONT PORCH. LIKE MOST SOUTHERN CLANS, THIS ONE HAS ITS SHARE OF MUSICIANS.



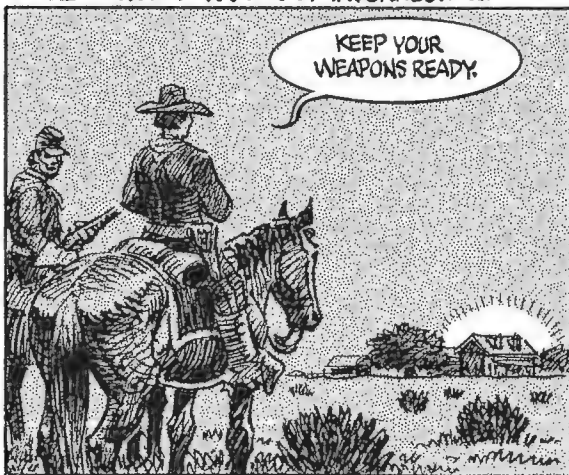
ALRIGHT KIDS OF ALL AGES. IT'S TIME FOR SOME HIGH-STEPPIN'.

LANTERNS GO UP IN THE TREES, JUGS ARE OPENED, AND THE PARTY IS SOON UNDERWAY.



♪ SWING YOUR PARTNER-DOCE DOE ♪

BUT THIS TRIBAL STOMP HAS NOT ESCAPED THE NOTICE OF A CERTAIN SQUAD OF YANKEE SOLDIERS, ALWAYS ON THE LOOKOUT FOR DENS OF INSURRECTION.



KEEP YOUR WEAPONS READY.

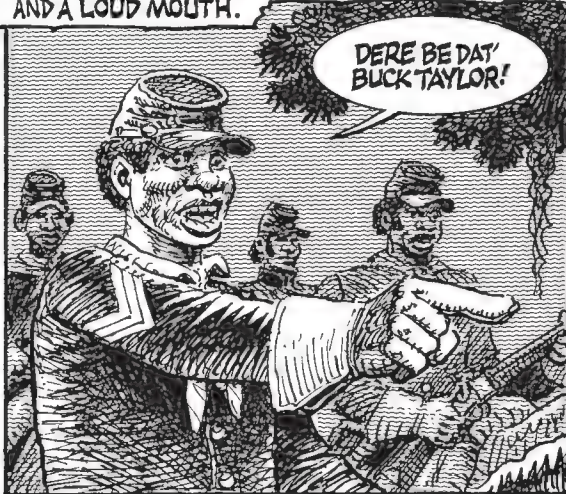
WORD HAS SPREAD THAT BUCK TAYLOR WILL BE IN ATTENDANCE, AND BUCK IS WANTED ON SOME MINOR OFFENSE AGAINST A STAUNCH "UNION MAN."



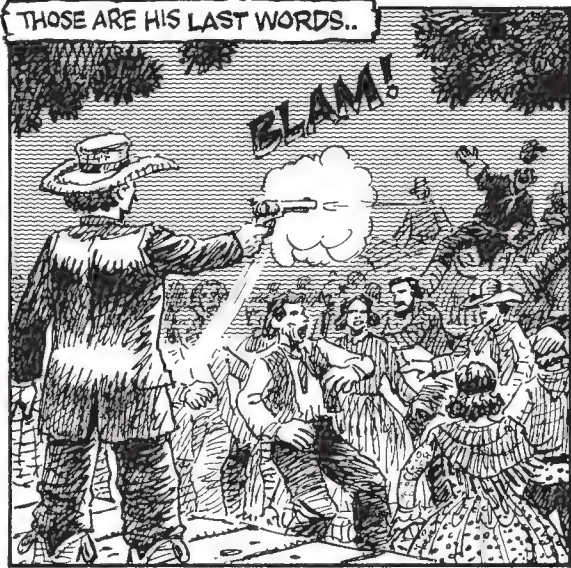
STEP ASIDE! MAKE WAY YOU REBS!



IT IS AN UNFORTUNATE CIRCUMSTANCE THAT THE BLACK SERGEANT ATTACHED TO THIS PATROL HAS KEEN EYES AND A LOUD MOUTH.



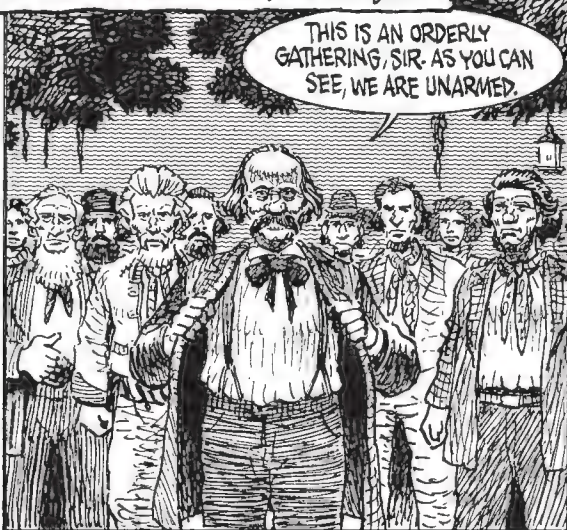
THOSE ARE HIS LAST WORDS..



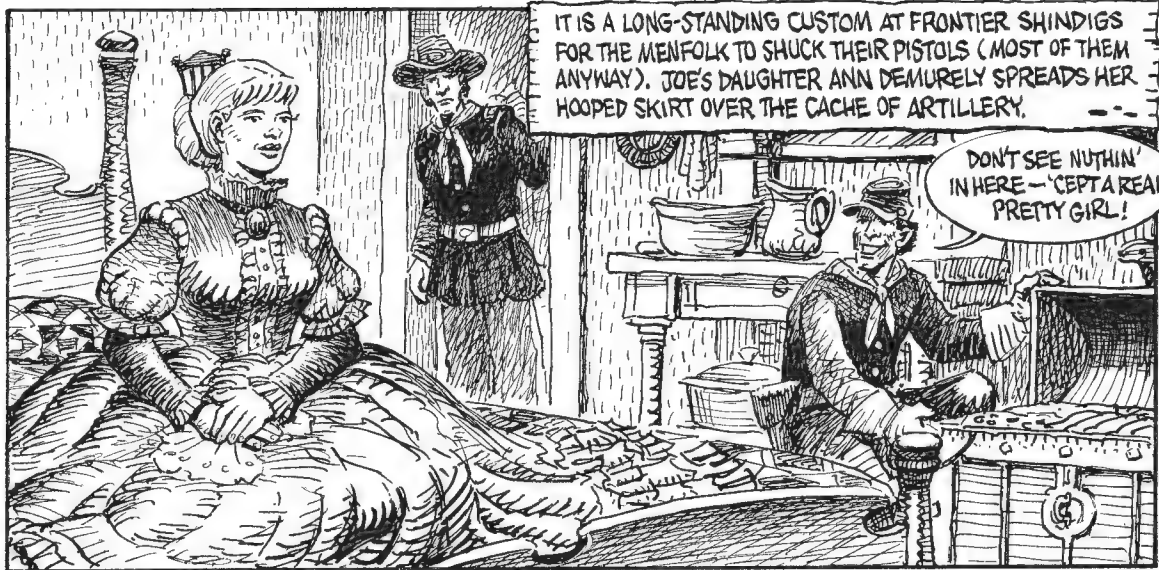
IN THE CONFUSION THAT FOLLOWS, BUCK RUNS INTO THE HOUSE AND ESCAPES THROUGH A BACK DOOR.



JOE STEPS FORWARD AND CALLS FOR QUIET.



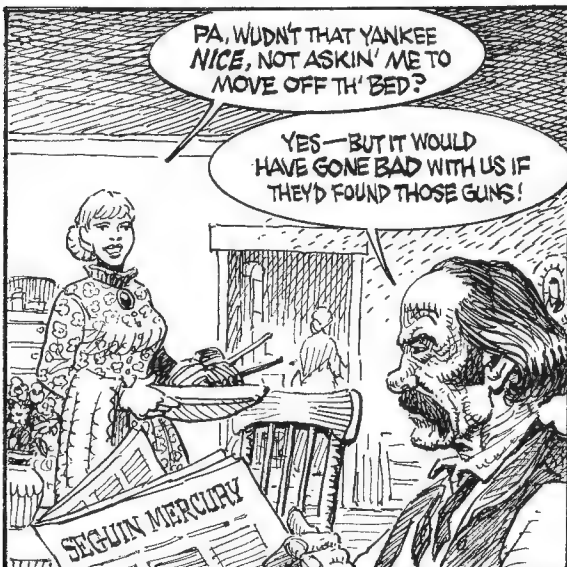
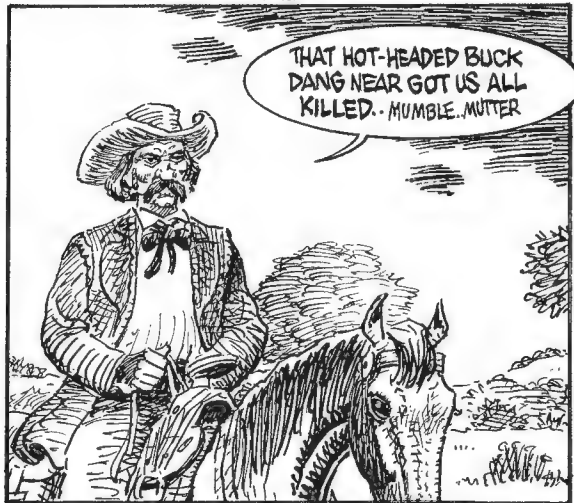




NONETHELESS, ALL THE MEN WHO HAVE NOT SCATTERED INTO THE BRUSH ARE ROUNDED UP AND TAKEN TO SAN ANTONIO IN CHAINS.



AFTER QUESTIONING, THEY ARE RELEASED. JOE TUMLINSON MAKES HIS WAY HOME WITH A WORRIED MIND.



HIS NEPHEW BUCK TAYLOR HAS TO GO 'ON THE DODGE'. HE BECOMES KNOWN AS THE LEADER OF THE TAYLOR PARTY.



# THE TAYLOR PARTY

SHORTLY AFTER THIS NEAR DISASTER, HAYS TAYLOR TAKES A HERD FROM WILSON COUNTY TO THE BUSTLING PORT OF INDIANOLA.



HE GOES INTO A SALOON WITH SOME OTHER COWBOYS TO WASH THE DUST FROM HIS THROAT.



WHILE THEY ARE DRINKING, SEVERAL NEGRO SOLDIERS ENTER AND PUSH THEIR WAY TO THE BAR:

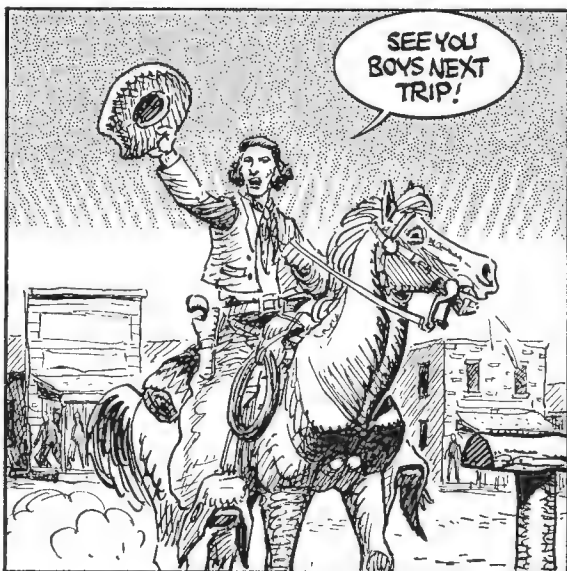
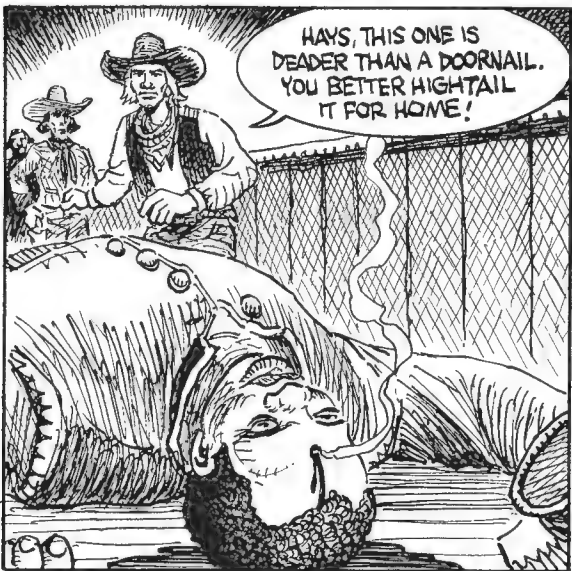
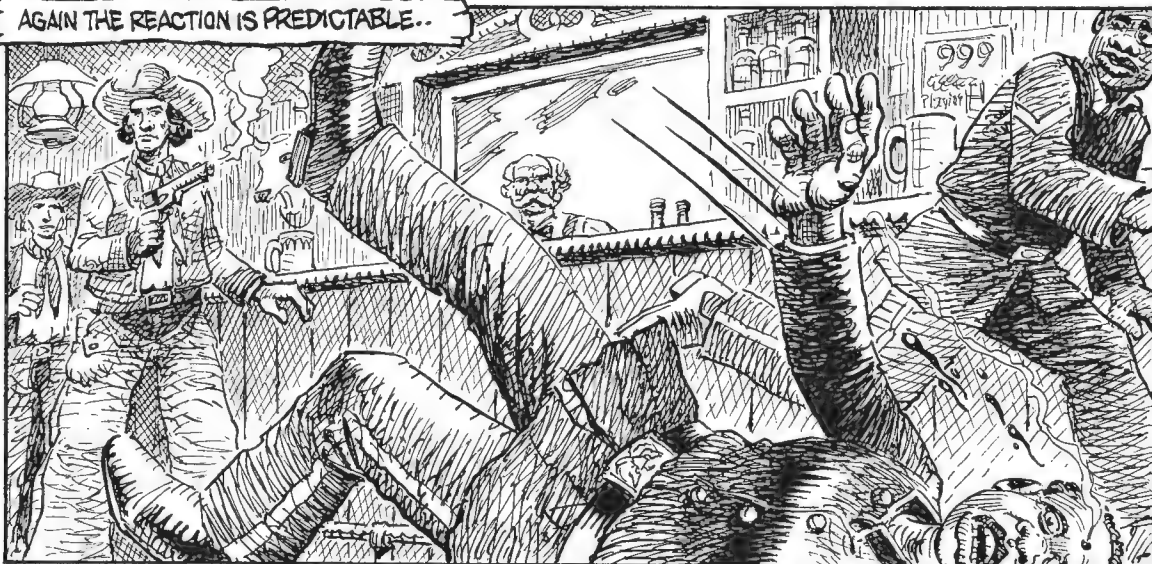




HAYS REACTS WITH PREDICTABLE SOUTHERN DISDAIN.



AGAIN THE REACTION IS PREDICTABLE..



FIFTEEN MILES OUTSIDE OF INDIANOLA,  
HAYS RUNS INTO A MILITARY PATROL.

HOLD UP THERE!  
WHAT'S YOUR BIG HURRY?



HE NOTICES THAT THE SERGEANT'S MULE IS  
FRESHLY BRANDED. IT IS A DEAD RINGER  
FOR ONE BELONGING TO A FRIEND AT HALLETTSVILLE.

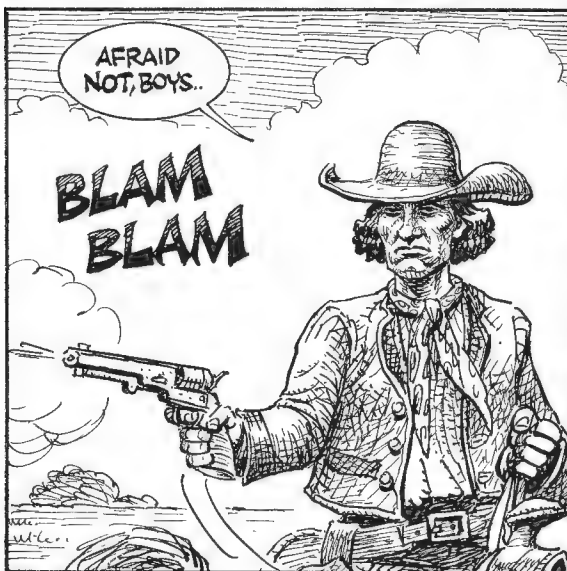
WHERE'D YOU GET  
THAT THERE MULE,  
SARGE?

I'LL ASK TH' QUES-  
TIONS. NOW YOU COME  
WITH US.!!



AFRAID  
NOT, BOYS..

**BLAM  
BLAM**



GIT, YOU  
RASCALS!



COME ON, MULE.  
I'M TAKIN' YOU BACK  
TO MR. WALTON.

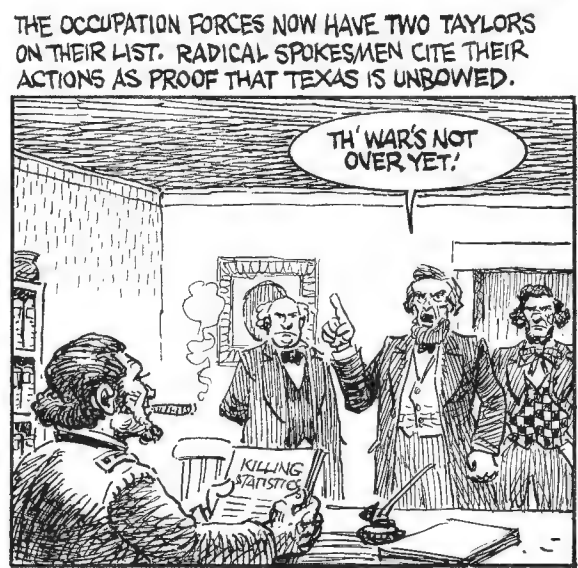
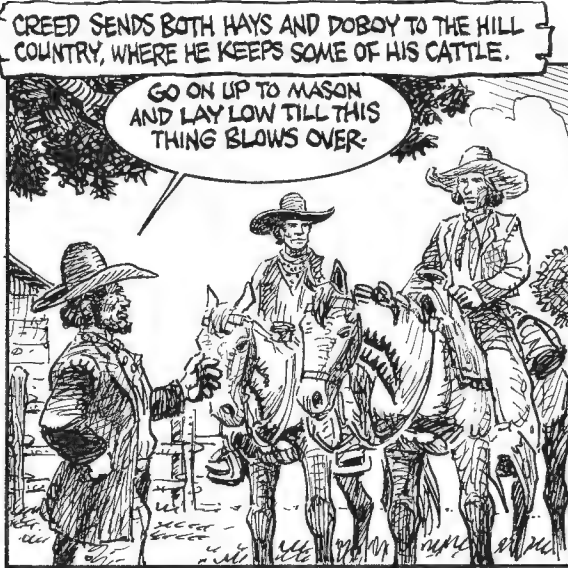
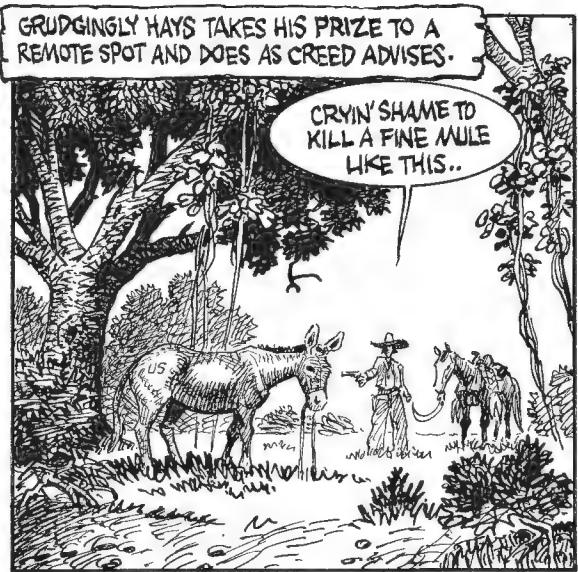
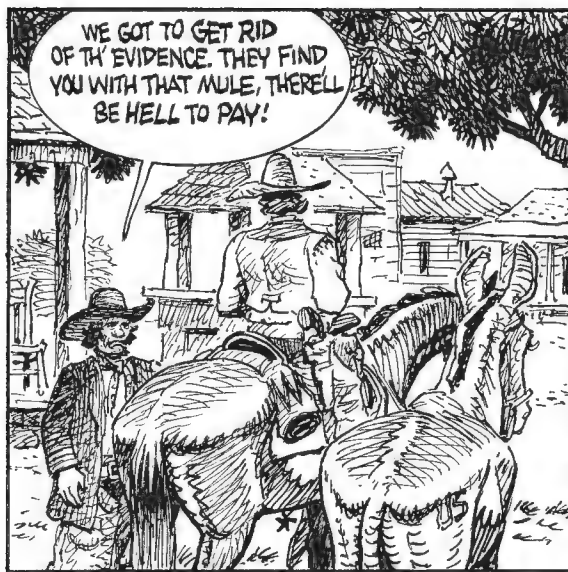


AT HELENA HAYS MEETS HIS FATHER  
AND TELLS HIM WHAT HAPPENED.

DAMMIT SON - GEORGE  
WALTON FOUND HIS MULE  
LAST WEEK. YOU'RE IN A  
PACK OF TROUBLE!

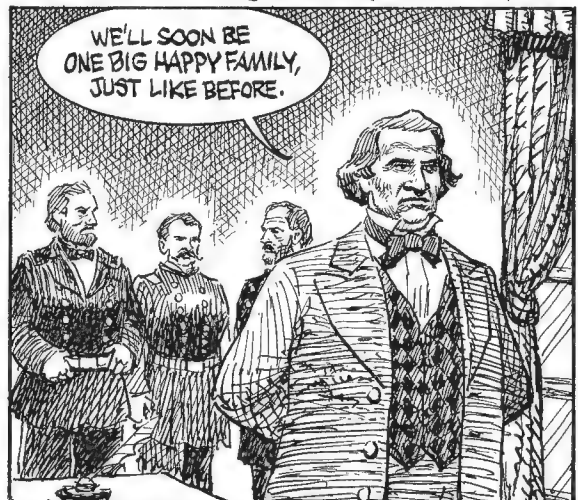
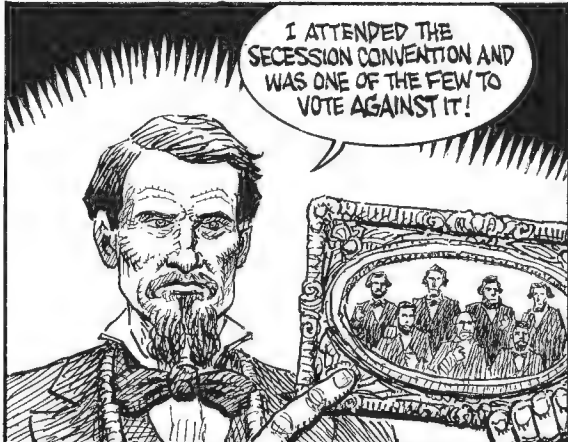






MEANWHILE, THE OLD GUARD TRIES TO REGAIN CONTROL OF ITS POLITICAL FUTURE. THROCKMORTON, A "CONSERVATIVE," BEATS THE "RADICAL" UNION CANDIDATE, PEASE, IN THE ELECTION FOR GOVERNOR.

IN AUGUST 1866 PRESIDENT JOHNSON DECLARES THE REBELLION AT AN END IN THE STATE OF TEXAS.



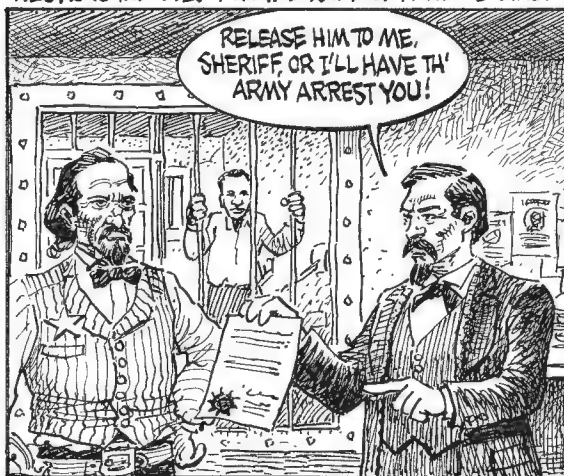
THROCKMORTON, IN HIS ATTEMPT TO WREST CIVIL AUTHORITY FROM THE MILITARY ESTABLISHMENT, RUNS INTO STIFF OPPOSITION.



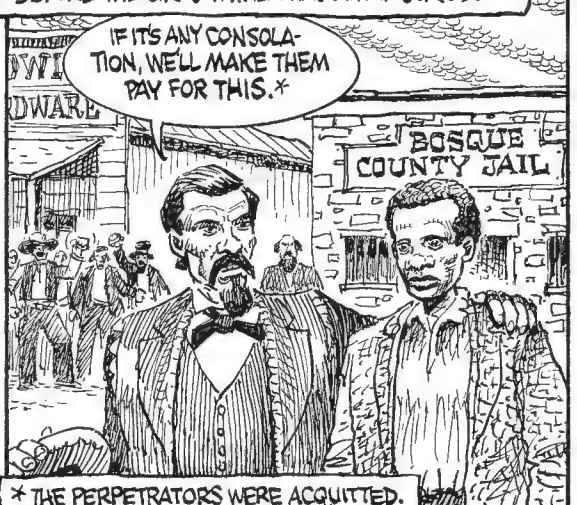
THE DEFEATED RADICALS RAIL AGAINST THROCKMORTON'S CONSERVATIVE FACTION, CONVINCED THAT IT INTENDS TO HOLD THE NEGRO IN BONDAGE, DENY HIM HIS CIVIL RIGHTS — AND REMOVE THEM FROM LUCRATIVE OFFICES ACROSS THE STATE.



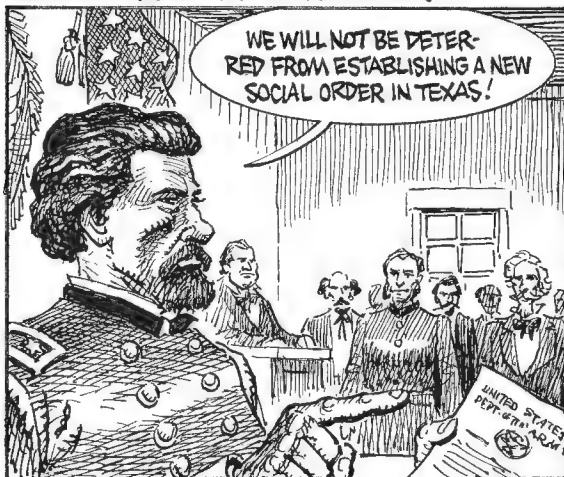
AGENTS OF THE FREEDMEN'S BUREAU KEEP THE POT BOILING, AS IN BOSQUE COUNTY WHERE A YOUNG NEGRO IS INDICTED FOR THE RAPE OF A WHITE GIRL.



THE GUILTY MAN IS DELIVERED UP — BUT NOT BEFORE THE GIRL'S FATHER HAS HIM CASTRATED!



IN MATAGORDA COUNTY ANOTHER AGENT FORCIBLY TAKES FROM CUSTODY A FREEDMAN CHARGED WITH MURDEROUS ASSAULT. THE MILITARY UPHOLDS IT.



AT VICTORIA NEGRO TROOPS STORM THE JAIL AND SET FREE A HORSETHIEF AND A UNION SOLDIER CONVICTED OF ROBBERY, BOTH OF THEM BLACK.





THEN THEY LYNCH A WHITE MAN AWAITING TRIAL FOR KILLING A NEGRO.

OTHERWISE HE'D HAVE GONE FREE.



CITIZENS ARE ROUTINELY JAILED AND MONEY DEMANDED FROM THEM TO DROP THE CHARGES.

BUT, I'M INNOCENT!

THEN IT'LL COST YOU MORE..



IN A FEW INSTANCES COUNTY JUDGES, LAWYERS, AND EVEN NEWSPAPER EDITORS ARE JAILED FOR ACTS DISAGREEABLE TO THE MILITARY AND THEIR TOADIES.

WHAT ABOUT FREE SPEECH?

NOTHING'S FREE, AS YOU'LL SOON FIND OUT..

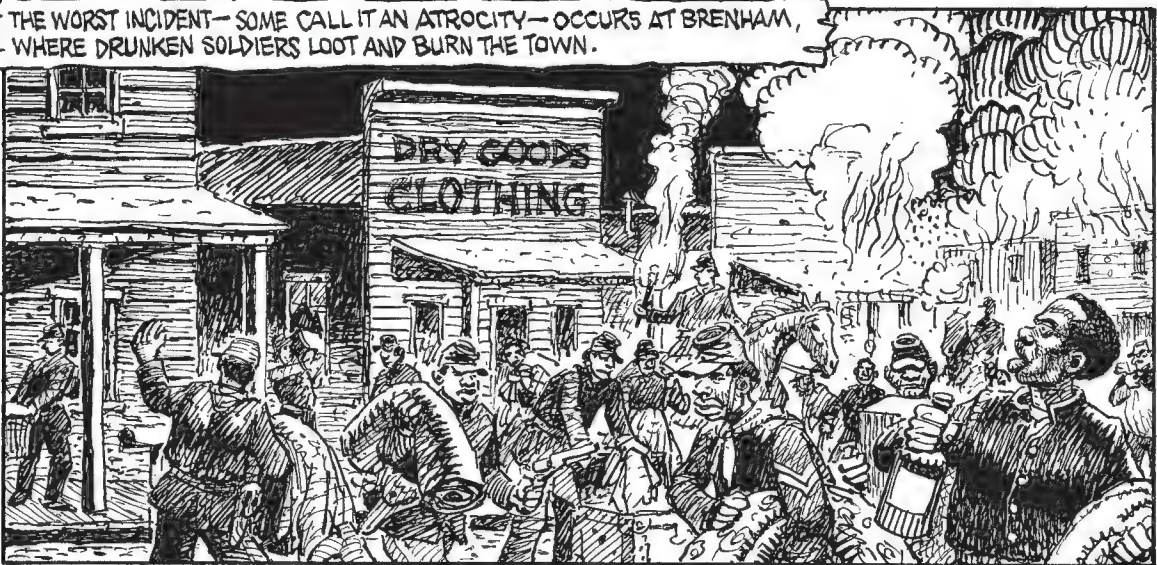


AT LOCKHART AND SEGUIN CERTAIN COURT RECORDS ARE SEIZED AND DESTROYED TO MAKE SURE "JUSTICE" IS DONE.

NO RECORDS, NO CASE.



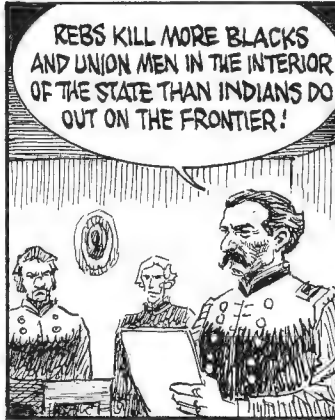
THE WORST INCIDENT— SOME CALL IT AN ATROCITY— OCCURS AT BRENHAM, WHERE DRUNKEN SOLDIERS LOOT AND BURN THE TOWN.



A JUDGEMENT AGAINST THE PERPETRATORS IS THROWN OUT BY A MILITARY TRIBUNAL.



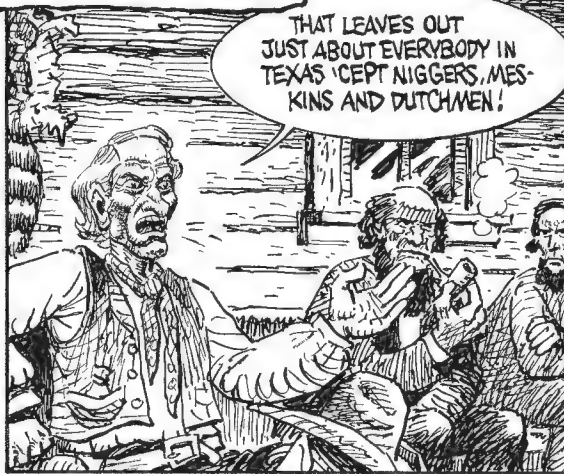
BASED ON REPORTS FROM HIS FIELD COMMANDERS, GEN. SHERIDAN CONCLUDES THAT FREEDMEN IN TEXAS CANNOT RECEIVE JUSTICE AT THE HANDS OF WHITE JURORS.



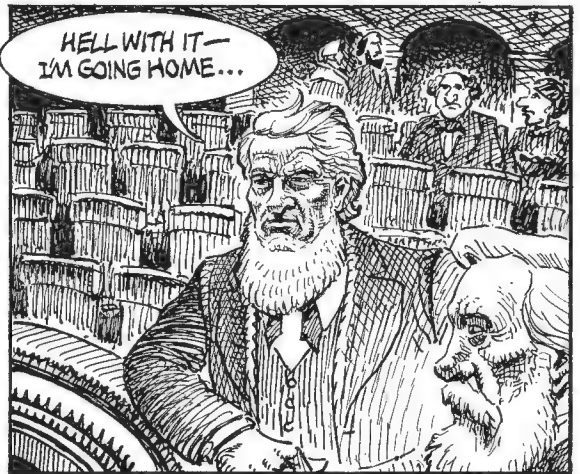
MATTERS WORSEN WHEN THE 11TH LEGISLATURE SELECTS TWO UNCOMPROMISING SECESSIONISTS AS U.S. SENATORS.



THE "IRON-CLAD OATH," REQUIRED OF ALL FEDERAL OFFICIALS, REJECTS ANY MAN WHO HAD PREVIOUSLY SERVED THE CONFEDERACY.



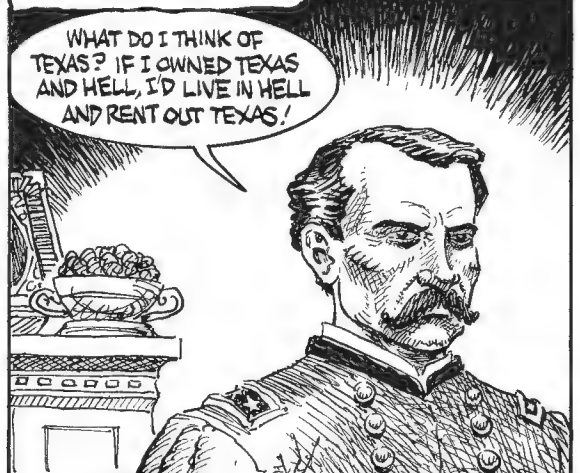
ONCE THEY ARRIVE IN WASHINGTON THE SENATORS-ELECT ARE REFUSED THEIR SEATS AND HAVE TO WATCH THE CONGRESSIONAL PROCEEDINGS FROM THE GALLERIES.



ALL THIS POLITICAL BICKERING BECOMES IRRELEVANT WHEN THE U.S. CONGRESS PASSES THE FIRST RECONSTRUCTION ACT IN MARCH OF 1867 - DECLARING THE NEW REGIMES ILLEGAL AND DIVIDING THE SOUTH INTO 5 MILITARY ZONES.



GEN. PHIL SHERIDAN, STATIONED AT NEW ORLEANS, HEADS THE FIFTH MILITARY DISTRICT CONSISTING OF LOUISIANA AND TEXAS.

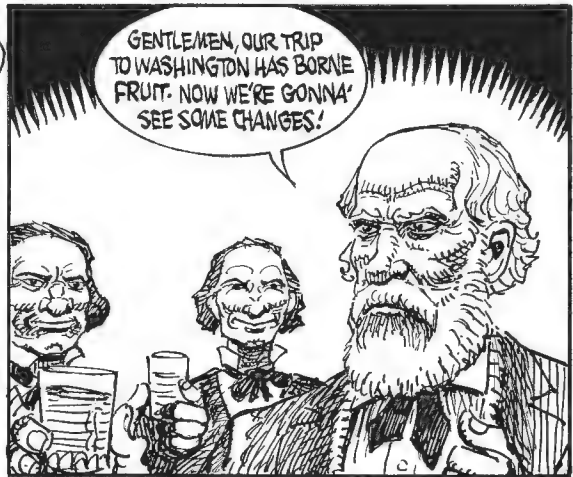




SHERIDAN'S HAND-PICKED SUBORDINATE, GEN. CHARLES GRIFFIN, IMPOSES THE NORTHERN CONSENSUS ON HIS TEXAS SUBJECTS FROM HEADQUARTERS AT GALVESTON.



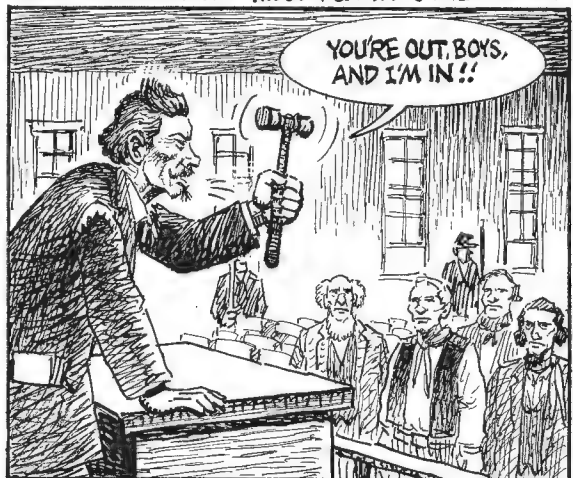
IN JULY SHERIDAN, ON THE BASIS OF GRIFFIN'S REPORTS, DECLARES THROCKWORTON AN "IMPEDIMENT" TO RECONSTRUCTION. HE IS REPLACED BY THE RADICAL PEASE.



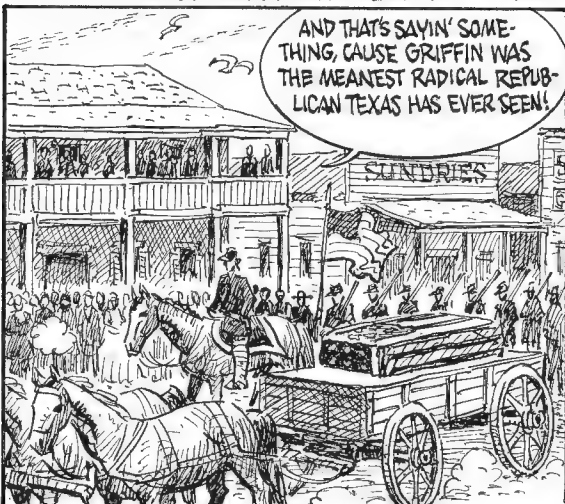
UNDER THE NEW SETUP, THE MILITARY HAS THE POWER TO REMOVE ANY PUBLIC OFFICIAL, AND THE IRON-CLAD OATH IS EXTENDED TO CIVIL JURIES.



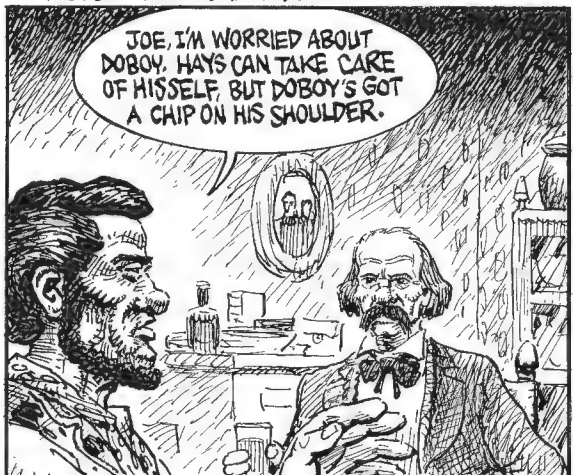
ARMED WITH MILITARY ORDERS, RADICALS, SCALAWAGS, AND CARPETBAGGERS FLOCK TO WELL-PAID POSITIONS. WILLIAM LONGWORTH IN WILSON COUNTY IS ONE OF THEM.



IN SEPT. '67 GEN. GRIFFIN DIES OF YELLOW FEVER AND IS REPLACED BY THE EVEN LESS SCRUPULOUS J.J. REYNOLDS.



CREED TAYLOR, DURING THIS CHAOTIC PERIOD, FEARS FOR THE SAFETY OF HIS SONS WHO ARE CONSTANTLY IN TROUBLE WITH THE YANKEE OVERLORDS.



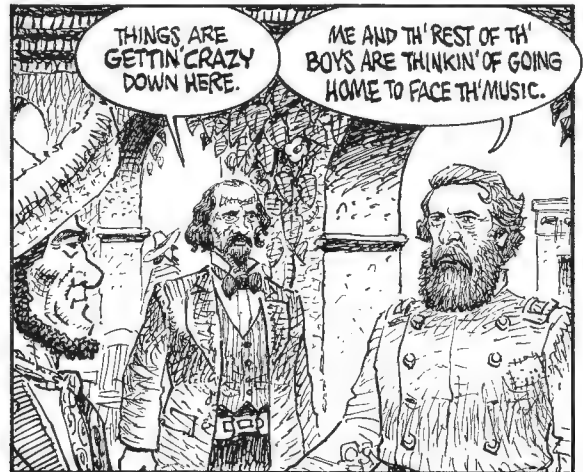
JOE TUMLINSON AGREES TO ACCOMPANY HIS FIRST WIFE'S BROTHER AND HIS NEPHEW, DOBOY, TO MEXICO.



BUT THEY SOON LEARN THAT MONTERREY IS A DANGEROUS PLACE FOR GRINGOS.



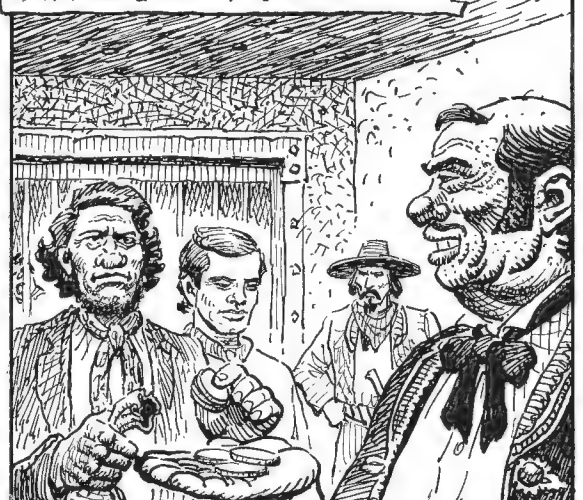
MAXIMILIAN HAS JUST BEEN EXECUTED AT QUERETARO, AND NOT ONLY THE FORMER REBS WHO COURTED HIS FAVOR BUT ALL REBS (FOREIGNERS) ARE UNWELCOME GUESTS.



OUT ON A CRUISE OF THE CANTINAS, DOBOY GETS INTO BIG TROUBLE.

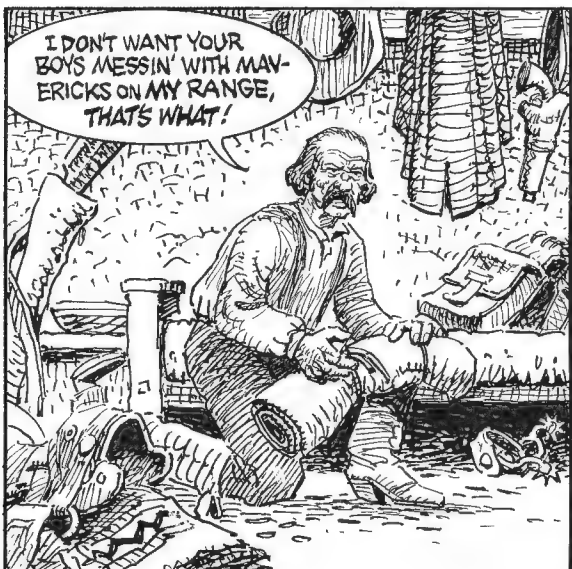
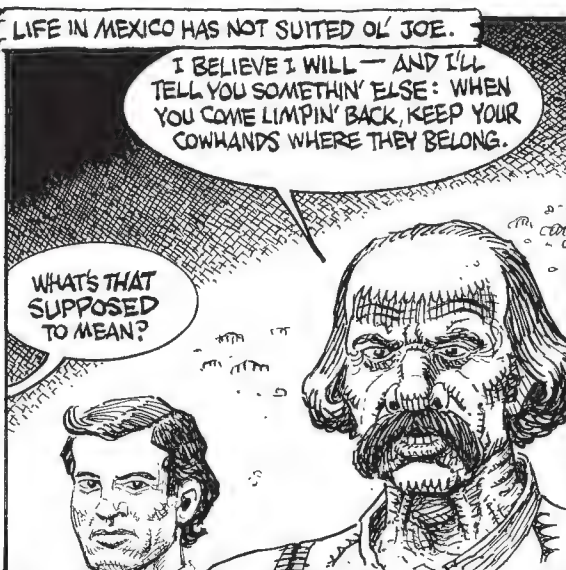
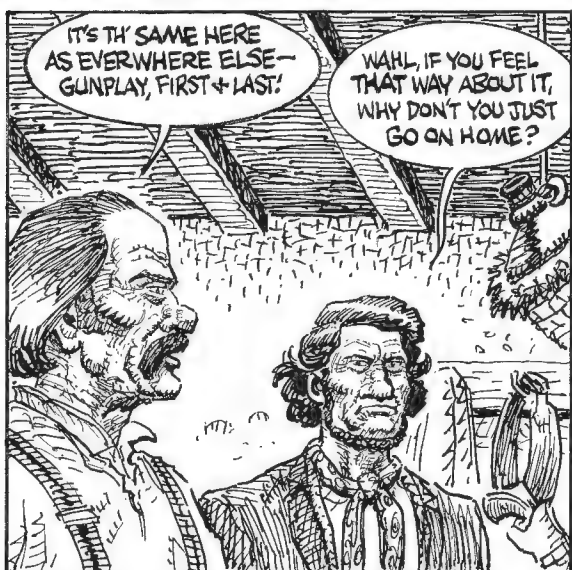
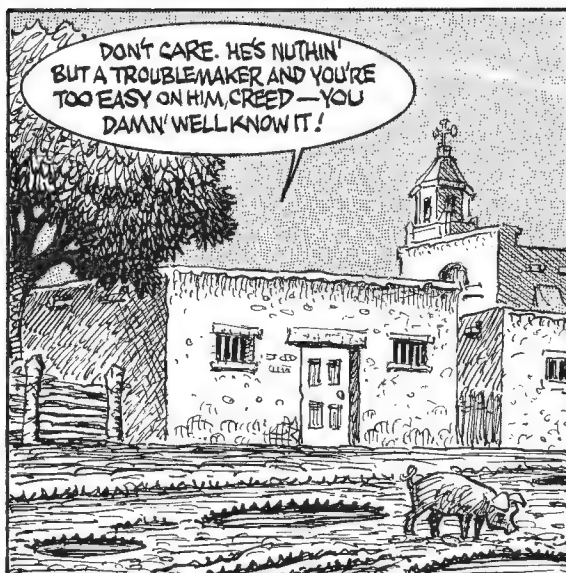
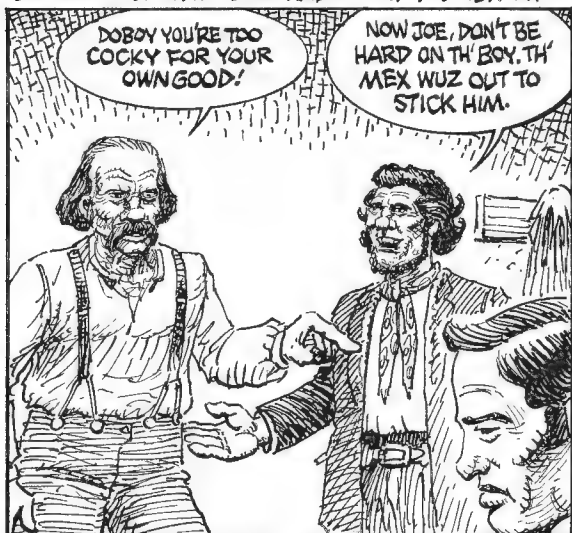


HE IS TOSSED IN THE CALABOOSE, AND IT TAKES SOME DOING TO GET HIM OUT.

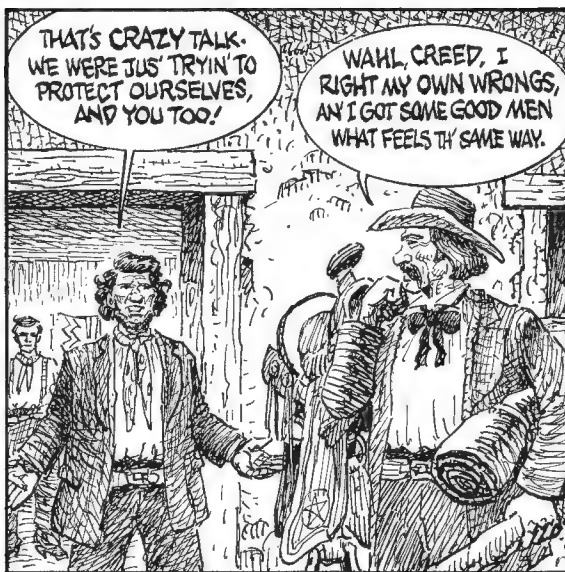




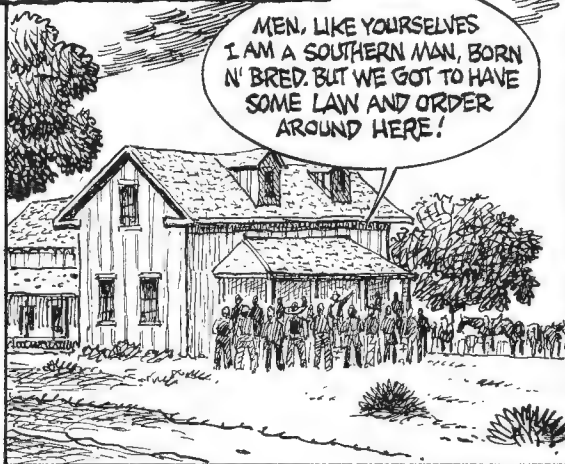
JOE TUMLINSON HAS ABOUT HAD IT WITH HIS NEPHEW.







JOE TURLINSON IS A MAN OF HIS WORD. IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING HIS RETURN TO DEWITT COUNTY, A BAND OF "REGULATORS" IS FORMED.



THEY RANGE FAR AND WIDE. THEIR AIM IS TO GIVE MAVERICKING SOME RESPECTABILITY.

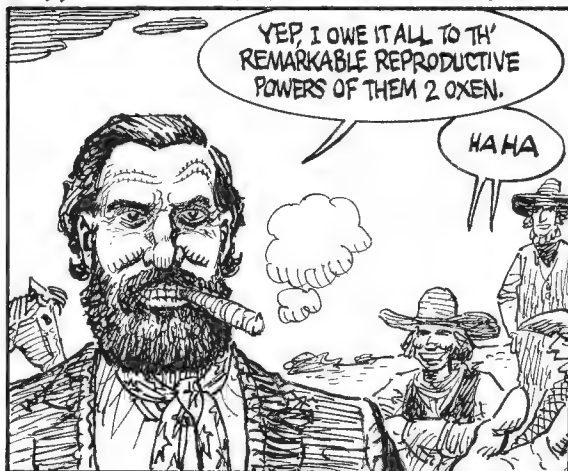


JOE HOLDS MEETINGS WITH OTHER RANCHERS WHO HAVE BECOME PROSPEROUS ON MAVERICKING BUT WHO NOW FEEL THREATENED BY THE PRACTICE.

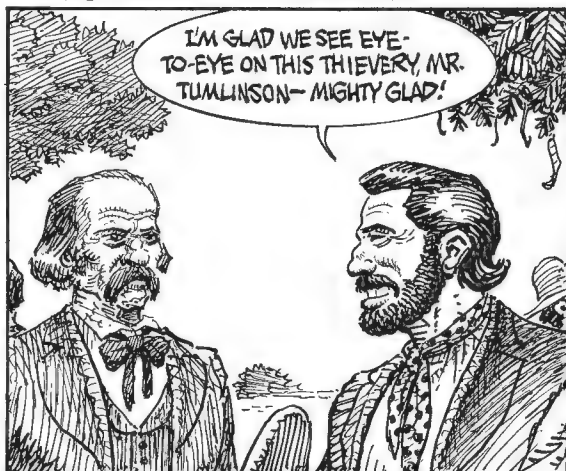




ABEL HEAD "SHANGHAI" PIERCE IS ONE SUCH MAN. HE RETURNED FROM THE WAR WITH NOTHING BUT A TEAM OF OXEN. NOW VAST NUMBERS OF CATTLE WEAR HIS BRAND.



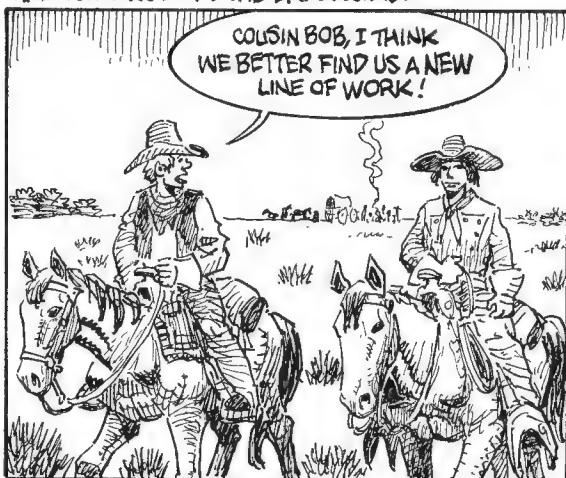
ONE OF PIERCE'S RANGE "ENFORCERS" IS A MAN NAMED JACK HELM, A CONFEDERATE DESERTER AND A BRAGGART WITH A MURKY PAST.



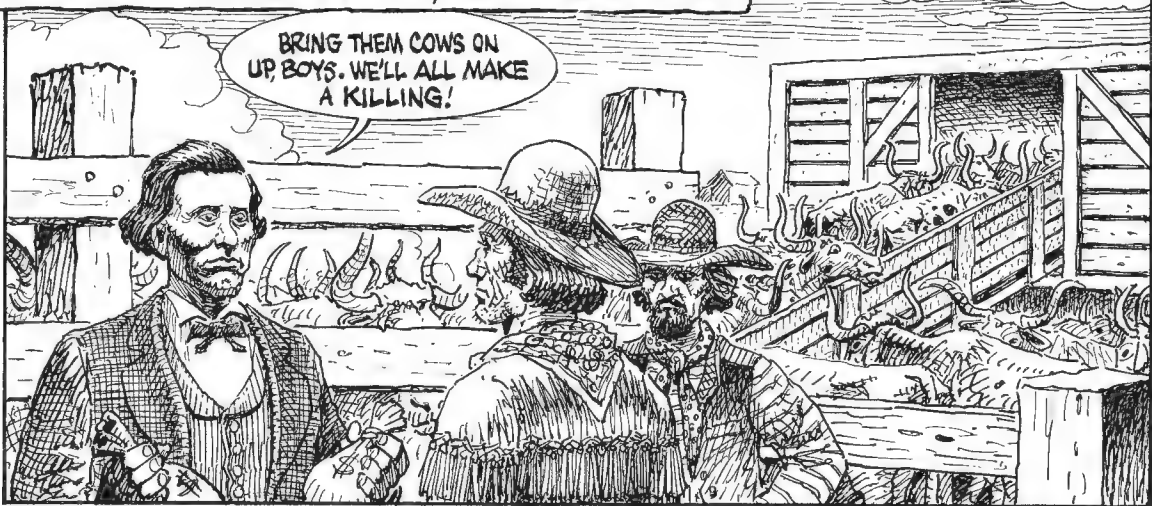
UNATTACHED YOUNG MEN WHO FREQUENT PIERCE'S COW CAMPS — LIKE THE LUNN BROTHERS AND "ALL JAW" SMITH — ARE VIEWED WITH SUSPICION.



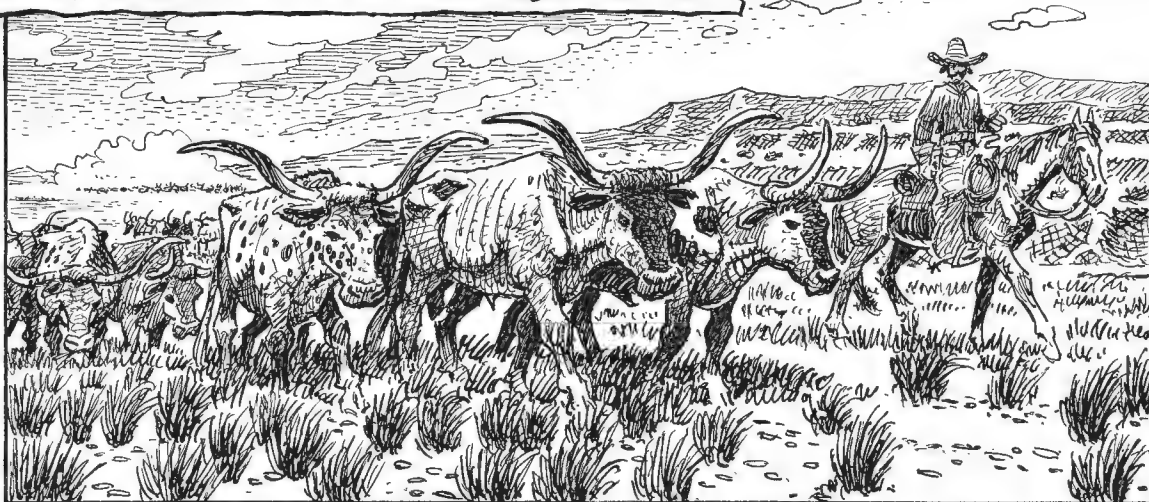
ALTHOUGH THE 11TH LEGISLATURE ENACTS A LAW TO PROTECT STOCKMEN'S INTERESTS, MEN LIKE HELM AND TUMLINSON DO THE ENFORCING.



THAT FALL, BY JOSEPH MCCOY'S VISIONARY PLANNING, ABILENE KANSAS IS OPENED TO TEXAS DROVERS, STILL STRAPPED FOR CASH.



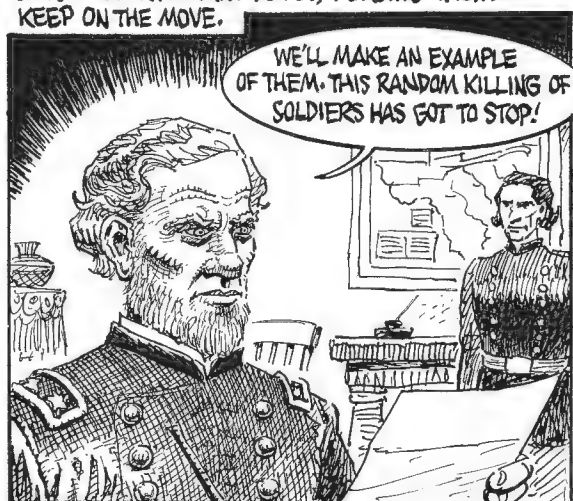
QUICK TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF MCCOY'S COW TOWN, TEXANS MOVE MORE HERDS NORTH. COMPETITION FOR WILD CATTLE BECOMES FIERCE.



JOE TURLINSON'S REGULATORS ARE KEPT BUSY, RIGHTING A MULTITUDE OF WRONGS.



MEANWHILE, GEN. REYNOLDS PLACES THE TAYLOR BOYS UNDER MILITARY EDICT, FORCING THEM TO KEEP ON THE MOVE.



IN OCT. 1867 DOBOY TAYLOR AND ELIZABETH STEPHENS ARE MARRIED ON THE OPEN PRAIRIE, READY TO MAKE A DASH IF NEED BE.



THE FOLLOWING MONTH CREED TAKES BOTH BOYS BACK TO MASON, WHERE HE HAS MATCHED A RACE.





A GROUP OF SOLDIERS FROM THE NEARBY POST ARE AT RANCK'S STORE. THE LIQUOR IS FLOWING.



SETTLING DOWN OUTSIDE UNDER AN OAK TREE, HAYS READS THE LATEST ISSUE OF THE HERALD, A SAN ANTONIO NEWSPAPER CRITICAL OF THE RADICAL REGIME.



SEEING THIS, A DRUNKEN SOLDIER TAKES OFFENSE.



THE BLUECOAT MAKES THE MISTAKE OF FOOLING WITH A TEXAN'S HAT.



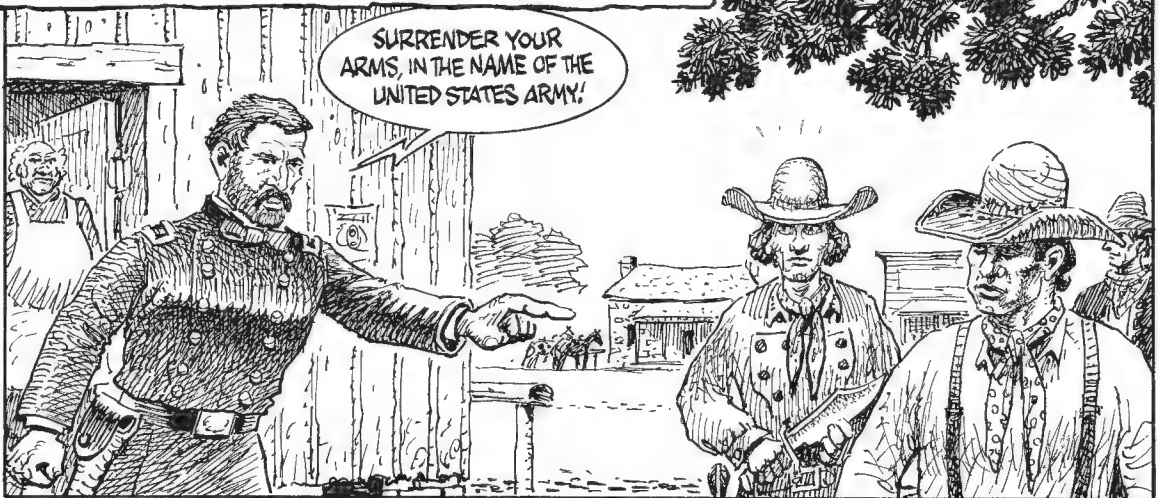
DOBOY AND RAN SPENCER KEEP THE DOGS OFF.



THE SOLDIER STILL TRYING TO DRAW HIS PISTOL ON HAYS IS DEALT WITH BY DOBOY.



FEELING THE WARM GLOW OF HIS LIQUOR, MAJOR THOMPSON, THE BUREAU AGENT ATTACHED TO THE POST, INTERCEDES.





MRS. THOMPSON, IN A BUGGY, RIDES UP JUST IN TIME TO SEE HER HUSBAND SHOT BETWEEN THE EYES.



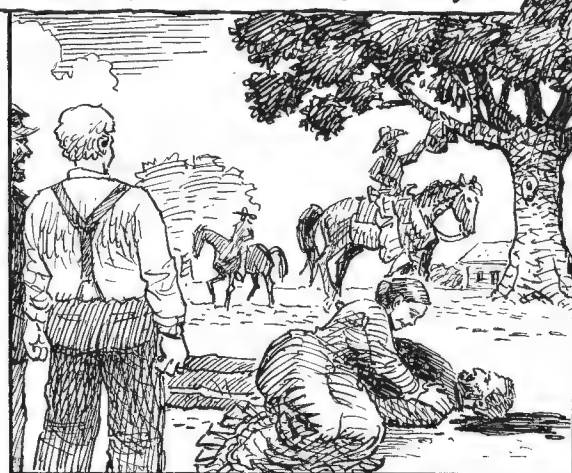
A SERGEANT PULLS HIS GUN AND FALLS AS WELL, THE VICTIM OF DOBOY'S BLAZING REVOLVER.



COVERING THE OTHERS, THE BOYS CALMLY MOUNT UP AND RIDE OFF.



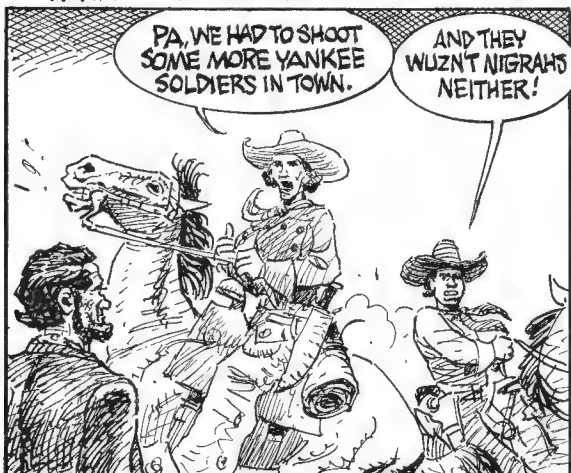
REMEMBERING THAT THEY HAD STASHED THEIR GRUB SACKS ON A TREE LIMB OUTSIDE THE STORE, HAYS RETURNS TO GET THEM. IT IS DEATHLY QUIET.



BUT NOT FOR LONG! SOON THE NEIGHBORHOOD IS SWARMING WITH SOLDIERS FROM FT. MASON.



THE TAYLORS RIDE HARD TO THE MILLIGAN PLACE WHERE THEY ARE STAYING WITH THEIR COUSIN GEORGE BIRD, WHO IS MARRIED TO MRS. MILLIGAN'S DAUGHTER, MARY JANE.



CREED KNOWS THE FAT IS IN THE FIRE BAD THIS TIME.



HAYS AND DOBOY ARE BARELY OUT OF SIGHT BEFORE A TROOP OF SOLDIERS GALLOP UP.



GEORGE BIRD, WHO HAS BEEN BUTCHERING A HOG, WANDERS OUT OF THE BARN.



CREED AND FOUR OTHER MEN AT THE HOUSE ARE ARRESTED AND MARCHED AFOOT TO THE POST.



ALL ARE LATER RELEASED EXCEPT BIRD, WHO IS PLACED IN THE GUARDHOUSE.

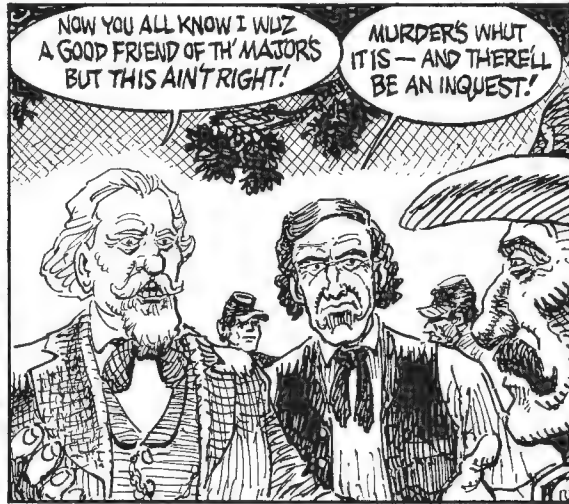




THAT NIGHT A MOB OF SOLDIERS SEIZE HIM, INTENT ON HOLDING A "NECKTIE PARTY."



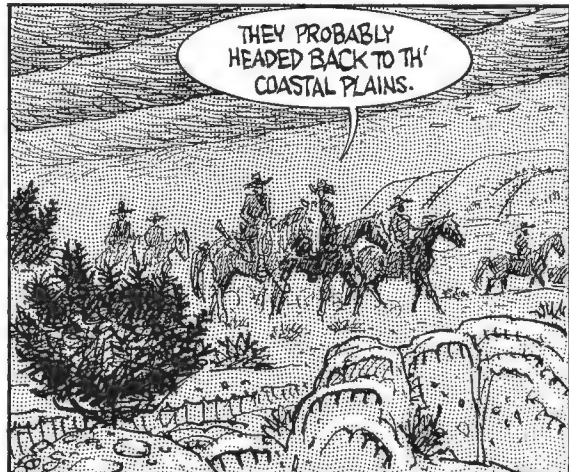
ONLY INTERVENTION BY THE TOWN'S LEADING CITIZENS PREVENTS AN INNOCENT MAN FROM SWINGING.



MEANWHILE CREED HAS MADE PLANS TO DEPART MASON COUNTY. HE HIRES GEORGE GAMLET TO GUIDE HIM AND THE BOYS OUT OF THE HILL COUNTRY BY REMOTE TRAILS.

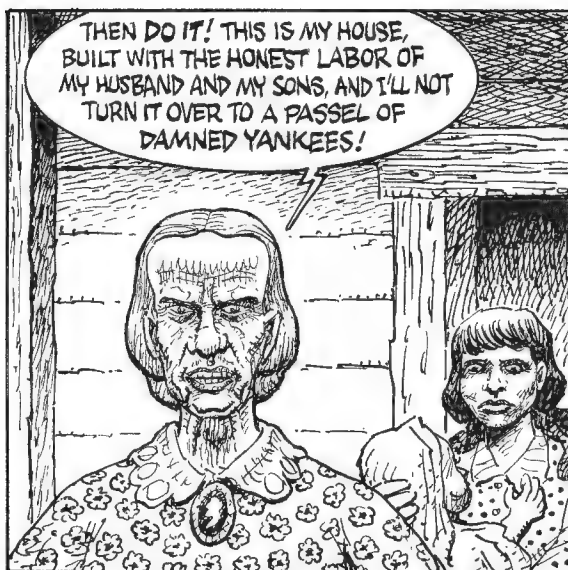


WELL THAT HE DOES, FOR THE ALARM HAS BEEN SOUNDED, AND THE COUNTRY IS CRAWLING WITH BANDS OF ARMED MEN OUT FOR TAYLOR BLOOD!



ACTING ON THIS SUSPICION ONE MILITARY PARTY RAIDS THE ECLETO HOMEPLACE BEFORE CREED, HAYS, AND DOBOY ARRIVE, FINDING ONLY THE WOMEN THERE.







# MILITARY RULE

AFTER THE RAID ON CREED'S HOUSE THE EXPEDITION GOES AFTER BUCK TAYLOR IN DEWITT COUNTY. AGAIN THE SOLDIERS DRAW A BLANK.

AT THIS POINT ANY TAYLOR WOULD SATISFY US.



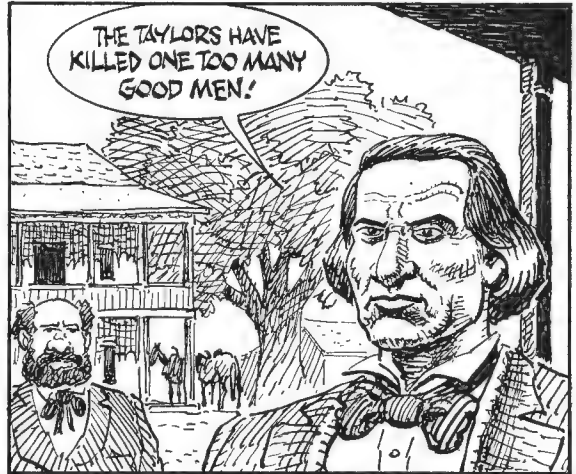
THE MASON KILLING PROMPTS GEN. REYNOLDS TO PUT A \$500 PRICE ON EACH OF THE TAYLOR BROTHERS' HEADS. MRS. THOMPSON MATCHES IT.

WHEW—THAT'S A LOT OF MONEY THESE DAYS!



JOHN LITTLETON OF HELENA, WHO SERVED AS A SENATOR IN THE 11th LEGISLATURE, PROMISES—in the "PUBLIC INTEREST"—TO COLLECT THE REWARD.

THE TAYLORS HAVE KILLED ONE TOO MANY GOOD MEN!



OTHERS TRY, WITH THE RESULT THAT CREED'S RANCH HOUSE BECOMES AN ARMED FORTRESS.

KEEP AWAY FROM THEM WINDOWS ELIZA.



HUNTED RELENTLESSLY AND DEPRIVED OF MAKING AN HONEST LIVING, SOME YOUNG MEN TURN TO SHIFTY OR UNLAWFUL MEANS. CHARLES TAYLOR, STILL ON THE LAM FOR KILLING JACK POLK AND NOW IN TROUBLE WITH THE UNION LEAGUE IN ATASCOSA COUNTY, MAKES A HABIT OF TRAILING STOLEN HORSES NORTH.



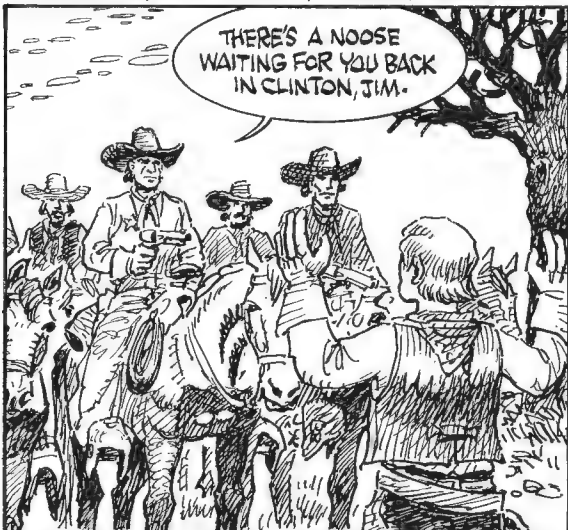
IN MAR. 1868 A POSSE SETS OUT FROM CLINTON TO CATCH HIS GANG. ONE OF THE POSSE MEMBERS IS 22 YEAR OLD BILLY SUTTON.



NEAR BASTROP SEVERAL OF THE HORSETHIEVES ARE CORNERED AND CHARLEY TAYLOR IS KILLED.



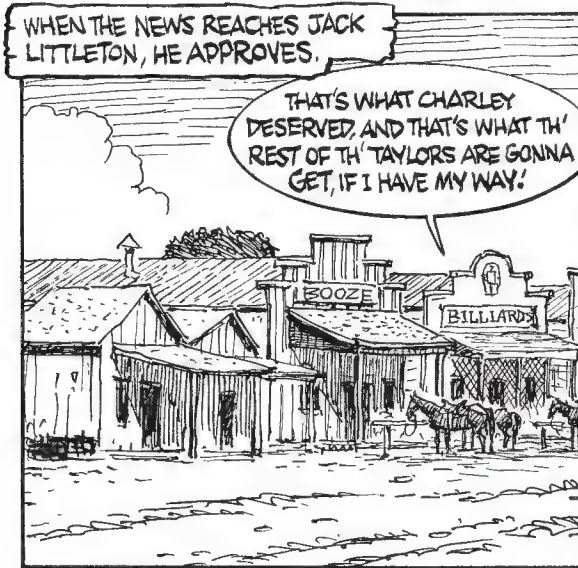
ANOTHER MAN, JAMES SHARPE, IS TAKEN INTO CUSTODY.



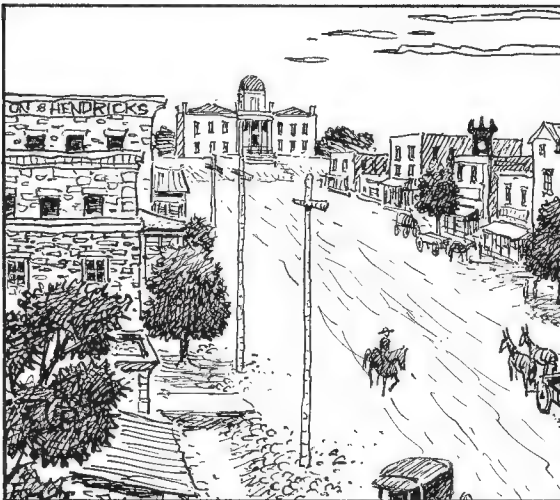
HIS BODY IS LATER FOUND BESIDE THE ROAD, RIDDLED WITH BULLETS.







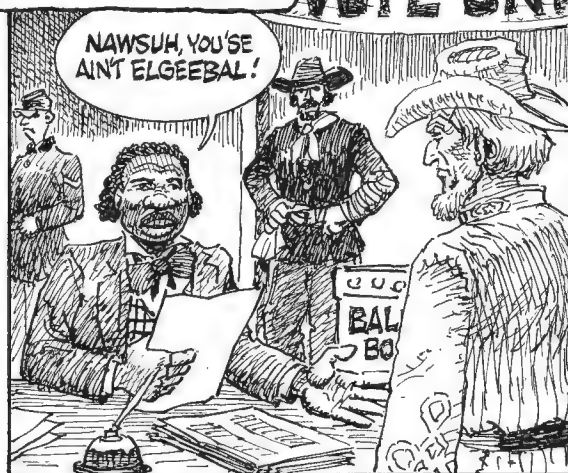
AN ELECTION IS CALLED TO PICK DELEGATES TO THE NEW CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION IN AUSTIN.



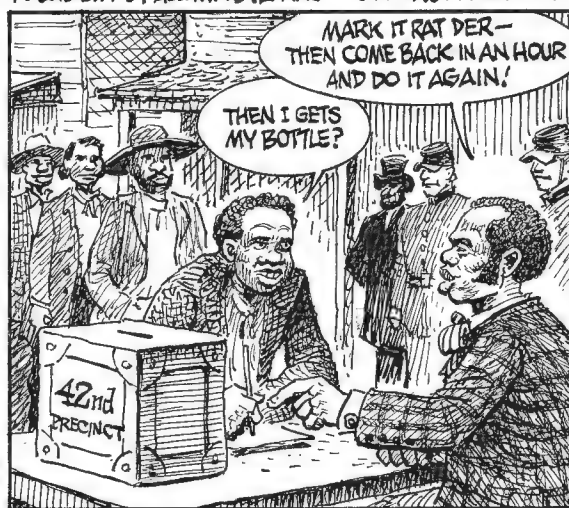
FORMATION OF SUCH ORGANIZATIONS AS THE "LOYAL UNION LEAGUE" TO EXPLOIT THE NEW NEGRO VOTE GIVES RISE TO RIVAL GROUPS, LIKE THE KU KLUX KLAN.



MANY OLD-LINE SOUTHERNERS (ESPECIALLY THOSE WITH ANY CONFEDERATE CONNECTION) FIND THEMSELVES DISFRANCHISED AT THE POLLS.



NEGRO SUFFRAGE — LONG CONSIDERED A REMOTE POSSIBILITY BY ALL WHITE TEXANS — IS AT LAST A REALITY.



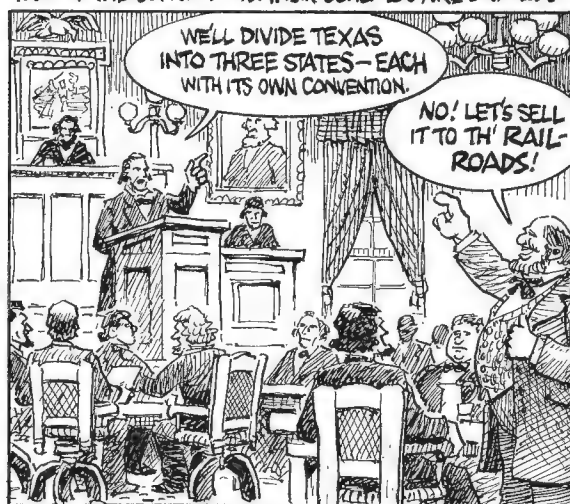
THE RETURNS ARE SENT DIRECTLY TO GEN. HANCOCK, THE COMMANDER WHO HAS TAKEN SHERIDAN'S PLACE AT FIFTH MILITARY HEADQUARTERS IN NEW ORLEANS.



DESPITE THE DEMOCRATIC SLOGAN "BETTER YANKEE THAN NIGGER RULE," REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES TRIUMPH.



THE MOST RADICAL OF THESE DELEGATES SOON GAIN CONTROL OF THE CONVENTION. THEIR SCHEMES ARE ENDLESS.



ONE THING THAT THE REPUBLICAN DELEGATES ARE AGREED UPON IS THE NEED TO SUPPRESS VIOLENCE, WHICH HAS BECOME ENDEMIC THROUGHOUT TEXAS.





WHILE THIS "MONGREL" CONVENTION SLOPS AT THE PUBLIC TROUGH—ADDRESSING SUBJECTS FAR REMOVED FROM THE WRITING OF A CONSTITUTION—RACIAL TROUBLES PROLIFERATE.



AT PLACES LIKE THE TOWN OF MILLICAN THERE ARE PITCHED BATTLES FOUGHT.



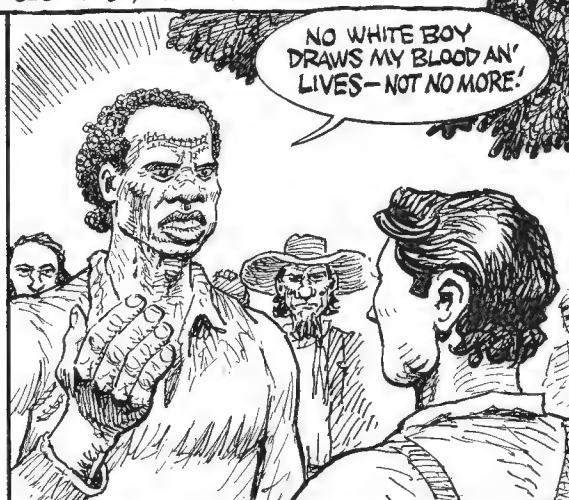
BUT USUALLY THE THREATS COME IN MORE SINISTER WAYS.



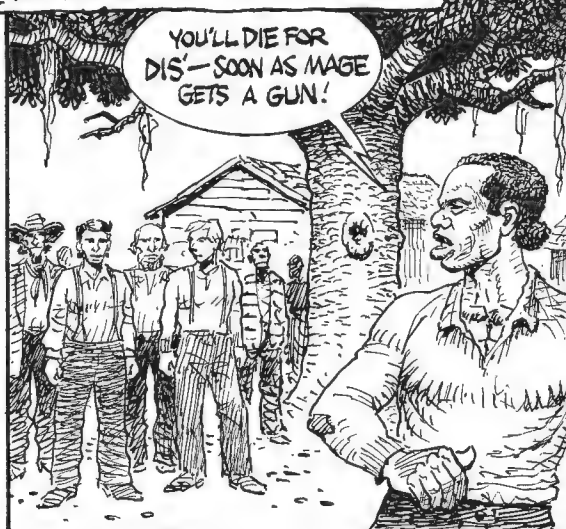
TYPICAL OF THE DAILY CONFRONTATIONS IN REMOTE CORNERS OF TEXAS IS THE ONE INVOLVING 15 YEAR OLD WES HARDIN. VISITING HIS UNCLE BARNETT IN POLK COUNTY, WES AND A COUSIN GET INTO A WRESTLING MATCH WITH AN EX-SLAVE NAMED MAGE.



THEY THROW HIM ONCE BUT ON THEIR SECOND GO, MAGE'S FACE GETS SCRATCHED.



THE NEGRO STORMS OFF IN A RAGE.



LEARNING OF THE INCIDENT, BARNETT HARDIN ORDERS MAGE OFF HIS PLANTATION.



RETURNING HOME THE NEXT MORNING, WES ENCOUNTERS THE FREEDMAN ON THE ROAD.



WES TRIES TO GET AWAY, BUT HIS HORSE IS VERY POOR AND THE NEGRO VERY PERSISTENT.







MAGE KEEPS COMING AND WESLEY KEEPS PUMPING SLUGS INTO HIM.



SCARED OUT OF HIS WITS YOUNG HARDIN RIDES TO THE FARM OF HIS UNCLE CLABE HOULSHOUSEN, MAGE'S FORMER OWNER.



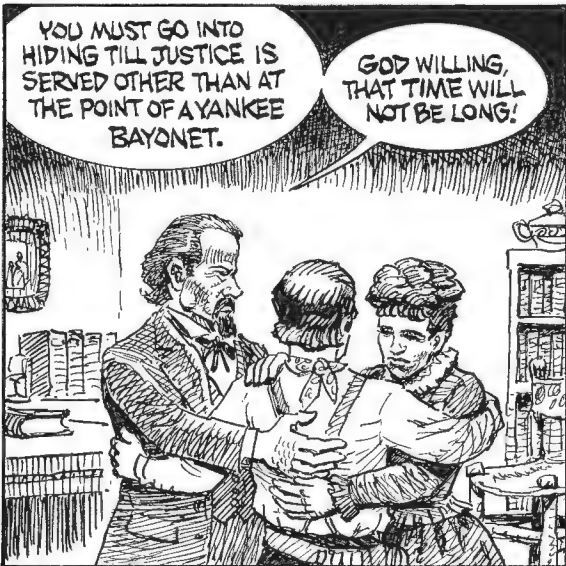
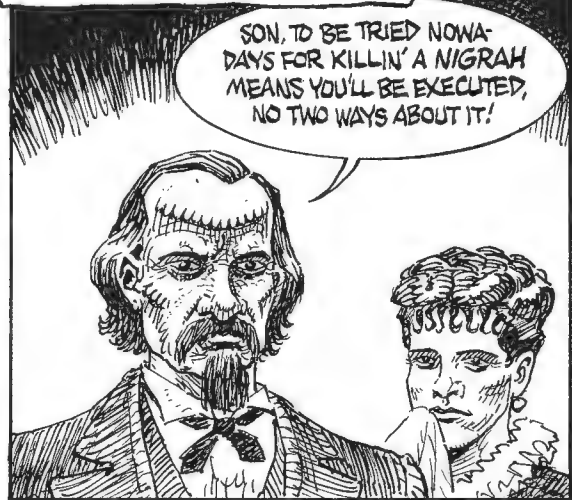
THEY GO BACK AND FIND MAGE STILL ALIVE AND FULL OF FIGHT.



WES TELLS HIS HORRIFIED PARENTS THE STORY.



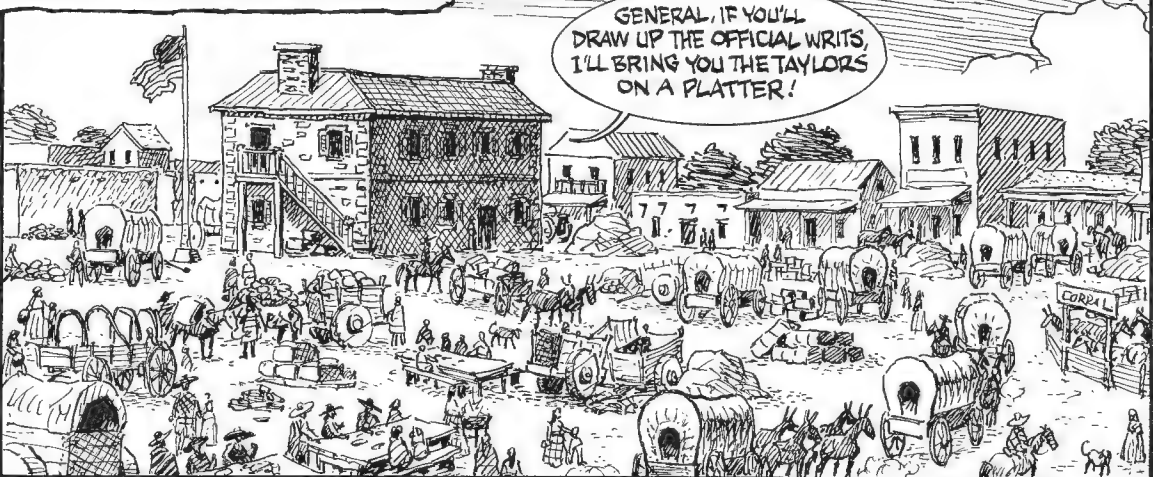
AFTER QUIETLY CONSIDERING THE OPTIONS, REV. HARDIN SPEAKS...



SO JOHN WESLEY HARDIN — LIKE MANY OTHER YOUNG TEXANS — GOES ON THE DODGE, HIS HATRED FOR THE OPPRESSOR BURNING WHITE-HOT.

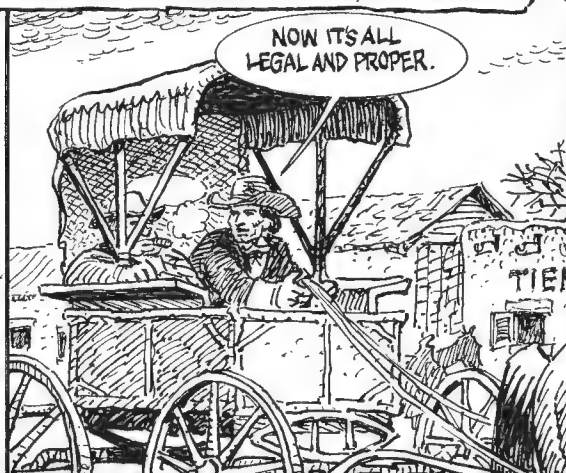


BACK ON THE COASTAL PLAINS, JOHN LITTLETON'S DETERMINATION TO HAVE THE \$2,000 REWARD FOR THE TAYLOR BOYS ALSO BURNS BRIGHT. BUT LITTLETON, A STICKLER FOR LEGAL NICETIES, WANTS EVERYTHING ON THE UP-AND-UP.





IN EARLY DECEMBER HE AND A COMPANION, BILL STANNARD, LEAVE SAN ANTONIO WITH MILITARY ORDERS FOR THE ARREST OF THE BOYS, DEAD OR ALIVE.



THEY TAKE THE OLD GONZALES ROAD, UNAWARE THAT THE TAYLOR BROTHERS HAVE LEARNED OF THEIR ERRAND



...AND AWAIT THEM AT BLACK JACK SPRING, NEAR THE TINY COMMUNITY OF NOCKENUT!

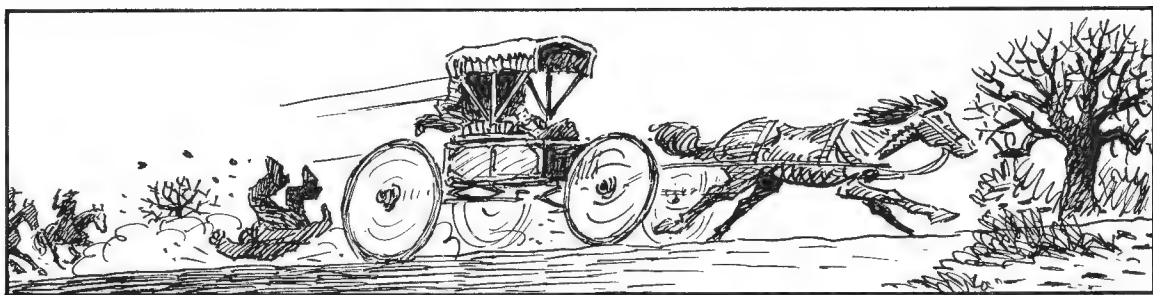


THEIR GUNS ARE STASHED UNDER THE BUGGY SEAT. LITTLETON AND STANNARD BOTH GO FOR THEM AT THE SAME TIME, KNOCKING HEADS.



BEFORE THEY REACH THEIR PISTOLS, BOTH MEN ARE SHOT FULL OF HOLES.



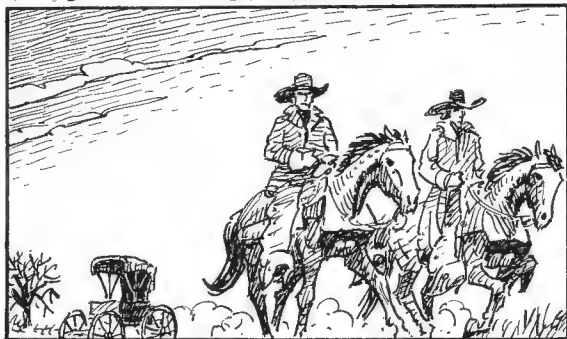


WHEN THE SPOOKED HORSE FINALLY COMES TO A HALT, HAYS GOES THROUGH LITTLETON'S COAT POCKET.



I'LL JUST TAKE THESE HERE PAPERS, CAPTN. DON'T RECKON YOU'LL BE NEEDEN THEM.

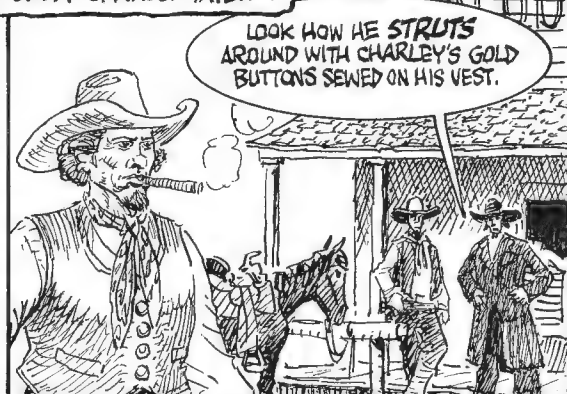
WITH THE KILLING OF THESE TWO FORMER REBELS, NOW IN THE PAY OF THE RECONSTRUCTIONISTS, THE TAYLOR BOYS BRING THE WRATH OF THE MILITARY DOWN UPON THE HEADS OF ALL THEIR KINSMEN.



CREED'S DEWITT COUNTY RELATIVES ARE SOON DRAWN INTO THE RING OF FIRE.



BAD BLOOD HAS BEEN BREWING BETWEEN THEM AND BILLY SUTTON'S CROWD SINCE THE KILLING OF BLACK-SHEEP CHARLEY TAYLOR.



LOOK HOW HE **STRUTS** AROUND WITH CHARLEY'S GOLD BUTTONS SEWED ON HIS VEST.

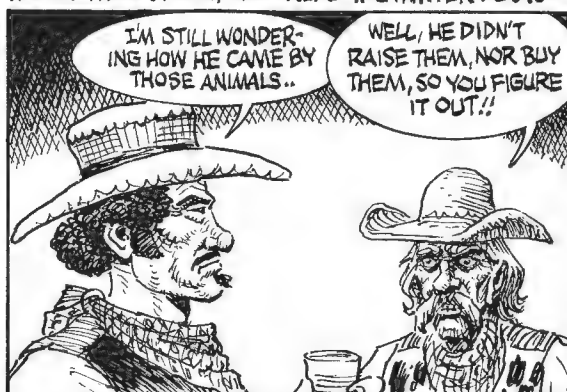
BUT THE DEAD HORSETHIEF WAS NOT THE ONLY MAN ON THE FRONTIER TO DEAL IN HORSES OF DUBIOUS OWNERSHIP — AS BUCK TAYLOR SOON LEARNS.



BUCK, THEM HORSES THAT SUTTON PUT IN WITH YOUR LAST DRIVE — THEY WASN'T **HIS**.

IS THAT SO?

CONFRONTED WITH THIS ACCUSATION, BILLY DENIES THAT THE HORSES WERE STOLEN, AND THERE THE MATTER RESTS...

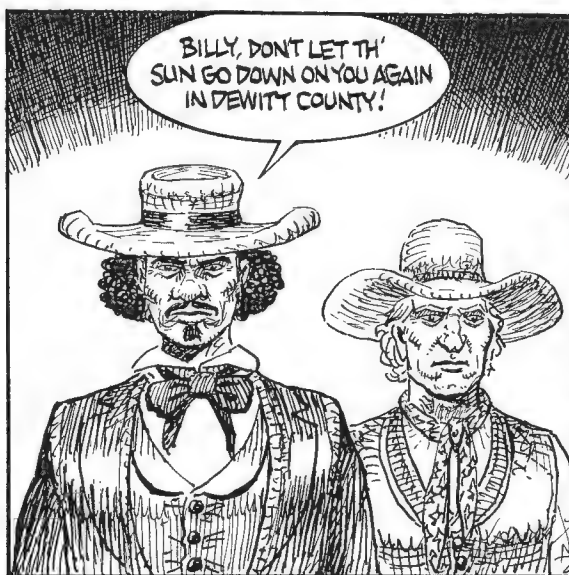


I'M STILL WONDERING HOW HE CAME BY THOSE ANIMALS..

WELL, HE DIDN'T RAISE THEM, NOR BUY THEM, SO YOU FIGURE IT OUT!!



...UNTIL CHRISTMAS EVE, WHEN BUCK AND HIS COUSIN DICK CHISHOLM SPOT BILLY SUTTON IN A CLINTON SALOON.



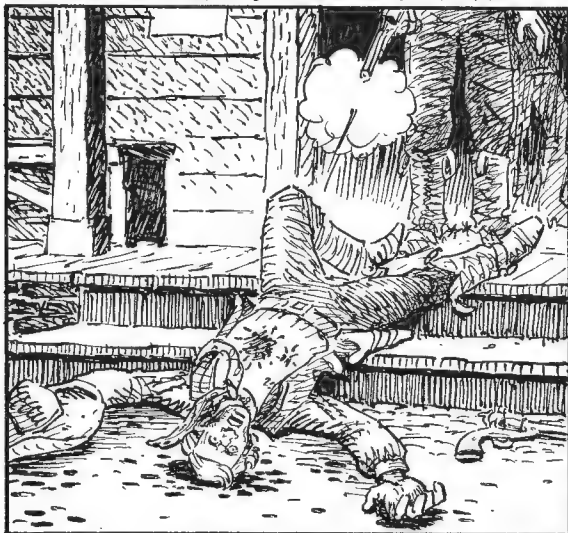
WITH SUTTON IS DOC WHITE, ANOTHER MAN WHO RODE ON THE POSSE.



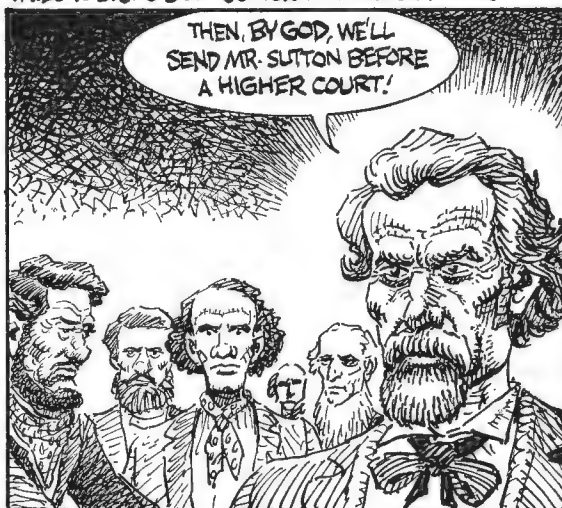
THE ROOM EXPLODES WITH GUNFIRE, AND BUCK TAYLOR SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR.



DICK CHISHOLM STUMBLES OUTSIDE AND IS FINISHED OFF.



OUTRAGED OVER THESE DEATHS, THE TAYLOR CLAN TRIES TO BRING BILLY SUTTON TO TRIAL BUT FAILS.



YOUNG BILLY SUTTON THUS BECOMES ENSNARED IN THE FEUD, AND HIS SUPPORTERS ARE SOON KNOWN AS "THE SUTTON PARTY."



PERHAPS SENSING THE VOLATILE SITUATION, THE FIFTH MILITARY DISTRICT SETS UP A POST AT HELENA THE FOLLOWING MONTH, WITH JURISDICTION OVER ALL OF KARNES, DEWITT, GONZALES, GOLIAD, AND BEE COUNTIES.



GEN. J.J. REYNOLDS, THE TOP AUTHORITY IN TEXAS, RECRUITS MEN TO DISPOSE OF THE OFFENDING TAYLORS AND OTHER UNRECONSTRUCTED REBS LIKE THEM. TWO WHO OFFER THEIR SERVICES ARE CAPT. C.S. BELL, A FORMER UNION SPY, AND JACK HELM, THE HIRED THUG WHO RODE SHANGHAI PIERCE'S RANGE LOOKING FOR "RUSTLERS."





THEY BOTCH THEIR FIRST ATTEMPT, MERELY WOUNDING CREEDS SON-IN-LAW, WILL AD SPENCER.



HELM GOES TO AUSTIN FOR SPECIFIC ORDERS AND MAKES A BIG HIT WITH THE SCUM IN CHARGE.



GOOD PAYING JOBS ARE HARD TO FIND, AND JACK IS NOT MODEST ABOUT HIS DIPLOMATIC COUP AT THE CAPITAL.

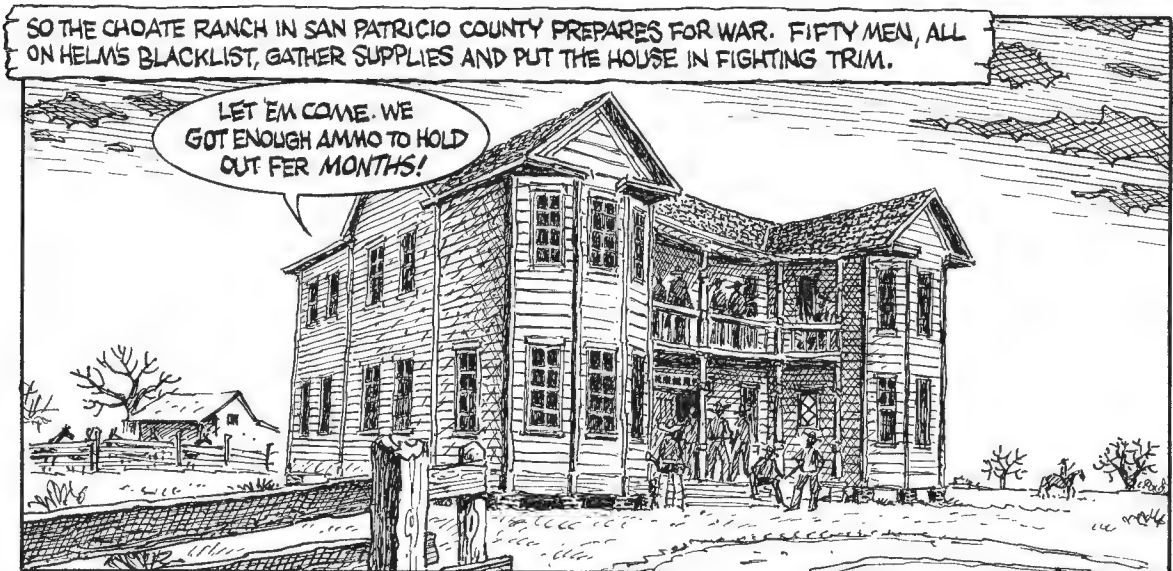
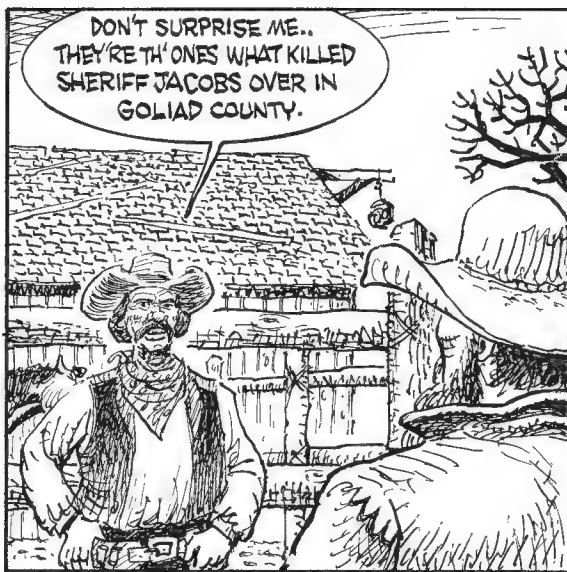


DURING THE SUMMER MONTHS OF 1869 HELM'S REGULATORS BRING TERROR TO THE PASTURELANDS BETWEEN DEWITT COUNTY AND THE COAST.



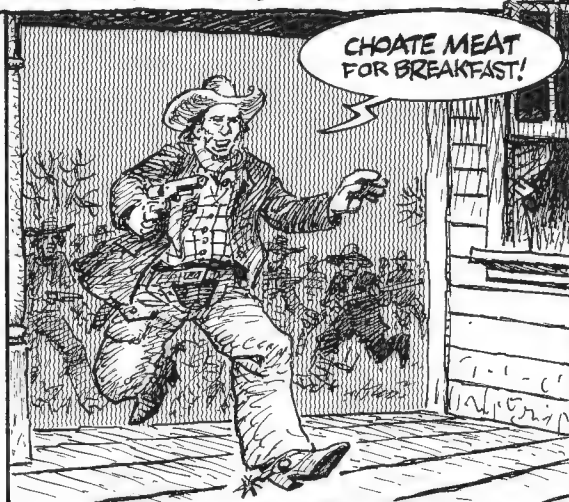
THIS SYSTEMATIC ONSLAUGHT CLAIMS OVER TWENTY LIVES AND FORCES MOST RESIDENTS OF THE REGION TO CHOOSE SIDES — OR BE CONSIDERED ENEMIES BY BOTH! RANCHER JOHN CHOATE'S CHOICE IS TYPICAL.







ABOUT DAYBREAK ONE MORNING, HELM, COX, TUMLINSON, AND 125 MEN STORM THE HOUSE.



THIS RASH RECRUIT IS DRILLED, AND THE CHOATES BARRICADE THE DOOR.

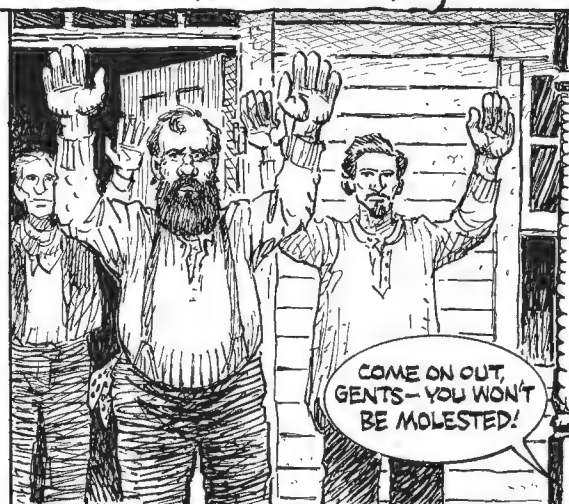


THE ASSAULT DEGENERATES INTO A STAND-OFF. MRS. CHOATE CALLS FOR A PARLEY.

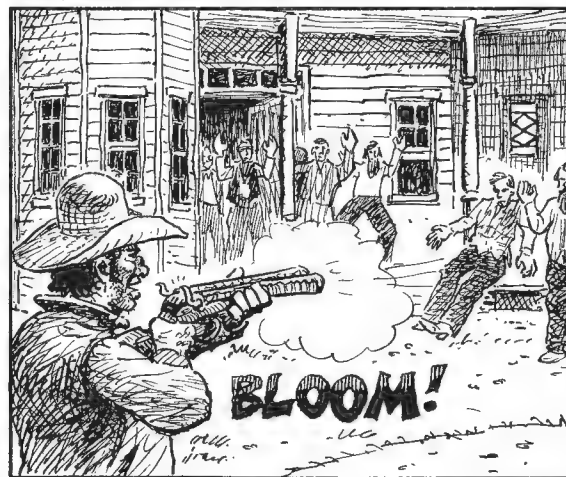


MADAME, I HAVE THE HIGHEST AUTHORITY IN THE LAND!

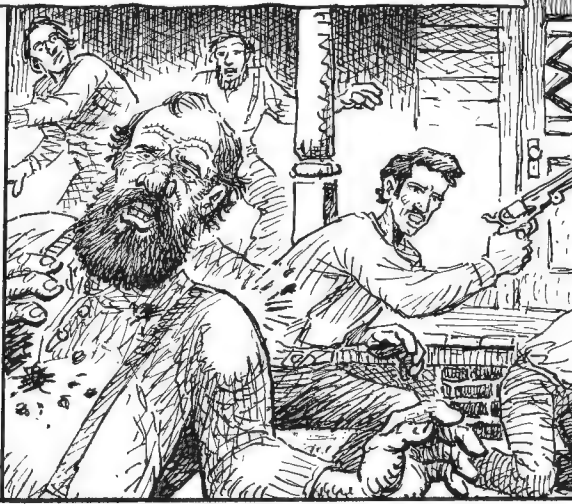
JOHN CHOATE, ACCOMPANIED BY SEVERAL OTHERS, STEPS OUT WITH HANDS HELD HIGH..



BUT A TRIGGER-HAPPY VIGILANT FILLS A YOUNG MAN NAMED SKIDMORE WITH BUCKSHOT, AND ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE IN SOUTH TEXAS.



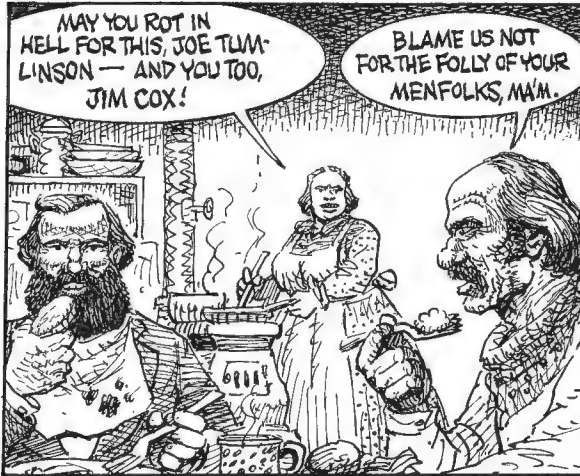
JOHN CHOATE IS KILLED, AND HIS SON CROCKETT BOLTS FROM THE HOUSE, SIX-SHOOTER IN HAND.



THE ENTIRE POSSE RUSHES AFTER HIM.



QUITE SATISFIED WITH THE MORNING WORK, HELM'S MEN RIFLE THE PREMISES AND COMPELL THE DISTRAUGHT WIDOW TO FIX THEM BREAKFAST.



MAY YOU ROT IN HELL FOR THIS, JOE TUM-LINSON — AND YOU TOO, JIM COX!

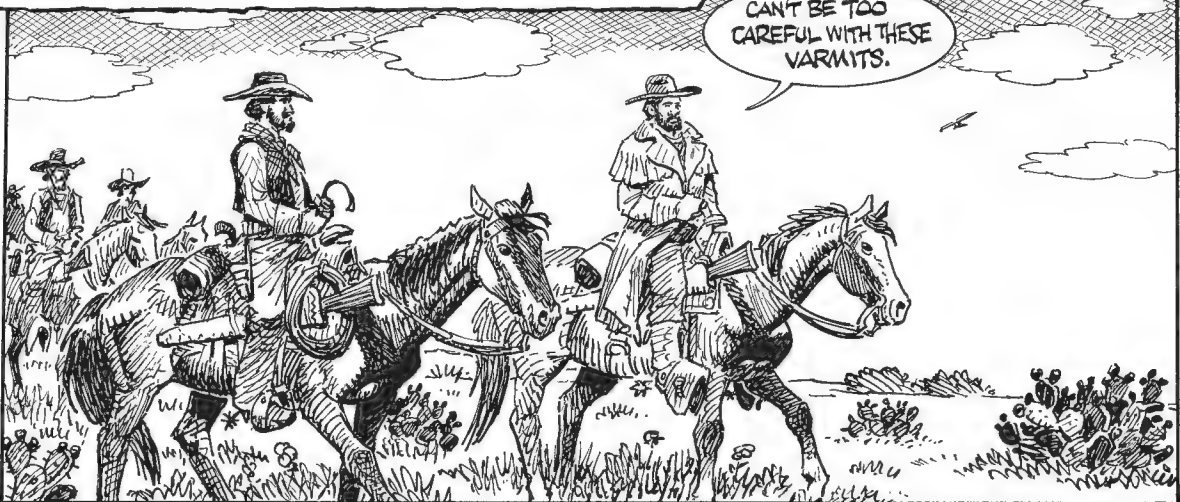
BLAME US NOT FOR THE FOLLY OF YOUR MENFOLKS, MAM.

SHORTLY AFTER THIS RAID, HELM DECIDES TO FINISH OFF THE TAYLORS, HAYS AND DOBOY.



IF THEY'RE NOT THERE, SECURE THE HOUSE AND SET UP AN AMBUSH.

HE SENDS A SQUAD UNDER CAPT. BELL DIRECTLY TO THE ECLETO RANCH, WHILE TAKING A LEISURELY ROUTE HIMSELF TO DIVERT ATTENTION FROM BELL'S OPERATION.



CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL WITH THESE VARMIT.



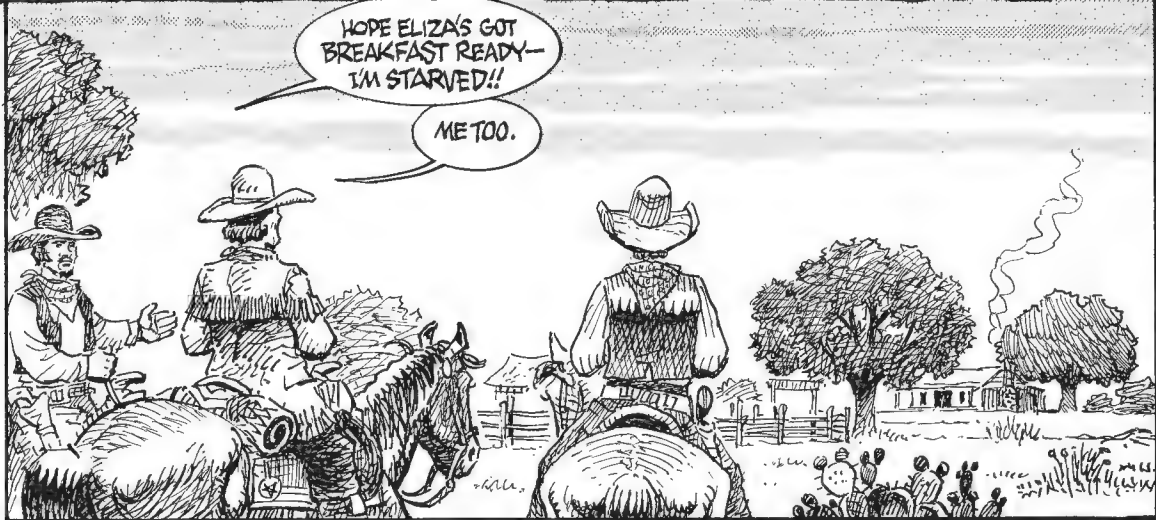
BELL'S MEN MOVE IN AT NIGHT.



THEY MAKE HOSTAGES OF CREED AND THE WOMEN AND SETTLE DOWN TO WAIT.



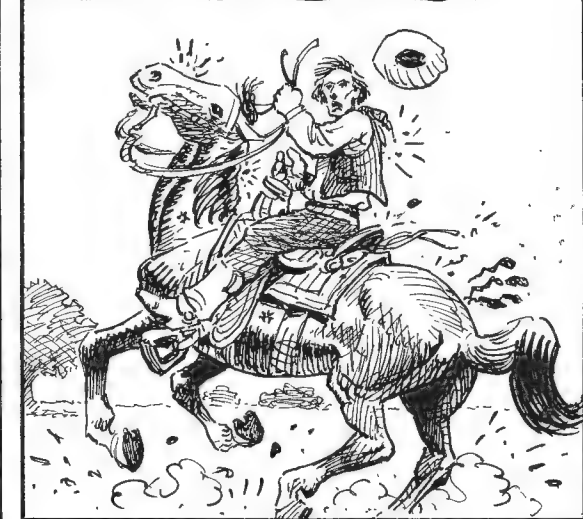
AS USUAL, HAYS, DOBOY, AND A FRIEND NAMED WESTFALL HAVE BEEN SLEEPING OUT TO AVOID CAPTURE.



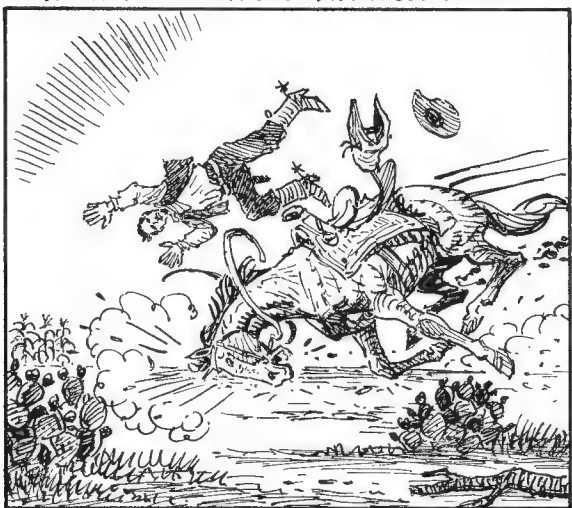
DOBOY ALREADY HAS ONE FOOT ON THE GROUND WHEN HIS WIFE SCREAMS A WARNING.



WESTFALL IS HIT BY THE HAIL OF BULLETS.



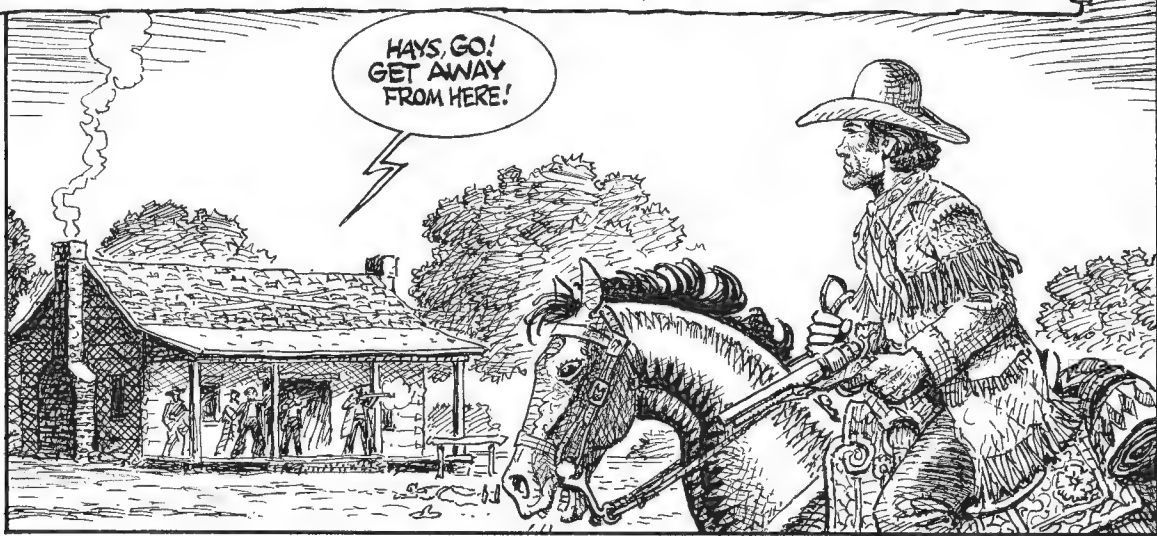
DOBOY TAKES A SLUG IN THE ARM, AND HIS MARE—SHOT  
IN THE VITALS—COLLAPSES AFTER A 300-YARD DASH.



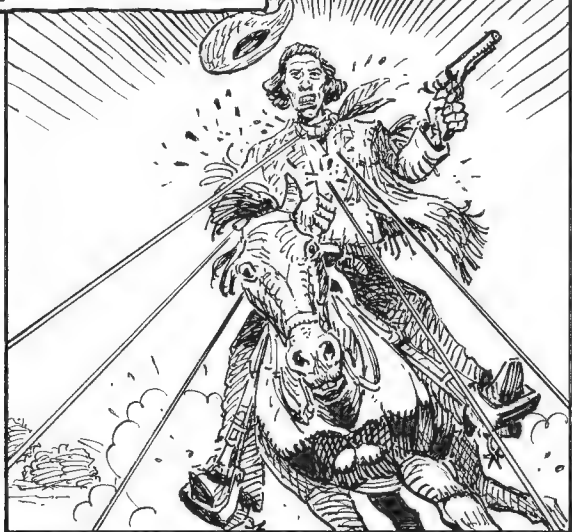
HE MAKES HIS ESCAPE THROUGH A CORN PATCH.



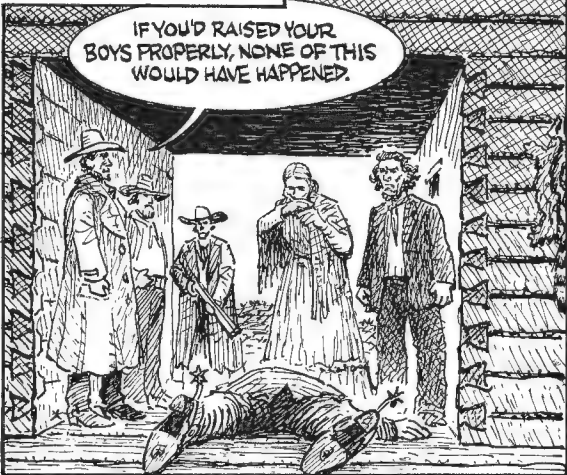
BUT NOT HAYS. SEEING HIS FATHER HELD IN THE GALLERY, HE DETERMINES TO RESCUE HIM—



— OR DIE TRYING!

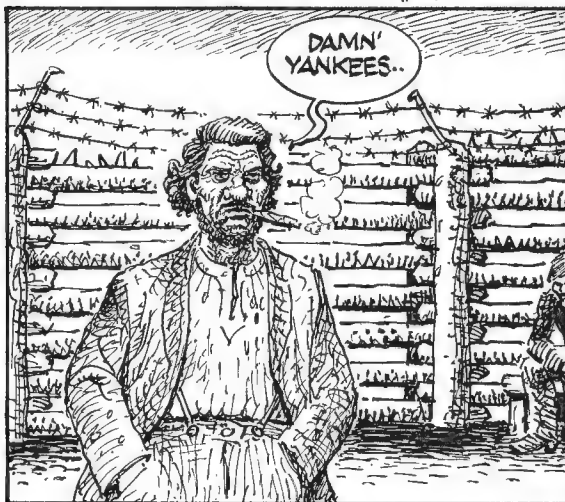


BELL'S MEN DUMP HIS MANGLED CORPSE IN THE  
DOGTROT AND REFUSE TO ALLOW THE GRIEVING  
PARENTS TO TOUCH HIM.





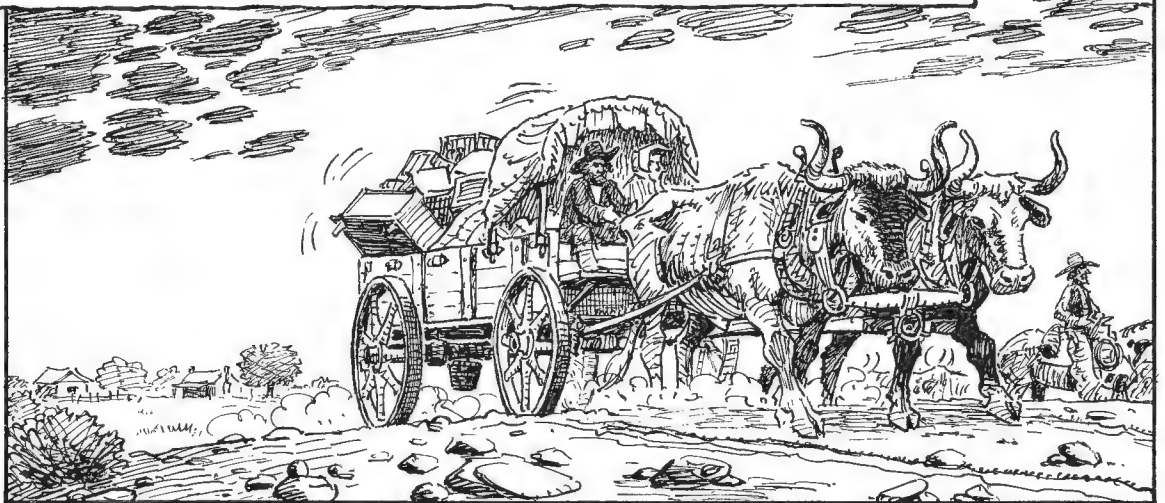
CREED IS TAKEN TO HELENA AND HELD FOR A MONTH IN THE "BULL PEN" BEFORE BEING RELEASED ON \$10,000 BOND.



RETURNING HOME HE VISITS HIS SON'S UNMARKED GRAVE ON THE ECLETO.



BUT THE BLOODY SPOT ON THE DOGTROT'S ROUGH TIMBERS WON'T WASH OUT. IT IS NOT LONG BEFORE CREED MOVES TO THE HILL COUNTRY, FAR FROM SUCH GRIM REMINDERS.



DOBOY LEAVES THE STATE, AS DO OTHERS IN THE WAKE OF HELM'S BRUTAL SUMMER CAMPAIGN.



IN SEPT. 1869 JACK HELM PUBLISHES AN ACCOUNT OF HIS ACTIONS, DEFENDING HIMSELF OF ANY WRONG-DOING.



HIS ACTIVITIES ARE WIDELY HAILED IN THE REPUBLICAN NEWS PAPERS AND DENOUNCED IN THOSE PUBLISHED BY DEMOCRATS.



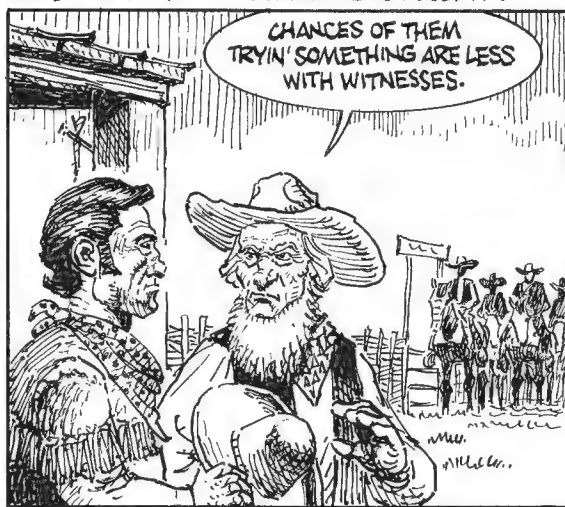
HAVING DISPOSED OF CREED'S UNRULY SONS, THE REGULATORS SEEK OTHER CULPRITS.



COME NOVEMBER TUMLINSON'S PARTY RIDES TO DAVE MORRIS' RANCH JUST NORTH OF THE FRIO RIVER.



OLD MAN MORRIS OFFERS TO ACCOMPANY THEM AS BONDSMAN FOR HIS DAUGHTER'S HUSBAND.



COWHANDS FROM THE NEIGHBORING DILWORTH RANCH LATER FIND THEIR BODIES IN A REMOTE GULLY.



MARTIN'S YOUNGER BROTHER RUFAS "SCRAP" TAYLOR VOWS VENGEANCE.





# THE STATE POLICE!

THAT SAME MONTH THE RADICAL ELEMENT AIMS TO COMPLETE ITS STRANGLEHOLD ON TEXAS POLITICS BY "ELECTING" E.J. DAVIS AS GOVERNOR.

HAMILTON'S SO-CALLED "CONSERVATIVES" MEAN TO SUBVERT THE GOALS OF RECONSTRUCTION.

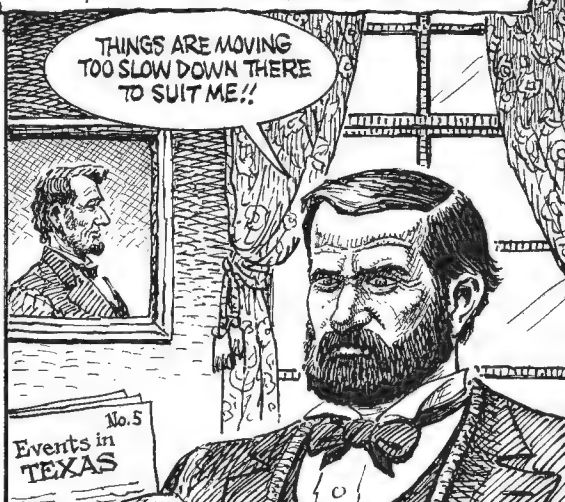
HELL, THEY'RE ALL EX-REBS.



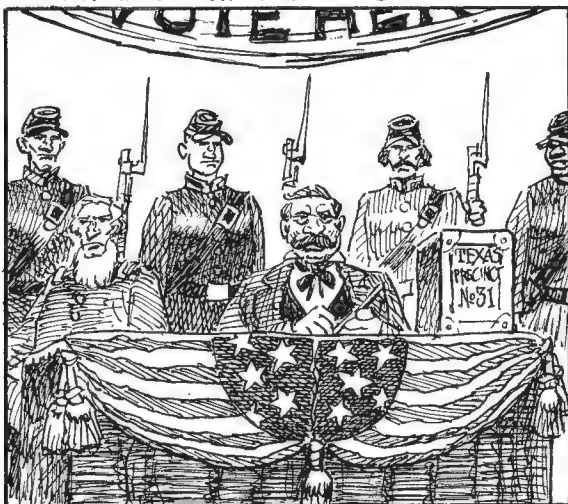
GEN. REYNOLDS, CRAVING POLITICAL FAME, TRIES TO GET HIMSELF NOMINATED AS A CANDIDATE FOR THE U.S. SENATE. REBUFFED BY MODERATES, HE THROWS HIS WEIGHT BEHIND THE DAVIS FACTION.



PRESIDENT GRANT ALSO ENDORSES THE DAVIS TICKET, VIRTUALLY GUARANTEEING THE RESULT.



THE POLLS ARE GUARDED BY YANKEE SOLDIERS; THE REGISTRARS USE HIGHLY RESTRICTIVE VOTING LISTS.



BY CHOICE OR BY EXCLUSION, MANY WHITES STAY AWAY FROM THE FARCE.



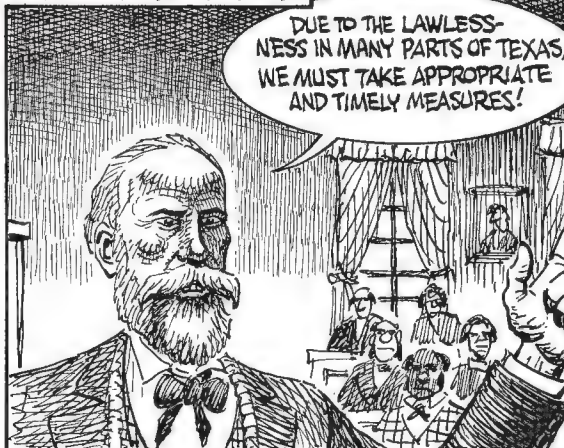
REYNOLDS ANNOUNCES THE FINAL TALLY: 39,901 FOR DAVIS, 39,092 FOR HAMILTON.

ONE WONDERS WHY HE EVEN BOTHERED TO CALL IT SO CLOSE.



IN APRIL 1870, GEN. REYNOLDS RELINQUISHES MILITARY AUTHORITY TO THE DAVIS REGIME. ONE OF THE GOVERNOR'S FIRST ACTS IS TO PUSH THE 'POLICE AND MILITIA' BILL THROUGH THE LEGISLATURE.

DUE TO THE LAWLESSNESS IN MANY PARTS OF TEXAS, WE MUST TAKE APPROPRIATE AND TIMELY MEASURES!



TO DO SO, HE HAS TO ARREST AND HOLD CAPTIVE EIGHT OPPOSING SENATORS.

TEXAS WILL RUE THE DAY THIS INFERNAL MACHINE WAS CREATED!!



THIS BEGINS THE INFAMOUS STATE POLICE, AN ORGANIZATION THAT TAKES UP WHERE THE U.S. MILITARY-SANCTIONED REGULATORS LEAVE OFF.

ARE YOU FELLOWS LOYAL MEN?

YAS'SUH!

WAHL, MAKE ME YOUR MARK RAT' HERE!

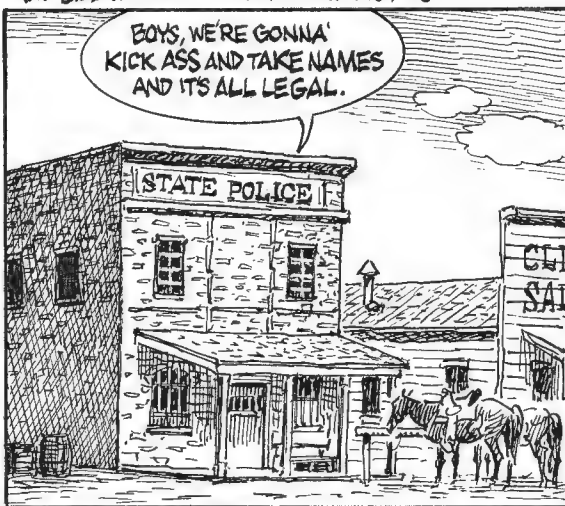




JAMES DAVIDSON IS NAMED ADJ. GENERAL OF THE FORCE AND JACK HELM, RECENTLY ELECTED AS SHERIFF OF DEWITT COUNTY, IS APPOINTED ONE OF THE FOUR CAPTAINS UNDER HIM.



HELM RECRUITS HIS OLD GANG—JIM COX, JOE TUMLINSON, AND BILL SUTTON—TO SERVE HIS DISTRICT.



SUTTON QUICKLY ASSUMES A LEADERSHIP ROLE.



ONE OF THEIR FIRST MOVES IS AGAINST THE LUNNS AND "ALL JAW" SMITH, WHO HAVE SET UP A GREASE KETTLE ON SHANGHAI PIERCE'S RANGE.



BUT ONE OF THE LUNN BROTHERS, WILBORN, ESCAPES THE LYNCHING AND VOWS TO MAKE THINGS HOT FOR THE CATTLEBARON CROWD.



NEXT THE POLICEMEN RIDE TO PITKIN TAYLOR'S NEIGHBORHOOD JUST SOUTH OF CUERO WHERE HE (CREED'S BROTHER) LIVES WITH HIS KELLY SONS-IN-LAW.



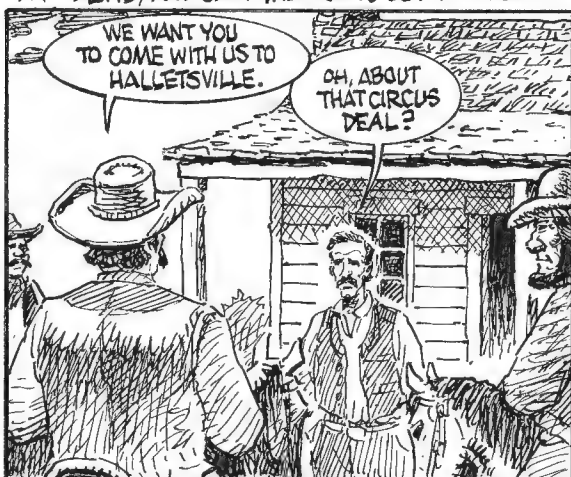
WILLIAM KELLY IS ARRESTED AT HIS HOUSE AND LEFT WITH BILLY SUTTON.



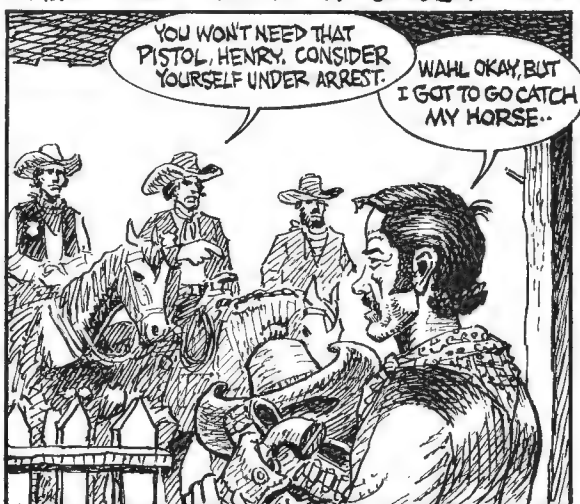
HENRY'S WIFE, AMANDA TAYLOR, SEES THEM RIDE UP.



A FEW DAYS SINCE, THE KELLY FAMILIES ATTENDED A "CIRCUS" IN SWEET HOME, FOUND THE ENTERTAINMENT LEWD, AND SHOT THE LIGHTS OUT IN DISGUST.



THINKING THE MATTER INCONSEQUENTIAL, HE GOES IN THE HOUSE FOR HIS HAT AND GUNBELT.





PITKIN IS UP BY NOW AND COMES OUT TO MAKE CONVERSATION.



AMANDA, GROWING ALARMED, HITCHES UP THE BUGGY AND DRIVES TO THE HOUSE OF WILLIAM DAY, HER HALF-BROTHER, TO WAIT FOR THE POSSE TO COME BY.



DELILAH KELLY CLIMBS INTO THE BUGGY.



THEY RETRACE THEIR ROUTE AND MEET THE POSSE, STRUNG OUT ALONG THE ROAD.



THEIR UNEASINESS INCREASES WHEN THE POSSE INSISTS ON TAKING THEIR PRISONERS BY A NARROW, OUT-OF-THE-WAY TRAIL.

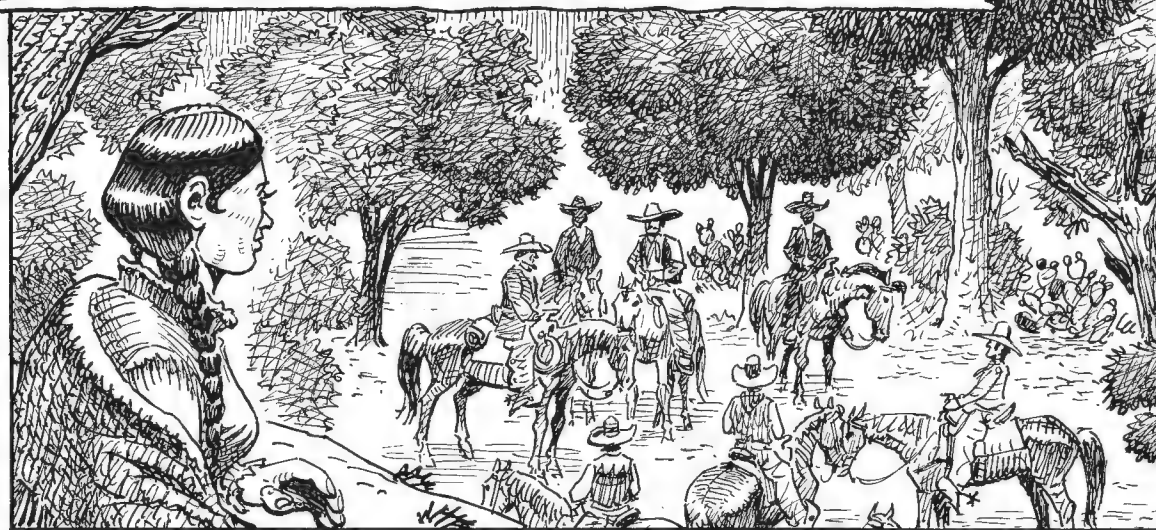




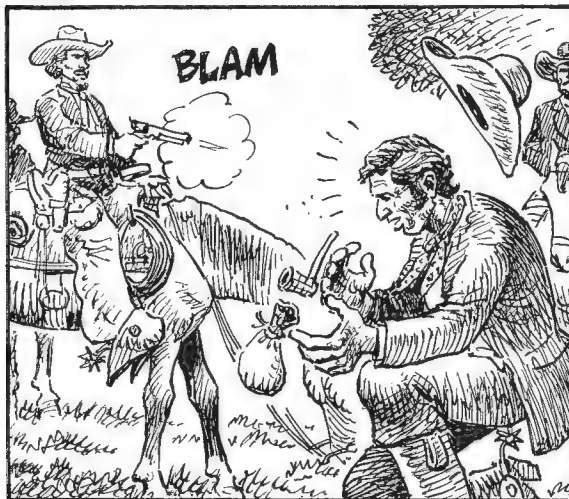
AMANDA HEADS OUT ON FOOT THROUGH THE BRUSH.



FROM THE BROW OF A HILL SHE SEES THE POSSE, STOPPED IN A LITTLE CLEARING BELOW.



HER BROTHER-IN-LAW DISMOUNTS TO FILL HIS PIPE.  
AS HE KNEELS, BILLY SUTTON SHOTS HIM DOWN.



DOC WHITE THEN BLASTS HER  
HUSBAND OUT OF THE SADDLE.







PITKIN TAYLOR RESOLVES TO BRING THE MURDERERS OF HIS SONS-IN-LAW TO JUSTICE. AFFIDAVITS ON THE KILLING ARE SWORN OUT AND PRINTED IN THE PAPERS.

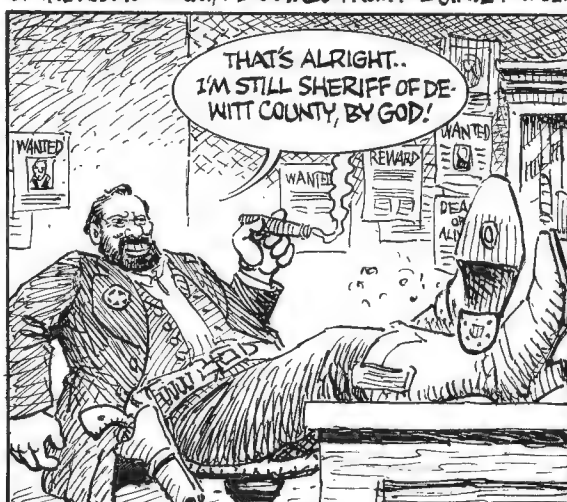
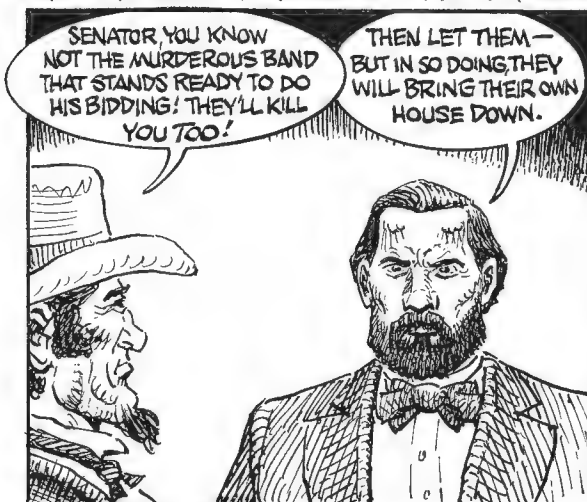


STATE SENATOR BOLIVAR PRIDGEN DENOUNCES DAVIS' STATE POLICE AND THE "INFAMOUS WRETCHES" WHO FILL ITS RANKS.



THIS, OF COURSE, EARNS HIM THE SYMPATHY OF THE TAYLOR PARTY AND THE UNDYING HATRED OF HELM'S CROWD.

HELM HAS OVERPLAYED HIS HAND THIS TIME. BECAUSE OF THE PUBLIC OUTCRY, HE IS FIRED FROM THE STATE POLICE.



MEANWHILE, THE YOUNG FUGITIVE JOHN WESLEY HARDIN HAS BEEN CONSTANTLY ON THE RUN FROM THE YANKEE OVERLORDS.



HE HAS BECOME A COWBOY AND ADOPTED SOME BAD HABITS. DRINKING, GAMBLING, AND GUNPLAY ARE HIS WAY OF LIFE.



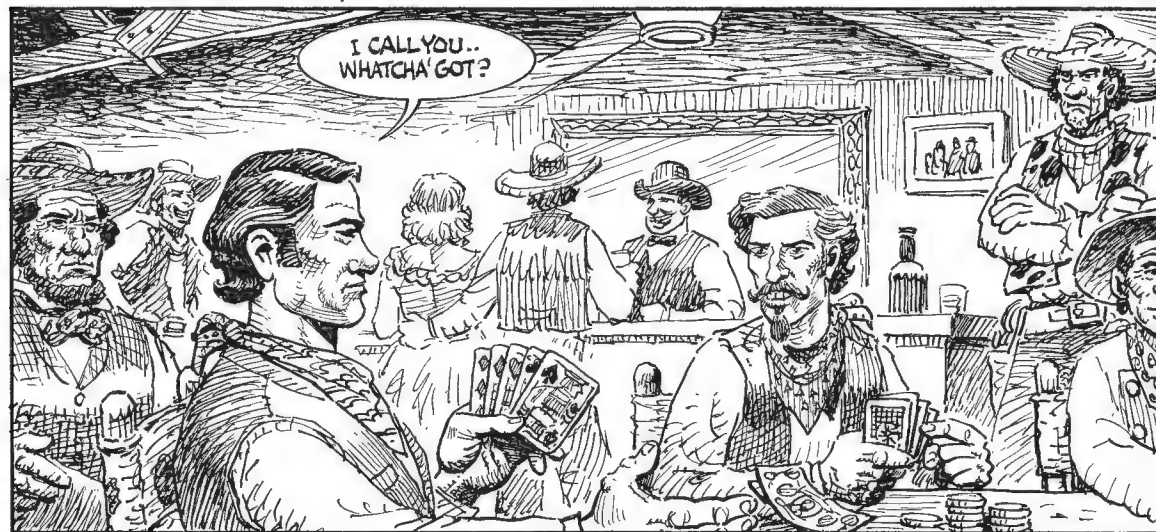
EACH TIME HE KILLS, HE FINDS HIS FATHER FORGIVING.



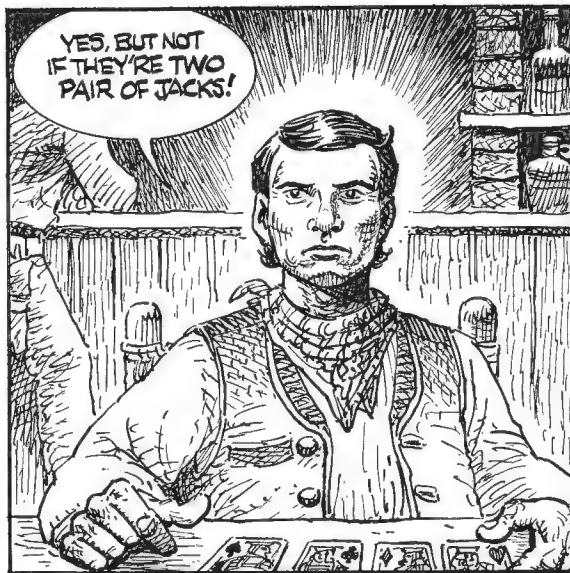
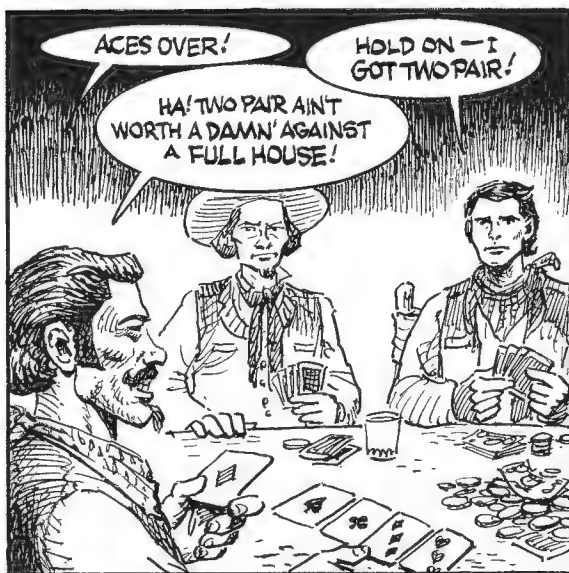
HIDING AT HIS UNCLE BOB HARDIN'S FARM AT BRENHAM, WES TAKES IN THE SIGHTS AT NEARBY EVERGREEN.



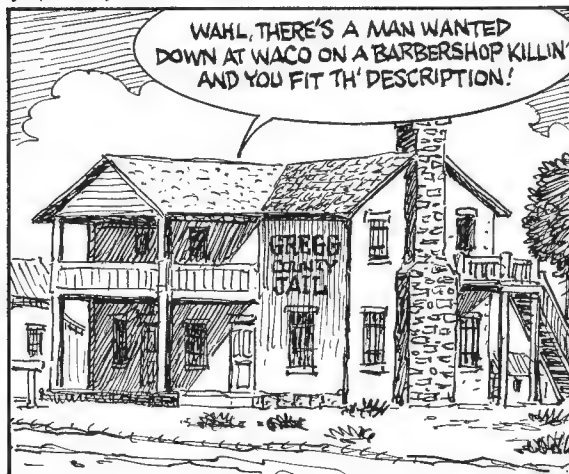
THERE HE MEETS BILL LONGLEY, A TEXAS BADMAN IN ALMOST AS MUCH TROUBLE WITH THE YANKEES AS HIMSELF.



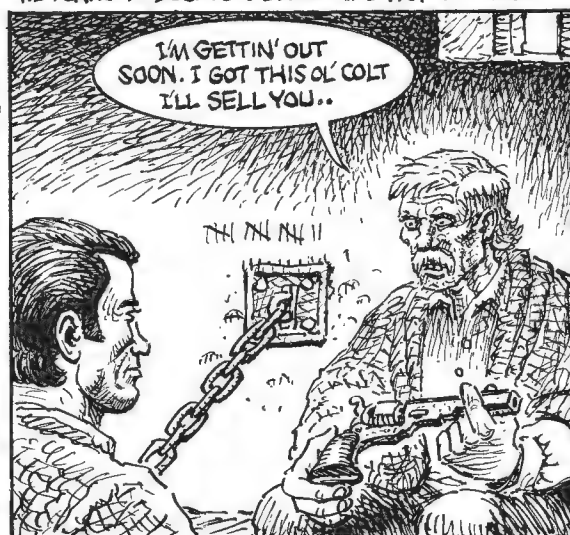




WES MOVES FREQUENTLY ONCE THE STATE POLICE IS ESTABLISHED. NONETHELESS, HE IS ARRESTED AT LONGVIEW ON A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY.



HE PLANS TO ESCAPE DURING THE TRIP TO WACO.



WES WHINES AND WHIMPERS UNTIL HIS GUARDS ARE LULLED INTO COMPLACENCY.



WHEN CAPT. STOKES GOES OFF TO GET THE HORSES SOME FODDER, HARDIN MAKES HIS MOVE.

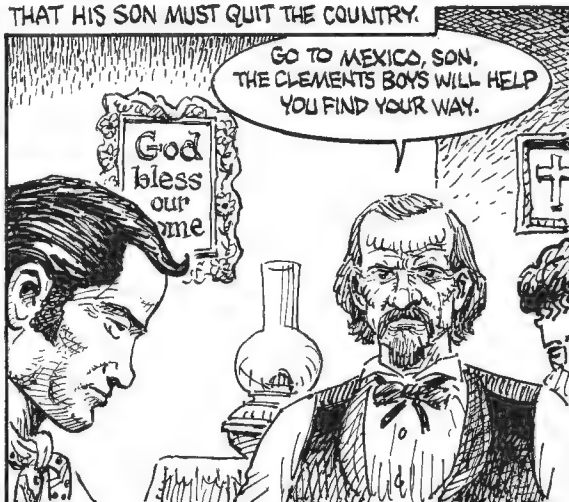




JIM SMOLLY DIES BECAUSE "HE DID NOT HAVE SENSE ENOUGH TO THROW UP HIS HANDS AT THE POINT OF A PISTOL."



AFTER ANOTHER HARROWING ESCAPE—AND THE DEATH OF THREE MORE "POLICEMEN"—REV. HARDIN REALIZES THAT HIS SON MUST QUIT THE COUNTRY.



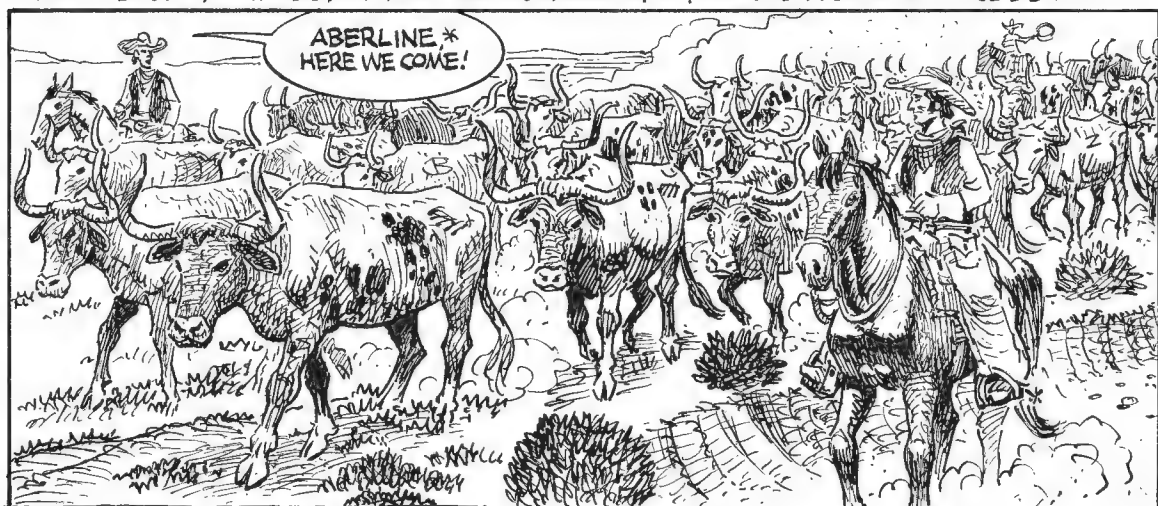
SO JOHN WESLEY, AGE 18, RIDES SOUTH—LEAVING A TRAIL OF TWELVE DEAD MEN BEHIND HIM.



HIS CLEMENTS COUSINS CAUSE HIM TO CHANGE HIS PLANS.



BY THE END OF FEBRUARY 1871, THE HERD IS FORMED AND READY TO GO. WES AND COUSIN JIM ARE HIRED TO BOSS IT, WITH ANOTHER HERD UNDER MANNING, GIP, AND JOE FOLLOWING CLOSE BEHIND.



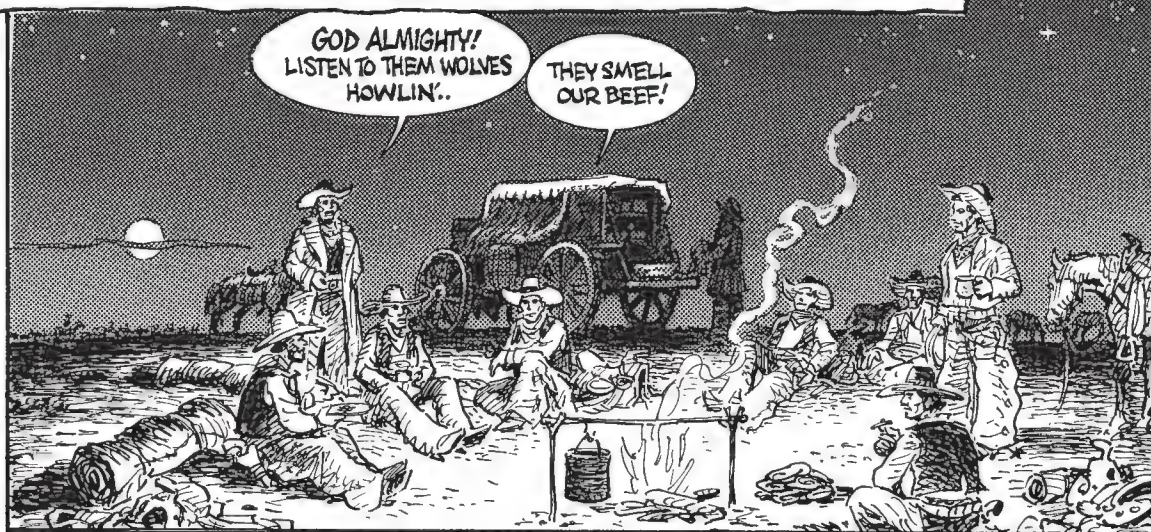
\* THE TEXANS CALLED ABILENE "ABERLINE".



SEVERAL WEEKS LATER THEY CROSS INTO INDIAN TERRITORY AT RED RIVER STATION; THE TRAIL NORTH IS CLOGGED WITH CATTLE



THEIR PASSAGE THROUGH INDIAN COUNTRY IS FULL OF NEW EXPERIENCES FOR THE BOYS.



NEARING KANSAS THEY ARE SUBJECTED TO A CUSTOM LOATHED BY ALL TEXAS DROVERS.



FINALLY WEARYING OF THE EXTORTION, WES WHACKS AN OSAGE WITH HIS PISTOL.



YOU LET ME CUT OUT FAT WHOA-HA OR I KILL ONE!

SHOOT THAT STEER AND I'LL SHOOT YOU!



BOTH MEN FOLLOW THROUGH ON THEIR THREATS. THE DEAD INDIAN IS TIED TO HIS HARD-WON BEEF.



NOT LONG AFTER THEIR HERD PASSES INTO KANSAS, MORE TROUBLE DEVELOPS.



ONE THING LEADS TO ANOTHER UNTIL A PITCHED BATTLE ERUPTS BETWEEN THE TWO CAMPS.



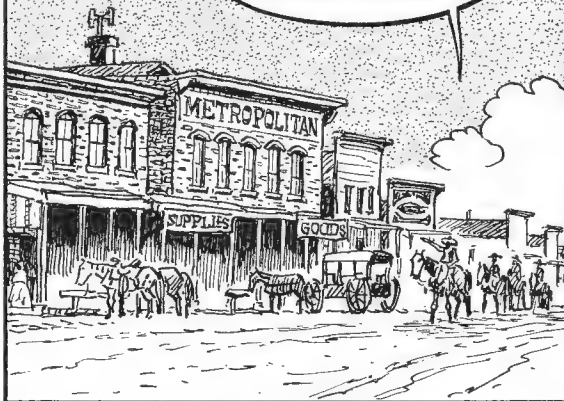


AFTERWARDS, THE RED-NECKED VICTORS CONDUCT A BODY COUNT OF THEIR FALLEN FOES.



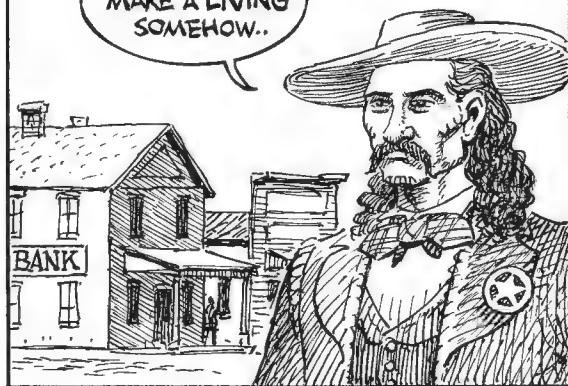
REACHING ABILENE WITHOUT FURTHER MAYHEM, THEY DELIVER THE HERD AND GO INTO TOWN TO COLLECT THEIR PAY.

WAHL, HERE IT IS BOYS-TH' FASTEST TOWN THIS SIDE OF SODOM.

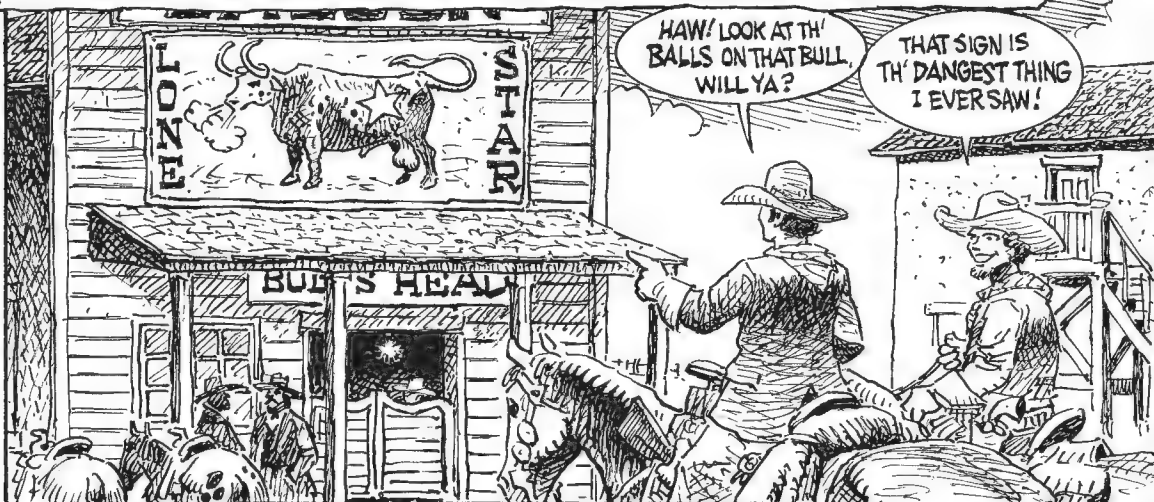


ABILENE IS A FAST TOWN INDEED, FILLED WITH YOUNG TEXANS EAGER TO BLOW OFF A LITTLE STEAM AFTER THE LONG DRIVE. PRESIDING OVER THE FESTIVITIES IS JAMES B. HICKOK, BETTER KNOWN AS "WILD BILL".

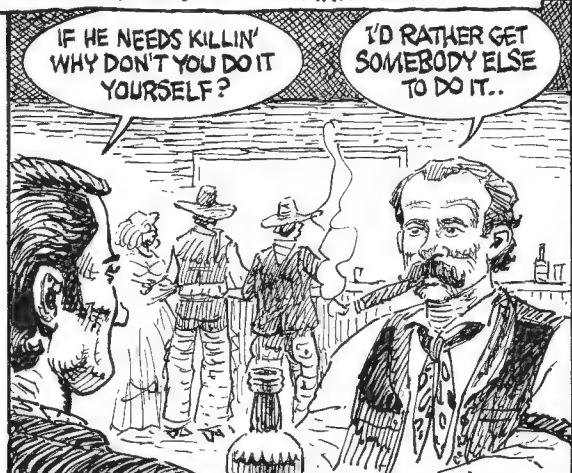
A MAN'S GOTTA MAKE A LIVING SOMEHOW..



ONE OF THE COWBOYS' FAVORITE HANGOUTS IN THE "TEXAS SECTION" IS THE BULL'S HEAD SALOON, RUN BY A COUPLE OF GAMBLERS FROM THE LONE STAR STATE NAMED BEN THOMPSON AND PHIL COE.



THOMPSON THINKS THAT HICKOK IS PREJUDICED AGAINST SOUTHERNERS — TEXANS ESPECIALLY — AND TRIES TO GET WES TO DO HIS DIRTY WORK.



IF HE NEEDS KILLIN' WHY DON'T YOU DO IT YOURSELF?

I'D RATHER GET SOMEBODY ELSE TO DO IT..

WHEN HICKOK SENDS A CREW OF PAINTERS OVER TO ALTER THE OFFENDING BOVINE, RELATIONS WITH THE TEXAN PROPRIETORS SINK TO AN ALL-TIME LOW.



THERE'LL BE TROUBLE OVER THIS, BILL.

THAT'S WHAT I'M COUNTIN' ON!

WILD BILL HAS A STRICT RULE AGAINST FIREARMS IN TOWN AND HE TRIES TO ENFORCE IT ON HARDIN.



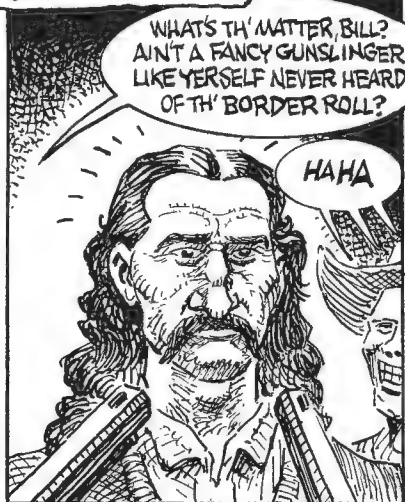
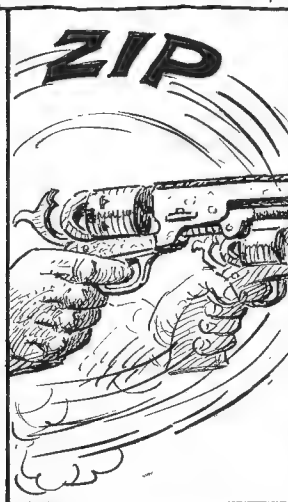
TAKE THOSE PISTOLS OFF AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT!

WES PRESENTS HIS HARDWARE, BUTTS FIRST.



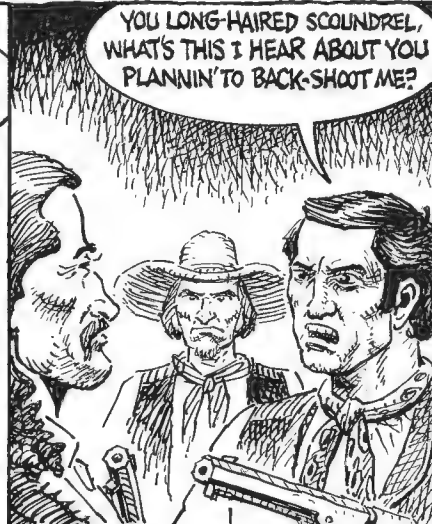
ALRIGHT, IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU FEEL ABOUT IT..

REACHING FOR THE SHOOTING IRONS, HICKOK FINDS HIMSELF STARING INTO THEIR COLD MUZZLES. ONCE HE HAS THE UPPER HAND, WES SPEAKS HIS MIND.



WHAT'S TH' MATTER, BILL? AIN'T A FANCY GUNSLINGER LIKE YERSELF NEVER HEARD OF TH' BORDER ROLL?

HAHA



YOU LONG-HAIRED SCOUNDREL, WHAT'S THIS I HEAR ABOUT YOU PLANNIN' TO BACK-SHOOT ME?



THE ABILENE MARSHAL CHANGES HIS TACTICS.

NOW, LITTLE ARKANSAW,  
YOU HAVE BEEN WRONGLY  
INFORMED. LET'S HAVE US  
A DRINK AND BE FRIENDS.



THEY DO, AND WES CONTINUES TO WEAR HIS PISTOLS.

UNDER CONDITION  
THAT YOUR CROWD  
PULLS THEIRS OFF.

IN THAT  
CASE WE CAN BE  
FRIENDS.



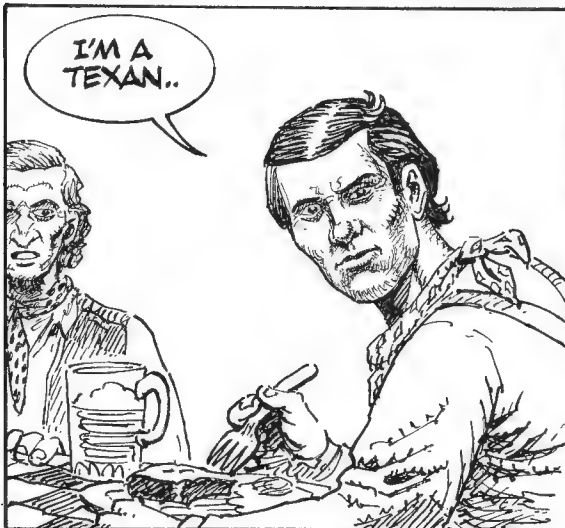
BUT TROUBLE IS HARD TO AVOID IN A TOWN AS WILD AS ABILENE...

TEXANS IS TH' SCUM OF  
TH' EARTH! TH' LOWEST VERMIN  
THAT EVER SLITHERED BELLY  
OUT OF TH' SLIME!



WES TURNS FROM HIS PLATE OF STEAK AND EGGS.

I'M A  
TEXAN..



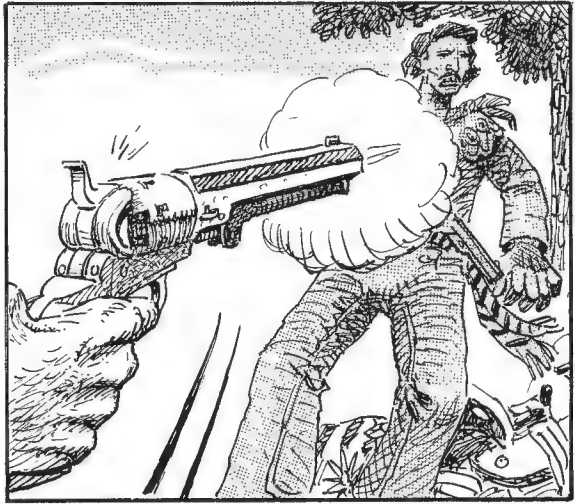
WHEN THE OBNOXIOUS DRUNK BEGINS TO  
CURSE HIM, THINGS GET OUT OF HAND.



AFTER THIS INCIDENT HARDIN WISELY LEAVES TOWN TO TRACK DOWN A MEXICAN NAMED BIDEÑO WHO HAS KILLED BILLY CORAN, A COWMAN UP FROM TEXAS.



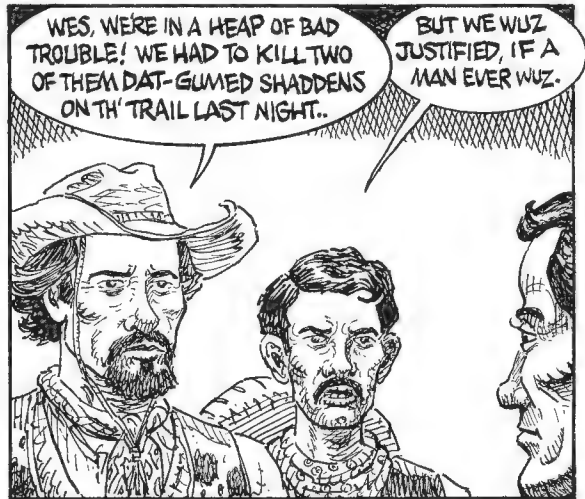
BIDEÑO, KNOWING THE CERTAIN FATE THAT AWAITS HIM IN ABILENE, MAKES HIS LAST PLAY.



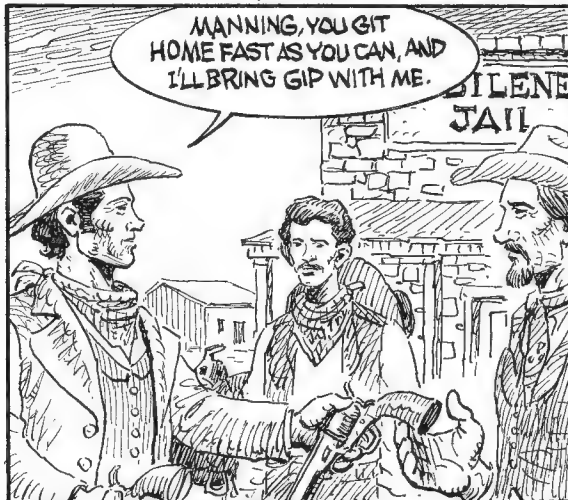
UPON HIS RETURN WES IS WINED AND DINED BY CATTLEMEN GRATEFUL FOR THE AVENGING OF CORAN'S DEATH.



HE IS SOUGHT OUT BY MANNING AND GIP CLEMENTS, WHO HAVE JUST ARRIVED WITH DOC BURNETT'S HERD.



WES SURRENDERS HIS KINSMEN AND, THROUGH MANEUVERINGS WITH HICKOK, SPRINGS THEM FROM JAIL.

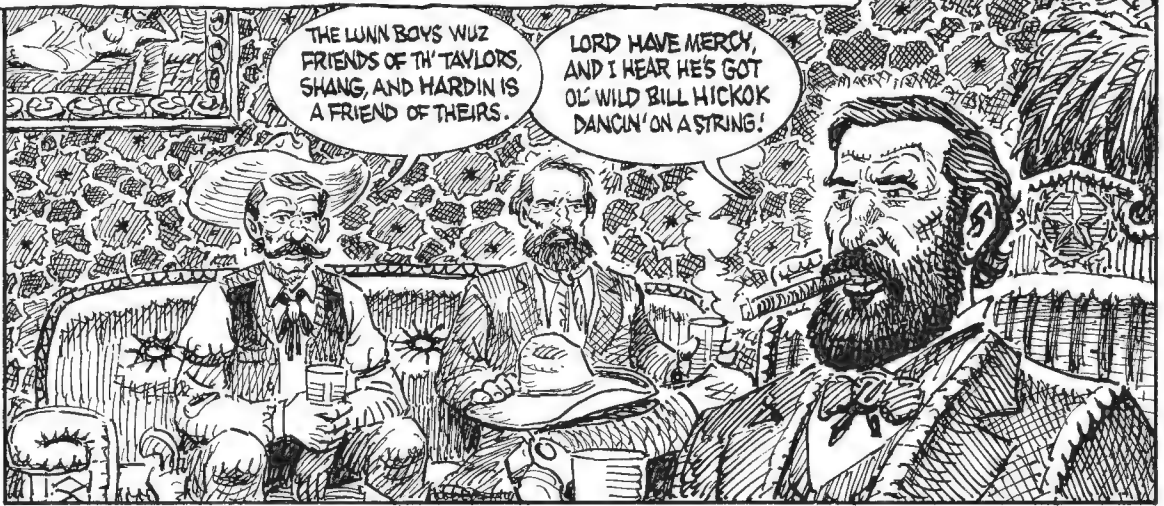


HARDIN RETURNS TO ABILENE BUT SOON FEELS THE HEAT OF WILD BILL'S WRATH AND DECIDES TO HEAD FOR HOME HIMSELF, DOUBLE-QUICK.



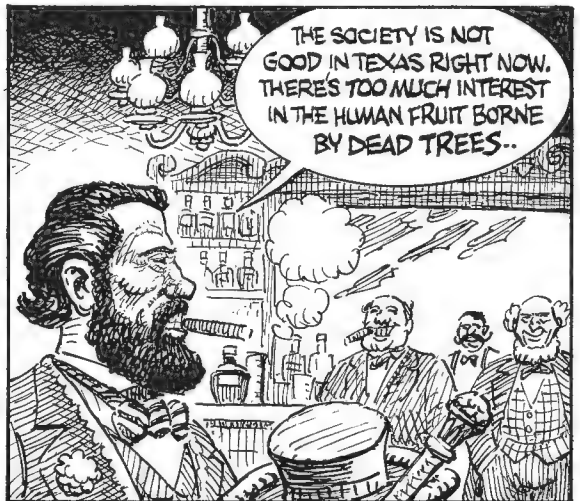


IN NEARBY KANSAS CITY, NEWS OF HIS DEPARTURE BRINGS RELIEF TO SHANGHAI PIERCE, WHO STANDS ACCUSED OF LYNCHING THE LUNN BROTHERS BACK IN TEXAS.



PIERCE HAS SOLD HIS CATTLE BUSINESS FOR \$100,000 AND LEFT TEXAS BECAUSE THE "CLIMATE WAS GETTING TOO OPPRESSIVE," AS HE IS FOND OF SAYING.

WHEN THE LUNN AFFAIR WENT BEFORE A GRAND JURY, PIERCE WAS RELUCTANT TO STAY AND TESTIFY.



LATER THAT YEAR THINGS COME TO A HEAD BETWEEN WILD BILL AND PHIL COE IN ABILENE. THE TROUBLE IS OVER CROOKED CARDS AND SOFT WOMEN...



THE CATTLE SEASON OVER, ABILENE SOON GIVES WILD BILL HIS WALKING PAPERS.

I HOPE I NEVER SEE ANOTHER TEXAS COWBOY!



MEANWHILE THE DAVIS ADMINISTRATION IS BUSY MAKING ITSELF ANATHEMA TO TEXANS. THE LEGISLATURE'S EXTRAVAGANT POLICY OF RAILROAD SUBSIDIES CREATES A SCANDAL.

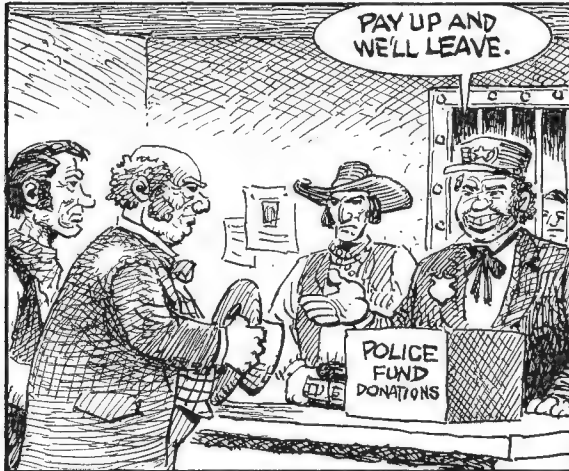
DAMN' POLITICIANS ARE LINING THEIR OWN POCKETS!

SO WHAT'S NEW?



WORSE IS THE STATE POLICE, WHICH PLACES MANY COUNTIES UNDER MARTIAL LAW AND THEN BRAZENLY EXTORTS TRIBUTE FROM THE CITIZENS.

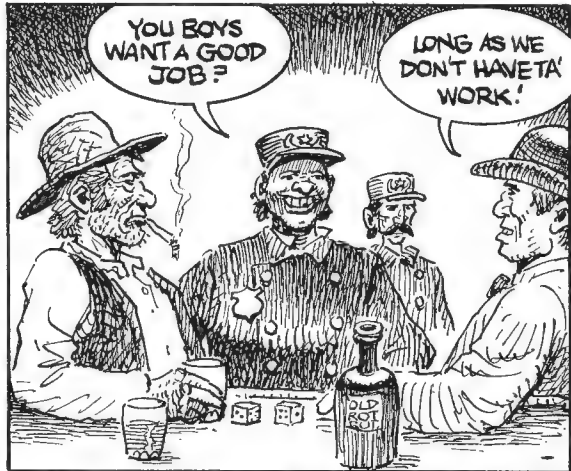
PAY UP AND WE'LL LEAVE.



AS A RULE, EX-CONFEDERATES REFUSE TO ENLIST IN THE POLICE (EVEN IF ELIGIBLE) AND THE ADJ. GEN. MUST FILL HIS RANKS FROM THE DREGS OF SOCIETY.

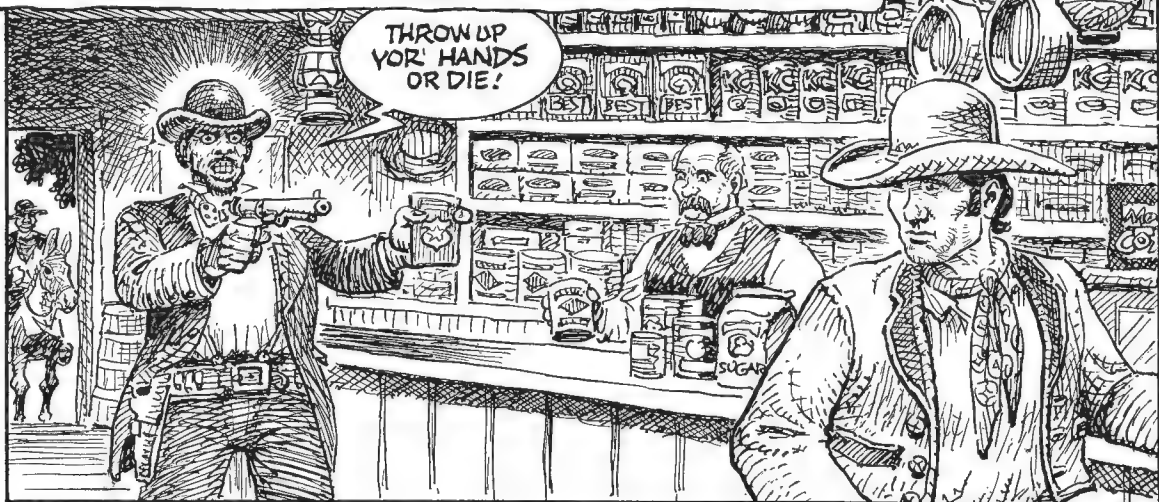
YOU BOYS WANT A GOOD JOB?

LONG AS WE DON'T HAVETA' WORK!



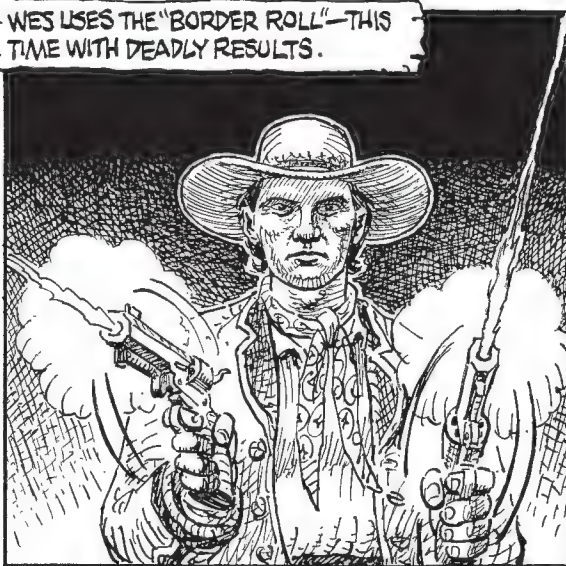
MANY ARE "UPPITY" FREEDMEN, SUCH AS THE DUO THAT CORNER WES HARDIN IN A GONZALES COUNTY GROCERY STORE SOON AFTER HIS RETURN TO TEXAS.

THROW UP YOR' HANDS OR DIE!





WES USES THE "BORDER ROLL"—THIS TIME WITH DEADLY RESULTS.



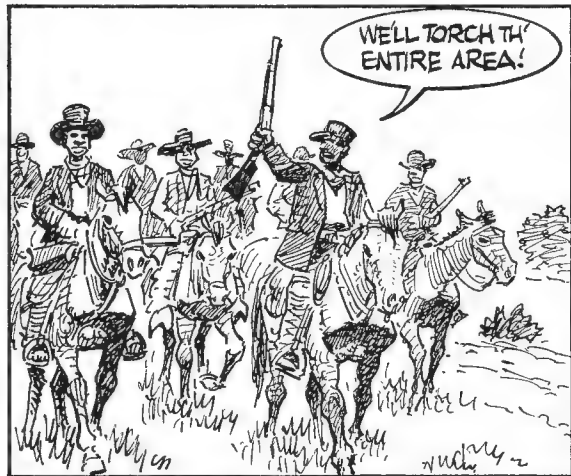
THE OTHER POLICEMAN IS KNOCKED OFF HIS MULE..



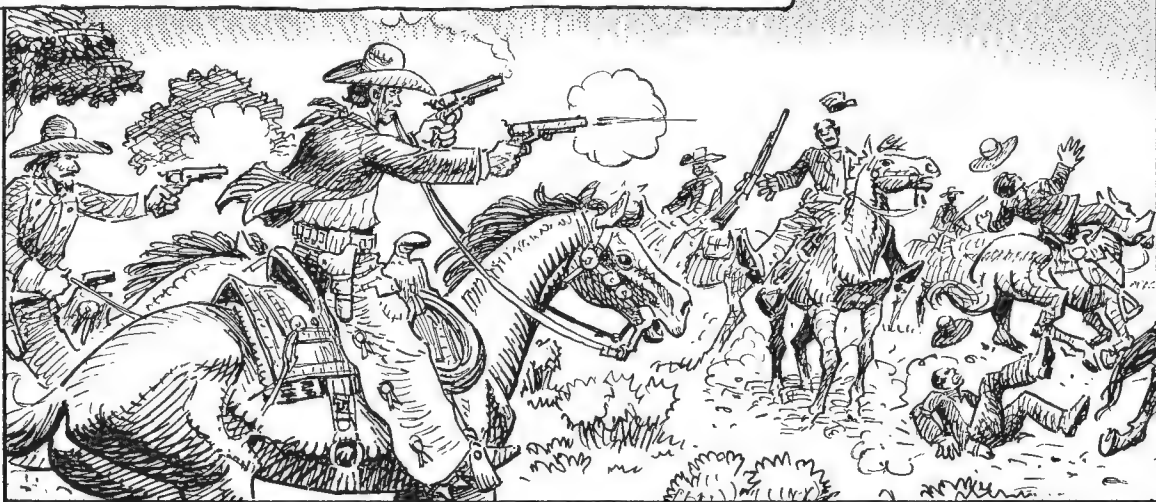
..BUT LIVES TO BEAR WITNESS.



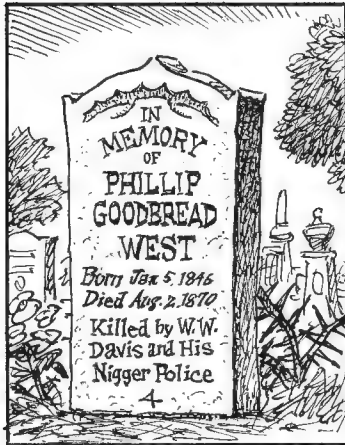
NEWS OF THIS OUTRAGE AGAINST THE STATE POLICE SPREADS LIKE WILDFIRE. POSSES RIDE TO GONZALES COUNTY FROM AS FAR AWAY AS AUSTIN.



HARDIN AND HIS SUPPORTERS MEET THEM HEAD-ON, ENDING THE ROLE OF THE NEGRO POLICE IN THIS BASTION OF REBEL SUPREMACY.



BUT NOT BEFORE LOCAL CEMETERIES SPROUT TOMBSTONES TO REMIND US OF THE ERA'S BITTER RACIAL HATRED...



HARDIN'S KINSHIP WITH THE CLEMENTS BOYS SOON DRAWS HIM INTO THEIR FEUD WITH WHITE POLICEMEN AS WELL.



WES SPARKS A NEIGHBORING GIRL FROM COON HOLLOW NAMED JANE BOWEN. WHEN JIM CLEMENTS AND ANNIE TENNILLE TALK OF MARRIAGE, HIS THOUGHTS TURN TO THE SAME SUBJECT.



THE DAVIS FACTION, MORE PARANOID THAN EVER, STANDS GUARD OVER THE FALL ELECTIONS. RESULTS FROM MANY DISTRICTS ARE THROWN OUT.



DURING THE SAME MONTH, NOV. OF 1871, DOBOY TAYLOR IS INVOLVED IN A DISPUTE AT KERRVILLE OVER A NEW YORK CATTLE CONTRACT.



IN THE RUCKUS THAT FOLLOWS, HOLSTEIN WRESTLES DOBOY'S PISTOL AWAY AND KILLS HIM WITH IT!

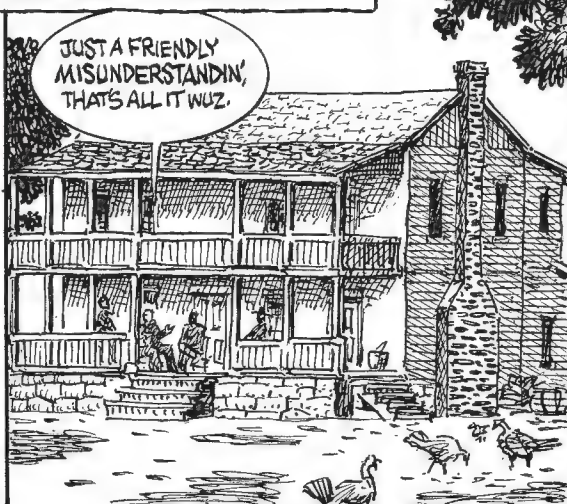




CREED, WHO HAS SETTLED IN THE HILL COUNTRY WITH OTHER FAMILIES FROM THE WAR-TORN COUNTIES, RECEIVES THE NEWS AT A CEDAR BRAKE COW CAMP.



HE DENIES THAT THE DEATH OF HIS SECOND SON IS FEUD-RELATED.



THE FOLLOWING MARCH, WES AND JANE GET HITCHED AT RIDGEBURY AND SETTLE INTO MARRIED LIFE IN FRED DUDERSTADT'S RENT HOUSE ON THE SANDIES.



DOMESTIC LIFE APPEALS TO HARDIN — SO MUCH SO THAT HE "RIDES DOWN" A FAVORITE PINTO PONY TO REACH THE ARMS OF HIS SWEET YOUNG WIFE.



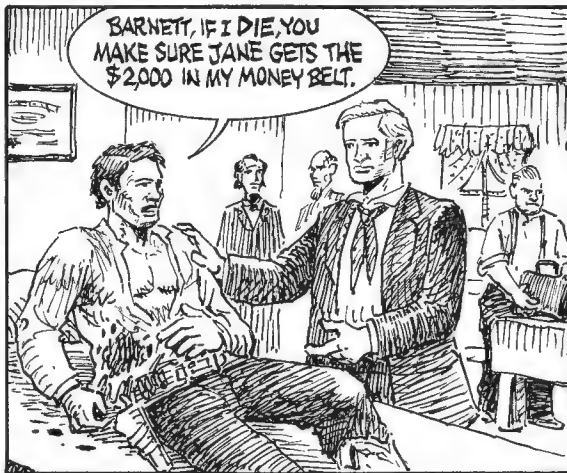
HE AND HIS CLEMENTS COUSINS TRAIL HORSES TO LOUISIANA, DODGING STATE POLICEMEN ALL ALONG THE ROUTE.



VISITING RELATIVES IN FOLK AND TRINITY COUNTIES  
ON THE WAY BACK, HE GETS INTO A DISTURBANCE  
OVER A GAME OF TEN PINS.



WES CATCHES SOME BUCKSHOT IN THE BELLY AND IS  
CARRIED TO A DOCTOR BY COUSIN BARNETT JONES—  
THE SAME WHO HAD WRESTLED MAGE THE EX-SLAVE.



WHEN A LOCAL MOB GATHERS, HE SURRENDERS  
TO A FRIENDLY LAWMAN AND IS TRANSPORTED  
BACK TO GONZALES DESPITE HIS WOUNDS.



HE MAKES HIS ESCAPE FROM JAIL AS  
SHERIFF JONES LOOKS THE OTHER WAY.



PITKIN TAYLOR HAS NEVER CEASED RAISING HELL  
ABOUT THE MURDER OF HIS KELLY SONS-IN-LAW, AND  
THE SUTTON GANG FINALLY DECIDES TO SHUT HIM UP.



THE RATTLING OF THE COWBELL AWAKENS PITKIN.





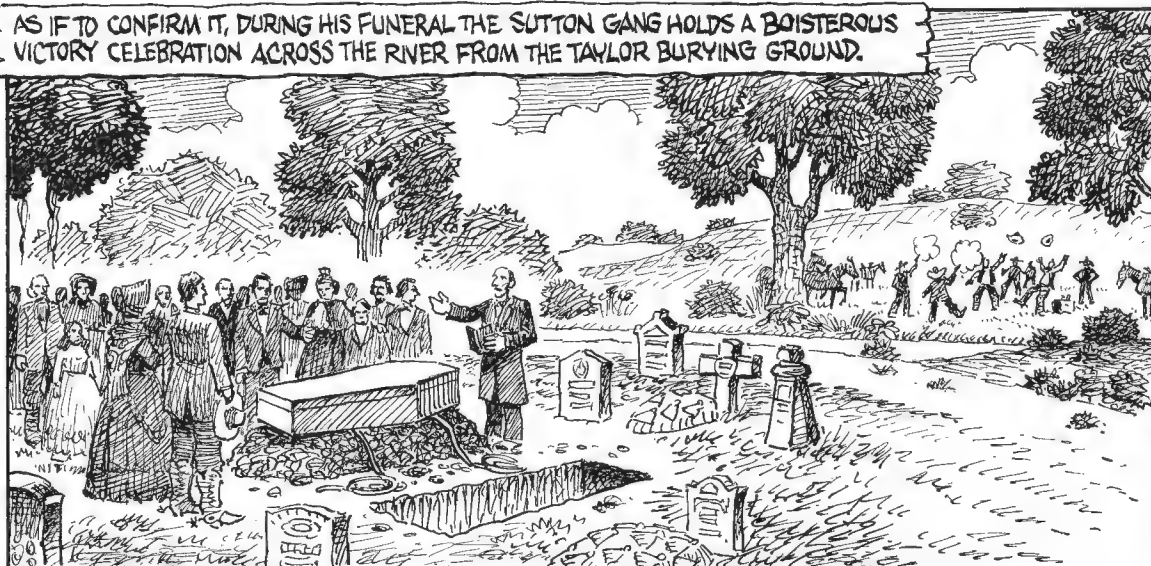
COMING OUTSIDE HALF DRESSED, TAYLOR IS STOPPED  
IN HIS TRACKS BY HIDDEN ASSASSINS.



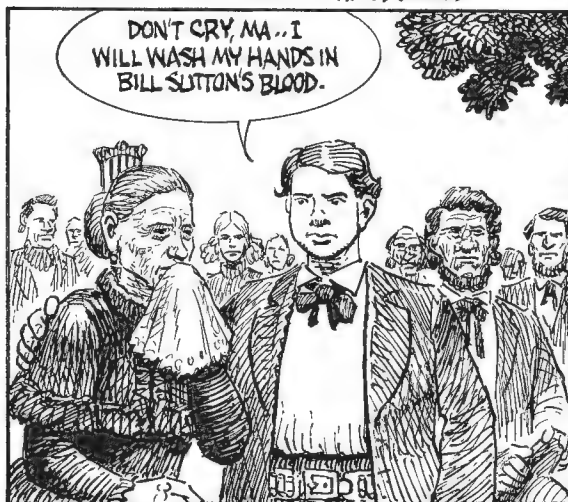
THE OLD MAN LINGERS FOR SIX MONTHS TILL HE DIES.



AS IF TO CONFIRM IT, DURING HIS FUNERAL THE SUTTON GANG HOLDS A BOISTEROUS  
VICTORY CELEBRATION ACROSS THE RIVER FROM THE TAYLOR BURYING GROUND.



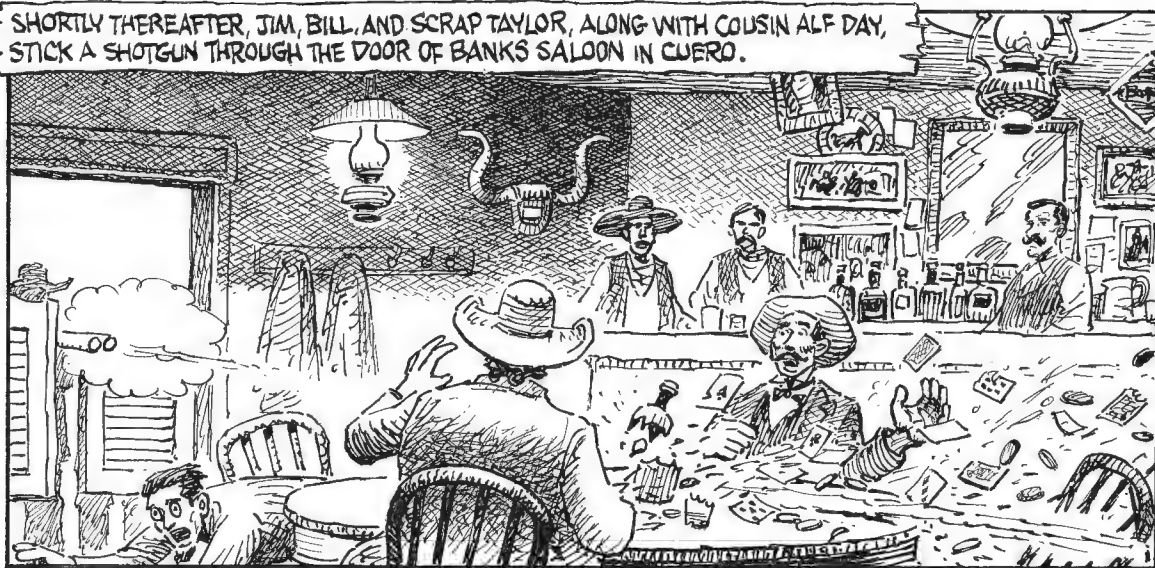
AMONG THE MOURNERS ARE SON JIM TAYLOR AND FIVE  
OTHER YOUTHFUL RELATIVES OF THE DECEASED.



AND SO A NEW GENERATION OF TAYLORS TAKES OVER  
THE FEUD — BAD NEWS FOR THE THINNING RANKS OF  
THEIR ADVERSARIES.

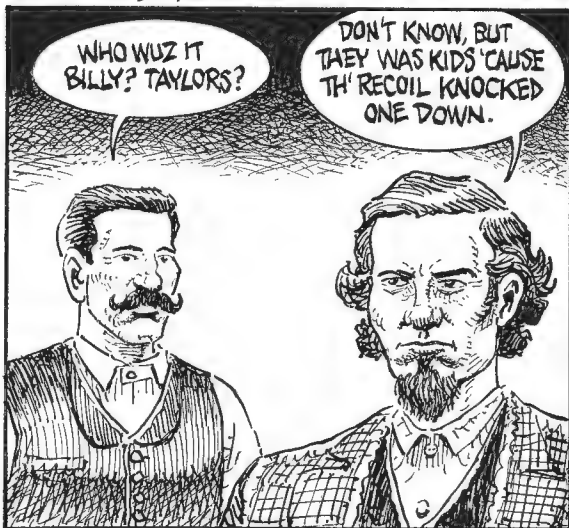


SHORTLY THEREAFTER, JIM, BILL, AND SCRAP TAYLOR, ALONG WITH COUSIN ALF DAY, STICK A SHOTGUN THROUGH THE DOOR OF BANKS SALOON IN CUERO.



THEIR AIM IS BAD, BILL SUTTON ONLY BEING WOUNDED.

CHARGES ARE FILED AGAINST SCRAP AND ALF, THE YOUNGEST OF THE BUNCH. THEY ARE JAILED TO AWAIT TRIAL.

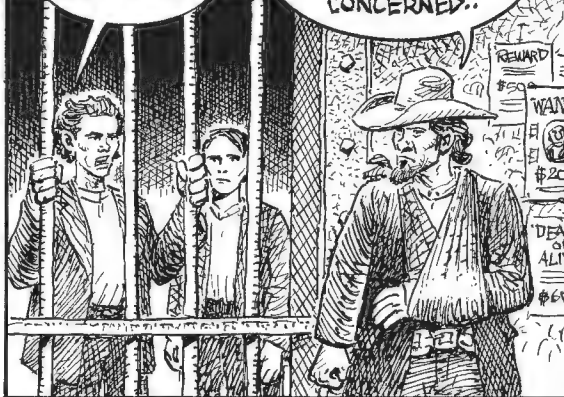


WHO WUZ IT BILLY? TAYLORS?

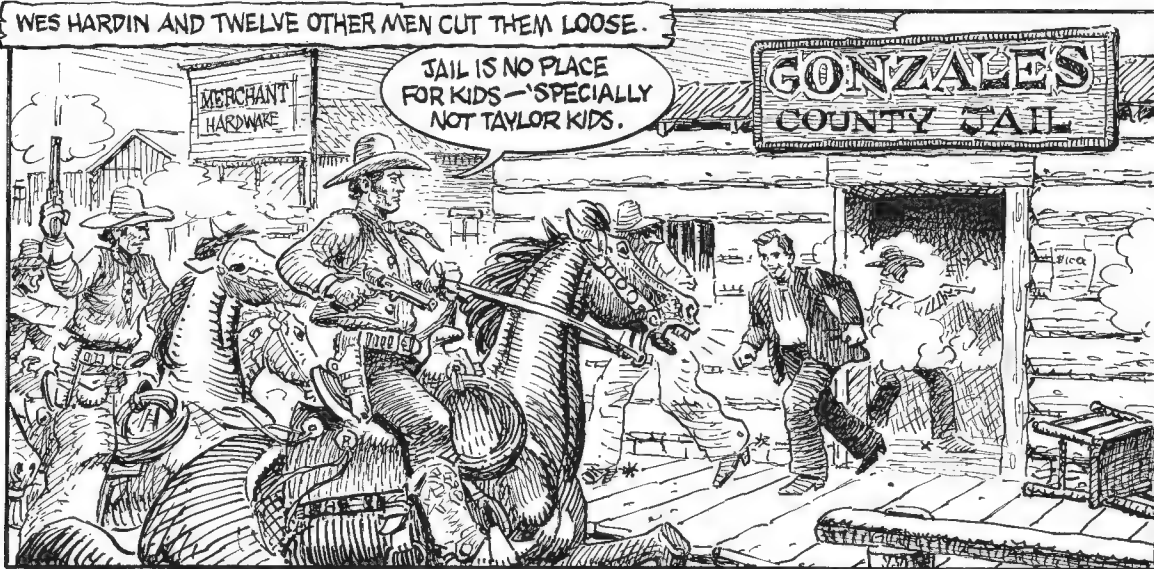
DON'T KNOW, BUT THEY WAS KIDS 'CAUSE TH' RECOIL KNOCKED ONE DOWN.

YOU CAN'T PROVE NUTHIN'!

YOU'RE GUILTY LESS YOU CAN PROVE OTHERWISE, FAR AS I'M CONCERNED..



WES HARDIN AND TWELVE OTHER MEN CUT THEM LOOSE.

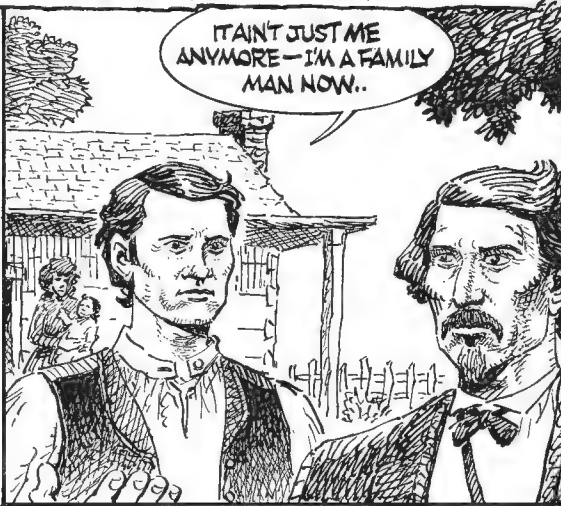


JAIL IS NO PLACE FOR KIDS - 'SPECIALLY NOT TAYLOR KIDS.

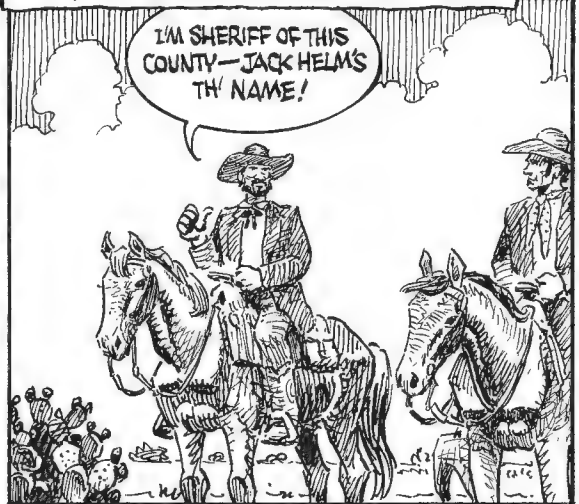
GONZALES COUNTY JAIL



JIM TRIES TO PULL WES FARTHER INTO THE FEUD, BUT THE NEW FATHER IS RELUCTANT.



ON HIS WAY TO INDIANOLA TO SET UP A CATTLE SALE, WES RUNS INTO THE DEVIL HIMSELF.



WES TELLS HELM WHO HE IS.



HE REFUSES HELM'S OUT-THRUST HAND AND DARES THE SHERIFF TO BACK UP HIS LOOSE TALK.



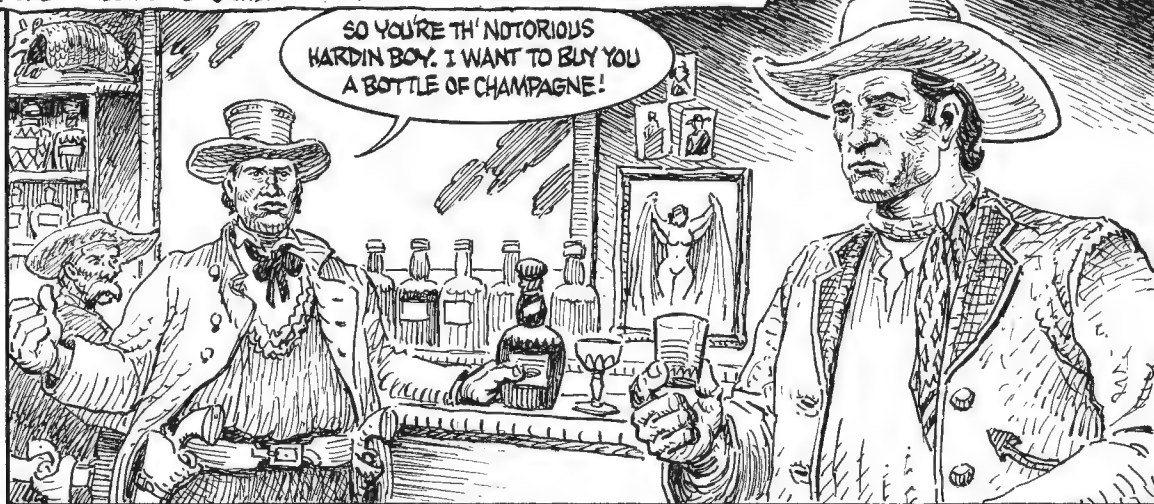
WESLEY, I'VE GOT THE GOVERNOR'S \$500 PROCLAMATION ON YOU HERE IN MY POCKET, BUT I'LL NEVER TRY TO SERVE IT IF YOU'LL SPARE MY LIFE!!



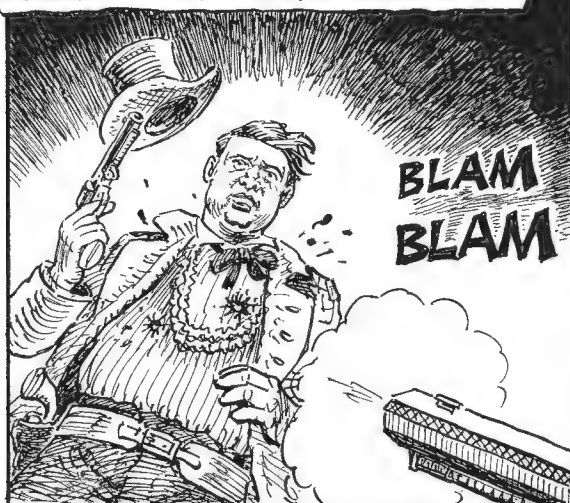
WARILY THE TWO MEN RIDE ON TO CUERO.



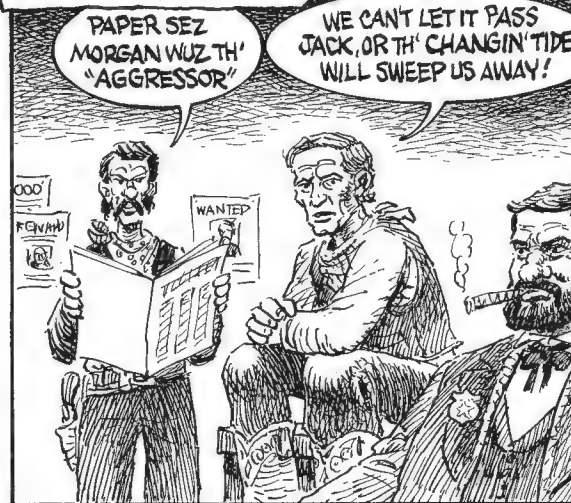
WHILE IN A LOCAL BARROOM HARDIN IS APPROACHED BY J.B. MORGAN, ONE OF HELM'S HENCHMEN WITH AN ITCH FOR REWARD MONEY.



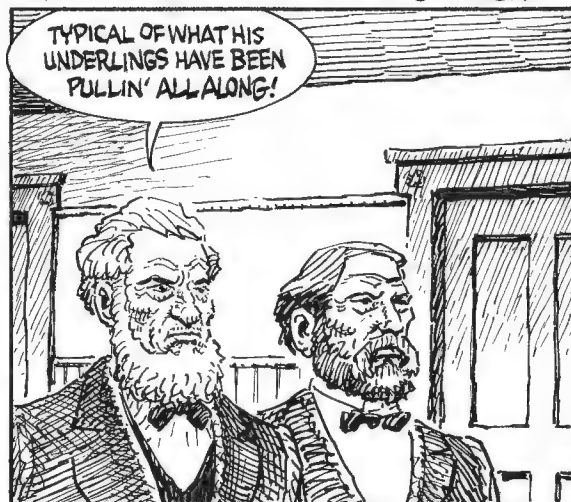
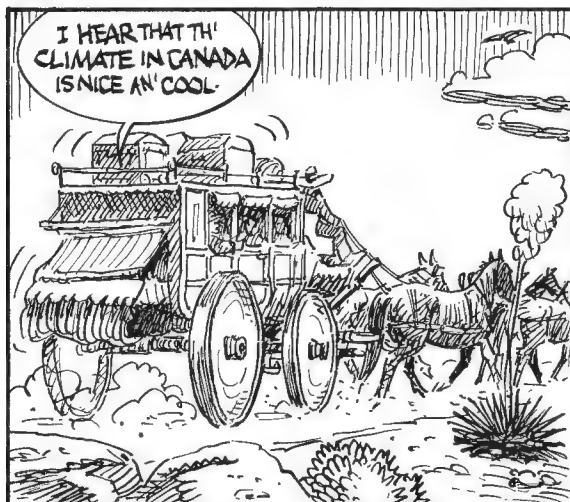
WES REFUSES TO DRINK WITH MORGAN, AND HE USES IT AS AN EXCUSE TO PULL HIS PISTOL.



THE KILLING, THOUGH A FAIR FIGHT, OCCURS ON HELM'S TURF.



THE TIDE IS INDEED CHANGING. ADJ. GEN. DAVIDSON HAS ABSCONDED WITH \$37,000 OF PUBLIC MONEY AND, BECAUSE OF ITS RECORD OF BRUTALITY THROUGHOUT TEXAS, HIS POLICE ORGANIZATION IS IN BIG TROUBLE.

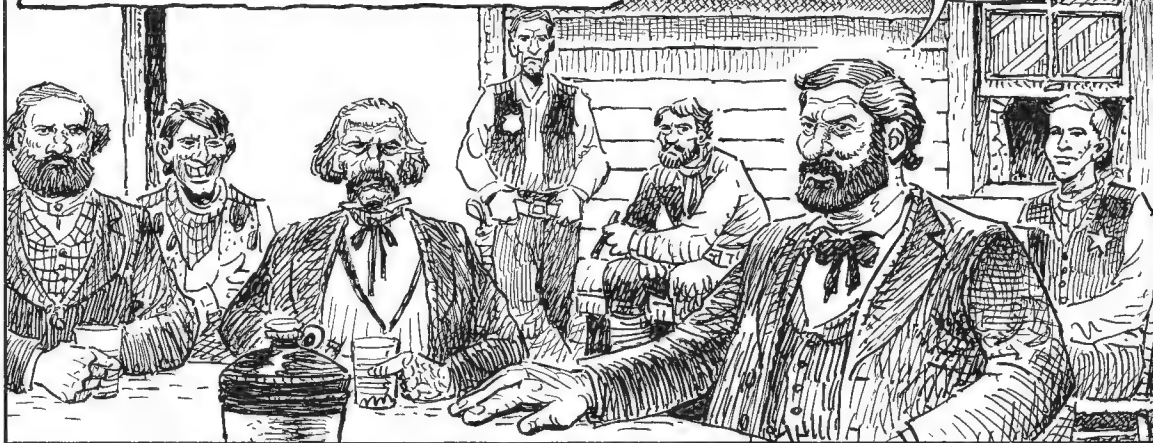




# LAW AND ORDER

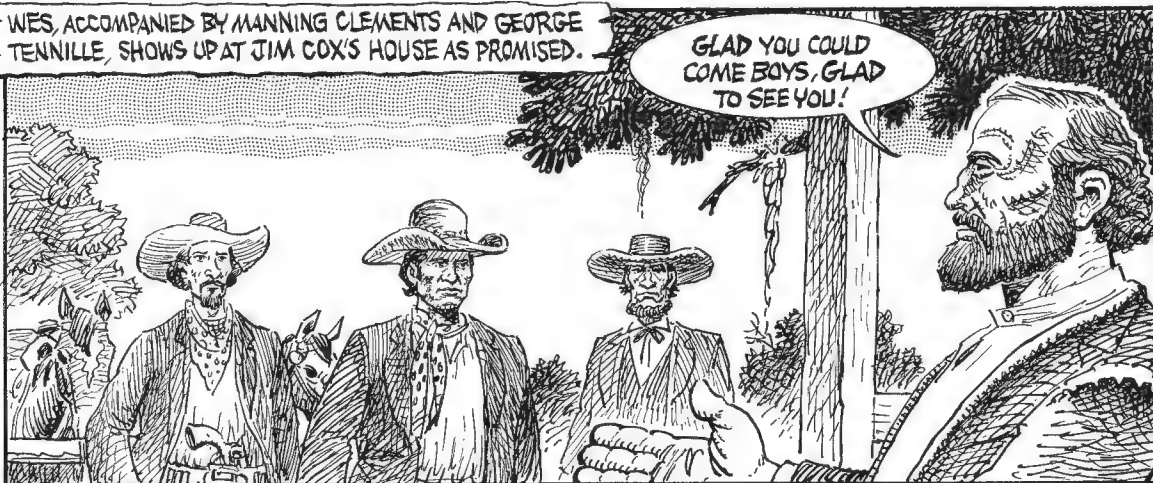
IN APRIL OF 1873 AN INDIGNANT LEGISLATURE ABOLISHES THE STATE POLICE OVER GOV. DAVIS' VETO. TEXAS REJOICES, BUT NOT THE SUTTON PARTY! NOW THE COMING MEETING WITH HARDIN TAKES ON ADDED SIGNIFICANCE.

BOYS, WE GOT TO...TO NEUTRALIZE THAT GUNSLINGER OR OUR GOOSE IS COOKED.



WES, ACCOMPANIED BY MANNING CLEMENTS AND GEORGE TENNILLE, SHOWS UP AT JIM COX'S HOUSE AS PROMISED.

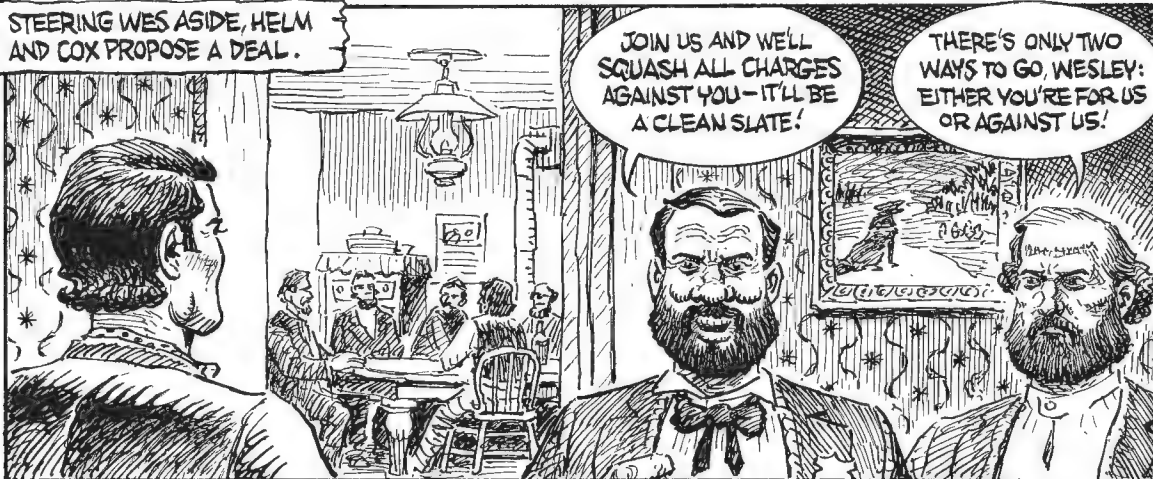
GLAD YOU COULD COME BOYS, GLAD TO SEE YOU!



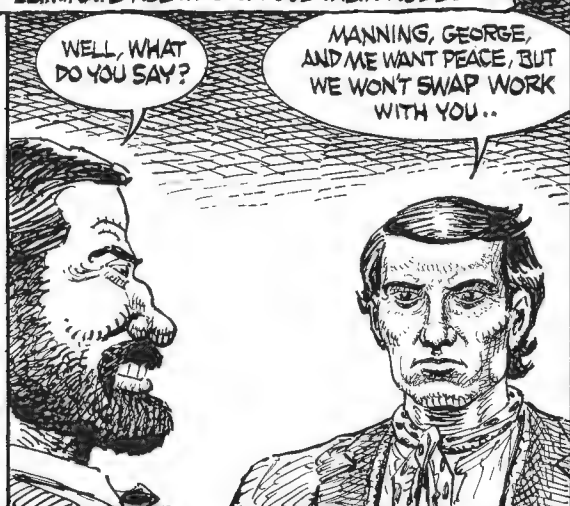
STEERING WES ASIDE, HELM AND COX PROPOSE A DEAL.

JOIN US AND WE'LL SQUASH ALL CHARGES AGAINST YOU—IT'LL BE A CLEAN SLATE!

THERE'S ONLY TWO WAYS TO GO, WESLEY: EITHER YOU'RE FOR US OR AGAINST US!



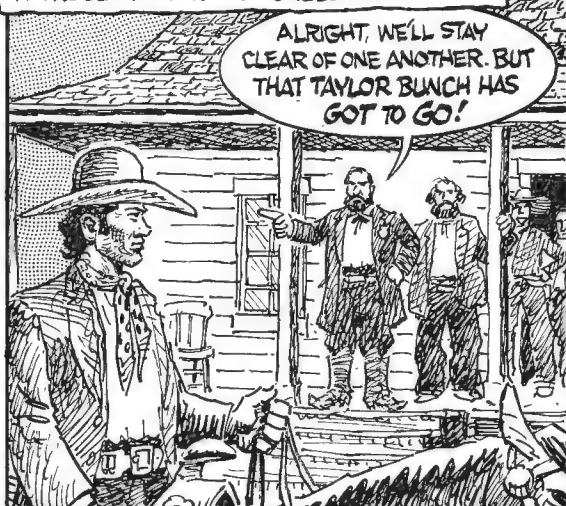
WES PLAYS ALONG AND HEARS THEIR PLAN: TO ELIMINATE ALL WHO OPPOSE THEIR RULE.



WELL, WHAT DO YOU SAY?

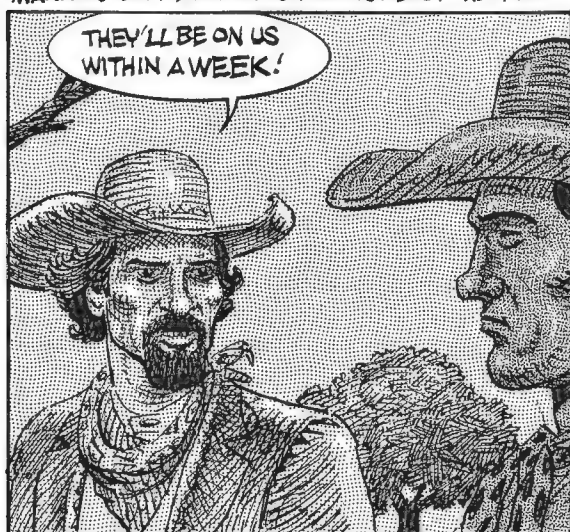
MANNING, GEORGE, AND ME WANT PEACE, BUT WE WON'T SWAP WORK WITH YOU..

SEEING THEY CANNOT SWAY THEIR GUESTS, A TRUCE OF SORTS IS AGREED TO.



ALRIGHT, WE'LL STAY CLEAR OF ONE ANOTHER. BUT THAT TAYLOR BUNCH HAS GOT TO GO!

MANNING EXPRESSES HIS DOUBTS ABOUT THE PACT.



THEY'LL BE ON US WITHIN A WEEK!

SURE ENOUGH, HELM AND A POSSE OF FIFTY MEN SOON COME VISITING BUT FIND THE MENFOLK GONE.



WHERE ARE THEY??

I DUNNO..OUT ON A ROUNDUP I SUPPOSE.

WHEN JANE OFFERS NO INFORMATION ON THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE TAYLOR BOYS, HELM GROWS ABUSIVE.



YOU'RE COVERING FOR THOSE DAMNED RASCALS MISSY..

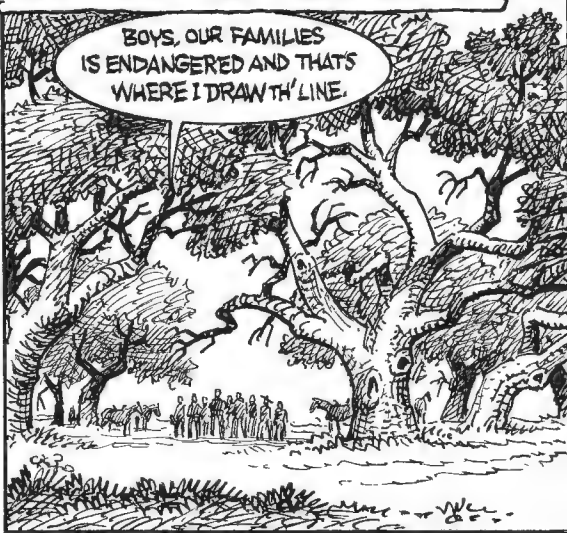
..YOU AND THEM IS ONE OF A KIND!



LEARNING OF THE INSULTS TO THEIR WOMEN, WES AND THE CLEMENTS CLAN DECIDE TO JOIN THE TAYLORS OPENLY.



A MEETING IS CALLED AT MUSTANG MOTTE.



THEY MOVE SWIFTLY. IN MAY, JIM COX IS FILLED WITH BUCKSHOT...



... AND HIS THROAT SLIT FROM EAR TO EAR.



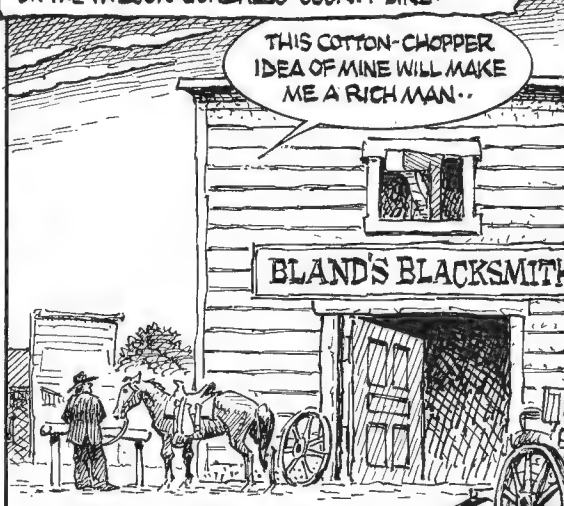
JOE TUMLINSON, ASTRIDE HIS FAST GRAY EAGLE, NARROWLY ESCAPES DEATH AT THE SAME TIME.



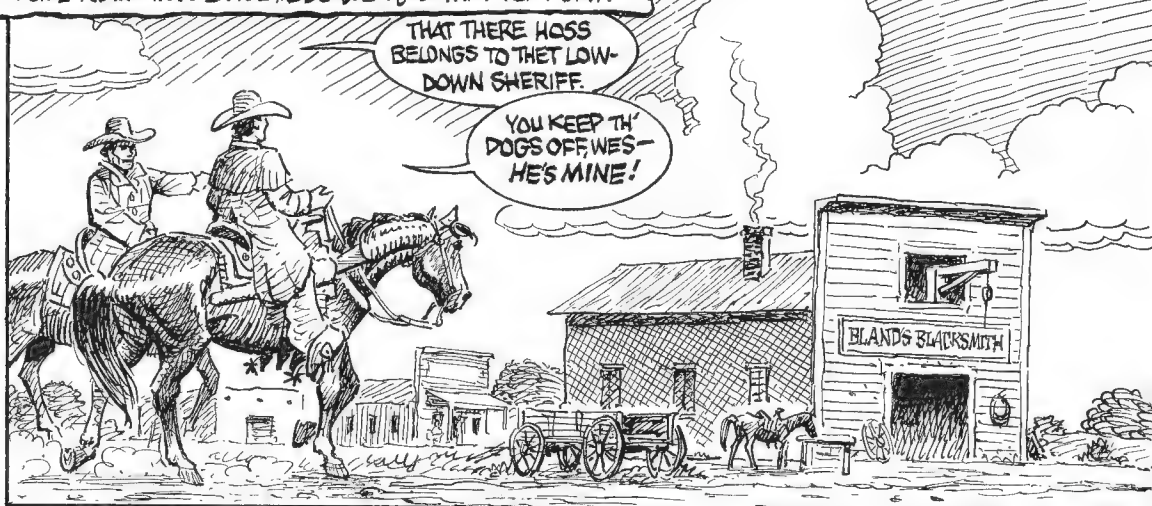
SUTTON IS BUSHWHACKED IN JUNE BUT AGAIN THE TAYLOR KIDS ARE TOO HASTY AND HE GETS AWAY.



JULY FINDS JACK HELM IN A BLACKSMITH SHOP ON THE WILSON-GONZALES COUNTY LINE.



BY STRANGE COINCIDENCE WES HARDIN AND JIM TAYLOR CAME RIDING INTO LITTLE ALBUQUERQUE THAT VERY DAY!



NOT EXPECTING ANY TROUBLE IN THIS REMOTE AREA, HELM HAS LEFT HIS GUNBELT ON HIS SADDLEHORN.





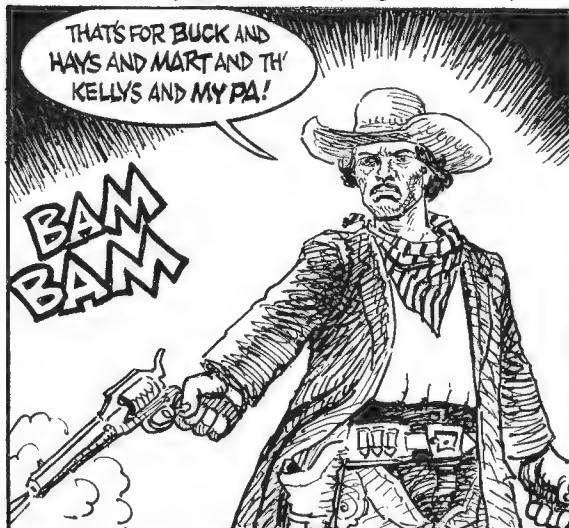
UNARMED AND SEEING HIS DANGER, HELM PULLS A KNIFE OUT OF HIS BOOT.



IGNORING THE FACT THAT THE REMARK WAS INTENDED FOR HIM, WES FIRES A LOAD OF BUCKSHOT INTO THE 'ONLY SCOUNDREL PRESENT' AND THEN TURNS HIS SIX-SHOOTERS ON THE BYSTANDERS.



JIM TAYLOR FINISHES OFF THE SCOURGE OF HIS KINSMEN.



THIS BOLD KILLING GREATLY AGITATES OL' JOE TUMLINSON, WHO FEELS THE NOOSE TIGHTENING.

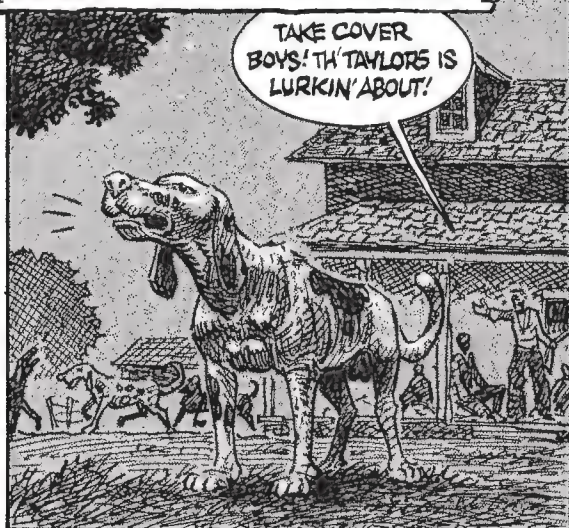




ANTICIPATING JOE'S VENGEANCE, WES MOVES AGAINST THE TUMLINSON HOUSE.



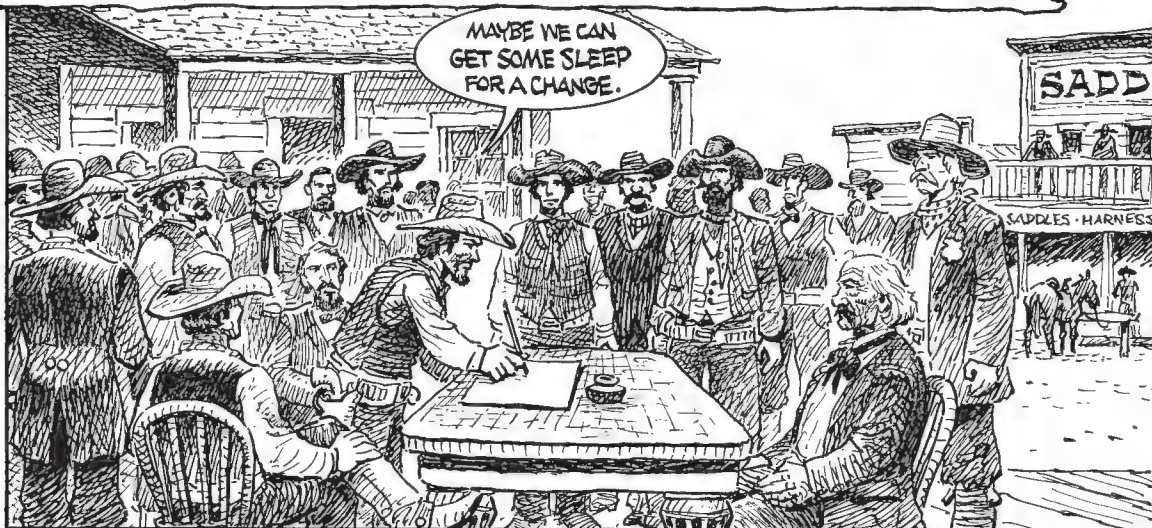
BUT JOE'S COON DOGS SOUND THE ALARM.



THE SIEGE IS FINALLY LIFTED WHEN NEUTRAL CITIZENS INTERVENE.



SO THE NEXT DAY, AUG. 12, 1873, BOTH SIDES RIDE TO CLINTON AND SIGN A FORMAL PEACE TREATY.

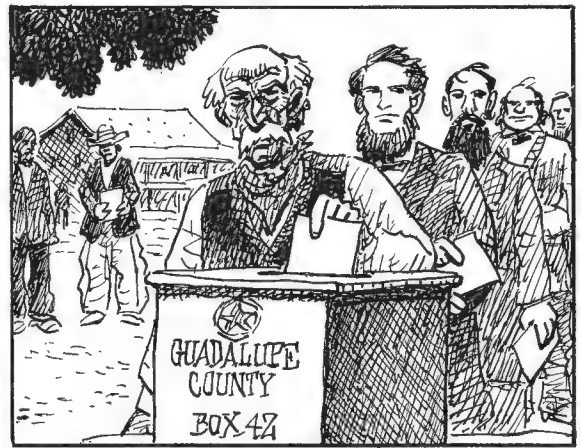




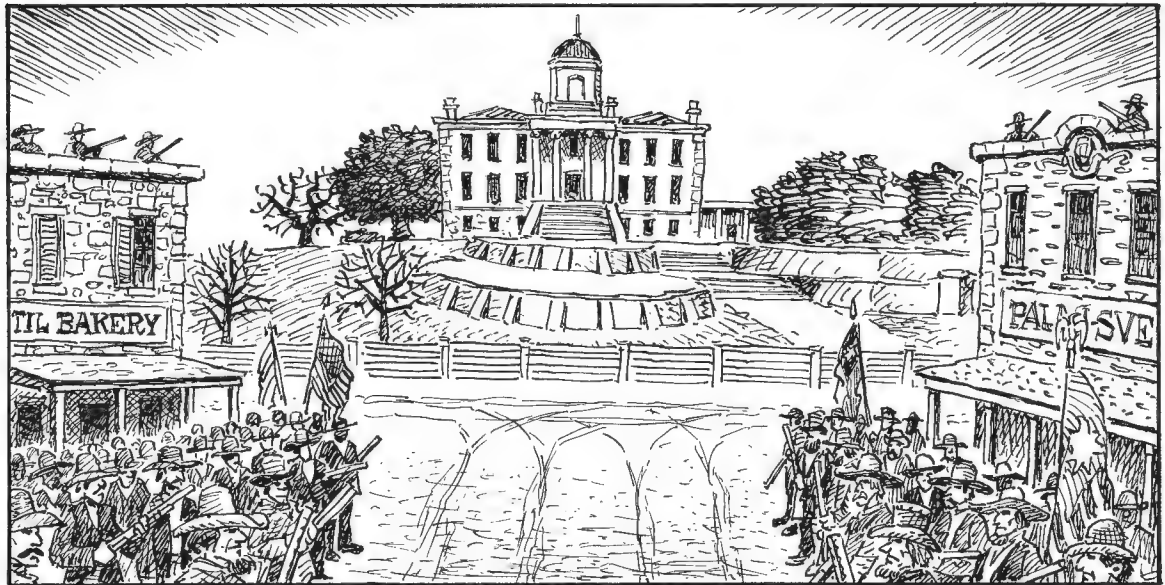
TRANQUILLITY DESCENDS ON THE GUADALUPE VALLEY, BUT IT CANNOT LAST LONG BECAUSE BILL SUTTON'S NAME IS NOT ON THE CEASE-FIRE AGREEMENT...



ENCOURAGED BY THE DEFEAT OF THE POLICE BILL, DEMOCRATS RALLY TO BEAT GOV. DAVIS AT THE POLLS.



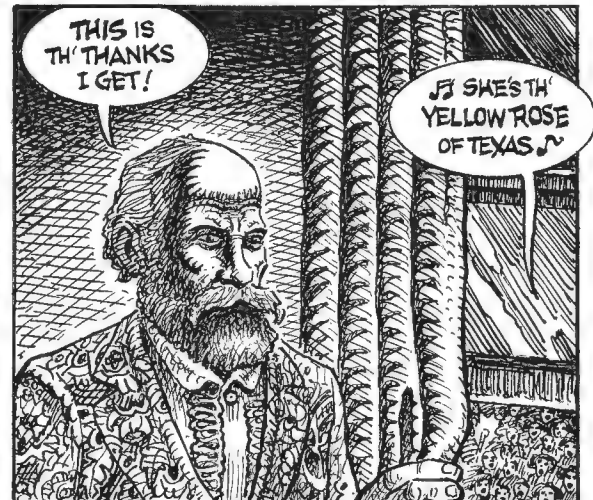
THE INCUMBENT TRIES TO HAVE THE RESULTS OVERTURNED AND THE CAPITAL DIVIDES INTO TWO ARMED CAMPS.



BUT PRESIDENT GRANT WILL NOT SEND FEDERAL TROOPS TO SUSTAIN DAVIS, AND THE 'LOYAL' LOCAL MILITIA GOES OVER TO THE OPPOSITION.



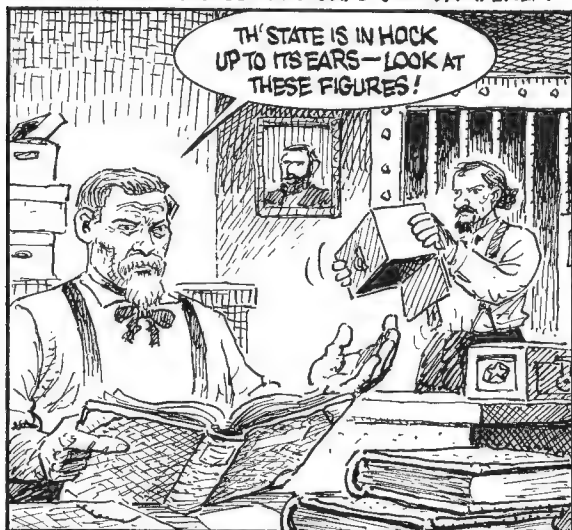
EMBITTERED BY THE FAILURE OF HIS NORTHERN FRIENDS TO SUPPORT HIM, DAVIS BOWS OUT TO COKE IN MID-JANUARY.



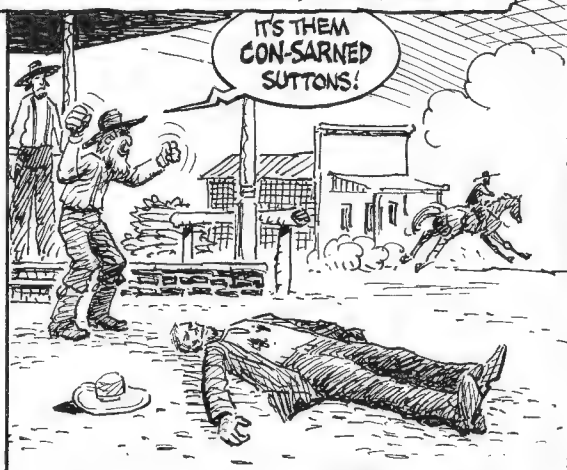
THE EBULLIENT TEXANS, REFUSED THE KEY TO THE SENATE, BREAK THE DOOR DOWN AND OUST ITS DIE-HARD OCCUPANTS.



THE DEMOCRATS' JOYOUS SPIRITS ARE SOON DAMPENED.



DURING THIS CHANGING OF THE GUARD, WILEY PRIDGEN, BROTHER OF THE OUTSPOKEN SENATOR, IS SHOT DOWN IN THOMASTON, DEWITT COUNTY.



THE FEUD FLARES UP AGAIN, BECOMING OPEN WAR IN CLINTON AND CUERO.

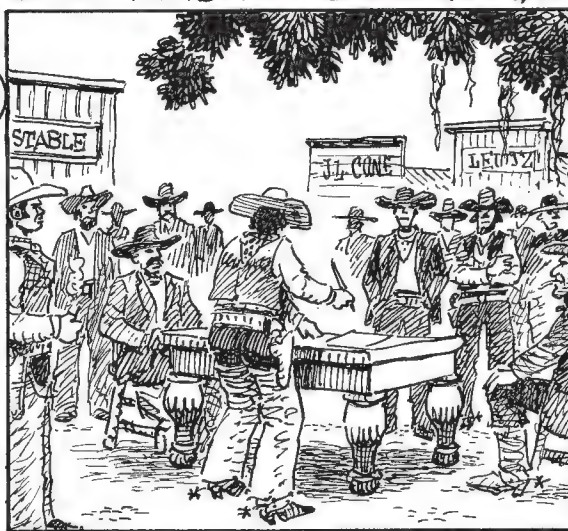




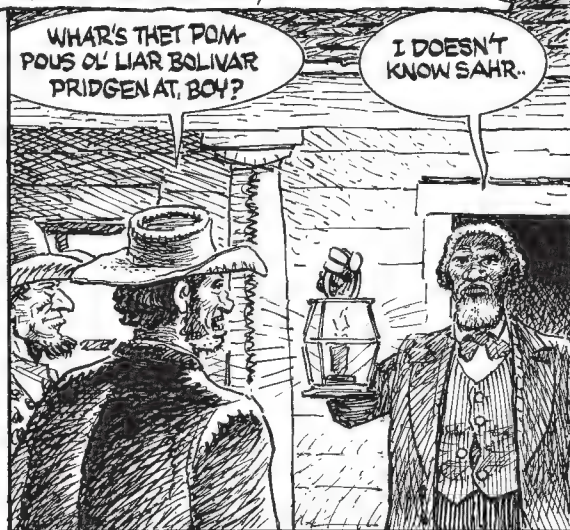
LOCAL "PROTECTION CLUBS" ARE FORMED BY CITIZENS WEARY OF THE UNENDING VIOLENCE.



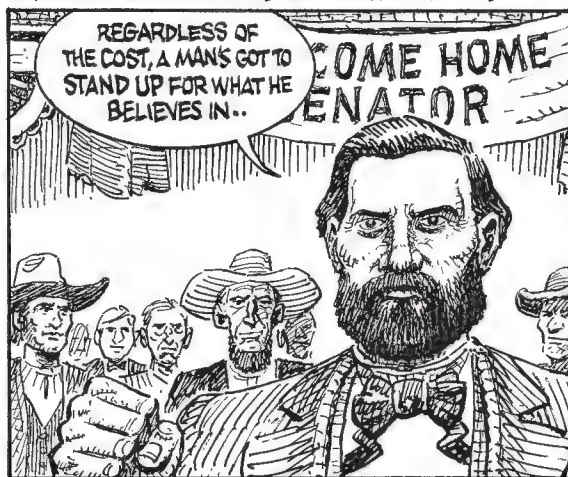
ANOTHER PEACE TREATY IS SIGNED AT CUERO, JAN. 3, 1874.



THE KILLING CONTINUES, BUT NOT SO OPENLY.



PRIDGEN, IN HIS ROLE AS SENATOR IN THE STATE LEGISLATURE, HAS BEEN ONE OF THE MOST VOCAL OPPONENTS OF RADICAL RULE AND THE STATE POLICE.



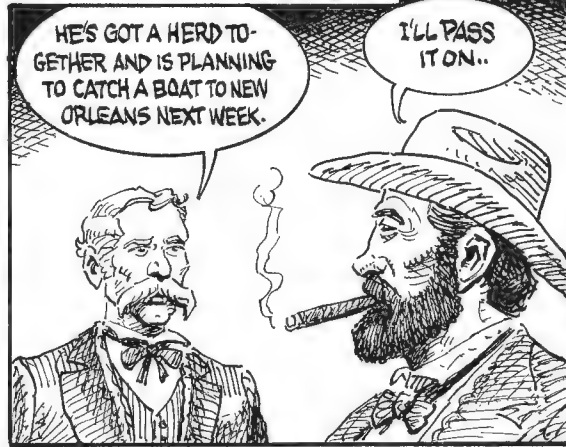
IN HIS ABSENCE THE SENATOR'S FAITHFUL EX-SLAVE IS MURDERED, BY SUTTON'S PARTY, HIS GUTS REPLACED WITH ROCKS.



BILL SUTTON DECIDES THE FRYING PAN HAS BECOME TOO HOT TO HANDLE. HE PREPARES TO LEAVE TEXAS.



WES HARDIN SENDS HIS BROTHER JOE TO KEEP TABS ON SUTTON'S MOVEMENTS. ALSO, A BANKER IN VICTORIA MAKES REPORTS TO BOLIVAR PRIDGEN, WHO IN TURN KEEPS THE TAYLOR BOYS INFORMED.



AT THE APPOINTED TIME THE TAYLORS ARRANGE TO BE IN INDIANOLA WITH A HERD OF THEIR OWN.



JIM AND HIS COUSIN BILL TAYLOR, BUCK'S NEPHEW, DO THE SHOOTING.





JIM CALMLY REACHES DOWN AND REMOVES SUTTON'S IVORY-HANDLED PISTOL, WHICH HAD BELONGED TO HIS COUSIN BUCK.



THEY HEAD FOR THE CATTLE PENS, LEAVING THE PREGNANT, HYSTERICAL LAURA SUTTON BEHIND.



ON THEIR WAY BACK TO CUERO, THE BOYS STOP AT SEN. PRIDGEN'S HOUSE AND ARE TREATED TO A TURKEY DINNER.



AFTER MANY TOASTS JIM TAYLOR MAKES HIS WAY TO A GONZALES COUNTY COW CAMP WHERE WES IS PUTTING TOGETHER ANOTHER KANSAS HERD.



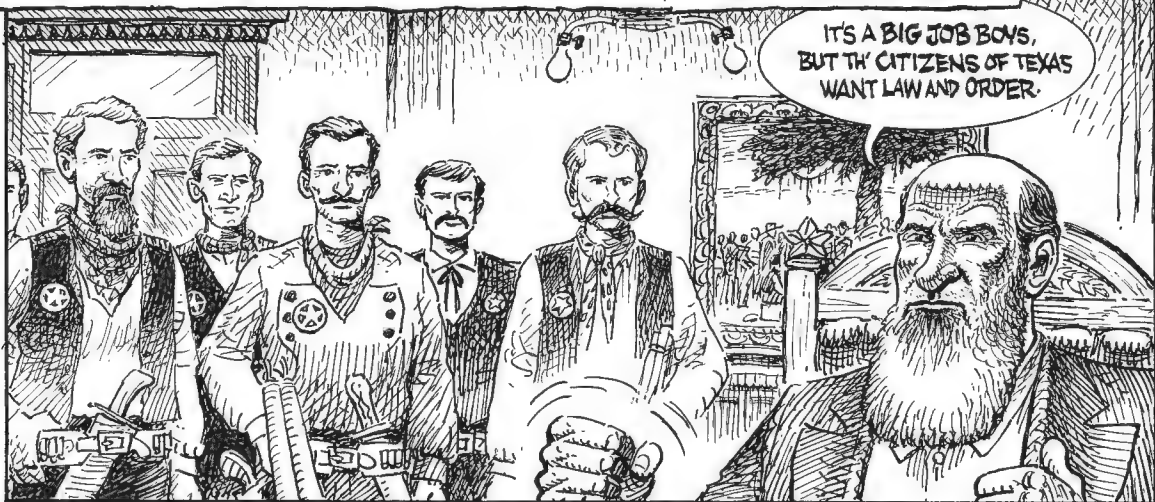
BILL IS FOOLISH ENOUGH TO STAY AROUND CUERO. WHILE TRYING ON A NEW PAIR OF BOOTS AT A LOCAL SHOP, HE IS NABBED BY THE TOWN MARSHAL.



THEY SEND HIM TO GALVESTON, WHERE CHANCES OF HIS RESCUE ARE SLIM.



THE FOLLOWING MONTH GOV. COKE RE-ESTABLISHES THE TEXAS RANGERS WITH A THREE-FOLD MISSION: TO FIGHT HOSTILE INDIANS, CATCH MEXICAN RUSTLERS, AND RID THE STATE OF OUTLAWS.



THIS ACTION ROUSES THE OPPRESSED PEOPLE OF THE STATE TO TAKE JUSTICE INTO THEIR OWN HANDS, BELIEVING THAT THE RANGERS WILL BACK THEM UP.

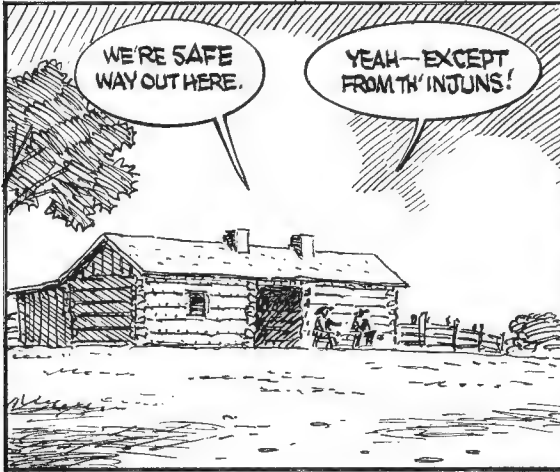


GABRIEL SLAUGHTER'S KILLER NOW BEHIND BARS, LAURA SUTTON OFFERS A \$1,000 REWARD FOR HER HUSBAND'S EXECUTIONER.





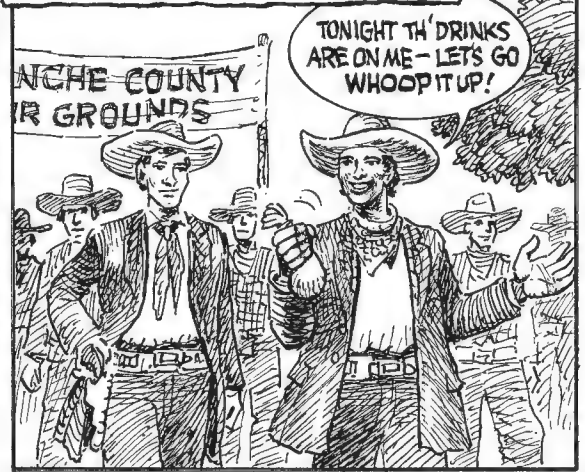
BUT JIM TAYLOR IS WITH WES HARDIN UP IN THE FRONTIER TOWN OF COMANCHE. WES' PARENTS HAVE MOVED THERE, WHERE JANE IS STAYING AND OTHER KINFOLKS AS WELL.



WE'RE SAFE WAY OUT HERE.

YEAH—EXCEPT FROM TH' INJUNS!

WHILE WAITING NEWS OF THE HERD FROM DOC BOCKIUS, THEY MATCH A HORSE RACE AND WIN BIG: IT IS WES' 21st BIRTHDAY.



TONIGHT TH' DRINKS ARE ON ME—LET'S GO WHOOP IT UP!

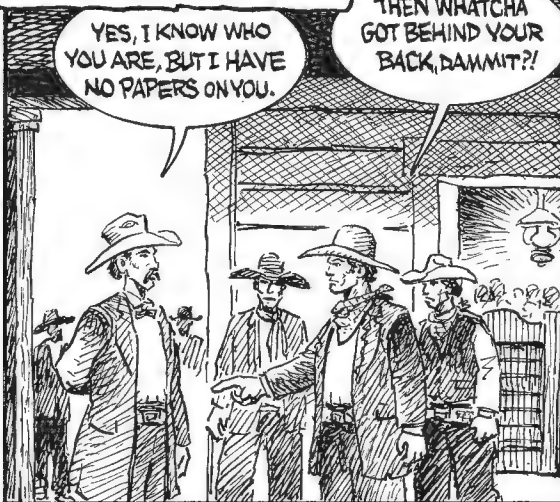
CHARLES WEBB, A DEPUTY FROM NEIGHBORING BROWN COUNTY, HAPPENS TO BE IN TOWN. THERE IS BAD BLOOD BETWEEN HIM AND SOME OF WES' CROWD—INCLUDING JOHN CARNES, THE SHERIFF OF COMANCHE COUNTY.



DON'T DRINK SO MUCH.. THERE MIGHT BE SOME- THING WITH WEBB.

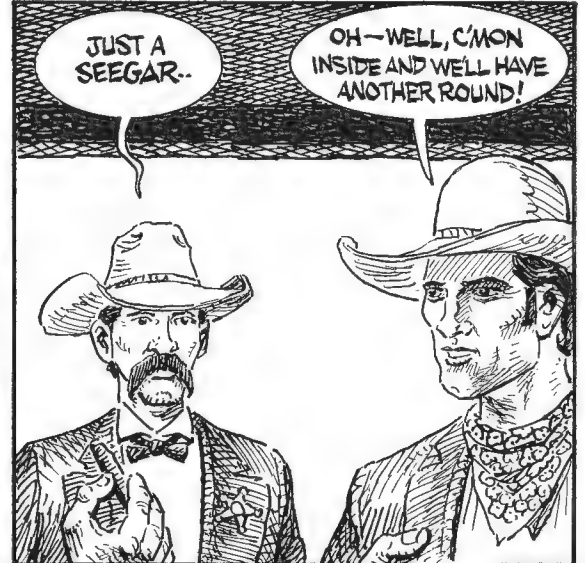
DON'T WORRY, I'M.. <sup>≡</sup>HIC: ON SECOND THOUGHT, BETTER <sup>≡</sup>HIC: SEND JEFF FER TH' BUGGY..

LEAVING JACK WRIGHT'S SALOON THEY RUN INTO DEPUTY WEBB.



YES, I KNOW WHO YOU ARE, BUT I HAVE NO PAPERS ON YOU.

THEN WHATCHA GOT BEHIND YOUR BACK, DAMMIT?!



JUST A SEEGAR..

OH—WELL, C'MON INSIDE AND WE'LL HAVE ANOTHER ROUND!

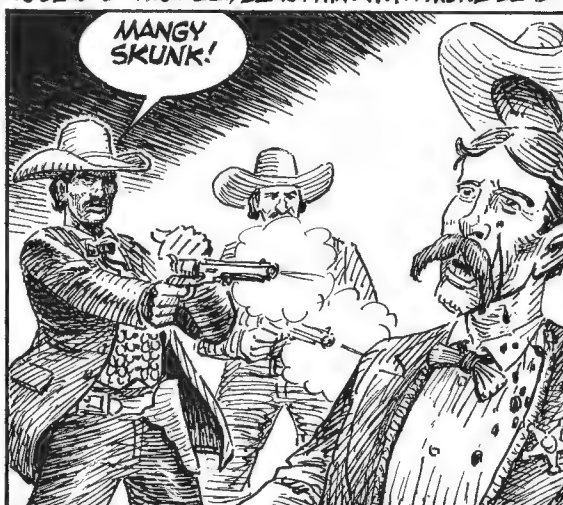
TURNING TO ENTER THE BAR, HARDIN HEARS ONE OF HIS COUSINS SHOUT A WARNING.



HE SPINS AND FIRES, HITTING WEBB IN THE FACE, WHILE A BULLET GRAZES HIS RIBS.



JIM TAYLOR AND BUD DIXON, UNAWARE THAT WEBB IS DEAD ON HIS FEET, BLAST HIM WITH MORE LEAD.



SUSPECTING THAT HARDIN'S GANG WOULD MAKE TROUBLE, AN ANGRY CROWD RUSHES UP.

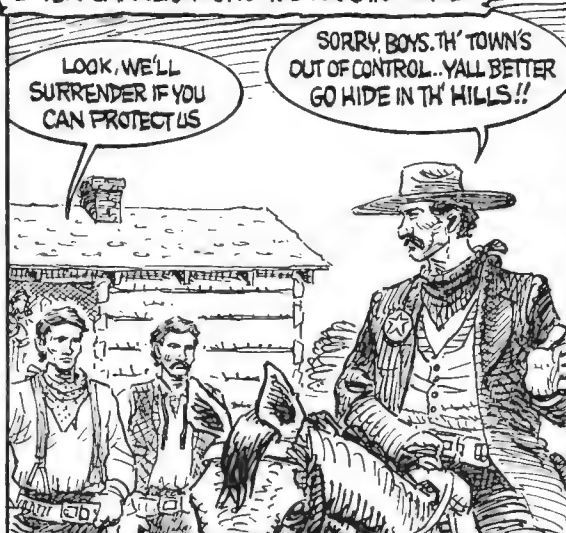




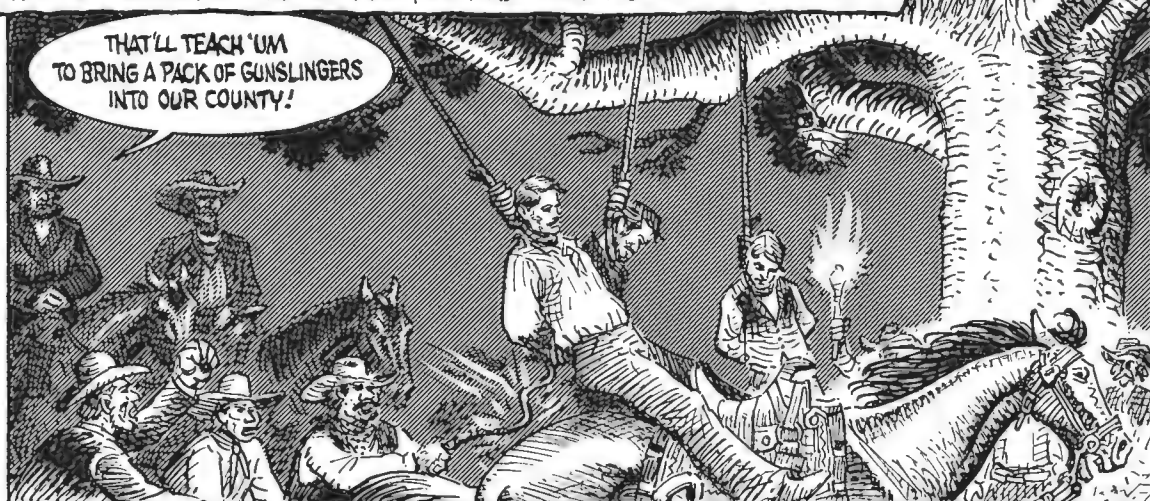
WES' BROTHER JOE AND SHERIFF CARNES KEEP THE LYNCH MOB AT BAY LONG ENOUGH FOR EVERYONE TO RIDE OUT.



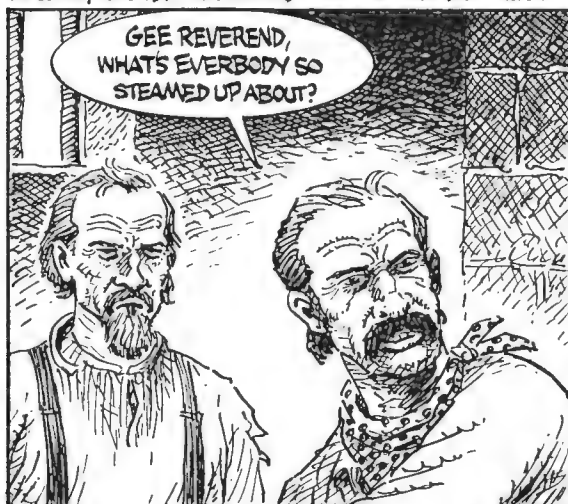
LATER CARNES VISITS THE HARDIN PLACE.



OUT OF CONTROL INDEED — ENOUGH FOR THE IRATE CITIZENS TO TAKE JOE HARDIN AND TWO COUSINS, TOM AND BUD DIXON, OUT AND HANG THEM!



ARRESTED AT THE SAME TIME ARE REV. HARDIN AND DOC BOCKIUS, WHO HAS WANDERED INTO THE HORNET'S NEST.



DOC'S CREW IS HOLDING WES' KANSAS-BOUND HERD AT NEARBY HAMILTON. IT IS NOT LONG BEFORE RANGERS GO LOOKING FOR THE MEN WHO ESCAPED EARLIER.



TWO ESCAPEES WHO TAKE THE SITUATION LIGHTLY, HAM ANDERSON AND ALEX BAREKMAN, ARE LATER FOUND SHOT DEAD IN THEIR BEDROLLS.



WES AND JIM HAVE SEVERAL CLOSE SCRAPES WITH SCOURING POSSES. THEY MAKE THEIR WAY TO COUSIN "FANCY JIM" TAYLOR'S PLACE OUTSIDE AUSTIN.



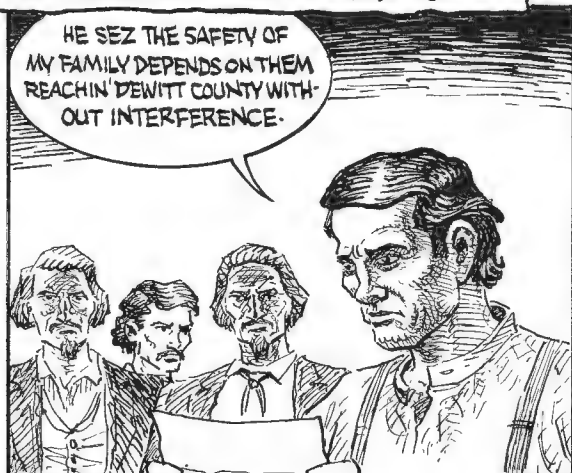
ALF DAY BRINGS THEM NEWS OF THE FAMILY DISASTER AT COMANCHE.



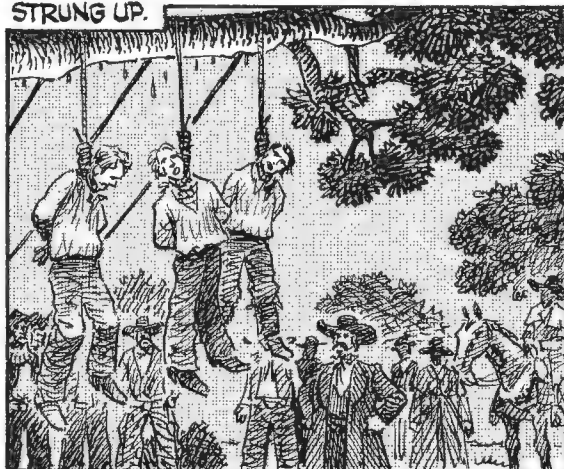
SLIPPING BACK TO SEE HIS FATHER, WES HEARS THE WORST.



MEANWHILE WES' COWHANDS ARE TAKEN BACK TO CLINTON AND JAILED— AFTER RANGER CAPT. WALLER SENDS HARDIN A WARNING.

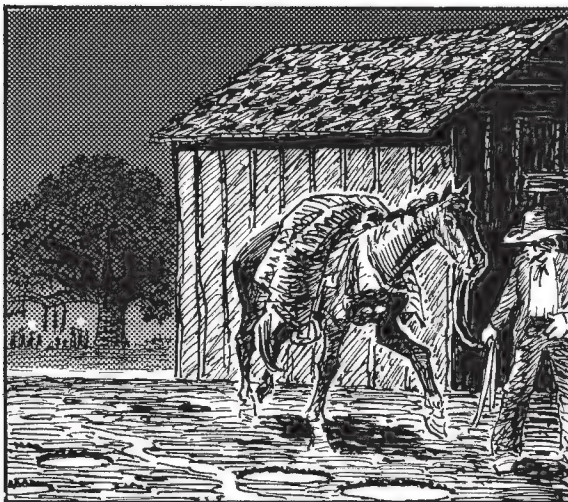


ON A RAINY NIGHT IN JUNE, JOE TUMLINSON'S MOB BREAKS INTO THE CLINTON COURTHOUSE. KUTE TUGGLE, JIM WHITE AND SCRAP TAYLOR ARE TAKEN OUT AND STRUNG UP.





WITH THE HELP OF A FELLOW MASON (WHO HIDES HIM UNDER HIS SLICKER), DOC BOCKIUS ESCAPES THE MOB.



A WEEK LATER A SHERIFF'S POSSE CORNERS GEORGE TENNILLE, TWO OF WHOSE DAUGHTERS ARE MARRIED TO THE CLEMENTS BOYS.



GEORGE WAS SET ON GOING TO MEXICO, BUT HE WENT ABOUT IT TOO SLOW..

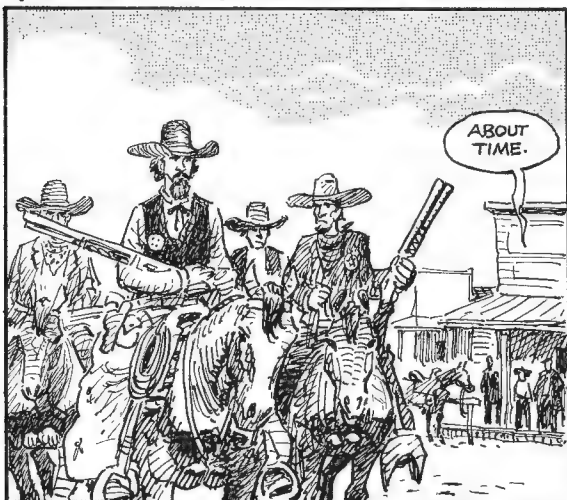


WES HARDIN, FRIGHTENED BY THE QUICK SHIFT OF PUBLIC OPINION, LEAVES TEXAS FOR FLORIDA. HIS FEUDING DAYS ARE OVER.



THREE YEARS LATER HE IS APPREHENDED BY RANGERS, BROUGHT BACK TO TEXAS, AND SENT TO PRISON FOR KILLING DEPUTY WEBB.

GOV. COKE SOON SENDS RANGER CAPTAIN MCNELLY TO  
QUIET THE RECENT DISTURBANCES IN DEWITT COUNTY.



IT IS WELL THAT HE DOES. COURT IS IN SESSION AT CLINTON  
AND A NUMBER OF CASES PENDING COULD BE BAD FOR THE  
"WRATHY" SUTTON PARTY, NOW LED BY OL' JOE TUMLINSON.



TUMLINSON'S GANG GOES AFTER HOSTILE WITNESSES — EVEN THOSE HELD BY THE RANGERS IN PROTECTIVE CUSTODY!



MCNELLY SUMS UP THE SITUATION  
IN A DISPATCH TO HIS SUPERIOR.

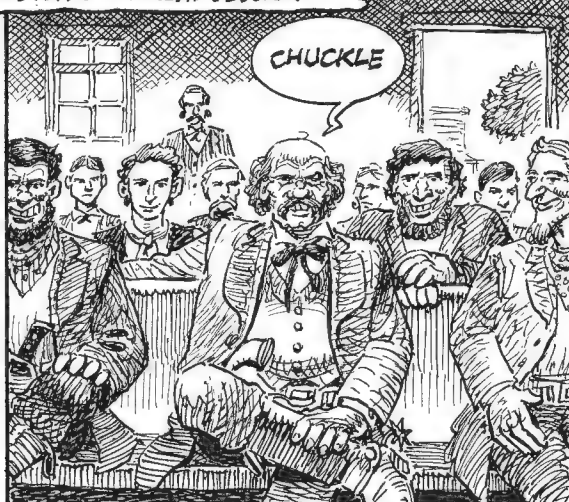


BUT JOE'S TACTICS WORK..





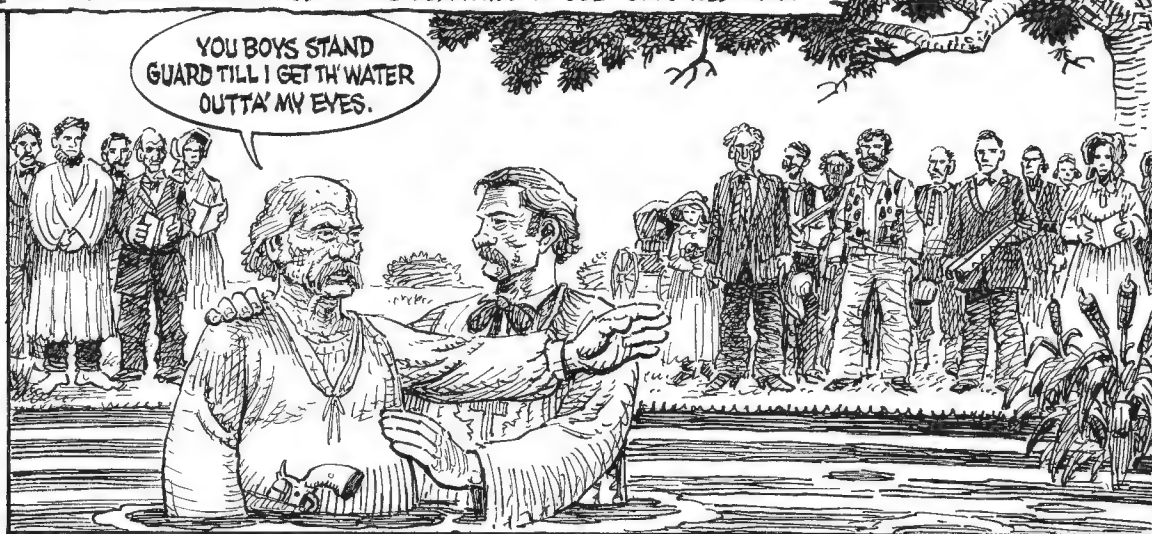
THE CASE AGAINST HIM IS LAID  
OVER UNTIL NEXT SESSION.



EMBOLDENED BY THIS, THE "TUMLINSON ORGANIZATION"  
PLANS TO ATTEND BILL TAYLOR'S TRIAL IN INDIANOLA.



BUT THE TRIAL IS POSTPONED. IN THE MEANTIME OL' JOE "GETS RELIGION."



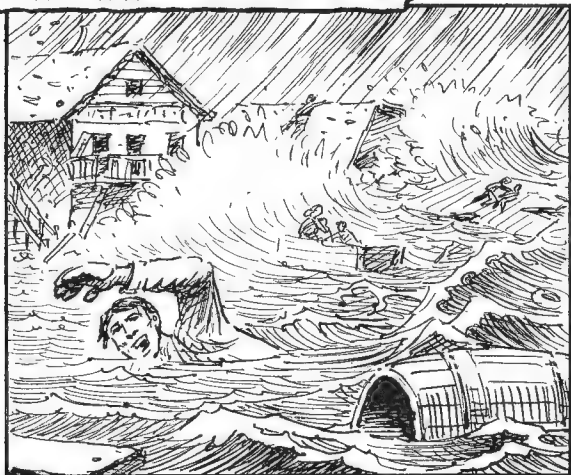
SOON AFTER, HE DIES A NATURAL  
DEATH IN BED, HIS BOOTS OFF.



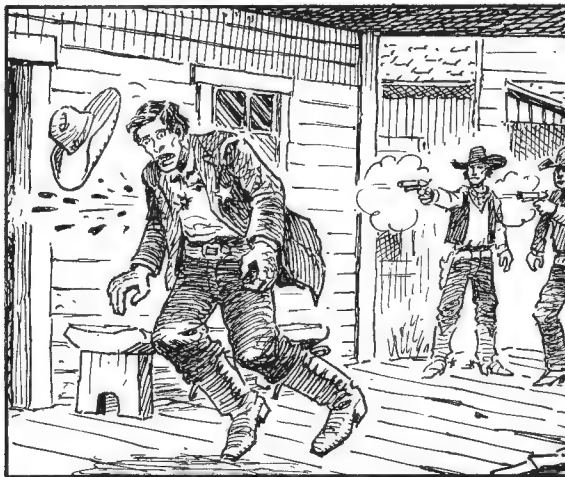
WITH THE PASSING OF THIS FISTY OLD PARTICIPANT,  
THE FEUD GRADUALLY WINDS DOWN - MUCH TO  
THE RELIEF OF ALL CONCERNED.



THE LULL LASTS UNTIL SEPT. 1875 WHEN A STORM DESTROYS INDIANOLA. DURING THE DISASTER BILL TAYLOR MAKES HIS GETAWAY.



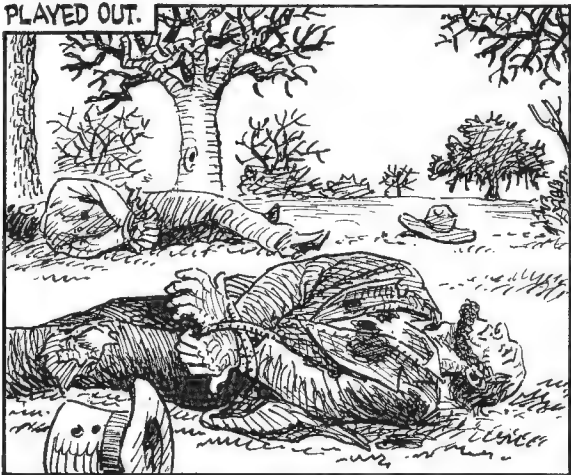
THE MAN WHO CAPTURED HIM IN A CUERO BOOT SHOP, MARSHAL RUBE BROWN, IS SOON GUNNED DOWN BY "UNKNOWN ASSAILANTS."



NOT LONG AFTER, JIM TAYLOR IS KILLED IN A BIG SHOOTOUT AT CLINTON. HE DIES AT AGE 23, WITH A \$1,500 PRICE ON HIS HEAD.



AUTUMN OF 1876 WITNESSES THE BRUTAL MURDER OF DR. BRASSELL AND HIS SON BY SUTTON SYMPATHIZERS, BUT THE DRAMA OF THE FEUD HAS MOSTLY PLAYED OUT.

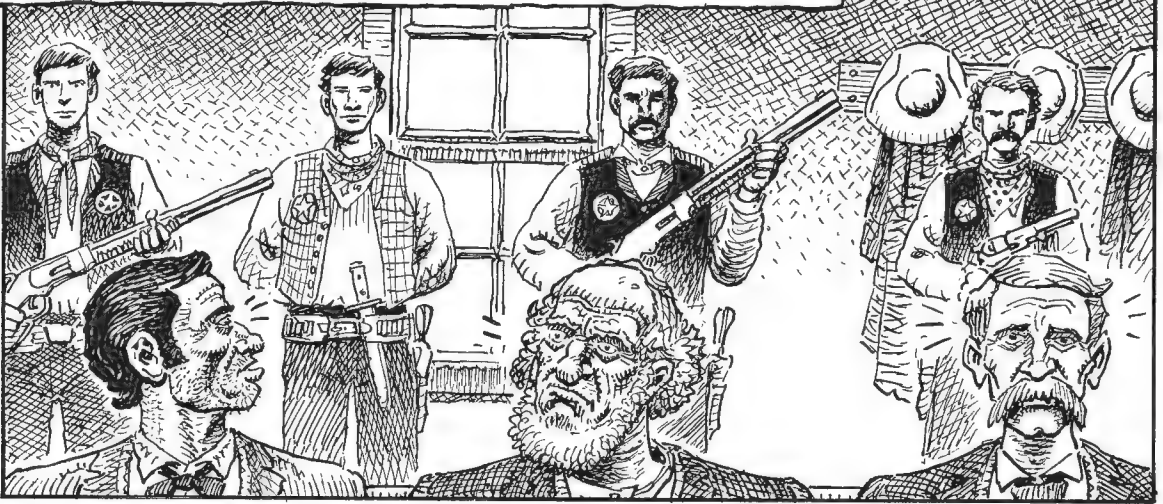


THE BOLD STANCE OF JUDGE CLAY PLEASANTS AND THE TEXAS RANGERS SEES TO THAT.





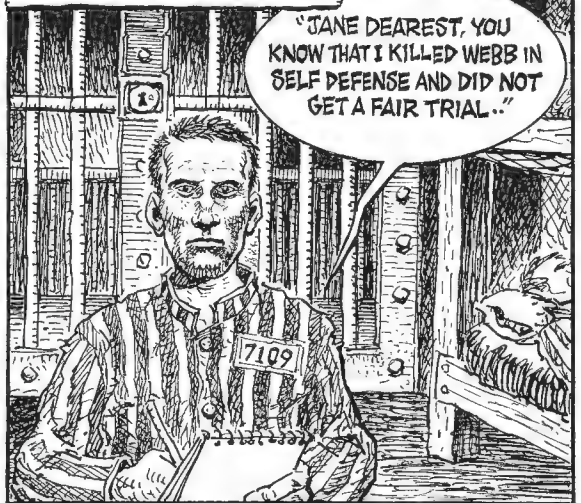
THIS TIME THE ONLY GUN LEVERS THAT CLICK IN THE COURTROOM BELONG TO MEN WEARING RANGER BADGES. THE MESSAGE PENETRATES...



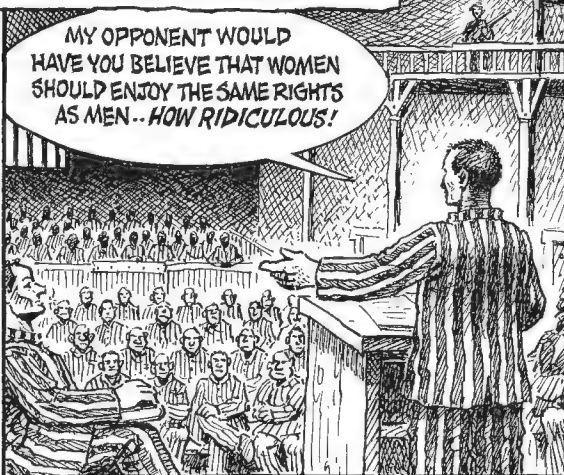
MEANWHILE, JOHN WESLEY HARDIN IS AT THE HUNTSVILLE PENITENTIARY, SERVING A SENTENCE OF 25 YEARS AT HARD LABOR. FREQUENT ESCAPE ATTEMPTS AND GENERAL INSUBORDINATION LAND HIM IN SOLITARY CONFINEMENT, HIS BACK RAW FROM DISCIPLINARY LASHINGS.



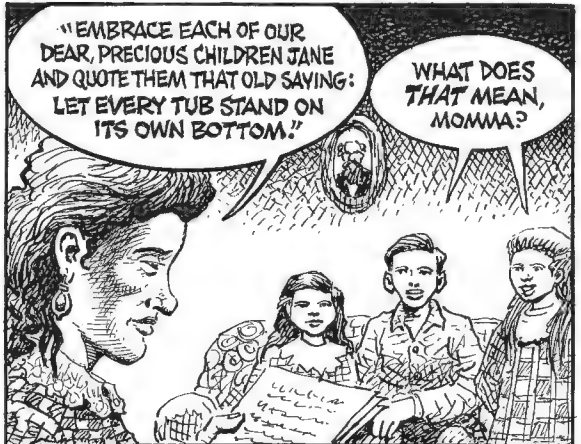
HIS LETTERS HOME TO JANE HELP HIM KEEP HIS SANITY.



EVENTUALLY HARDIN BECOMES RECONCILED TO LIFE BEHIND BARS. HE TEACHES SUNDAY SCHOOL AND JOINS THE PRISON DEBATING TEAM.



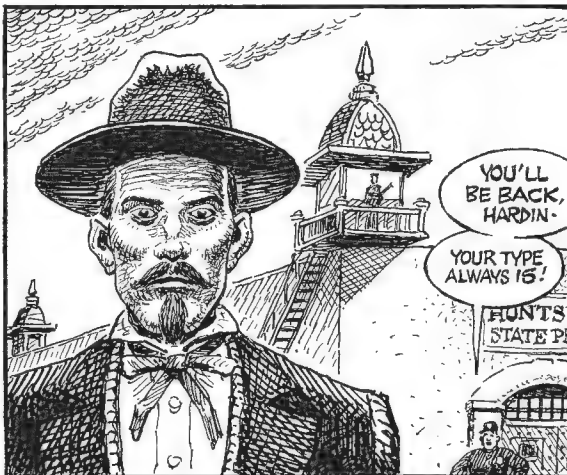
IN THE 1880s HIS LETTERS TO JANE AND THEIR THREE CHILDREN BECOME RAMBLING DISCOURSES, REFLECTING HIS STUDY OF LAW, HISTORY, THEOLOGY, AND THE CLASSICS BUT LACED WITH RUSTIC PROVERBS.



AT THE END OF 1892 HARDIN'S SPIRITS, ELEVATED BY HOPES OF AN EARLY RELEASE, ARE CRUSHED BY NEWS OF JANE'S DEATH.



BUT GOV. HOGG GRANTS HIM A PARDON, AND IN FEBRUARY 1894 HARDIN WALKS OUT OF THE STATE PEN A FREE MAN HAVING SERVED ALMOST 16 YEARS OF HIS SENTENCE.



HE FINDS HIMSELF A STRANGER TO HIS CHILDREN, WHO HAVE GROWN UP WITH THE DUPERSTADT FAMILY DURING HIS LONG ABSENCE IN PRISON.



HIS ELDEST, MOLLIE, AGE 21, HAS ALREADY DECIDED ON HER FUTURE.

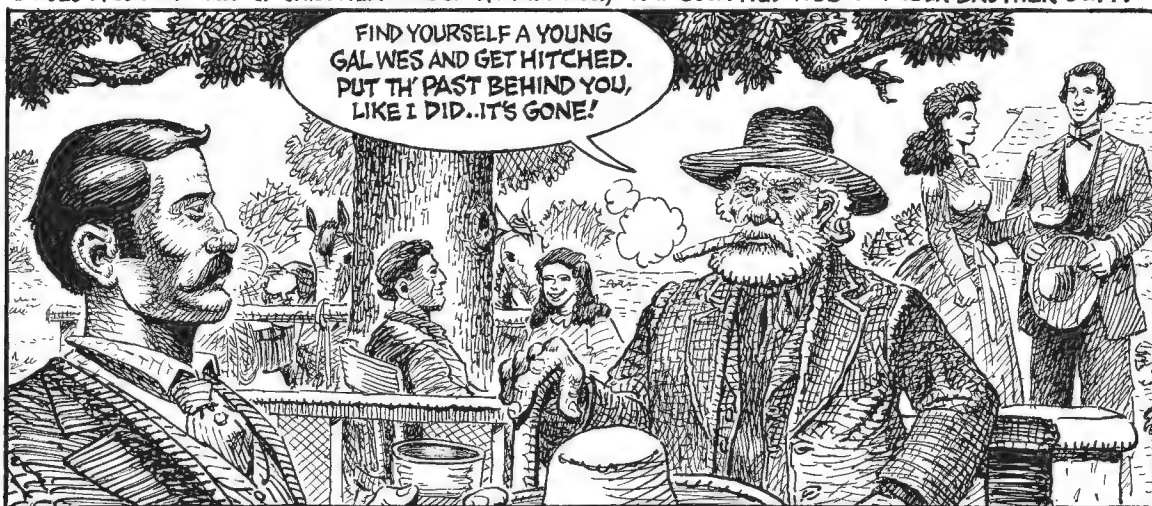


HARDIN IS CERTIFIED TO PRACTICE LAW, BUT SOON LEAVES GONZALES COUNTY AND HEADS WEST.



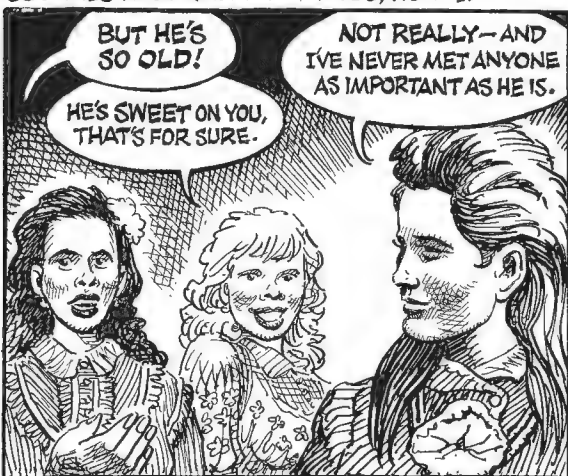


HE STOPS IN KIMBLE COUNTY AND VISITS CREED TAYLOR, WHO HAS REMARRIED SINCE THE FEUD AND PRODUCED A SECOND CROP OF CHILDREN. ONE OF THEM, MARY, WILL SOON WED WES' YOUNGER BROTHER JEFF.

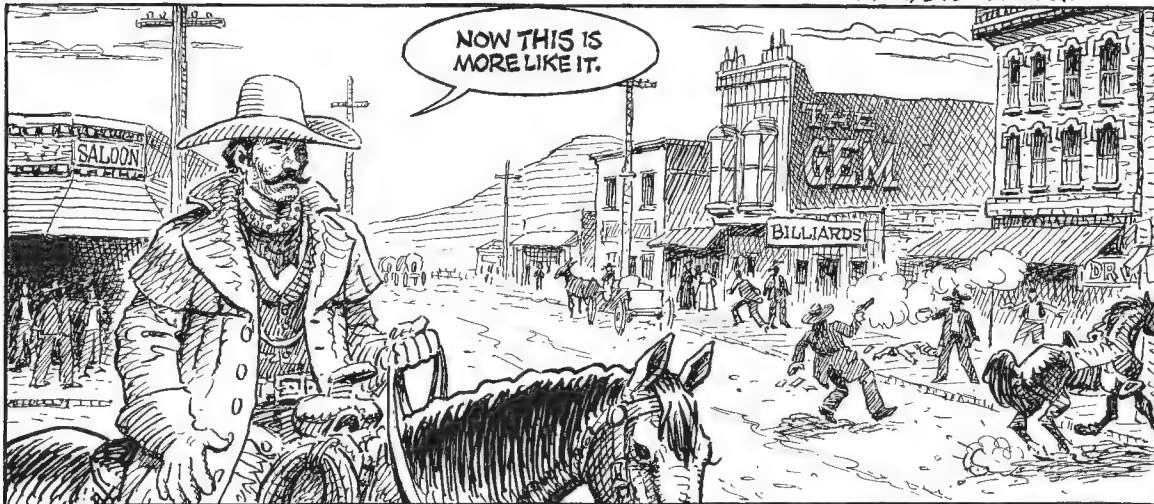


FIFTEEN YEAR OLD CALLIE LEWIS, THE WILD, RECKLESS, BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER OF CAPT. LEN LEWIS, BECOMES FASCINATED WITH WES, NOW 41.

THEY MARRY, BUT IT IS OVER AS SOON AS THEIR HONEYMOON. WES TAKES CALLIE BACK TO HER FOLKS AND DRIFTS WEST.



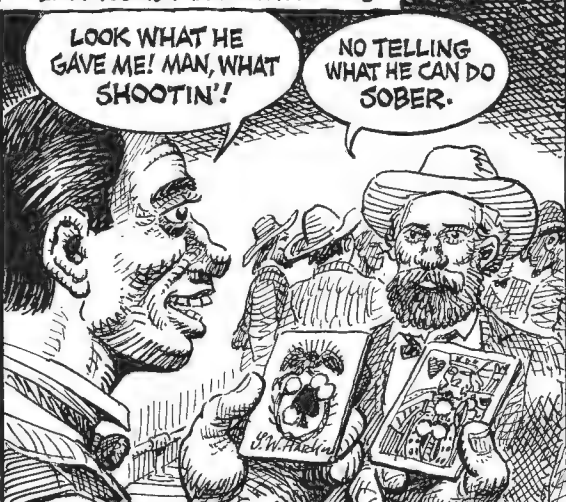
HE WINDS UP IN EL PASO — STILL A WILD FRONTIER TOWN — WHERE HE IS TO REPRESENT KINSMAN-BY-MARRIAGE "KILLIN' JIM" MILLER IN HIS COURT CASE WITH A PECOS LAWMAN, BUD FRAZER.



THOUGH HARDIN TRIES TO WALK THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW, HIS REPUTATION AS A GUNMAN HAS PRECEDED HIM AND HE FINDS IT HARD TO RESIST EXPLOITING IT.



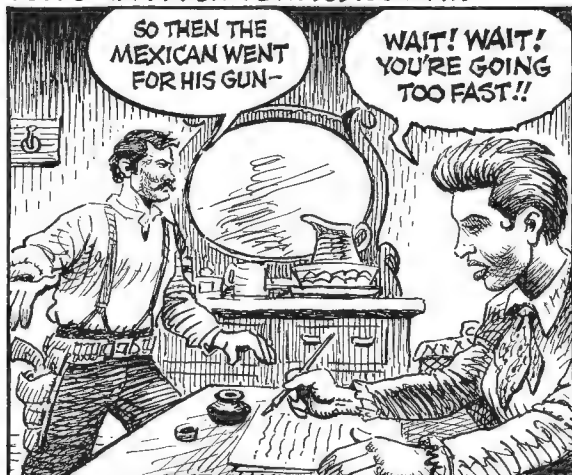
SOON HE IS SPENDING MORE TIME IN BAR ROOMS THAN COURTROOMS.



HARDIN'S POPULARITY IS RESENTED BY TWO LOCAL LAWMEN, JOHN SELMAN (A TOUGH OLD GUNFIGHTER) AND HIS SON JOHN JR.



WES TAKES UP WITH A FORMER PROSTITUTE WHOSE HUSBAND IS IN JAIL ACROSS THE RIVER. SHE HELPS HIM FINISH HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY.



WHEN HER HUSBAND IS KILLED CROSSING BACK TO EL PASO, BEULAH COMES INTO A CONSIDERABLE AMOUNT OF CASH.





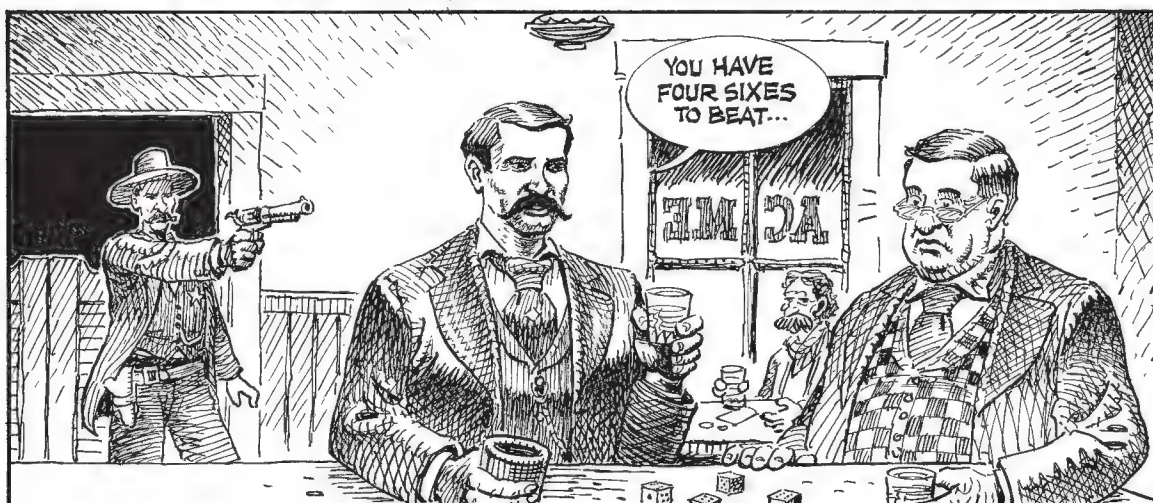
WITH WES GONE FOR A FEW DAYS, BEULAH TIES ONE ON AND IS ARRESTED BY OFFICER SELMAN THE YOUNGER.



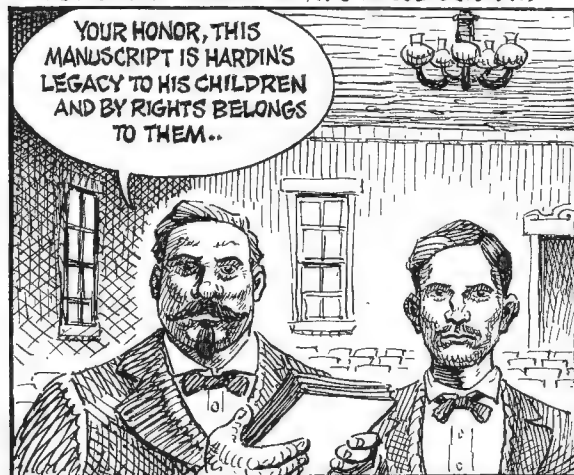
HARDIN IS NOT HAPPY WITH JOHN JR'S TREATMENT OF "HIS" WOMAN.



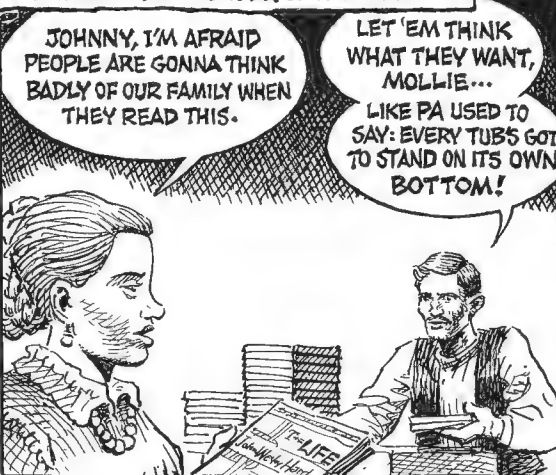
CONVINCED THAT HARDIN MEANS TO KILL BOTH HIM AND HIS SON, CONSTABLE SELMAN SNEAKS UP BEHIND WES IN THE ACME SALOON ON AUG. 19, 1895, AND, IN COWARDLY FASHION, SENDS HIM TO HIS MAKER.



WES IS BURIED IN AN UNMARKED GRAVE, AND HIS SON REQUIRES A LAWYER'S SERVICES TO OBTAIN THE EFFECTS OF HIS FATHER — INCLUDING WES' AUTOBIOGRAPHY.



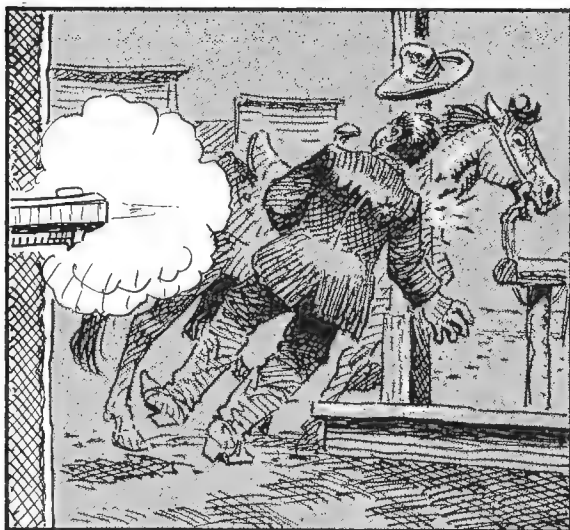
IT IS PRINTED AT SEGUIN THE NEXT YEAR, ONE OF THE RARE ACCOUNTS WRITTEN BY A FAMOUS GUNFIGHTER OF HIS LIFE.



SO ENDS THE LONGEST AND BLOODIEST FEUD THAT EVER MARRIED THE GREAT STATE OF TEXAS. FOR MANY FEUDISTS, VIOLENCE DOGGED THEIR TRAIL TO THE END. SEVERAL OF THE CLEMENTS BOYS DIED IN GUNPLAY, AS DID WES' KID BROTHER JEFF DAVIS HARDIN.



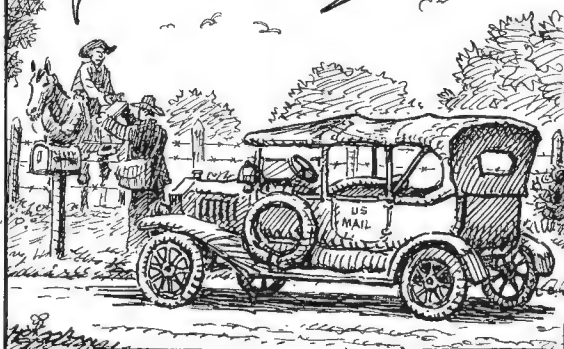
THEIR KILLERS USUALLY MET SIMILAR FATES.



BY CONTRAST, WES JR. LED A PEACEFUL LIFE IN GONZALES COUNTY AND WAS RESPECTED BY ALL HIS NEIGHBORS.

HI JOHNNY! DID WE GET ANYTHING GOOD TODAY?

YESSIR— A NEW SEARS AND ROEBUCK, Mr. Parks.



MANY SONS OF THE OPPOSING FEUDISTS JOINED THE RANGERS AND WORKED TOWARD A COMMON GOAL IN THE 20TH CENTURY— KEEPING TEXAS SAFE.

WONDER WHY OUR FOLKS GOT TO KILLIN' ONE ANOTHER IN THE OLD DAYS?

BEATS ME. I DON'T THINK ANYBODY EVEN KNOWS HOW IT ALL GOT STARTED.



REGARDLESS OF WHICH SIDE THE PARTICIPANTS TOOK, THEY WERE TEXAN TO THE CORE. THEIR DESCENDANTS STILL ARE, A COMMON PRIDE IN THEIR ANCESTORS BINDING THEM TOGETHER WHERE MUTUAL CALAMITIES ONCE TORE THEM APART.





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# SOURCES

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Those readers who have finished *Lost Cause* have realized by now that my telling of the Reconstruction Era is not “politically correct.” I believe that there is no point in trying to explain this era if you’re not going to do it truthfully, with all its racism, violence, and other dark aspects that are repugnant to modern social theorists and every ethnic group involved.

In my earlier Texas historical graphic novels I told the story of Quanah Parker from the Comanche perspective (*Comanche Moon*) and the story of Juan Seguin from the Mexican (Tejano) perspective, so I figure I am obliged to tell Hardin’s story from the point of view of Hardin and his partisans (*Los Tejanos*) — without sanitizing it or even changing the language used during this racially volatile period. I am a stickler for authenticity in my work, regardless of the consequences. Why? Because old taintypes — scratched, crusty, fading and flaking with age — have a ring of truth about them that I find irresistible. My experience with *Comanche Moon* and *Los Tejanos* has taught me that, as an artist, you can never please everybody and it’s a waste of time to try. We can judge past events by present standards, I suppose, but we should not rewrite history to conform to our “enlightened” notions of morality. To attempt it produces bad history as well as a dull story.

My readers have also figured out that the “Taylor-Sutton Feud” or “Sutton-Taylor Feud” is a misnomer and that it should have more properly been called the Taylor-Tumlinson Feud. Billy Sutton was actually a minor player in the trouble and his death did little toward ending it. Joe Tumlinson, on the other hand, figured into practically all the violence directed against the Taylor Party and only with his death did the feud quiet down. Considering Joe’s many ties with the Taylors, this is a rather amazing twist.

What caused the Taylors and Tumlinsons to start shooting at each other? Despite the considerable amount of literature that the feud has generated over the past century, no one has satisfactorily explained the cause of the feud or identified the specific event that triggered the fighting.

On the origin of the feud I have followed Creed Taylor’s unpublished account at the Texas State Archives, “Life of Creed Taylor or Eighty-Three Years on the Frontiers of Texas. . . To Which is Appended an Account of the Great Taylor-Sutton Feud in DeWitt and Adjoining Counties,” along with that of Victor Rose (published in 1880). Both cite the practice of mavericking, as do most others who’ve sorted through the matter in later years. Creed’s account is particularly important because he was one of the few participants to set forth the reasons for the feud and to describe many of its bloody episodes.

As is well known to all old Texans, at the close of the War there was a long period in which there

were no local officers in authority and every man became, as it were, a law unto himself. In the vast expanse of country extending from the Brazos [River] to the Rio Grande, thousands of cattle and horses roamed at will. The fall of the Confederacy precipitated a great number of ex-confederate soldiers upon this section — men who had fought through four long years without pay, while, as they claimed, those who remained at home had grown wealthy at the expense of the men in the ranks. Seeing their opportunity to make up for lost time and knowing the impotency of the law, wholesale cattle stealing became the rage and this was one of the first causes that led to the Taylor-Sutton Feud. . . . It must be remembered further that nearly or quite all of these [victimized] stockmen were ardent supporters of the Southern Cause, and during Reconstruction days, when the state was under carpetbag rule, these men were the objects of special hatred by the satraps in power. When a feud sprang up in any community, the lawless element had but to declare their present and previous loyalty to the federal government, report their grievances against this or that “rebel,” and though their intended victim may have been a patriot, pure and noble as Travis or Fannin, he soon found himself imprisoned in a federal stockade — “Bull Pens” we called them — guarded by Yankee bayonets.

Creed Taylor’s memoirs were dictated to John Warren Hunter of Mason, Texas, in 1891 when Taylor was seventy-one years old. Hunter evidently planned to publish the account, polishing it for a decade, but instead sold it to James DeShields. The latter culled out the Revolution-era sections (with considerable rewriting) and published it as *Tall Men With Long Rifles* (1935) to capitalize on the state’s first centennial celebration. Prior to its publication, DeShields sold the original manuscript to the Texas State Archives for four hundred dollars.

Apart from Creed’s “reminiscences,” few other first-hand accounts exist and none from the Sutton point of view. The earliest and most extensive telling of the feud is Victor M. Rose’s *The Texas Vendetta: or, The Sutton-Taylor Feud* (New York: J.J. Little & Co., 1880). Rose was a Confederate vet, had legal training, and worked as a newspaper editor and writer. More importantly, he was a native of the feud area and wrote his account soon after the events took place. Considering that emotions still ran deep on both sides in 1880, this was a fairly brave thing to do.

After Rose — whose account no doubt influenced other writers’ perceptions of the feud — we have a look at Creed’s

sons, Hays and Doboy, by J. B. Policy in several 1908 issues of the *San Antonio Express*. These articles were reprinted as “The Taylor Boys” in a 1928 edition of *Frontier Times*. Policy had been raised in Wilson County, was a wounded Civil War veteran and later attorney in Floresville, and knew the Taylors well. In 1937 Jack Hays Day published *The Sutton-Taylor feud*, giving the Taylor side as his mother married Josiah Taylor after the death of her first husband, John Day. Some feud information also appears in Lewis S. Delony’s *Forty Years a Peace Officer* (1937), in Louise and Fullen Artrip’s *Memoirs of Daniel Fore (Jim) Chisbolm* (1949), and in Walter Dixon’s *Richland Crossing* (1994).

The best modern summary of the feud appeared in *The History of DeWitt County, Texas* (1991) and is titled “The DeWitt County Feud.” Its author, Chuck Parsons, has written many other feud-related books and articles over the years. Earlier studies include C. L. Douglas’s *Famous Texas Feuds* (1936) and C. L. Sonnichsen’s *I’ll Die Before I’ll Run* (1962). Dwain Browning did “Texas’ Bloody Taylor-Sutton Feud” in *Best of the West Annual* for 1973, followed in 1974 by Robert C. Sutton Jr.’s *The Sutton-Taylor Feud*. The latter, as one might expect, is heavily slanted to the Sutton side. In the 1980s Marjorie B. Hyatt of Smiley, Texas, began publishing material on feud participants, and her interest quickly moved from genealogy to history. Her latest is *Fuel for a Feud* (1989), self-published. Another book of this type is *The Taylor Party* by Eddie Day Truitt (1992).

John Wesley Hardin has enjoyed coverage in just about every collection on gunfighters, and articles about him in magazines are too numerous to mention. His autobiography was published in 1896, shortly after his death, and it is one of the few detailed accounts actually penned by a notorious gunman of the Old West. *The Life of John Wesley Hardin from the Original Manuscript as Written by Himself* has naturally served as the basis for most subsequent literature about Hardin. These articles, anthologies, books, etc. vary a great deal in quality — as do the novels written about his exploits. In the fictional-but-based-on-fact category we have Lewis Nordyke’s excellent *John Wesley Hardin: Texas Gunman* (1957), along with J.H. Plenn and C.J. LaRoche’s *The Fastest Gun in Texas* (1956) and Lee Floren’s *John Wesley Hardin: Texas Gunfighter* (1962). The first-mentioned, though sprinkled with imaginary dialogue, approaches a biography while the latter two were intended for the pulp market. They all contrast favorably with James Carlos Blake’s absolutely dreadful *The Pistoleer* (1995) and the horrendously concocted “literary” effort, *Reflections in Dark Glass* (1996) by Bruce McGinnis.

Various aspects of Hardin’s life are also treated in Eugene Cunningham’s *Triggernometry: A Gallery of Gunfighters* (1934); Thomas Ripley’s *They Died With Their Boots On* (1935); J. Marvin Hunter and Noah Rose’s *The Album of Gunfighters* (1951); Ed Bartholomew’s *Kill or Be Killed* (1953); Web Maddox’s *The Black Sheep* (1975); James D. Horan’s *The Authentic Wild West: The Gunfighters* (1976); and Sonnichsen’s off-beat *The Grave of John Wesley Hardin* (1979), a topic currently much in the news as Hardin descendants attempt to have his remains moved from El Paso to South Texas, where his wife and children are buried.

The most extensive biographies of Hardin to date are Richard C. Marohn’s *The Last Gunfighter* (1995) and Leon C. Metz’s *Dark Angel of Texas* (1996). These two studies should satisfy most Hardin buffs for a while, although Marohn’s book is poorly written and Metz’s effort suffers from a noticeable anti-Hardin bias.

To understand phenomena like the feud and the careers of gunmen like Hardin, one must know about the times and social situations in which they flourished. Concerning subjects like Reconstruction and race relations in Texas, there has lately been considerable revision of earlier studies. Charles William Ramsdell’s classic *Reconstruction in Texas* (1910) and W.C. Nunn’s *Texas Under the Carpetbaggers* (1962) are often challenged nowadays, with scholars like Randolph B. Campbell arguing that Carpetbaggers hardly existed in post-war Texas and that southern-born Scalawags — men like Jack Helm and Joe Tumlinson who cooperated with the Reconstruction regime — were the real culprits. However, because it was more convenient to blame greedy outsiders than local opportunists for the ills of Texas during this period, the myth of the Yankee Carpetbagger was born.

Readers who wish to sample the latest thinking on post-war Texas should consult the works of Campbell, Barry A. Crouch, Alwyn Barr, James M. Smallwood, and Carl H. Moneyhon. For the Army’s role, William L. Richter is my favorite authority, and he did me the favor of critically reading the script for *Lost Cause*; he has also written on the Freedmens Bureau. So has Crouch, along with a new study in progress on the State Police, which he assures me will make these long-maligned officers look as heroic as the Texas Rangers. I have my doubts, although from a Mexican perspective the Rangers were not always heroic themselves.

And what about Hardin? Some may say that his violent, murderous streak should not appeal to modern sensibilities even though most writers have treated him sympathetically and continue to do so. Despite his professed code of honor, he tried to solve life’s problems, large and small, with a gun. Such behavior is not acceptable nowadays, we are told. But is it really? A survey of our popular culture suggests otherwise — that Hardin would be right at home on the silver screen, blowing away enemy spies, terrorists, predatory aliens, and other social undesirables with a technologically advanced version of his Colt .45. Like our nation’s leaders from Teddy Roosevelt to Ronald Reagan, Hardin believed in walking softly and carrying a big stick. This “stick” — his myriad collection of firearms — he would not hesitate to use when his life and value system was threatened. Was he a paranoid personality who enjoyed killing, or just like us if we had the nerve to act on our convictions? Whichever, Hardin was an American icon, and interest in his exploits is not likely to slacken.

Jack Jackson



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## JACK JACKSON TALKS ABOUT *LOST CAUSE*

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The following interview with Jack Jackson appeared in *The Comics Journal* #213 (1998). The main impetus of the interview was a scathing review of *Lost Cause* by Michael Ventura that appeared in Jackson's hometown alternative newspaper, *The Austin Chronicle*.

I wanted to give Jackson an opportunity to respond to the review and discuss the broader issues it brought up. Jackson was angry over the review, which he thought was intellectually and morally dunderheaded, but he was angrier and personally hurt that the paper to which he had contributed for many years wouldn't give him space to reply.

In 2001, Jackson compiled a series of extensive comments about the review and a chronicle of his two-year correspondence with the editors of the paper, appropriately titled "Jaxon's Rant." In it, he reprinted my interview with him, which is reproduced in the following pages. He also wrote a preface to the interview, providing background on the controversy, his affiliation with *The Comics Journal*, his friendship with me, and insight into his own career as a cartoonist.

I include Jackson's preface because I want readers to have a sense of Jackson's informal, colloquial, no-nonsense voice. Jackson, who I was privileged to know from the late 1970s until his death in 2006, was mercifully free of intellectual guile and sophistry; he tackled intense and complex subjects head-on.

Following Jackson's preface is my own introduction, as it appeared in *The Comics Journal*, which provides a more extensive context to the interview.

—Gary Groth

## PREFACE, 2001

by Jack Jackson

Hi Folks,

Here's the interview that Gary Groth ran in his house organ, *The Comics Journal*, concerning *Lost Cause* and the Chron's censorship.

I've known Groth — a personable comics nut with brains & a fellow who does his homework before opening his mouth — practically ever since he started *The Comics Journal* (TCJ) 25 years ago. I think we first met when some guys were throwing an annual comics convention up in Dallas in the late '70s-early '80s. His pub is the leading intellectual format in the known universe on the comics/comix profession, past and present. Somehow, month after month, year after year, TCJ keeps cranking out top-notch issues that cover the wide spectrum of the comics world.

Gary liked my work, recognizing it (perhaps) as a worthy successor to the Harvey Kurtzman historical strips done for EC Comics in the Fifties. He published my Seguin book, *Los Tejanos*, in 1982, after *Last Gasp* had published parts of it as *Recuerden El Alamo* and *Tejano Exile*. I added another 32 pages to Fantagraphics's edition, and Juke Garrett did the cover. Thanks, guys!

In Issue 61, 1981 Winter Special, TCJ ran an interview with me called "Tejano Cartoonist," by Bill Sherman. A photo shows me as the handsome stud I then was but will never be again; another pic shows me with the Rip Off Press gang & my foxy girlfriend, Beatrice Bonini. Seems like there were several other issues of TCJ where I was profiled and my latest work mentioned, but I can't locate them.

In addition to such feature treatment, TCJ also published a couple of articles I wrote as a contributor to the mag. My "Learning Texas History the Painless Way" (#119, Jan 1988) was about the little comic book, *Texas History Movies*, that some of us old-timers studied in grade school — and our recent efforts to sanitize its objectionable ethnic/racial stereotypes. This was the same booklet that my landlord on Bellvue Street later

gave me his 1st edition copy of. I still have my own revised copy from the Fifties, with "Jackie Jackson" on the cover.

A Hispanic lady friend of mine down in Cuero was horrified to learn that this nasty, racist little comic book had launched my career as a distinguished Texas historian recognized for my attention of the Latino contribution. Hmmm; must be a meaning there somewhere... If so, the dear girl is too politically correct to grasp it.

Another piece I did for TCJ (Issue 144, Sept 1991) was called "The Good, the Bad, and the Foreign" — a short history on Western comics here and abroad. In it, I pondered the question of why Europeans seem to do better Western comics than us home-growers. Señor Ventura should have read it before he accused me of using dialogue from the Gabby Hayes/Hopalong Cassidy era.

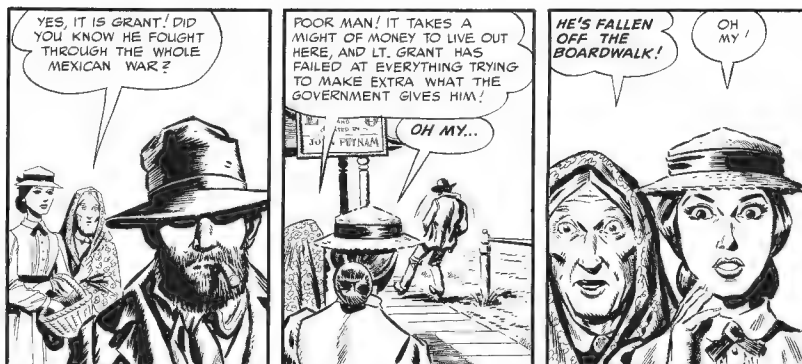
Then Gary got the bright idea to republish my old stuff in two volumes, so it would be available in a classy format. He's done this for lots of other artists whose work is scattered hither & yon in comix and now yellowing, chipping, and crumbling into dust.

In 1991 Fantagraphics released *Optimism of Youth*, a collection of my underground rank & racy stuff. Included was a not-before-published fuck story called "Sleeping Beauty & the Beast" that I had drawn in 1970 for one of Wally Wood's X-rated anthologies that Ron Turner's *Last Gasp* was gonna publish. WW, one of the great EC artists, died before getting it out. I dedicated *Optimism of Youth* to Greg Irons and Dave Sheridan, "Gone but Not Forgotten." God's *Bosom* came in 1995, and I LOVE the color job that Gary's crew did on my cover — best thing ever put out with my name on it.

My intro for the book ranted about how screwed-up Texas was becoming. Ranting & raving is not exactly a new characteristic of mine. This book collected my miscellaneous "historical" strips, including those done after I moved back to Austin; some were published in the *Sun*, others never published anywhere.

Thus it is safe to say that Gary Groth was

"sympathetic" to me on the Chron's review. He was also sensitive to the slander/libel angle — the same thing that it had taken him years and megabucks to clear his name from on Señor Fleischer's charges. Though he was on the other side of the fence, the one accused of libel, knew first-hand how messy & complicated things can get when the right to free speech is at stake. Well, I wasn't suing the Chron, editor Black, or critic Ventura,



This sequence from "Grant!" in *Two-Fisted Tales* #31 (Jan.-Feb. 1953) was written by Harvey Kurtzman and drawn by John Severin. ©2012 William M. Gaines Agent, Inc.



and Gary was in my corner for sure on the free speech question — as he always has been. His questions took the discussion above & beyond V's review to greater issues, asking if the goals of "art" are compatible with "humanizing" oppressors and whether or not this presents a moral conflict to artists like myself.

Hope you enjoy...

## INTRODUCTION

by Gary Groth

Upon publication of Jack Jackson's graphic history, *Lost Cause*, Jackson's hometown alternative paper, *The Austin Chronicle*, ran a double-barreled hatchet job in its September 21, 1998 edition: a review of the book by pop critic Michael Ventura and an accompanying essay condemning the book's main character, John Wesley Hardin by Jesse Sublett. The book itself is a dramatic account of one of the most volatile periods in American history — how white Texans dealt with post-Civil War Reconstruction.

Ventura attacked the book from several angles. His first devastating strategy was to sneer at the book's designation as a "graphic novel" ("Well, it's graphic enough — without pictures, the 148 page story would shrink to maybe 25 pages, if that"), which is a little like saying that if you took the images away from a movie, the experience would shrink to staring at a blank screen in a dark room for two hours. He went on to question Jackson's historical accuracy — falsely, as it turned out — and finally called the author and his work racist.

I thought it was a boneheaded review by someone who evinced no awareness, much less sympathy, with

the comics medium in general and Jackson's work in particular — which is the least you should expect from a review of a respected artist's work.

This didn't outrage me, though; after all, shoddy reviews are published every day, and it was more or less par for the course. What really pissed me off was the *Chronicle's* refusal to give Jackson space to rebut the review on the specious grounds that "if we allowed everyone... who disagreed with a review of their art to rebut it, we would have room for little else."

This is obvious bullshit. Every restaurant owner, musician, filmmaker, and theatre director who's criticized in the pages of the *Austin Chronicle* would not choose to rebut a negative review and in the unlikely eventuality that the paper was overwhelmed by such rebuttals it could establish parameters accordingly. The *Chronicle* was clearly taking advantage of its privileged position of owning the local press. This is unjust on the face of it, and gives the victim of a bad review no recourse to have his say. So, this interview with Jackson is my way of helping even up the odds.

I've been an admirer of Jackson's satirical and historical comics, which he began drawing in the late '60s, and I published his *Los Tejanos* graphic novel in 1982. *Lost Cause* is a major work by one of the most important artists currently working in the medium, and if the *Chronicle* refused to behave decently and give him space to address Ventura's charges, I felt the least I could do is show him the respect the *Chronicle* didn't, and provide a forum to do just that in the pages of the *Journal*. We discuss not only the review that started a firestorm on net chat rooms, but the book more generally and the delicate position of writing politically charged historical drama.

THERE ARE NOT LACKING THOSE EX-SLAVES WHO TAKE TO THEIR NEW ROLE WITH SATISFACTION. MOST WHITES CANNOT ACCUSTOM THEMSELVES TO THE ALTERED STATE OF AFFAIRS; FEW EVEN TRY.



From *Lost Cause*

## THE INTERVIEW

GARY GROTH: *Let's talk about Lost Cause and the controversy created by the review by Michael Ventura in the Austin Chronicle.*

JACK JACKSON: I was pretty upset about it, and didn't really have any way to deal with it, except appeal to the *Chronicle* to let me defend myself, which they wouldn't do. And that was even more aggravating than the review itself.

GROTH: *That they wouldn't give you the same kind of space that they gave him I found to be pretty contemptible. The review ran in the Austin Chronicle on Sept. 18, 1998. Was there any backlash towards you, as far as you could tell, after he called you and your work racist?*

JACKSON: No. On the contrary, people were rising to my defense — calling me, writing me, and trying to e-mail me — but I'm not on the internet so a friend of mine who was, passed these things along. I was amazed at the issues that were being discussed on these posts, you know? They were going to the nitty gritty, and half of them hadn't even read the book yet. They were just looking at the review itself, and the ignorance that it manifested.

GROTH: *So you didn't catch any more flak because of the review?*

JACKSON: Oh, absolutely not. No, it was very supportive, and that's what finally made me realize that hey, there's no point in trying to dodge this, you might as well grab the bull by the horns, you know? I don't want to use the term "milk it," but controversy sells books. So if this guy wants to label me a racist, sure, let's talk about it.

Consequently, I was going to book signings and discussing the racial aspects of my book. For example, the governor's wife every year throws a thing down at the state capitol called the Texas Book Festival, and I was an invited speaker on a panel on John Wesley Hardin — and guess what came up? The review.

So I figure there's black people sitting in the audience, and you just have to deal with it, once somebody decides that your work is racist garbage. That's basically what the guy was saying, that *Lost Cause* is going to pervert and twist the minds of innocent young children, and he sees himself as their savior, as it were, by denouncing my work. To say it blindsided me would be an understatement, because as you know, all my previous work had done just the opposite. It had tried to tell the story of "the neglected historical others," as Rusty Witek would call them. And simply because I wanted to do a book and tell the story from the perspective of the white Southerners who John Wesley Hardin was representing, as it were.

Then all of a sudden, I get this kind of reaction. At my age, I just don't need it, you know?

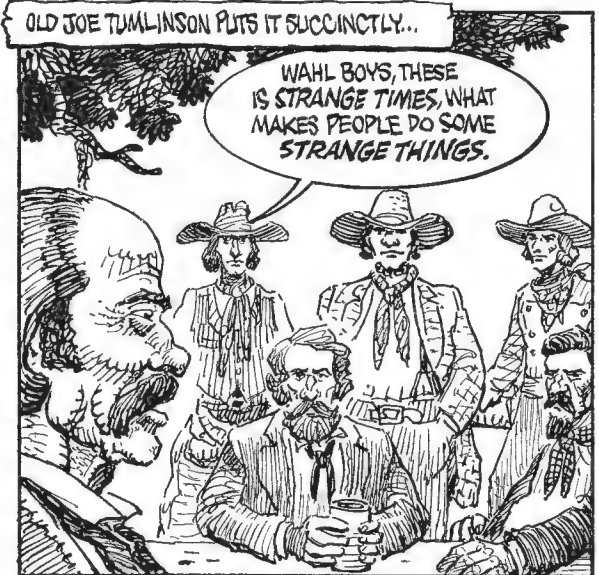
GROTH: *Tell me a little about this panel you were on, and what the reaction there was, and what the discussion was.*

JACKSON: Well, I was simply trying to say that you're talking about a very, very difficult historical period here, Reconstruction. And this is one of the few instances in which the white folks, particularly those in the South, found themselves the oppressed, as opposed to being the oppressor. They were just not ready for it, and could not make the transition to a subjugated people.

They could not accept the standards that were being imposed on them, the way people were coming down from the North and saying, OK, I want you to act this way and that way, I want you to think this way, and these people are now going to be your social equals. So you had these pockets of resistance, which I think is natural in any similar situation: even worse here. And violence, of course, was a necessary aspect of this transitional period before the kinks were worked out. Hell, they're still not worked out. But you can imagine in those days what the situation was like.

The difficulty came mainly with the young men, the youngbloods, those who weren't old enough to have taken part in the Civil War. They had not experienced all of the obscene things that go on during war. They're sitting around listening to their older brothers, cousins, and uncles talk about them, and they kind of saw themselves as the champions of this lifestyle which all of a sudden is gone. "Don't worry, Pa. I'll make things right."

This was why you had the violence that occurred in that period so much, and their elders provided them with a support network that prolonged the ordeal.



From *Lost Cause*





From *Lost Cause*

GROTH: Let me quote from Ventura's review and ask you to respond to this accusation. He said, referring to the white Texan population in Reconstruction Texas, "Jackson's heroes have courage in the face of danger, fierceness, determination, flair, and a kind of flat-out pedal-to-the-metal madness that is very American —"

JACKSON: [Laughs.] This guy's great. He's a gonzo journalist by trade, I believe, always talking in his column about the major book he's about to do.

GROTH: He goes on to say, and I think this is the central accusation, "Jackson is a racist because he finds these qualities only in white people. Almost without exception, he presents blacks as oafs, exactly as blacks were represented in the old-type movies that are the model for his dialogue." And then he goes on to say "Every drawing of a black man is the same drawing, same bone structure, same expression, same lips. His whites, by contrast, are differentiated. This is more than a simple gap, this is how Jackson sees."

JACKSON: Well, the guy needs glasses very badly, and several of the people whose letters the *Chronicle* did publish pointed this out, that there is as much differentiation in the black people in the book — because I'm working from photographs, for heaven's sake — as there is with white people. But the reviewer evidently did not notice these. He thinks that because my blacks have flatter noses and larger lips than my whites, that these anatomical differences are somehow an insidious plot on my part to dehumanize these people. Gary, he's saying that I'm operating on exactly the same level as the Nazi artists in Germany.

GROTH: Right, right.

JACKSON: Those artists/cartoonists who depicted the Jews as squat, fat, little hooked-nose subhumans to prepare the German population for the idea that they should be exterminated. He's saying that I'm doing the same thing, and that by depicting my blacks in this fashion, I make the white violence against them more acceptable. Hey, man, that's a heavy charge. And it is not justified by the artwork. If you look at it, you will see these people come in different shapes and flavors like the white folks.

GROTH: I didn't detect that the blacks were any more caricatured within your style than the whites.

JACKSON: This is what is happening: I've never seen a single bit of artwork that Michael Ventura's ever produced, yet he claims to be an artist in his review, and he is not even perceptive enough to

note the differences in the people that I'm drawing. And I was just floored by that and many of his other accusations.

I'm not an ignoramus. This was not kind of a happy-go-lucky, "Let's try to draw these subhuman Negroes so that everybody will think that they got what was coming to them," sort of thing. Ventura's write-up was just a litany of putdowns — everybody who read it said that it was the most bitter kind of so-called review they had ever read in their life and that it really amounted to a personal attack, a smear. I certainly wasn't prepared for it.

So like I said, it put me in a state of mind where for like a couple of weeks, I didn't even want to do anything, you know? Why bother? If this is the kind of response that you get to something that you slaved on for a couple of years — It really did take the wind out of my sails, I must say. And he later defended himself, because evidently he had been getting a lot of letters and feedback from people himself.

GROTH: Now where did he defend himself?

JACKSON: He has a weekly column called "After 3 A.M.," or "Midnight Hour," or something like that. I don't know if he lives here in Austin or in L.A. I know that he bounced back and forth for a while, trying to become a screenwriter out there, and had no luck at it. One of his projects, as it turns out, was a screenplay dealing with John Wesley Hardin, which nobody wanted. I think that when he saw my book, a lot of something — antagonism — came into play. I just don't know. I've never met the gentleman, who, I understand, hails from the Bronx.

GROTH: How do you respond to his charge that you imbued the whites with certain qualities that you did not imbue the blacks with?

JACKSON: Well, it's horseshit. But my point is this: you have to, when you do a book, take a perspective, OK? My perspective in this case was from the side of the white Southerners during the Reconstruction period. Basically, I saw the book, because it is about a feud, as dealing with white-

on-white violence, none of which Ventura even mentioned in the review. He only saw the white-on-black aspect of it, which in fact is a very minor part of the book.

I am not trying to tell the story of John Wesley Hardin from the black point of view. And I'm not even interested in what happened to the blacks except insofar as it was a contributing factor to the overall violence of the era in terms of military rule and Reconstruction. So I am taking probably the most unpopular perspective for the book imaginable. And that is the politically incorrect idea that you can tell a story about racists sympathetically.

You see what I'm saying? Because they were racists, as Ventura points out, but they were also human beings. In other words, racism was just part of the mindset of that day and time. So it just seems mindblowing to me that you cannot take any perspective you deem appropriate in the story you're telling. I think that an artist should have that latitude, in terms of putting together his story, and deciding on a perspective that is key to all that follows. And I say, hey, I'm not telling this story like Alex Haley would tell it. I understand and appreciate his approach, but it's not my cup of tea. Roots come in different colors.

GROTH: When you decided to tell the story from the point of view of the white Texas population, you must have known that you were treading a real razor's edge between sympathizing with their historical moment, with them as people caught up in an historical moment, and sympathizing with racism per se.

JACKSON: Well, of course I did. This is why the project sat on my back burner for a decade. During this agonizing period of time, I'm sending Xeroxes of the script out to people who specialize on the Reconstruction era, as well as historians in South Texas. In other words, I'm soliciting response on different levels here.

I'm going to the chronistas of those counties concerned, and I'm going to authorities on a national level, and I'm saying, "Tell me if I've got my facts straight here. Tell me if this is the way it happened." And so I got a lot of feedback over a period of time, and I finally felt pretty confident about it, except, of course, for the powder keg that it represents in telling the story from a point of view that most people do not find sympathetic.

GROTH: I think that one of the things that seems to come through his review, is that there seems to be an implicit accusation that you didn't condemn the racism from an authorial point of view, and yet —

JACKSON: Oh, yeah. That was a major problem with Ventura.

GROTH: But you did not feel the need to do that?

JACKSON: No, I didn't. In this case, I figured that what I needed to do was to make the story more up close and personal, and to show what was motivating these people to act the way they did, to reinforce, in my narrative voice, what you saw below, as opposed to qualifying it. There's a couple ways you can go in this voice. You can say, folks, what you're going to see in the panel below is horrible, an atrocity, a real stain against humanity, but, sad to say, this is the way it happened. And then show the artwork. I would argue that that is not effective storytelling because it strips away whatever power the artwork would have. By that kind of a qualifying voice, you work against and negate the visual side of the equation — and visuals are integral to the comics medium, aren't they?

GROTH: You're making a distinction between propagating racism — which is what Ventura accused you of, I think — and depicting racism — which is what you're claiming to have done. But would you agree with the proposition that an author could assert racism by the way he depicts it, that this is a matter of interpretation?

JACKSON: Yes, it's all in the interpretive realm, and this is exactly why our society has tied itself in knots concerning what's racist and what isn't. Today, many Chinese-Americans would find *The Yellow Kid* an objectionable symbol of past racism. That's also why humorous classics like Amos 'n' Andy have fallen into the racist category. Funny, bust-your-gut-laughing stuff, but black intellectuals think it's the worst depiction of their society imaginable. I, a



LI HUNG CHANG VISITS HOGAN'S ALLEY.

R. F. Outcault's *Hogan's Alley* strip, Sept. 6, 1886. The Yellow Kid reacts to a visit from Li Hung Chang.



young country hick who'd never even seen a black person, much less a big-city slum, thought it was a riot — every bit as good as Red Skelton's "Freddy the Freeloader" bum character. [It's] All in how you interpret it and who's doing the interpreting. What a white person might find amusing, a black person might see just the opposite. This is a given, and seldom can you please everyone — especially if your "interpretation" deals with a period as troubled as post-war Reconstruction in the South.

Ventura, so it seems, thinks that I must be a racist for even trying to tackle this subject, for even wasting my time with people he denounces as all racists themselves. "Why bother with such scumbags?" he asks. "Better that they and their evil ways remain forgotten."

So I was doomed, in his estimation, from the git-go.

GROTH: One thing he objected to was your narration, and your use of the word "Negro" in the narration, and he said that's "Jackson talking, not his characters," but it was my impression that it was an omniscient narration, circa 1870 or so.

JACKSON: Are you talking about the use of the words "Colored" and "Negro" in my narrative banners?

GROTH: Yeah, in the captions. And it seems to me like what you were trying to do was to narrate it from the point of view of someone in 1870.

JACKSON: Yes, precisely! Now, Ventura makes some sort of a snide remark about that, saying regardless of "what the politically correct crowd thinks," and my argument is. "Hey, you're one of them yourself." What is a politically correct person? Has

the reviewer never heard of a national organization that advances the rights of who? — Colored people. Has he never heard of the [United] Negro College Fund, whose motto in TV commercials is "A mind is a terrible thing to waste"? And yet he is condemning me for using "Colored" and "Negro" as a narrator.

What is a politically correct person except somebody who hustles to make sure they're using the latest term that a minority group decides to call itself? "African-American" didn't exist as a term in that era. And yet that's how he would have me refer to black people in my captions, for to do otherwise is a slap in the face to modern readers and especially to blacks. So I'm just at a total loss as to how to deal with that kind of criticism.

They were "Colored" people back in the 1860s and 1870s. They were "Negroes," which comes from the Spanish word for "black" [negro]. So I really don't know what to say to such bullshit charges that my work is racist and unfit for younger readers.

GROTH: He claimed to have caught you on a historical mistake, with the Winchester rifle...

JACKSON: Right. And he cited that one example, I might add, to say that my entire work was historically inaccurate and not to be trusted as a legitimate history of the era.

GROTH: Right. But he was in fact wrong, wasn't he?

JACKSON: He was, in fact, wrong. After letters started coming to the Chronicle, Ventura wrote a little blurb at the end of one of his columns. He said, "It was an honest mistake, which needs no apology." I loved that. He calls me a shoddy historian, but all he's doing is displaying his own ignorance and pretending it's okay to do so.

GROTH: And he based his diatribe virtually on that one mistake, which he later conceded wasn't a mistake.

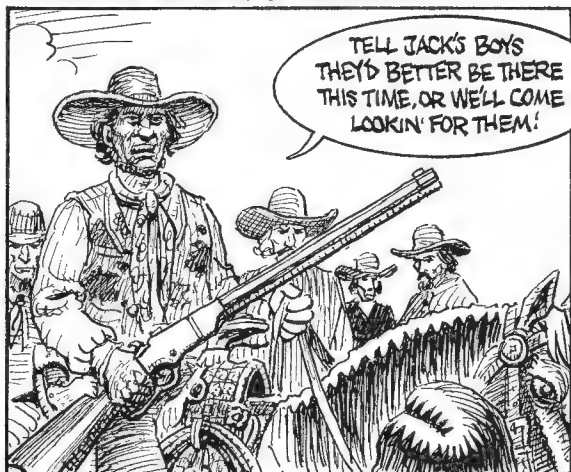
JACKSON: On that one damn thing: that a Winchester couldn't have been in a scene in 1857. And I'm not even drawing a Winchester. You know, a Winchester on the right side of the plate has a slot where you slide a bullet in? You look at the picture and tell me if you see one of those things on the side of the plate. No! It's a Henry rifle, and it's the same kind that Blondie used to save old Tuco's neck from the noose in *The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly*. They were rare pre-Civil War weapons, but people down in Texas got the latest in military technology available. Old Sam Colt himself said that the Texans had basically made his arms, and, without them, he would have stayed in bankruptcy. So when these types of repeating rifles came out, you know who was buying them first? Texans.

Anyway, that was just another example of the review's misdirected criticism of me, and Ventura



From *Lost Cause*

A MEETING AT THE HELENA MASONIC LODGE IS AGREED UPON, WHERE BOTH SIDES WILL AIR THEIR GRIEVANCES AND ABIDE BY THE MASONS' DECISION.



From *Lost Cause*

used it to make a mountain out of a molehill.

GROTH: In the book itself, you talk about your various historical sources, but can you tell me what you used for the visual sources? How do you dig up that stuff?

JACKSON: Oh, there's quite a bit of it: for example, Hardin himself. All of his papers and photographic collection have been preserved. He wrote scores and scores of letters while he was in prison, and his relatives down there at Nixon gave all this stuff to the university in San Marcos, which is about 30 miles south of Austin. All that material is there, including pictures of the children, his wife, himself, and other relatives. Much of it has been published, by the way, because he's one of the more notable gunfighters who actually left an autobiography behind. So in one sense, you've got a

store of visual materials available for a project of this kind, cameras having been invented by the Civil War era. You've got no problem with weapons, costumes, houses — the whole shebang. Photographs of many of the main characters. They exist.

GROTH: What's always struck me about your historical work is just how authentic all the visuals look; I'm talking about the scenery, the carriages, the wagons, the houses, and so forth. Is all that, in fact, accurate?

JACKSON: Absolutely. I pride myself on it. In fact, one of the leading authorities on the Reconstruction period and the military's role in it is a man named William Richter. He lives out in Tucson. He not only read the script for historical accuracy, but he's now a big fan, and when I sent him the finished book, he wrote back and he said, "I can't believe it. I can recognize every general in your panels. Is this a comic book? I didn't know comics were so sophisticated." And stuff like that. So it's edifying when somebody who has combed the archives for these types of documents thinks that you're doing a halfway decent job.

But of course I'm not trying to cater to academic "specialists." I'm trying to get the general readership to feel the mood and the tempo of the time, and understand what it was like. This is my whole thing. When I create these books, what I'm trying to do is take people back in a time machine to that day and time and let them see events as they occurred through these people's eyes.

Well, some people don't like the view.

GROTH: [Laughs.] Right.

JACKSON: I notice that Alex Haley didn't beat around the bush with *Roots*, even when the thing was filmed. I mean, there was a lot of very objectionable

HE FINDS HIMSELF A STRANGER TO HIS CHILDREN, WHO HAVE GROWN UP WITH THE DUDERSTADT FAMILY DURING HIS LONG ABSENCE IN PRISON.



From *Lost Cause*



issues that he met head-on. The white owner's abuse of the attractive black women. Did he skirt the issue? Hell, no. Chuck Connors is crowded right on top of her telling her to relax and enjoy herself. And so I figure if a black man can tell the story and do it well, from his side — his racist, if you would, point of view — why the hell can't a white man do the same thing? But that's just not the way it works. We have a double standard about such things. Now people are even shy about naming a high school after somebody if they owned slaves. In an era when it was socially acceptable to do so! It's just mindblowing. Jim Bowie, for example. There was a great stink when they tried to name a high school here in Austin "Bowie High School," because he had been a slave runner and owned slaves before dying at the Alamo.

It gets a little bit bizarre. Everybody in the South owned slaves in those days if they could afford to. It was a mark of one's social standing.

GROTH: As someone who has drawn some of the most virulent anti-racist comics in the history of comics, are you conflicted about that kind of political correctness?

JACKSON: It's not a matter of being politically correct to me at all, Gary. My creative mandate is to try to tell the story truthfully.

GROTH: No, no, I mean, when decent people lobby not to have schools named after people they consider to be oppressive people. I mean, do you feel conflicted about your feelings toward that?

JACKSON: Do I feel conflicted?

GROTH: Yeah, do you have some sympathy for that point of view?

JACKSON: Not really. I don't, because once you start hauling skeletons out of the closet, we won't have anybody worthy of naming anything after. For example, there's all of that hullabaloo about Thomas Jefferson and his children by a mulatto slave girl, or whatever, and then the family came up with DNA results that proved it. But earlier, when Nick Nolte made that movie about Jefferson in Paris, scholars were outraged. "Oh, you're showing Jefferson doing something that the historical record doesn't definitely say he did." So when the DNA thing hit the media, I got a chuckle out of it, needless to say.

No, I don't lose any sleep at night over what my ancestors may or may not have done. Trying to guilt-trip an entire culture is — I don't know, it's a little sick. We're not responsible for our ancestors' failings. It's not a problem with me. My problem in telling a story like *Lost Cause*, is to try and tell it as well as possible, from whatever perspective is most effective. In other words, with the *Los Tejanos* book, I certainly didn't want to tell that story from the white Texan point of view. Am I a racist for using the Mexican



Jackson's take on Texas History Movies ©PJM

perspective? Most readers didn't think so. In fact they patted me on the back and said I was breaking new ground. I think it's a little ironic that the same approach to a different subject has now caused me to be branded a racist.

So it's not a matter of being politically correct. As a storyteller — once you take a focal character — as a storyteller, I think you're obliged to try to tell the story from that person's point of view, and his culture's as well.

GROTH: You mentioned Haley's *Roots*, which is the history of slavery as seen through the eyes of a slave. Do you think that seeing history through the eyes of the victims gives the author a leg up, morally speaking, whereas seeing history through the eyes of the oppressor — whether its the racist South during Reconstruction or Nazis or Guatemalan death squads — could be intrinsically morally questionable? Does one of the goals of art — to humanize its subjects — run into moral conflict with such an approach?

JACKSON: An interesting point. Obviously we "civilized" folk [who are] about to step into the 21st century identify with and see sympathetically the plight of victims of oppression. Thus, the success of Haley's *Roots*. White people the world over could appreciate the struggle for human dignity that his characters represented. Not only did Haley have a leg up, morally, but as a writer he obeyed the creative imperative that I just mentioned: to tell his story as well and as truthfully as possible, whatever the cost.

Imagine the reaction he'd have gotten if his book and TV series hit the market in 1910! Now, is it "intrinsically morally questionable" to attempt a story from the oppressor's perspective? I don't know. People are just people, and few are perfect. Yes, white Texans of Reconstruction times were racists — as we now define the term — but they also had the same hopes and dreams of any era. Their lives had some redeeming qualities, and I don't think it's right to sweep them into the historical dustbin because they did politically incorrect things by current moral standards. True, there's a thin line between "glorifying" their misdeeds — evidently what Ventura thinks I've done — and sympathizing with their human condition in rough times. They were my ancestors, but I don't see how I've "fallen under their spell" — as the self-righteous reviewer claimed — by attempting to recapture the spirit of the Reconstruction era from their perspective. I don't even see them as the oppressor but rather as the victim. Maybe that's what annoyed Ventura. Anyway, it's not like I tried to hide their blemishes in *Lost Cause*. I put them right out there for everyone to see, "warts and all." How is this glorifying my ancestors any more than Haley did his?

I guess, by extension, what I'm saying is that, yes, some death camp guard's son or daughter could do a book/film/comic about their father's "struggle" against the Jews or the Mayan Indians in whatever historical period. It probably wouldn't win the acclaim of *The Pawnbroker* or *Maus*, that's safe to say! But their father, whether a brutal fucker or a hapless soul merely caught in an institutionalized web of violence, was still human, and if the work "humanized" him, then it would qualify as art, wouldn't it? Objectionable to those whose parents/ancestors were gassed or hacked to death? Certainly. But such things are history. They happened, and we're still trying to understand why. I had never thought much about life from the Nazi point of view until I saw Marlon Brando in *The Young Lions*. Though he was on the "wrong side," his role made me realize that he was a human being, too, his inner workings worthy of attention just like the good guys.

So to me there's no "moral conflict" in humanizing your subjects, be they scumbags or saints, and I don't think the goals of art are incompatible with such an approach. If the story has a compelling ring of truth, it's art, and political correctness can take the hindmost.

GROTH: Now, you have been criticized for *Lost Cause* as being a bit all over the map, because it's not only about John Wesley Hardin, it's also about the Taylor-Sutton Feud, and there's no one central character in this book like

there is in, say, *Los Tejanos*. Did you feel that scattered?

JACKSON: No, not really. Part of the problem comes from the fact that the editor there at Kitchen Sink wanted to use a different subtitle on the cover. Something about "the story of famous gunfighter John Wesley Hardin." So a lot of people saw that and bought the thing, thinking that they were getting a full-fledged book about the life of John Wesley Hardin. Actually, I'm not interested in him except in terms of this feud that I'm writing about, and the era itself. So I think some people were disappointed, because the "main character" doesn't show up until deep into the book. But if you look on the title page itself, you will see what the book is really about.

GROTH: I noticed that.

JACKSON: That's misleading hype, but I don't feel like I should be blamed for that. I understand that when a publishing company does a book, they want to market it on the basis of name recognition, via the Bob Dylan song, and the Time-Life blurb about him being so mean that he shot a man for snoring, blah, blah, blah. True, the book has sort of a "cast of thousands." And I guess that that's discombobulating if you're expecting a very focused story told just from one individual's experiences throughout. But I didn't really see any other way I could deal with it, because this one person is not there all the time.

GROTH: I gather that focusing on John Wesley Hardin would not have told the whole story.



Original *Lost Cause* cover ©1998 Samuel Yeates



JACKSON: No, it wouldn't have. He's in there, but right beside Creed Taylor and Joe Tumlinson, both brothers-in-law, who are the two main feudists. It's kind of like the Hatfields and the McCoys. And they are actually as large, if not larger, characters in the book than John Wesley Hardin is. If I wanted to do a biography of Hardin, believe me, it would have been completely different than this. But as I say, I was only interested in him insofar as he related to the feud, which was basically white-on-white violence. It wasn't white-on-black, except just once in a while when black people crossed them either as soldiers or policemen. I think if you'll look in the book at the number of people that are shot down, you'll see more of them are white folks than anything else.

GROTH: Can I ask you why someone else painted the cover?

JACKSON: Because I don't paint very much. I'm basically a practitioner of black-on-white, you know? [Taking] the old crow quill to a blank piece of paper and getting something to arise from it is completely different from color work. I have no color vision or talent for it. My experiences in the past, when I've tried to do color separations for my own art, have been dismal. About the only thing that I've really done is the *Comanche Moon* cover. And to me, this guy, Sam Yeates, is just incredible. I didn't think that Sam really captured the facial features of John Wesley Hardin. He's a little chubby there, and Hardin was more raw-boned and lean. But I think it works OK. And the other thing that probably put off Ventura, and possibly other readers, is you'll notice what's hanging behind him there on the cover.

GROTH: Oh, yeah! [Laughs]

JACKSON: A tattered Confederate flag. As you well know, there are a lot of states in the Union that no longer fly such a banner from the flagpole of their capitol. In a sense, maybe that is a red herring, or something, and might put off some people.

GROTH: Well, it is provocative.

JACKSON: I suppose so. I've tried to be like that most of my artistic career.

GROTH: But it certainly reflects the tensions that you were portraying, so...

JACKSON: Not only that, the book itself has those dynamics in the background. In other words, the legacy of the lost cause in terms of the Confederacy's stars and bars is the background for the entire book. But that's not the way I'm using the title. I'm not referring to the Confederacy or the Civil War, per se. I'm talking more about a passing lifestyle, of which slavery was only one aspect. I mean, here are people being told that they are going to have to live differently and think differently than they have in

the past. Nobody wants to be subjected to that kind of domination, especially whenever it's done at the hands of the military.

GROTH: I assume you were heavily influenced by Kurtzman's war material?

JACKSON: Oh, definitely so. The funny thing about the Kurtzman war books is that the Kurtzman strips were my least favorite of all. I much preferred the stories that other artists drew. I assume that Kurtzman had a guiding hand in writing them all. Did he, or did he not?

GROTH: Kurtzman wrote them all, except in the last few issues.

JACKSON: But nonetheless, as a visual storyteller, I did not find Harvey near as effective as the rest of the guys. He was too impressionistic for my tastes.

GROTH: I bet you liked Jack Davis.

JACKSON: Oh, of course. Davis particularly, but most of the rest of the crowd were also outstanding. You know, Wally Wood, Reed Crandall, and —

GROTH: John Severin.

JACKSON: — the whole gang. Yeah. Severin especially. Those books were a real eye-opener to me, and some of the best that were ever done.

GROTH: Has your drawing changed over the years from *Comanche Moon* and *Los Tejanos* to *Lost Cause*?

JACKSON: Well, I was rushed on this book. I was given a year to produce a 140-page book, and I told them I simply couldn't do it, and they gave me a year and a half. But then I was rushed on the inking and everything, and felt like that I was doing a sloppy job.

GROTH: Who is "they"?

JACKSON: The editor that I had at Kitchen Sink, Chris Couch. But I can't blame him, because at this time Kitchen Sink had fallen under the wing of their West Coast investment firm. And they had, I believe, some guy there barking orders about what would be done, when, and on what schedule, and so on. It was extremely difficult to get a contract out of the boys at that time because it had to pass so many musters. There were so many hurdles that you had to clear before you could even get an OK on a book. [It was] not like in the old days — all very "corporate." And once, like I say, that they decided, yeah, they wanted to do it, then I'm put on this incredibly demanding schedule, and — so what I was trying to do was to simplify the art a little bit in the book to deliver it on time. I don't know if it's readily noticeable. The lettering, in particular, is not as carefully done as I did on *Los Tejanos*, for example.

GROTH: I can see that.

JACKSON: Yeah. I had a much more satisfying experience with this book that I've just finished, which should come out this summer. I believe that it

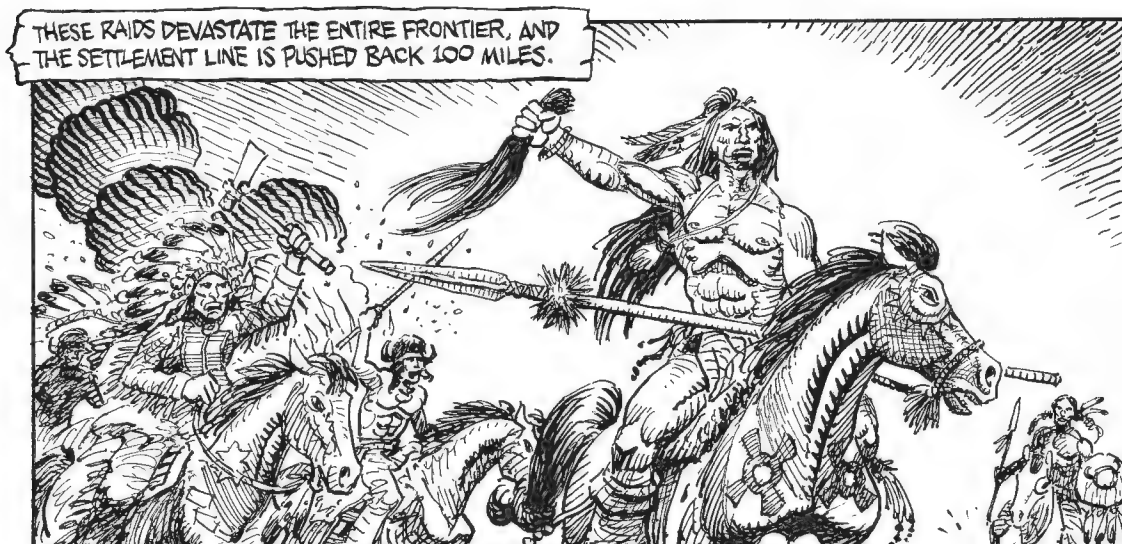


From *Comanche Moon* ©1979 Jack Jackson

BUT WHEN VASQUEZ AND HIS ARMY SUDDENLY APPEAR ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN, THE SURPRISED TEXIANS HASTILY FALL BACK AND BEAT THE DUST TOWARD THE LITTLE SETTLEMENT RENAMED IN HONOR OF JUAN SEGUIN.



From *Los Tejanos*



From *Lost Cause*





From *Indian Lover* ©1999 Jack Jackson

is the best artwork I've ever done.

GROTH: Now what book is this, Jack?

JACKSON: It's called *Indian Lover*. Sam Houston and the Cherokees.

GROTH: Now how can you afford to do these books?

JACKSON: How can I afford to do them?

GROTH: Yeah. [Laughs.] Yes. I mean, they can't pay well.

JACKSON: No, the pay is not very good. But you know, I decided a long time ago that life is short and you might as well be doing something you enjoy. Even if you have to kind of skimp along and starve in the process. This becomes more difficult once you have a wife and child.

GROTH: I know.

JACKSON: Yeah. But nonetheless, I've miraculously managed to pretty much do the types of things that I want to do, whether it is commercially viable or not. I mean, my sympathies are to my publishers, you being one of them, for going along with it, and helping my projects come to fruition.

GROTH: I know the royalty you earned on *Los Tejanos* and I can't imagine that the amount of money that you were paid for *Lost Cause* could possibly have sustained a year and a half of living.

JACKSON: Like I say, the only thing that makes it possible is usually people pay me as I work. So I've got a little bit coming in each month, just to cover the basics. And then I scramble for the rest.

GROTH: Well, I'm glad you can do it.

JACKSON: Well, yeah. I'm crazy for doing it. And that's why it hurts when some turkey calls me a racist for a labor of love. But it's what I enjoy, and I've seen so many dear friends not make it as long as I have, you know? Sheridan, Irons, Griffin — each time one of them kicks the bucket, it makes me realize that hey, our time here is not guaranteed. It's a day-by-day proposition. We'd better be doing something that we're getting some fulfillment out of. And I assume this is why you continue to do what you've been doing.

GROTH: I think it is.  
JACKSON: Now for how long?

GROTH: Twenty-three years.

JACKSON: That's what I'm thinking. Hey, you're almost to retirement age.

GROTH: Yeah, right. On what? But yeah, that makes all the difference in the world, you know?

JACKSON: Like the old-timer musicians that were sitting around chewing the fat: "Hey, you're getting old enough to retire," and the other guy says, "Retire from what? I've never worked a day in my life." If you're enjoying it, it's not like work. I continue to do it, and I've found something that's even less rewarding, financially, than doing comic books.

GROTH: Good God, like — let me guess — translating Croatian poetry?

JACKSON: No, scholarly publications for the university press circuit. And I've been cranking them out, almost as many as my comic books.

GROTH: I'd love to see some of that. How would I get a hold of it?

JACKSON: Have you got four hundred bucks?

GROTH: Four hundred bucks?

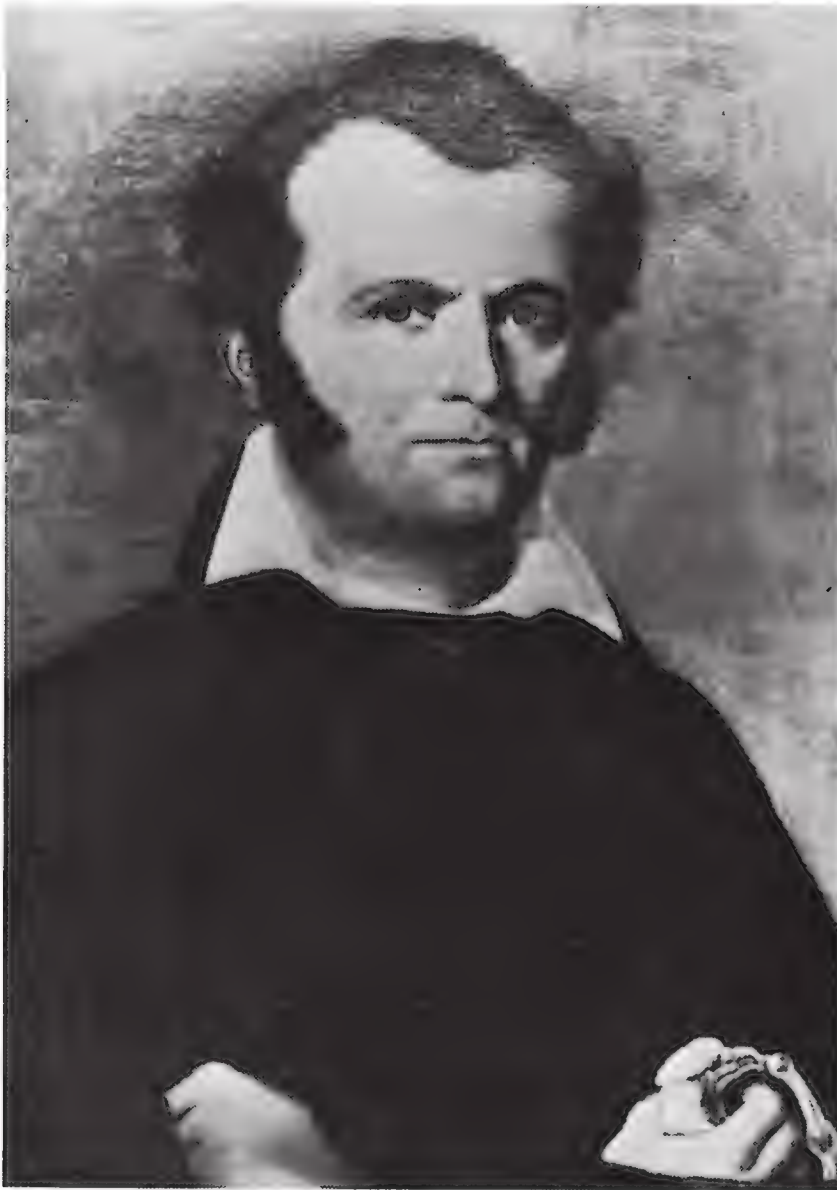
JACKSON: The Book Club of Texas, which is a brainchild of Stanley Marcus, the guy who ran the big Nieman Marcus chain clothing store here in Texas. Back before the Second World War he started a thing called The Book Club of Texas that would issue quality reprints of rare and out-of-print books. It lapsed during the war, but it's been revived and they decided to publish new scholarship as well as these oldies but moldies. This summer, I hope, they're coming out with a deluxe two-volume boxed set of a book I wrote. The books are like 10-by-15, finely printed in an edition of 300 copies, and the book's called *Shooting the Sun*. It's a history of the mapping of early Texas. And you know, there is just no pay there, considering all the years of work I put into it. Because it's a worthy project, I basically forego my royalties, production costs being so high. But it will be so stunningly beautiful once it comes out.

GARY GROTH is the publisher of Fantagraphics Books.

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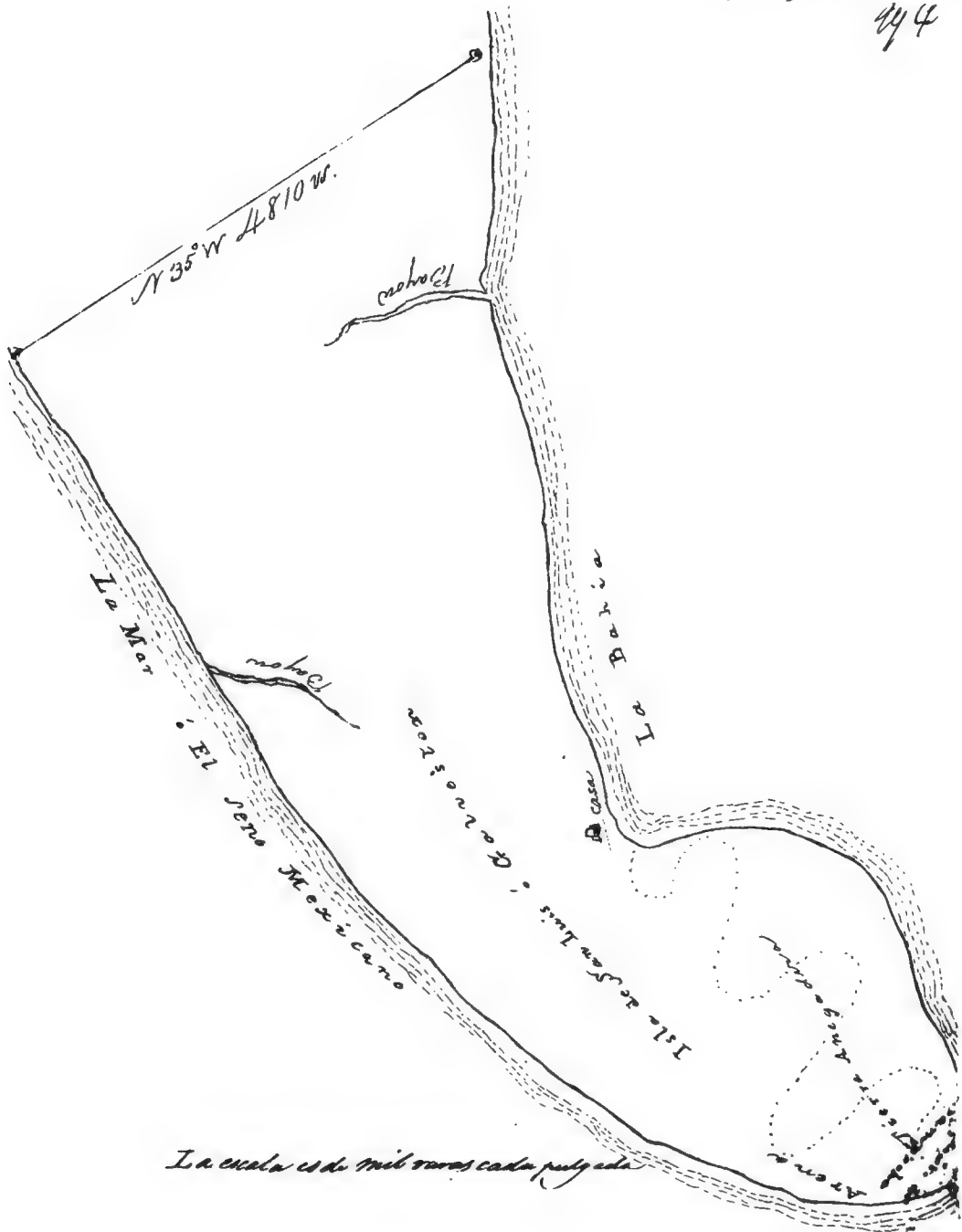
## APPENDIX TO LOS TEJANOS

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James Bowie, painted from life by Benjamin West in New Orleans in 1834. Note the eagle-headed object in Bowie's right hand and compare it with the knife shown, known as "The Seguin Bowie" because Juan Seguin's name is engraved on the handle side of the quillon. It surfaced near Monterrey, Mexico, in the 1930's and the blade is inscribed, "Searles of Baton Rouge, Louisiana" ( Daniel Searles made several other existing Bowies during the 1830-40's). Its blade is almost 14 inches long ; overall the knife is over 17½" — an impressive weapon and one of the most elegant specimens known. ( Texas State Archives, The Alamo-Office of the Curator )





The plat map accompanying Seguin's grant of a league of land on "Isla de San Luis", or Galveston Island, issued BEFORE the Revolution, July 30, 1834. Oddly, the First Congress of the Republic then sold the island to a prominent group of businessmen led by Michel B. Menard — the same man who had located the grant for Juan under a power of attorney. Like many other early land "deals", this mysterious transaction was never fully explained, and caused some scandal in its day. Note the solitary "casa", probably the remains of Jean Lafitte's pirate stronghold, altho one surveyor noted: "No habitations... but the old Mexican custom-house." (General Land Office)

Comandancia de  
Bexar. —

Al Coral. en jefe de la armada.  
Bexar.

Señor

El día 4 del corriente tomé posesión de  
esta plaza sin oposición ninguna, se-  
ñalada guarnecida por orden del general  
estrada q. mandaba en esta en jefe  
por el Ten. D. Francisco Castañeda y die-  
z uho soldados, el oficial ya dicho al  
contestarome la comunicación que se pasó  
sobre que evacuare la plaza, me  
podía entrar a ella sin oposición y  
que el se retiraba con los pocos soldados  
que tenía los q. se habían dispersos en la  
ciudad y Castañeda salió de aquí el 6.  
de este mes.

En la ciudad corre la voz q.  
las tropas Mexicanas se han detenido  
en el río de las Nueces, camino para-  
Matamoros, y q. muy pronto se con-  
perán las ostilidades: en virtud de es-  
tar dicho punto mas inmediato de es-  
ta plaza q. de esta, he omitido manda-  
espías a observar al enemigo,

The first "Texian" report to come out of San Antonio after the fall of the Alamo. Addressed to Gen. Rusk at Goliad and bearing the date of June 7, 1836, Seguin wrote: "I took possession of this place on the fourth day, instant, without any opposition whatsoever." He considered his situation with so few men (22) "very embarrassing" (may comprometido), and asked that he be permitted to withdraw unless his promised reinforcements arrived. Local sentiment? "The majority of the citizens don't want to take up arms against the Mexican soldiers; they wish to remain neutral." "Many families are about to go to the Rio Grande and I do not know if I should detain them or let them go..." (Barker History Center, UT)



IN THE NAME OF THE  
REPUBLIC OF TEXAS,  
FREE, SOVEREIGN AND INDEPENDENT.

To all to whom these Presents shall come: I *David G. Burnet*  
PRESIDENT OF SAID REPUBLIC, send GREETING:

BE IT KNOWN, That reposing special trust and confidence in the courage, patriotism and ability of *Juan N. Seguin* I have nominated, and by and with the advice and consent of my Cabinet, and in virtue of authority vested in me, do constitute and appoint the said *Juan N. Seguin* to the **RANK AND OFFICE OF** *Lieut Colonel* in the Regular Army of Texas: Making it hereby the duty of the said *Juan N. Seguin* to discharge all his duties as such *Lieut. Colonel* to conform himself strictly to the Rules and Regulations that have been, or may hereafter be adopted, for the government of the Army of this Republic, and to be obedient to all the lawful orders of his superior Officers.

And it is hereby further enjoined, That the said *Juan N. Seguin* do compel all Officers and others under his command to render prompt and complete obedience to all his lawful orders appertaining to the Public Service, and to see that they fail not in the discharge of their respective duties.

For all which, this present Commission shall be his sufficient warrant, which is to take effect from the 31<sup>st</sup> of May last.

Given under my hand at Velasco  
this seventeenth day  
of September A. D. 1836 and  
of the Independence of the Republic of Texas  
the first

By order of the President,  
*John A. Wharton*

*Sec of War*

*David G. Burnet*

{Order  
No. 1}

War Department  
17 Sept<sup>r</sup> 1836.

*Lieut Col Juan Nepomuceno Seguin*  
Sir,

The president has desired me to order you to proceed to Bexar de San Antonio and take possession of that town of which post for the present you will be the Commandant.

You will immediately commence the recruiting service, pointing the necessary Superintendence and will endeavor to obtain as many Regulars as will complete a Battalion. You will also organize the Civic Militia and endeavor to bring them to such a condition that they can be brought into the field at the shortest notice.

You will take pains regularly to drill not only your own command but the Civic Militia and the Civic Militia when brought into the field will be under your command.

Seguin's commission as a Lieut. Colonel in the Regular Army of the Republic, signed by Interim President Burnet. His promotion, retroactive to May 30th, came on the same day as his orders to organize a military government at Bexar, Sept. 17, 1836. (Texas State Arch.)

"Order No. 1", from John A. Wharton, Secretary of War, to Seguin, making him Commandant of the Bexar post. Among his more important duties were keeping peace with the "friendly disposed" Comanches and scouting "as far west as the Rio Bravo del Norte", keeping the War Department informed of important frontier developments. (Texas State Archives)

collected, the procession halted, the coffin was placed upon the spot, and three volleys of Musquetry were discharged over it by one of the Companies, proceeding onwards to the second spot from whence the ashes were taken where the same honors were done and thence to the principal spot and place of interment the Coffin was then placed upon the large heap of ashes when I addressed a few words to the Battalion and assemblage present in honor of the Occasion in the Castilian Language as I do not possess the English, Major Western then addressed the course in the latter tongue, the coffin and all the ashes were then interred and three volleys of Musquetry were fired over the grave by the whole Battalion with an accuracy that would do honor to the best disciplined troops. We then marched back to quarters in the City with Music and Color flying. Half-hour Guns were not fired because I had no Powder for the purpose, but every honor was done within the reach of my scanty means. I hope as a whole my efforts may meet your approbation.

The cattle I alluded to in my former respects are on the march and you may expect them shortly, and more shall be collected as soon as possible circumstances permitting.

I have the honor to be  
Very Respectfully

John N. Seguin  
Lieut. Colonel

Seguin's translated account of the burial of the "Heroes of the Alamo" ashes, given to Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, March 13, 1837. The actual burial site was soon lost, despite numerous efforts to relocate it, and the event itself has since become obscured by controversy. After Seguin's Fall from Grace, other Texans claimed to have performed the ceremony, and as late as 1935 Anglo writers were still trying to strip him of even this patriotic honor ("Tall Men with Long Rifles").  
(Tulane)



3449 1280 acres

REPUBLIC OF TEXAS

KNOW ALL MEN TO WHOM THESE PRESENTS SHALL COME:

That John N. Seguin *John N. Seguin* having served faithfully and honorably for the term of *Twenty Nine* months from the *first* day of *December* ~~1836~~ *1837* and being *Thirteen* years of age, he is entitled to *Twelve hundred and eighty* Acres Bounty Land, for which this is his CERTIFICATE.

And the said *John N. Seguin* is entitled to hold said Land, or to sell, alienate, convey and donate the same, and to exercise all rights of ownership over it.

In Testimony Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, at *San Antonio* this *15th* day of *May* 1838

*B. J. Archer* *Secretary of War*

SECRETARY OF WAR.

No. *81* ACRES.

REPUBLIC OF TEXAS

KNOW ALL MEN

To whom these Presents shall come:

THAT *John N. Seguin* HAVING *been in the Army from April 21, 1836* IS ENTITLED TO

SIX HUNDRED AND FORTY ACRES OF

DONATION LAND,

IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE ACT OF CONGRESS, PASSED DEC. 31, 1837.

SAID *John N. Seguin* His Heirs, Executors, Administrators, OR THEIR ASSIGNS, ARE ENTITLED TO HOLD SAID LAND: BUT IT CANNOT BE SOLD, ALIENATED, OR MORTGAGED, AND IS EXEMPT FROM EXECUTION DURING THE LIFE-TIME OF THE PERSON TO WHOM IT IS GRANTED.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand, at *Houston* this *15th* day of *May* 1838

*B. J. Archer* Secretary of War.

BANNER OFFICE PRINT.

Two of Seguin's land certificates: Land Warrant No. 3449, good for 1,280 acres, awarded for "29 months service in the Army"; and Donation No. 81, 640 acres for having "fought at San Jacinto." He, like so many other soldiers, sold them for needed cash — the first in 1838 a week after it was issued; the second shortly after returning to Texas in 1848. (General Land Office)

San Antonio Octubre 14 de 1840.

Como. Señor Presidente de la Republica

Señor.

El mal estado de salud en que me encuentro, y la proximidad de las futuras sesiones del Congreso, me obligan con bastante sentimiento mío a dar el indispensable paso de renunciar el destino de Senador que obtengo por la confianza que les he merecido a mis constituyentes, lo que pongo en conocimiento de V.E. para que se sirba proveer en este caso conforme a la ley, de modo que el condado que debo de representar, no sufra algun perjuicio en las proximas sesiones por falta del Senador que les representa la ley. Al hacer a V.E. esta comunicacion, ten el honor de Apreciarme de V.E. respetuosamente su mas adicto y obediente servidor que atento b. S. M.

Juan N. Seguin.

Seguin's resignation as a Senator of the Fourth Congress of the Republic of Texas, dated Oct. 14, 1840. Reason given: "the poor health in which I find myself..." Actually he was organizing a 200 man volunteer outfit to fight in the Federalist War, an undertaking which he claimed that President Lamar not only "authorized", but also agreed to supply with weapons from the armories of Texas! (Texas State Archives)



country and erecting a barrier between us and our enemies

There is a difficulty as to the manner of approaching Arista but that I think can be obviated by the employment of John R. Seguin for that service, he is at present in bad odour among the Texians from which circumstance he could frame a good pretext for crossing the Rio Grande and asking an audience of Arista whether or not Seguin would accept of such a mission I cannot say, but I should think it would give him an opportunity to retrieve his former standing that he would gladly embrace, for if he be successful it would redound to his credit in an eminent degree and establish his loyalty to Texas and if he be not successful he would be in none the worse condition. Yourself are better acquainted than I of his fitness for such a mission.

I have understood that your Lady has been afflicted with ill health. Be pleased to present her my kind regards and my sincere wishes for her speedy recovery.

Accept the friendship  
of Yours Truly

A Somervell

Was Seguin a double agent for Texas? Was his "flight" not because of his "bad odour among the Texians", but as part of a hastily-conceived plot to undermine Mexican solidarity by setting Santa Anna and Arista at each others' throats? This letter from Alexander Somervell (soon to lead the Mier Expedition) to President Sam Houston, written March 31, 1842, suggests as much. Two weeks later Seguin submitted his resignation as mayor of San Antonio and left his homeland behind.. ¿ Quien sabe? (TSA)

# PERSONAL MEMOIRS

OF

## JOHN N. SEGUIN,

FROM THE YEAR 1834

TO THE

RETREAT OF GENERAL WOLL

FROM

THE CITY OF SAN ANTONIO

1842.

SAN ANTONIO:

PRINTED AT THE LEDGER BOOK AND JOB OFFICE.

1858.

# PREFACE.

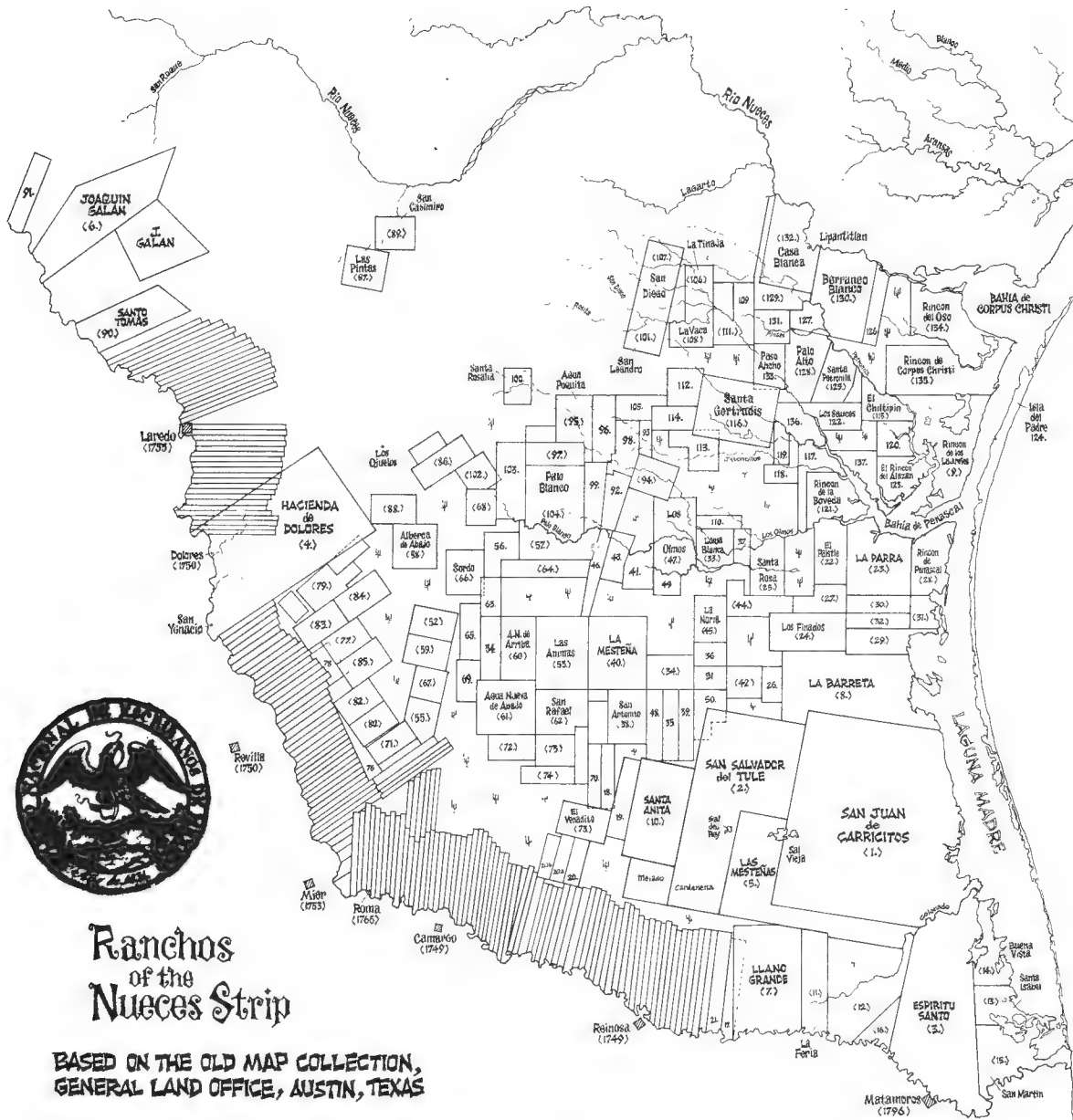
A native of the City of San Antonio de Bexar, I embraced the cause of Texas at the report of the first cannon which foretold her liberty; filled an honorable situation in the ranks of the conquerors of San Jacinto, and was a member of the legislative body of the Republic. I now find myself, in the very land, which in other times bestowed on me such bright and repeated evidences of trust and esteem, exposed to the attacks of scribblers and personal enemies, who, to serve *political purposes*, and engender strife, falsify historical facts, with which they are but imperfectly acquainted. I owe it to myself, my children and friends, to answer them with a short, but true exposition of my acts, from the beginning of my public career, to the time of the return of General Woll from the Rio Grande, with the Mexican forces, amongst which I was then serving.

I address myself to the American people; to that people impetuous, as the whirlwind, when aroused by the hypocritical clamors of designing men, but just, impartial and composed, whenever men and facts are submitted to their judgment.

I have been the object of the hatred and passionate attacks of some few disorganisers, who, for a time, ruled, as masters, over the poor and oppressed population of San Antonio. Harpy-like, ready to pounce on every thing that attracted the notice of their rapacious avarice, I was an obstacle to the execution of their vile designs. They, therefore, leagued together to exasperate and ruin me; spread against me malignant calumnies, and made use of odious

The title page of Seguin's 32 page pamphlet, published in 1858, the year after his father's death. Most Texans considered it a confession, not a defense, and used it as proof of his treachery—"by his own admission." (TSA)



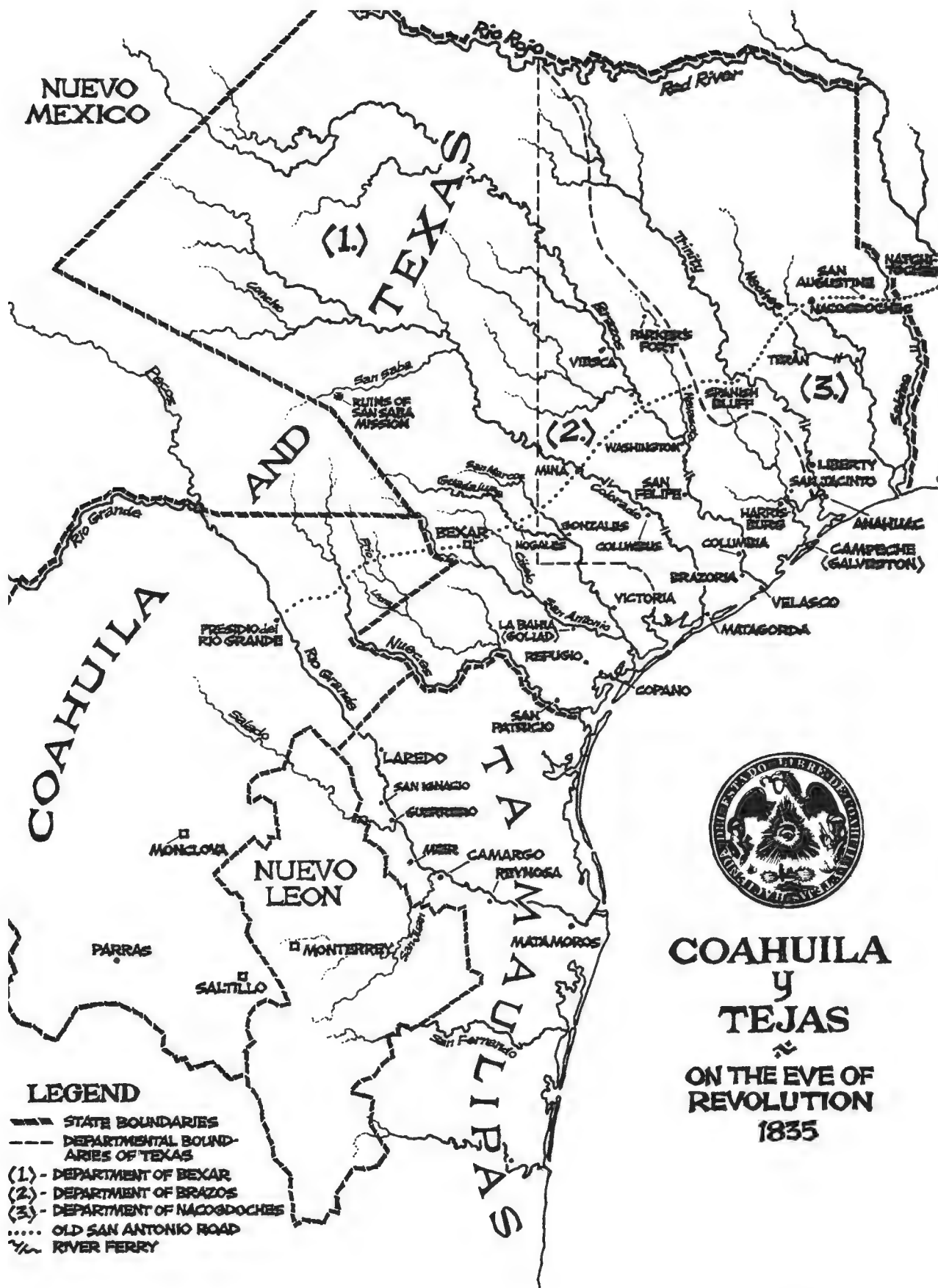


## Ranchos of the Nueces Strip

BASED ON THE OLD MAP COLLECTION,  
GENERAL LAND OFFICE, AUSTIN, TEXAS

**THE BIGGEST OF THE BIG:** (1) San Juan de Carricitos, 501,657 acres, granted to Jose Narciso Cavazos, a consolation prize for disputing De la Garza's claim to #3 and losing; (2) San Salvador del Tule, 315,391 acres, granted to Juan Jose Balli. His momma Rosa was the first Texas "Cattle Queen" and brother Nicolas was the padre who owned an island; (3) Espiritu Santo, 284,413 acres, granted to Jose Salvador de la Garza, who married a daughter of Capt. Blas Maria de la Garza Falcon, founder of Camargo. (Don Jose was also Juan N. Cortina's great-grandfather on his momma's side.); (4) Hacienda de Dolores, 276,350 acres, granted to Juan Jose Vasquez Borrego, a big rancher from Coahuila who needed some elbow room so he founded the town of Dolores; (5) Las Mesetas, 146,670 acres, granted to Vicente Ynojosa (Hinajosa). He was Rosa's brother and a bachelor, so her kids inherited "The Mustangs" ranch; (6) Joaquin Galan, grantee of Balconcitos, 159,482 acres, and Palafax, 66,975. His family was big in the military, which helped; (7) Llano Grande, 127,625 acres, granted to Juan Jose Ynojosa de Balli, Rosa's pa. He and her husband, Jose Maria de Balli, made joint application for the "Big Plain" ranch but since both died before the paperwork came through, Rosa got it; (8) La Barreta, 124,297 acres, granted to Jose Francisco Balli, whose daddy Juan Antonio was a "primitive" (first) settler of Reinosa and gave land for a new townsite after a big flood wiped out the old one; (9) Rincon de los Laureles, 100,948 acres; (10) Santa Anita, 25,202 acres; (11) La Perla, 53,140 acres. This was her husband's 12 leagues out of the Llano Grande grant, but Rosa Maria Ynojosa had it put in her own name.

Spanish and Mexican grants in the Nueces Strip have always stood apart from other Texas lands because the Republic during its ten year existence did not exercise control over this contested area. Following the Mexican War, Gov. Bell of Texas sent the Bourland-Miller Commission to investigate all titles on the Rio Grande made prior to 1836. Bell assured the old Mexican settlers that this procedure was not meant to dispossess them (as they believed) but when all the gathered documents were lost on the steamboat Anson, which sank on the river between Rio Grande City and Brownsville, their consternation may be imagined. However, a list of the titles survived and was confirmed by the State Legislature on Feb. 10, 1852. Since then, litigation over many of these original titles — and others not on the list — has provided a rich harvest for generations of talented legal minds. Some questions remain unresolved, still tied up in the courts. Even now a group of grantee descendants called "Asociacion de Reclamantes" are engaged in a suit for compensation on lands lost during the "no holds-barred" transition from "Mexican" to "American". The line forms to the rear...



**COAHUILA  
y  
TEJAS**  
ON THE EVE OF  
REVOLUTION  
1835





Jack Jackson ©1972 Clay Geerdes

Jack Jackson had integrity and a personal blend of grit and persistence that compelled him to seek out the painful truth even when he knew a storm would follow. His life and his art were forged by the same hard-won lessons.

Magic happens. Freedom means acting free and helping to free others. Work with the hand you're dealt.

That's certainly the way Jackson, born May 15, 1941 in Pandora, Texas played out the hand life dealt him. His dad died when he was very young. His mom died when he was 10. He went to live with his uncle's family on a farm nearby. Ranching was a hardscrabble life to start, and young Jack was physically handicapped, to boot — heir to a genetic abnormality, Charcot-Marie-Tooth disease, which attacks the motor and sensory nerves, leading to muscular atrophy of the hands and feet and the loss of fine motor skills.

After high school, Jackson attended nearby Texas Agricultural and Industrial College. Upon graduating in 1962 with a degree in accounting, he moved to Austin, where he got a job with the state comptroller doing "terribly boring work."

"It was a real straight job," he recalled. "If you did anything weird they'd bounce you out on your ear..."

He "started hanging around [the University of Texas] and seeing the interesting people there."

Three of those interesting people would later become his partners in founding Rip Off Press. Two of them, Dave Moriarty and Fred Todd, became Jackson's roommates.

The third, Gilbert Shelton, was editor of the school's humor magazine, *The Texas Ranger*. He recruited Jackson to be the exchange editor and a cartoonist, even though Jackson wasn't a student.

To protect his job, though, "it was imperative that I use a pen name to cover up my identity," Jackson said.

Shelton gave him that pen name — Jaxon, as in Jax Beer, a regional brand from New Orleans.

Jackson invented a cartoon character called God Nose, who used his magic sinus wand to right wrongs. When he had enough stories drawn, he decided to turn them into a comic book.

The printer in the basement of the state capitol building agreed to print them on the sly if Jackson supplied the paper.

"It was all very furtive and he got a real charge out of it. I can't say that he really thought it was a great book, but he obviously realized he was putting one over on the bigwigs," Jackson later recalled.

The 1,000 copies of *God Nose* comic books sold out locally within weeks. The proceeds allowed Jackson and Moriarty to take a trip to Europe, where they bought motorcycles and drove from England to Spain.

In 1966 he moved to California, where he got an accounting job at a clothing store on Market Street in San Francisco. Many fellow Texans were prominent in the emerging psychedelic music scene, including Janis Joplin, Boz Skaggs, and Steve Miller. Austin poet Chet Helms, head of *The Family Dog*, a tribal group that staged dances at the Avalon Ballroom, asked Jackson to set up a poster production and distribution department. Jackson revived the old exchange lists from *The Texas Ranger* and started a direct mail operation to sell the posters, quickly turning it into a cash cow that underwrote the dance hall end of things.

Two years later, when the poster scene was fading and underground comix were coming into their own, Jackson, Shelton, Todd, and Moriarty each plunked down \$75 to buy a used printing press and start Rip Off Press. None of them knew how to run the thing, so they learned through trial and error by printing posters for Soundproof Productions. They switched to comic books, reprinting Jackson's *God Nose*, then publishing Robert

Crumb's *Big Ass* and *Motor City Comics*. Others titles followed, including *Radical America Komiks*, *The Furry Freak Brothers*, *Skull Comics*, and *Hydrogen Bomb Funnies*.

The partners soon discovered that expenses often exceeded income and their generous royalty structure was getting the best of them. As long as orders poured in from the hinterlands for everything in their catalog they could ignore the inevitable accounting. But when the triple whammy of federal crackdowns on head shops (which were their main retail outlets), a Supreme Court decision allowing obscenity to be defined by local standards, and the end of the cohesiveness of the anti-war movement, the boom turned to bust.

It was very quiet around Rip Off Press during the winter of 1973-74. Sometimes they burned comic books in the stove to keep warm.

Jackson moved back to Austin and turned to regional materials for new inspiration. He began work on his first historical comic book, *White Comanche*, which was published by Last Gasp Funnies in 1977. Within a year he had completed two more comic-book-length tales, *Red Raider* and *Blood on the Moon*.

In 1979 Rip Off and Last Gasp jointly published a trade paperback edition of his entire Native American epic, *Comanche Moon*, subtitled "the true story of Cynthia Ann Parker, her son Quanah, and the wild Comanches of Texas." It was universally hailed as an example of what would become known as a graphic novel. Jackson preferred the term pictorial fiction but had problems with that name, too. "They're not novels. They're non-fiction," he insisted.

By dint of long hours, concentration, and serious self-discipline, Jackson was able to produce more than a dozen books, ranging from graphic story histories to books of cartography to historical treatises. He also produced articles for academic journals, covers, comics for the *Austin Chronicle*, music promotions, and much more.

His 1986 book, *Los Mesteños, Spanish Ranching in Texas, 1721-1821* set new standards in historical documentation. Not only did he illustrate the characters, their livestock, brands, and tools, but he also wrote the text for the 700-page tome. It won every major history award in Texas, including the Coral Horton Tullis Memorial Prize, the Kate Broocks Bates Award, and a San Antonio Conservation Society Publication Award. (Jackson also won Kate Broocks Bates Awards in 1996, 1999, and 2003.)

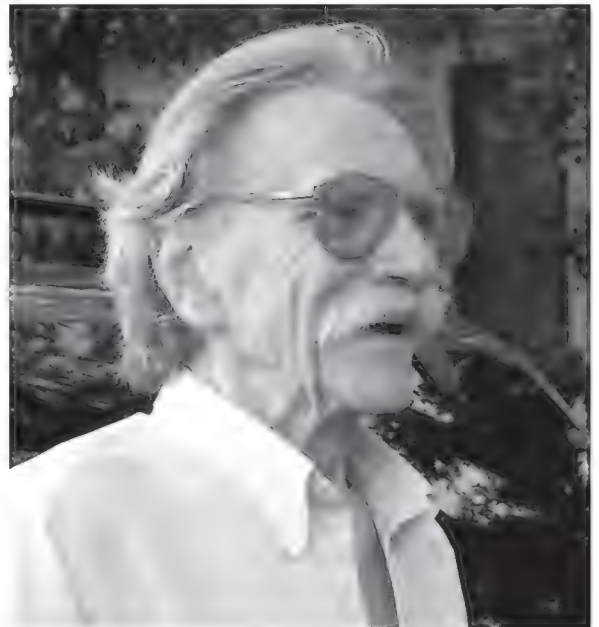
Jack Jackson died the way he lived — on his own terms. At age 65, he put his affairs in order, made his own funeral arrangements, and left his home in Austin to visit his sister, Joanne, in Stockdale, Texas.

The next morning, June 8, 2006, he went to the cemetery in Stockdale where his parents were buried, knelt on their graves, and shot himself.

Poor health had a lot to do with that decision. His Charcot-Marie-Tooth disease had gradually atrophied his hands and feet, and in his last years he had developed type 2 diabetes and prostate cancer. But it may have been the death of his dream that finally led him to end his own life. He could no longer work because his hands were too unsteady to draw. His work was his life.

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PATRICK ROSENKRANZ is a writer, educator, photojournalist, filmmaker, and noted scholar of the underground comix movement. He is the author of *Rebel Visions: The Underground Comix Revolution*, *You Call This Art?!* *A Greg Irons Retrospective*, and *The Artist Himself: A Rand Holmes Retrospective*.



Jack Jackson ©2006 Kathy Doyle



# Introduction

Sam Houston had courage; not just the physical courage to excel in battle but also the moral courage to fight for his beliefs regardless of the consequences. Houston's stand against secession in 1860-1861 is probably the best-known demonstration of his moral courage, but in fact his friendship with the Cherokee Indians required even greater strength in that he stood virtually alone for his convictions. Houston's support of the Cherokees in Texas evoked, in the words of one newspaper, "the grief and shame of his friends, and the just reproach and scorn of his enemies."

Houston began his friendship with the Cherokees in 1809 when he ran away from home as a teenager in Tennessee and lived for three years with a band led by Chief Oolooteka. He became the chief's adopted son and acquired a name translated as The Raven. Houston left the Cherokees during the War of 1812 but returned in 1817 as a federal subagent seeking to convince the Indians to move west of the Mississippi River. After only a year, disgusted with government policies and leaders, he resigned and began a promising career in Tennessee politics as a protégé of Andrew Jackson. Houston quickly rose to become the state's governor and, but for a disastrous marriage to Eliza Allen in 1829, might never have returned to the Cherokees. The breakup of his marriage, however, led him to turn once again for refuge to the Cherokees.

Houston joined Chief Oolooteka's band in present-day Oklahoma where he lived for three years. He became a citizen of the Cherokee nation and married an Indian woman, but he also indulged his weakness for whiskey and earned the derisive nickname, "Big Drunk." In 1832 he righted himself and went to Texas.

Houston earned fame in Texas, of course, as commander in chief of Texian forces during the revolution and first president of the Republic, but through it all he remained a friend of the Cherokees. A band led by Chief Duwali (The Bowl) had settled in East Texas, and Houston sought to protect them and guarantee their land claims in the area. However, not even the Hero of San Jacinto could persuade Anglo Texans to permit the Cherokees to remain on the lands they claimed. In 1839, after the Indian-hating Mirabeau B. Lamar became president, a Texan army defeated the Indians, killed Chief Duwali, and drove the survivors from the Republic. Houston expressed his outrage in speech after speech, showing complete disregard for the unpopularity of his position.

Houston returned to the presidency in 1841 and reversed Lamar's militant Indian policies. The Cherokees could not be helped, but negotiations brought better relations, at least for a time, with other tribes, including the fearsome Comanches. Even after Texas joined the United States and Houston became a Senator in Washington, he rarely missed an opportunity to point to unjust treatment of the Indians. For example, one of his arguments against the Kansas-Nebraska Act in 1854 was that it took land from tribes living in the area. The Indians, he said, "have no salvation to look to but in the justice of this Government. Is it not time that justice, tardy justice, be done?"

Virtually every political leader of the nineteenth-century United States either believed in policies that destroyed the Indians or at least accepted the will of his constituents in that respect. Sam Houston did not.

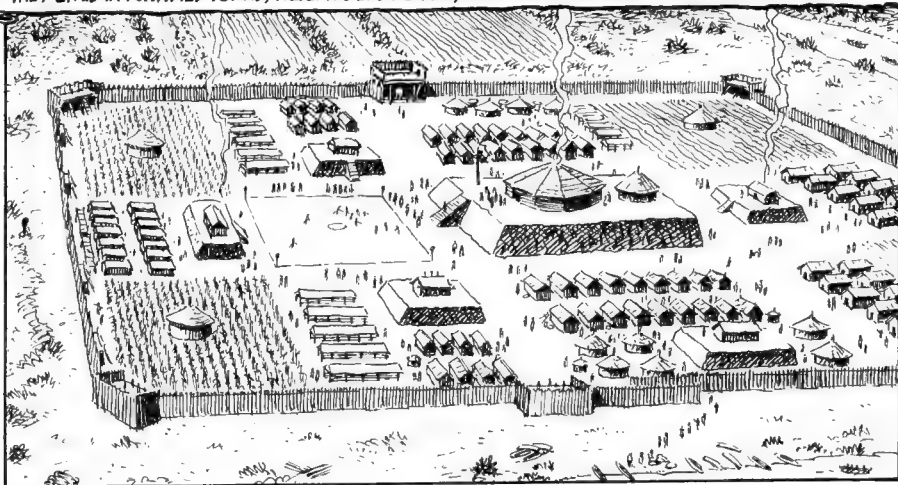
Randolph B. Campbell  
Author of **Sam Houston and the American Southwest**

# THE "REAL PEOPLE"

BEFORE THE COMING OF THE WHITEMAN, THE CHEROKEES WERE A NUMEROUS, POWERFUL, AND WARLIKE PEOPLE WHOSE DOMAIN INCLUDED MUCH OF KENTUCKY, TENNESSEE, AND ADJOINING STATES TO THE EAST AND TO THE SOUTH.

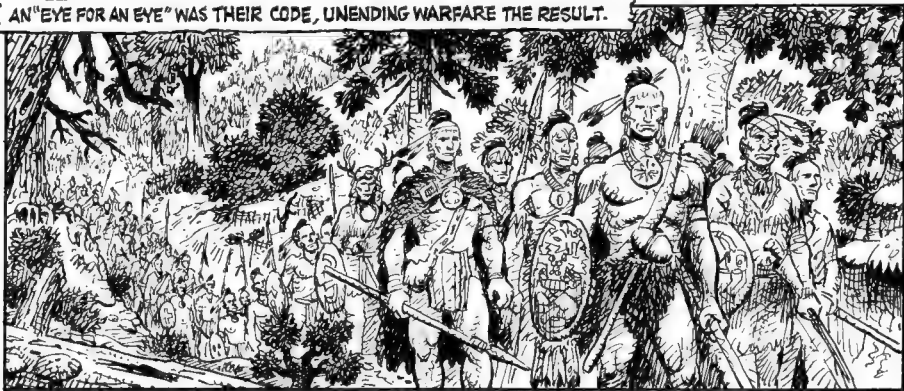


THEY LIVED IN FORTIFIED TOWNS, WERE WIDELY FEARED, AND TAUGHT THEIR SONS TO AVENGE INSULTS.





AN "EYE FOR AN EYE" WAS THEIR CODE, UNENDING WARFARE THE RESULT.



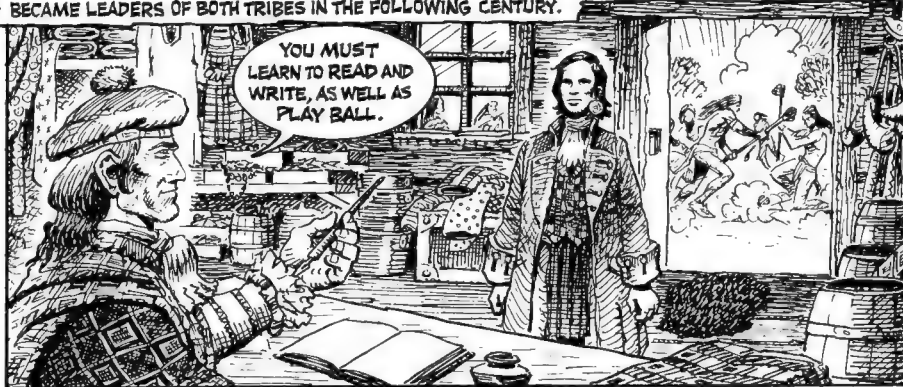
STARTING IN 1721 THEY BEGAN TO MAKE TREATIES WITH THE ENGLISHMEN OF CAROLINA IN EXCHANGE FOR GUNS AND GIFTS. THROUGHOUT THE 18TH CENTURY THE CHEROKEES REMAINED CLOSE ALLIES OF THE BRITISH.



BOTH IN 1730 AND 1762 DELEGATIONS OF CHEROKEE CHIEFS VISITED THE "GREAT FATHER" IN LONDON TO SOLIDIFY THIS ALLIANCE. THEY CREATED QUITE A STIR AT COURT AND AMONG POLITE SOCIETY.



MANY SCOTTISH, IRISH, AND ENGLISH TRADERS LIVED AMONG THE CHEROKEES (AS WITH THEIR SOUTHERN NEIGHBORS THE CREEKS), TOOK INDIAN WIVES, AND PRODUCED OFFSPRING. THESE MIXED-BLOODS BECAME LEADERS OF BOTH TRIBES IN THE FOLLOWING CENTURY.



JUST PRIOR TO THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION LAND-HUNGRY ANGLOS, LED BY FRONTIERSMEN LIKE DANIEL BOONE, BEGAN TO ENCROACH ON THE UPPER CHEROKEE LANDS.



DURING THE REVOLUTION THE CHEROKEES REMAINED FIRMLY TORY AND CAME TO VIEW THE AMERICAN REBELS AS A SEPARATE PEOPLE FROM THEIR ENGLISH BRETHREN.





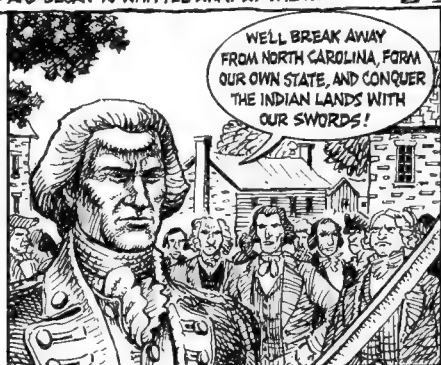
ALTHOUGH SEVERAL TREATIES IN THE 1770s RESULTED IN THE LOSS OF FIVE MILLION ACRES, MILITANT CHIEFS LIKE DRAGGING CANOE CONTESTED THE SALES AND WAGED CONSTANT WAR TO DRIVE OUT THE WHITES.



IN THE LAST QUARTER OF THE CENTURY THE RICH LANDS WEST OF THE APPALACHIANS BECAME KNOWN AS THE "DARK AND BLOODY GROUND."



EVEN SO, A HORDE OF WHITE LAWYERS, POLITICIANS, SOLDIERS, AND SPECULATORS DESIRED THE CHEROKEE LANDS AND BEGAN TO WHITTLE AWAY AT THEM.



ONE OF THESE WAS JOHN SEVIER, WHO LED HIS "FRANKLINITES" ON MURDEROUS RAIDS AGAINST THE CHEROKEE TOWNS, STIRRING THE SURVIVORS TO ACTS OF VENGEANCE.



ANOTHER WAS ANDREW JACKSON. WHEN TENNESSEE WAS MADE A STATE HE REPRESENTED IT AS A CONGRESSMAN. HIS SPEECHES WERE LACED WITH ANTI-INDIAN RHETORIC, WHICH MADE HIM POPULAR BACK HOME IN THE WEST.



AT THE SAME TIME JACKSON WAS DEALING IN LANDS, SOME VERY NEAR CHEROKEE LANDS...



DESPITE THESE INROADS THE CHEROKEES REMAINED A FRIENDLY, HOSPITABLE PEOPLE TO THOSE NOT INTERESTED IN STEALING THEIR LAND. AFTER A 1794 TREATY WAS FORMED WITH THE DIE-HARD MILITANT FACTION, THE CHEROKEES SETTLED INTO A PEACEFUL EXISTENCE, ADOPTING AGRICULTURE, STOCKRAISING, AND EDUCATION FROM THE WHITES.



INTERMARRIAGE CONTINUED AND THE CHEROKEES PROSPERED, OPERATING LARGE PLANTATIONS AND EVEN BECOMING SLAVEHOLDERS.





# RAVEN

REPRESENTATIVE OF THESE WELL-TO-DO MIXED-BLOOD CHIEFS WAS OOLLOTEKA, KNOWN TO THE WHITES AS JOHN JOLLY. HIS TOWN OF 300 SUBJECTS LAY ON THE HIWASSEE RIVER IN EASTERN TENNESSEE.



IN 1809 A 16 YEAR OLD LAD NAMED SAM HOUSTON RUNS AWAY FROM HOME AND APPEARS AT JOLLY'S VILLAGE.



WHY HAVE YOU  
COME AMONG US?

TO ESCAPE  
HARD WORK.

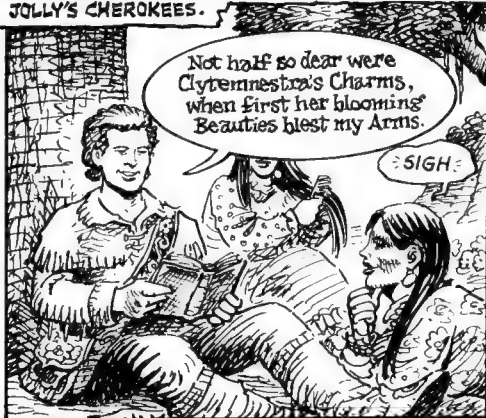
That's a good  
reason!



SAM IS TIRED OF LABORING ON THE FAMILY FARM AND BEING A STORE CLERK; HE CRAVES EXCITEMENT IN HIS LIFE, SUCH AS ROUTINELY ENJOYED BY THE INDIANS.



ARMED WITH A COPY OF ALEXANDER POPE'S TRANSLATION OF HOMER'S *ILIAD*, HE SPENDS THREE FULL YEARS WITH JOLLY'S CHEROKEES.



SAM IS A STRAPPING YOUNGSTER, SIX FEET TALL AND GROWING, WHO EXCELS AT WHATEVER HE TRIES.



HIS BROTHERS, SENT TO FETCH HIM, RETURN EMPTY-HANDED.



HOUSTON'S VISITS HOME ARE SHORT ONES, MOSTLY TO OBTAIN GIFTS AND TRINKETS THAT THE CHEROKEE MAIDENS PRIZE SO HIGHLY.





HE IS AN UNABASHED LADIES' MAN, REVELING IN CHEROKEE IDEAS ABOUT THE BODY AND SEXUALITY.



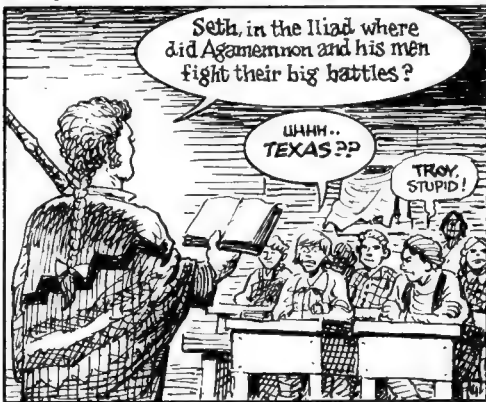
BUT THE ORATORICAL SKILLS OF THE CHEROKEE ELDERS ALSO APPEAL TO HOUSTON, AND HE SITS ENTHRALLED AT THEIR LENGTHY COUNCIL MEETINGS.



JOLLY, IMPRESSED WITH THE YOUTH, ADOPTS HIM AS HIS SON AND GIVES HIM THE NAME COLONEH — THE RAVEN.



FINALLY HOUSTON, PRESSURED TO PAY OFF HIS DEBTS, RETURNS TO THE WHITE SETTLEMENTS. HE OPENS A SCHOOL, THOUGH HIS OWN SCHOOLING HAS BEEN MOSTLY INFORMAL.



BY THE WAR OF 1812 ANDREW JACKSON IS 46, A MAJOR-GENERAL OF THE TENNESSEE MILITIA, AND A PROSPEROUS PLANTER, HORSERACER, AND BAR ROOM BRAWLER.



AT ONE OF THESE RECRUITMENT RALLIES, SAM HOUSTON TAKES A SILVER DOLLAR FROM THE DRUM AND THEREBY BECOMES A SOLDIER.



ATTEMPTING TO UNITE ALL REDMEN, THE VISIONARY SHAWNEE CHIEF TECUMSEH VISITS THE CREEKS AND PREACHES WAR TO THE FINISH AGAINST THE WHITES.



THE CREEK WAR PARTY (KNOWN AS THE RED STICKS) RESPOND TO HIS CALL AND MASSACRE 250 PEOPLE AT FT. MIMS, ALABAMA, IN AUGUST OF 1813.





ANDREW JACKSON MARCHES SOUTH, HIS ARMY OF VOLUNTEERS AND MILITIAMEN AUGMENTED BY CHEROKEES AND CREEKS WHO ARE HOSTILE TO THE GOALS OF THEIR RED STICK BRETHREN.



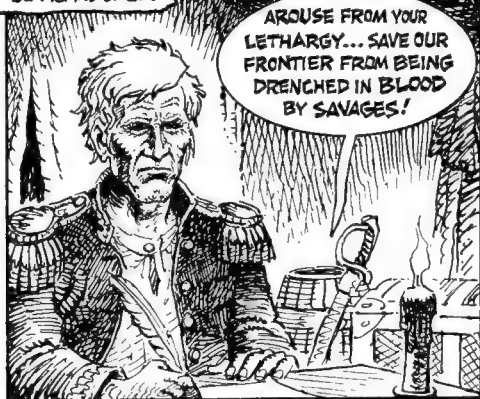
THEY ENJOY SEVERAL VICTORIES, AVENGING THE SLAUGHTER AT FT. MIMS WITH EQUAL FEROCITY. "WE SHOT THEM LIKE DOGS," REMEMBERED DAVY CROCKETT.



BUT JACKSON IS PLAGUED BY DESERTIONS AS THE WINTER CAMPAIGN DRAGS ON WITH NO DECISIVE CONCLUSION.



HE REMAINS AT HIS FORT, AWAITING REINFORCEMENTS AND SUPPLIES, ARGUING THAT THE CREEK WAR NOT BE ABANDONED.



BY FEBRUARY 1814 THESE FORCES BEGIN TO ARRIVE AMONG THE 39TH REGIMENT OF INFANTRY IS THE 20 YEAR OLD RECRUIT, NOW ENSIGN, SAM HOUSTON.



ATTACHED TO THE 39TH REGIMENT AS SCOUTS ARE A BAND OF CHEROKEE BRAVES, LED BY SAM'S FRIENDS JOHN AND JAMES ROGERS.



AMONG JACKSON'S CHEROKEE AUXILIARIES ARE OTHER WARRIORS WHO WILL FIGURE INTO OUR STORY, INCLUDING GEORGE GUESS (SEQUOYAH) AND RICHARD FIELDS.

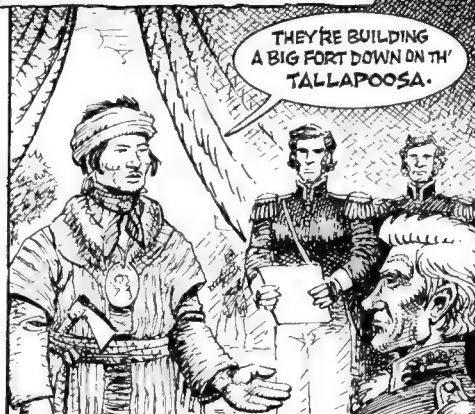


WITH ALMOST 5,000 MEN AT HIS COMMAND, JACKSON BEGINS TO TRAIN THEM INTO AN EFFECTIVE FIGHTING FORCE.





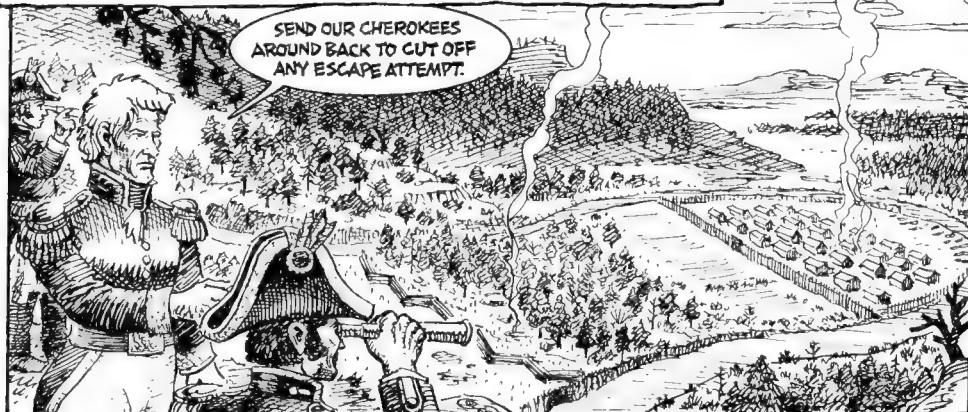
HIS INDIAN SCOUTS RISK THEIR LIVES  
TO BRING HIM VITAL INTELLIGENCE.



FINALLY HE IS READY TO MOVE AGAINST THE  
RED STICK STRONGHOLD AT HORSESHOE BEND.



IT IS WITHIN A STOUT BREASTWORK, ALMOST COMPLETELY SURROUNDED BY  
A LOOP OF THE RIVER, BUT JACKSON OUTNUMBERS HIS FOES TWO TO ONE.



ENSIGN HOUSTON LEADS THE CHARGE AND TAKES AN ARROW IN THE THIGH, BUT HIS TROOPERS POUR OVER THE WALL.



HE HAS THE BARBED SHAFT TORN FROM HIS FLESH  
AND REJOINS THE BATTLE...



... ONLY TO TAKE TWO BALLS IN THE SHOULDER.



BUT HOUSTON SURVIVES THE NIGHT AND HIS BRAVERY IS NOTED BY HIS VICTORIOUS COMMANDER.



DURING THE FIERCE HAND-TO-HAND FIGHTING JACKSON'S LIFE IS  
SAVED BY THE CHIEF OF THE 500-MAN CHEROKEE CONTINGENT.





THE LOWER CREEKS ARE SMASHED. SEVERAL WEEKS LATER THE DEFEATED RED STICK CHIEF WILLIAM WEATHERFORD ("RED EAGLE") WALKS INTO JACKSON'S CAMP AND SURRENDERS.



JACKSON ADMIRES THE COURAGE OF HIS FALLEN FOE, BUT THIS ADMIRATION DOES NOT KEEP HIM FROM EXACTING A TERRIBLE PRICE FROM THE CREEKS: 23 MILLION ACRES OF PRIME ALABAMA AND GEORGIA REAL ESTATE, MORE THAN HALF OF THE CREEK DOMAIN.

OLD HICKORY'S DEMANDS PUNISH NOT ONLY THE WARRING RED STICKS BUT HIS CREEK ALLIES AS WELL.



THESE LANDS QUICKLY FALL UNDER THE AUCTION HAMMER TO LAND SPECULATORS, MOST OF THEM JACKSON'S FRIENDS AND SUPPORTERS.

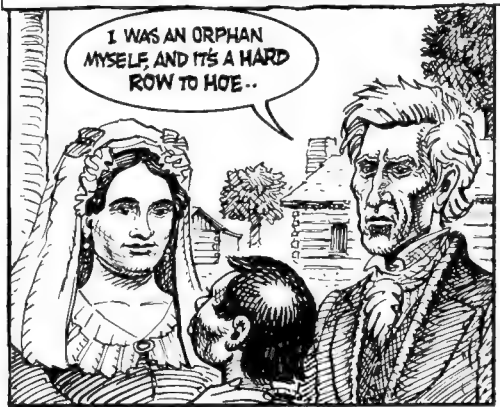
THE INDIANS ARE TOLD THEY MUST MOVE TO GET OUT OF HARM'S WAY.



THUS, THIS TREATY WITH THE CREEKS ESTABLISHED THE PATTERN OF INDIAN LAND SEIZURE AND REMOVAL THAT ANDREW JACKSON PURSUES WITH THE CIVILIZED TRIBES FOR THE NEXT QUARTER CENTURY.



STRANGELY FOR A MAN WHO EMBRACES SUCH A POLICY, HE TAKES A CREEK CHILD FOUND ON THE BATTLEFIELD INTO HIS HOME AND RAISES HIM AS A SON.



WITH HIS ROUT OF THE BRITISH AT NEW ORLEANS, JACKSON'S FAME AND INFLUENCE IN THE WEST IS SECURE.



BASKING IN PRAISE FROM A GRATEFUL NATION, JACKSON RETURNS TO HIS PLANTATION, THE HERMITAGE, AND SURROUNDS HIMSELF WITH A GROWING RING OF SUPPORTERS. ONE, LT. SAM HOUSTON—HAVING RECOVERED FROM HIS WOUNDS—VISITS FREQUENTLY.





IN SEPTEMBER 1816 OLD HICKORY MEETS WITH THE CHEROKEES TO ANNOUNCE HIS NEW POLICY TOWARD THEM.



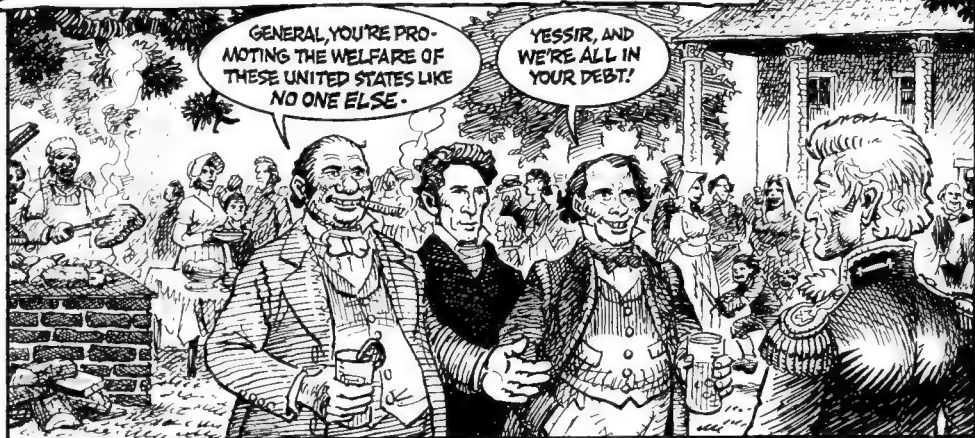
THE CHEROKEES ARGUE STRENUOUSLY, BUT THEY ARE FORCED TO CEDE A VAST TRACT OF LAND TO THE U.S. AS THE PRICE OF PEACE WITH "SHARP KNIFE."



THE CHICKASAWS AND CHOCTAWS LIKEWISE YIELD HUGE CHUNKS OF LAND IN SUBSEQUENT COUNCILS, THOUGH BRIBERY IS OFTEN NECESSARY.



ONCE AGAIN MANY OF JACKSON'S CRONIES PROFIT FROM THE SALE OF THESE LANDS.



HAVING OBTAINED MUCH OF THE SOUTHEASTERN TRIBES' LAND, JACKSON BEGINS THE NEXT PHASE OF HIS POLICY: REMOVING THEM FROM IT IN MASS MIGRATIONS BEYOND THE MISSISSIPPI.



TO THOSE CHEROKEES WHO AGREE TO MOVE TO ARKANSAS, THE PRESIDENT AUTHORIZES JACKSON TO GRANT THEM TRAVEL EXPENSES AND LAND IN EXCHANGE FOR THEIR EASTERN HOMELAND.

HIS THREATS AND BRIBES WORK: IN JULY 1817 THE CHEROKEES CEDE TWO MILLION ACRES MORE OF THEIR LAND IN TENNESSEE, GEORGIA, AND ALABAMA.



AT JACKSON'S REQUEST HOUSTON IS APPOINTED SUBAGENT TO THE CHEROKEES IN ORDER TO ASSIST WITH THEIR "VOLUNTARY" REMOVAL.

HE RETURNS TO THE HIWASSEE, WHERE HE SPENT SO MANY PLEASANT DAYS WITH THE HOSPITABLE CHEROKEES.





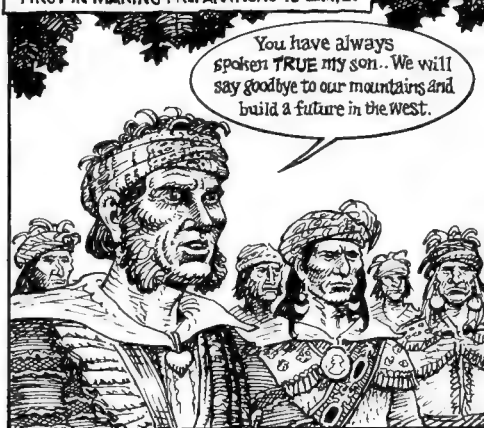
ALTHOUGH NOT AN INDIAN WARRIOR LIKE HIS MENTOR, HOUSTON BECOMES PERSUADED THAT THEIR SURVIVAL AS A CULTURE, AS A SEPARATE PEOPLE, LIES IN RELOCATING THEM FAR FROM WHITE INFLUENCE.



HOUSTON KNOWS THAT THERE IS CONSIDERABLE IRONY IN THIS, AS MUCH CAUCASIAN BLOOD FLOWS IN CHEROKEE VEINS AND THEY HAVE COME A LONG WAY IN ADOPTING THE WHITE MAN'S STYLE OF LIFE.



CHIEF JOHN JOLLY'S BAND IS AMONG THE FIRST IN MAKING PREPARATIONS TO LEAVE.



EACH EMIGRANT RECEIVES A RIFLE, AMMUNITION, BLANKET, AND BRASS KETTLE OR BEAVER TRAP.



MEANWHILE, HOUSTON IS ASKED TO ACCOMPANY JOLLY'S AGED BROTHER TALLONTUSKE TO WASHINGTON WITH A DELEGATION OF CHEROKEES WHO ARE ALREADY OUT WEST.



HOUSTON DONS HIS INDIAN GARB, DETERMINED TO SUPPORT THEIR RIGHTS, BUT SECRETARY OF WAR CALHOUN IS HIGHLY OFFENDED BY HIS OUTLANDISH APPEARANCE.



CALHOUN ALSO ACCUSES HOUSTON OF SLAVERUNNING AND SELLING LIQUOR WHILE AMONG THE CHEROKEES, ALONG WITH OTHER TRUMPED UP CHARGES.

IN DISGUST, HOUSTON RESIGNS HIS ARMY COMMISSION.



HE ACCOMPANIES CHIEF TALLONTUSKE'S BAND BACK TO THE HIWASSEE IN TENNESSEE AND SAYS FAREWELL.

AFTER THIS UNPLEASANT EPISODE HOUSTON DEVOTES HIS ENERGY TO SUCCESS IN THE WHITEMAN'S TENNESSEE. WITH THE BLESSING OF ANDREW JACKSON HIS POLITICAL FORTUNES SEEM ASSURED.





# GONE TO TEXAS

MANY CHEROKEES JOIN THE EXODUS TO ARKANSAS. SOME HAVE BEEN THERE SINCE THE 1790s, SUCH AS JOHN JOLLY'S BROTHER TALLONTUSKE AND ANOTHER CHIEF NAMED DUWALI, OR THE BOWL.

HOWDY FOLKS! HOWS THINGS BACK IN THE OL' EASTERN NATION??

GOING TO HELL IN A HURRY!



BORN IN 1756, THE SON OF A SCOTCH-IRISH TRADER AND A CHEROKEE MOTHER, BOWL IS AN IMPRESSIVE MAN OF DISTINCT ANGLO FEATURES.

YOU DONT LOOK INDIAN.

CAN'T JUDGE A BOOK BY ITS COVER..



NONETHELESS HE IS A FEARLESS FIGHTER, TRUE TO THE ANCIENT CHEROKEE TRADITIONS.

OSAGE SCALPS — PAYMENT FOR THE DEATHS OF OUR HUNTERS!

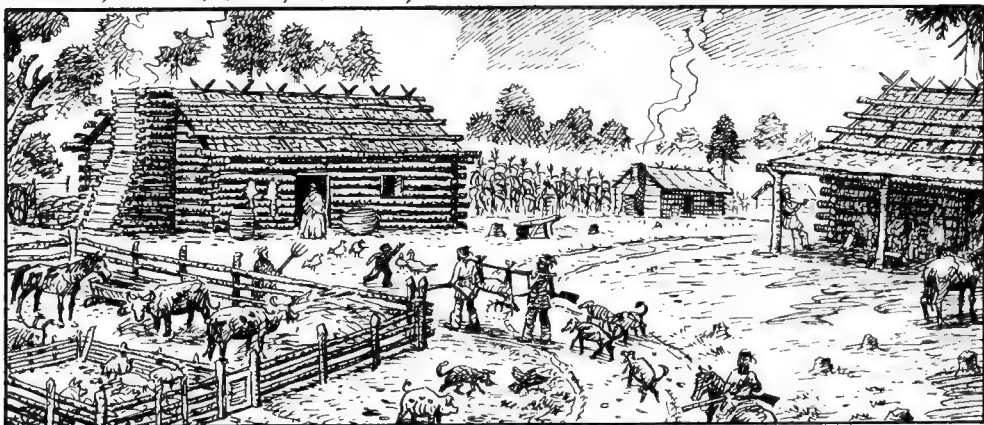


CONSTANT TROUBLE WITH THE OSAGES AND ANGLO SETTLERS PUSHING WEST CAUSES BOWL TO TAKE SIXTY FAMILIES OF HIS PEOPLE TO MEXICAN TEXAS IN THE WINTER OF 1819-1820.

HOPE WE'VE SEEN  
THE LAST OF THOSE  
DANGED WHITES!



THE CHEROKEES ARE NOT ALONE IN THIS MIGRATION OUT OF U.S. TERRITORY. SIZABLE GROUPS OF DELAWARES, KICKAPOOS, SHAWNEES, CREEKS, COUSHATTAS, AND OTHER DISPLACED PEOPLES STREAM INTO EAST TEXAS.



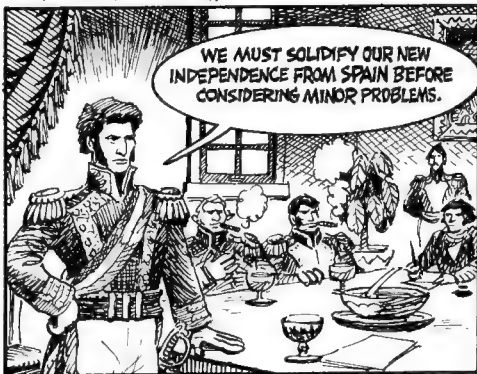
THEY ARE TOLERATED BY THE OLDER TRIBES IN THE REGION BECAUSE OF INCREASED PRESSURE FROM THE OSAGES AND OTHER WARLIKE PLAINS INDIANS, THEIR COMMON ENEMIES.

TOGETHER WE CAN PRE-  
VAIL AGAINST OUR MANY FOES,  
MY BROTHERS.





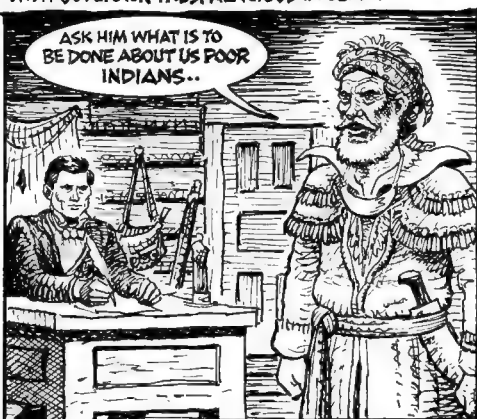
WHILE MEXICAN OFFICIALS ALLOW THESE SEMI-CIVILIZED TRIBES TO STAY, HOPING THEY WILL PROVIDE A BUFFER AGAINST SAVAGE INDIANS AND WHITE SQUATTERS ALONG THE NORTHERN FRONTIER, NO TITLES ARE GRANTED THEM.



THIS TROUBLES THE CHEROKEES AND PARTICULARLY THEIR LEADERS LIKE BOWL AND RICHARD FIELDS, ANOTHER MIXED-BLOOD WHO HAD FOUGHT WITH THE AMERICANS UNDER GEN. ANDREW JACKSON IN THE WAR OF 1812.



FIELDS OPENS CORRESPONDENCE ON THE SUBJECT WITH GOVERNOR TRESPALACIOUS IN 1822.



IN NOVEMBER FIELDS, BOWL, AND A CHEROKEE DELEGATION GO TO BEXAR. THEY SIGN AN AGREEMENT WITH TRESPALACIOUS WHICH GIVES THEM A PROVISIONAL RIGHT TO THEIR TEXAS LAND.



WITH THE GOVERNOR'S BLESSING, THEY TRAVEL TO THE MEXICAN CAPITAL TO SEEK EMPEROR ITURBIDE'S APPROVAL OF THE TREATY.



THEY NEVER MANAGE TO OBTAIN AN AUDIENCE WITH ITURBIDE, JUST AS WELL BECAUSE HE IS SOON FORCED TO ABDICATE.



SO THE CHEROKEES HANG AROUND THE CAPITAL, WAITING FOR SOME DECISION TO BE MADE.



MEXICO CITY IS FILLED WITH MANY OTHER APPLICANTS FOR TEXAS LAND INCLUDING STEPHEN F. AUSTIN, FROST THORN, HADEN EDWARDS, AND ROBERT LEFTWICH.



THE CHEROKEES LEAVE WITHOUT ANY DEFINITE LAND TITLE, ONLY A VAGUE PERMIT TO STAY IN TEXAS UNTIL THE NEW REPUBLIC CAN PASS A GENERAL COLONIZATION LAW.





ORDERS, HOWEVER, ARE SENT TO THE MILITARY COMMANDANT IN SALTILLO, TELLING HIM TO PROHIBIT FURTHER CHEROKEE IMMIGRATION AND DENY THEM ANY MORE PASSES TO THE MEXICAN CAPITAL.



FOR THE NEXT FEW YEARS THE CHEROKEES LIVE IN THEIR WOODLAND HOMES UNMOLESTED — EXCEPT FOR THE ANGLO SQUATTERS WHO BEGIN TO ARRIVE WHEN AUSTIN'S COLONY RECEIVES APPROVAL.



FIELDS ACTIVELY WORKS TO FORGE AN ALLIANCE WITH ALL THE IMMIGRANT TRIBES, AND THE WILD TEXAS TRIBES TOO.



ALTHOUGH HE FAILS IN THIS GRAND ALLIANCE, HE WINS RESPECT AS A WAR CHIEF AND DIPLOMAT — NOT TO MENTION THE SUSPICION OF THE MEXICAN AUTHORITIES!



AUSTIN ALSO FEARS THE POWER OF SUCH A PAN-INDIAN ALLIANCE.



WHEN FIELDS LEARNS THAT THE NEW MEXICAN NATION HAS GRANTED EMPRESARIO RIGHTS OVER THEIR LANDS TO TWO AMERICANS, **HADEN EDWARDS**, AND FROST THORN, HE BECOMES ANGRY.\*



\* Thorn was Edwards' son-in-law!

WITH HIS HIGH-HANDED ACTIONS, EDWARDS QUICKLY ALIENATES THE OLD RESIDENTS OF NACOGDOCHES AND THE VARIOUS INDIAN GROUPS SETTLED NORTH OF TOWN.



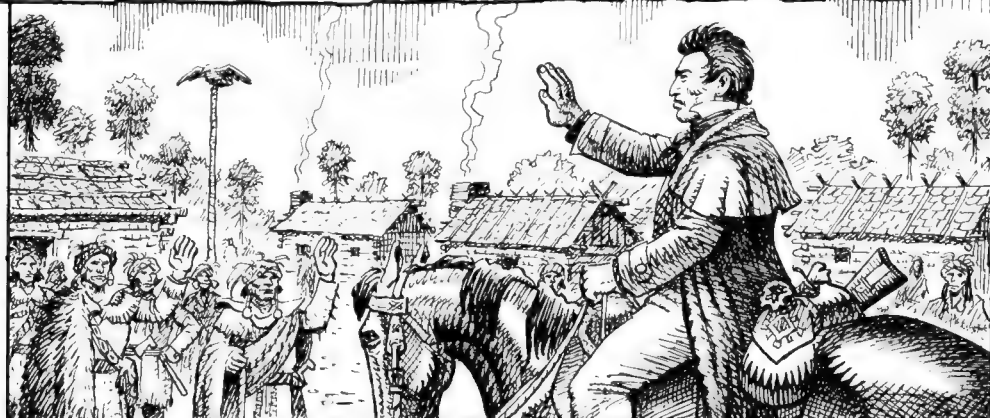
RUMORS SOON SPREAD THAT FIELDS IS MAD ENOUGH TO USE HIS WARRIORS AGAINST THE ANGLO SETTLEMENTS.



BUT FIELDS ASSURES THE MEXICAN MILITARY AUTHORITIES THAT HE INTENDS TO REMAIN PEACEFUL IN HOPES THE GOVERNMENT WILL RECOGNIZE CHEROKEE RIGHTS.



ABOUT THIS TIME JOHN DUNN HUNTER, WHO AS A CHILD WAS CAPTURED AND RAISED BY INDIANS AND DEVELOPED A GREAT FONDNESS FOR THEM, ARRIVES AMONG THE TEXAS CHEROKEES.





HUNTER WROTE AND PUBLISHED A BOOK ABOUT HIS EXPERIENCES. THEN HE TRAVELED OVER TO ENGLAND WHERE HE WAS LIONIZED BY UPPER-CLASS SOCIETY AS THE "WHITE SAVAGE."



UPON HIS RETURN TO AMERICA HUNTER DECIDES TO DEVOTE HIMSELF TO FINDING A PLACE WHERE HIS UNTUTORED BRETHREN CAN TAKE SHELTER UNTIL THEY CAN BECOME CIVILIZED.



DESPAIRING THAT THE U.S. WILL EVER PROVIDE ITS INDIANS SUCH A PLACE, HE SEEKS IT IN MEXICAN TEXAS AND QUICKLY GAINS INFLUENCE OVER CHIEF FIELDS.



IN MARCH 1826 FIELDS SENDS HUNTER TO MEXICO CITY AS A NEGOTIATOR ON BEHALF OF THE CHEROKEES.



SOMEWHAT EXCEEDING HIS COMMISSION, HUNTER ADVANCES A PLAN TO BRING 30,000 INDIANS TO TEXAS FROM THE U.S.



HUNTER'S PLAN IS SUPPORTED BY H.G. WARD, THE BRITISH REPRESENTATIVE TO MEXICO, WHO FEARS THAT AMERICANS WILL SOON TAKE OVER TEXAS.

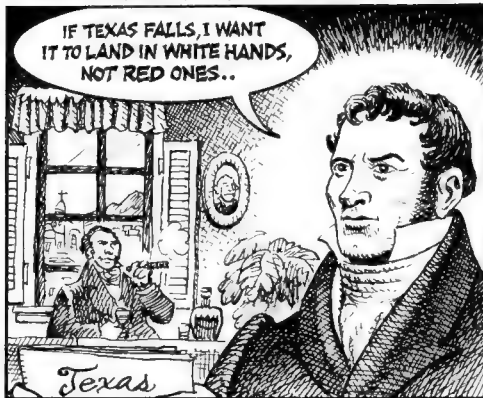
I'LL PUSH YOUR SCHEME WITH PRESIDENT VICTORIA AND GET GEN. WARELL TO HELP.



ALARMED AT BRITISH DESIGNS ON TEXAS, THE FIRST AMERICAN MINISTER TO MEXICO, JOEL POINSETT, WORKS DILIGENTLY TO DEFEAT HUNTER'S MISSION.

THANKS TO POINSETT'S INFLUENCE ON MEXICAN POLITICS, HUNTER HAS TO LEAVE THE CAPITAL EMPTY-HANDED.

IF TEXAS FALLS, I WANT IT TO LAND IN WHITE HANDS, NOT RED ONES..



THEY'LL ONLY ALLOW US TO GET LAND IN INDIVIDUAL TRACTS, NOT IN A LARGE COMMUNAL GRANT LIKE WE WANT.



REACHING THE PINEY WOODS OF TEXAS, HUNTER EXPRESSES HIS VIEWS IN FULL COUNCIL.

YOU'LL EITHER HAVE TO ABANDON YOUR HOMES AND RETURN TO THE U.S. OR PREPARE TO DEFEND YOURSELVES AGAINST ALL COMERS!





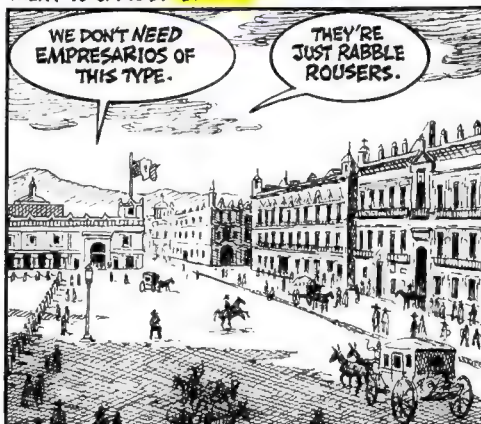
FIELDS, HIS FRUSTRATION COMPLETE, SPEAKS FOR WAR. THE ASSEMBLED WARRIORS ECHO HIS DISILLUSION.



MEANWHILE, 50 MILES TO THE SOUTH IN NACOGDOCHES, THE EDWARDS FACTION AND THE "OLD SETTLER" FACTION ARE AT EACH OTHER'S THROATS.



THIS TROUBLE CAUSES THE MEXICAN GOVERNMENT TO CANCEL EDWARDS' CONTRACT.



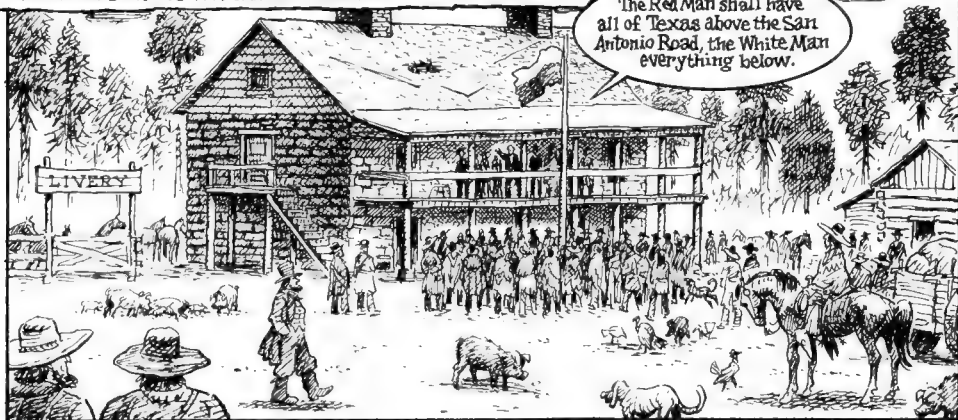
HUNTER VISITS THE EDWARDS BROTHERS AND FINDS THEM READY TO RAISE THE STANDARD OF REBELLION.



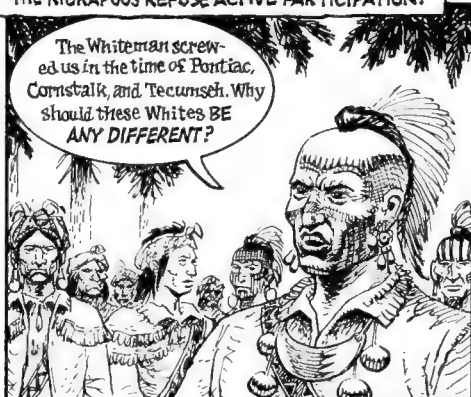
THEY DECIDE TO JOIN FORCES AND DEVISE A BANNER FOR THEIR "FREDONIAN REPUBLIC."



LATER IN THE MONTH OF DECEMBER 1826 HUNTER AND FIELDS RETURN TO NAGODOCHES TO SIGN A FORMAL DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.



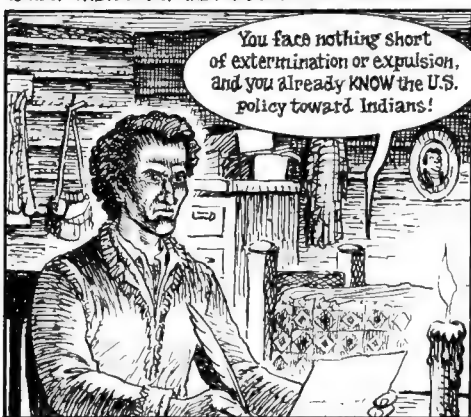
EVEN SO, NOTED CHIEFS LIKE BOWL AND BIG MUSH STEER CLEAR OF THE FUSS, AND OTHER TRIBES LIKE THE KICKAPOOS REFUSE ACTIVE PARTICIPATION.



PETER ELLIS BEAN, ONE OF NOLAN'S COMPANIONS AND A FORMER MEXICAN REVOLUTIONIST, WORKS HARD TO KEEP THE INDIANS DIVIDED.



AUSTIN ALSO WRITES ALL THE CHEROKEE LEADERS, TRYING TO KEEP THEM OUT OF THE FREDONIAN MOVEMENT.

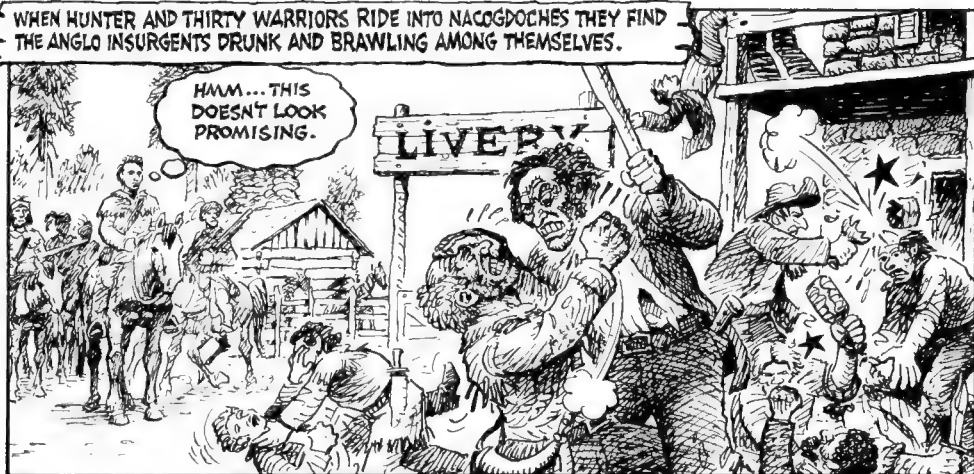


AUSTIN'S OPPOSITION CAUSES THE FREDONIAN BANNER TO SAG, AS EDWARDS HAS BEEN UNABLE TO MUSTER SUPPORT BACK IN THE STATES.





WHEN HUNTER AND THIRTY WARRIORS RIDE INTO NACOGDOCHES THEY FIND THE ANGLO INSURGENTS DRUNK AND BRAWLING AMONG THEMSELVES.



IN DISGUST MANY OF THE INDIANS MELT AWAY, LEAVING HUNTER ISOLATED.



ONCE A MEXICAN FORCE, AUGMENTED BY AUSTIN'S MILITIA, BEGINS THE MARCH TOWARD NACOGDOCHES, THE REBELS HIGHTAIL IT FOR THE SABINE.



TO DEMONSTRATE THEIR LOYALTY TO MEXICO, CHIEFS BOWL AND BIG MUSH ORDER THE DEATH OF FIELDS AND HUNTER.



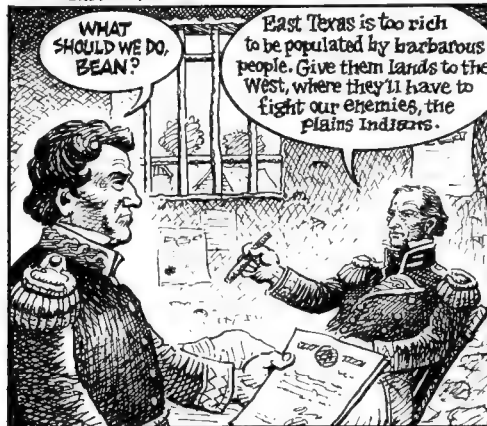
THEY SURRENDER THE FLAG AND PAPERS TAKEN FROM THE TWO SLAIN "TRAITORS TO THE CHEROKEE NATION."



BOWL IS MADE A LT.-COLONEL IN THE MEXICAN ARMY, GIVEN SOME PRESENTS, AND TOLD THAT HE WILL HENCEFORTH BE THE PRINCIPAL MAN OF HIS TRIBE.



BEAN, NAMED INDIAN AGENT FOR HIS PART IN SUPPRESSING THE REBELLION, LATER PROVES FALSE TO HIS PROMISES.



UNWILLING TO LEAVE THEIR WOODLAND HOMES FOR THE OPEN PRAIRIES, THE CHEROKEES EMERGE FROM THE FREDONIAN REBELLION NO BETTER THAN BEFORE.



ALSO, THIS TROUBLE OF LATE 1826- EARLY 1827 MAKES THE ANGLO SETTLERS OF TEXAS VERY SUSPICIOUS OF THEIR RED NEIGHBORS, FUELING RACIAL PREJUDICE.

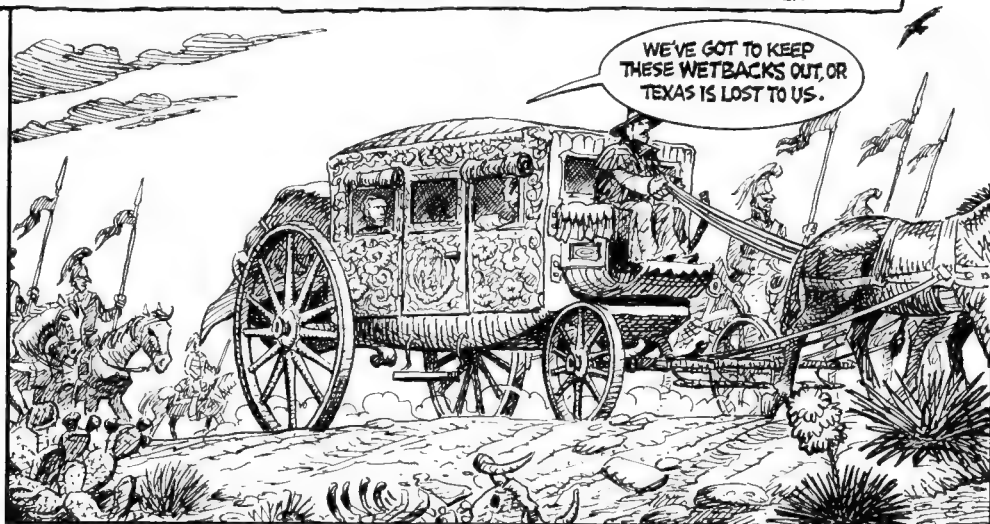


BUT BOWL PURSUES A POLICY OF PEACE AS HE AWAITS FURTHER DEVELOPMENTS ON THE LAND QUESTION.





IN 1828 THE MEXICAN GOVERNMENT SENDS GENERAL MIER Y TERAN TO TEXAS TO RUN A BOUNDARY LINE BETWEEN THE U.S. AND THE MEXICAN REPUBLIC FROM THE SABINE TO THE RED RIVER.



ANOTHER ASPECT OF TERAN'S COMMISSION INVOLVES OBTAINING INFORMATION ON THE INDIANS OF TEXAS. ONCE IN NACOGDOCHES HE RECEIVES A CONSTANT STREAM OF INDIAN DELEGATIONS — ALL ASKING FOR LAND.



TERAN IS IMPRESSED BY THE CHEROKEES AND THEIR INDUSTRIOUS HABITS.



AMAZED, HE DISCOVERS THAT THEY CAN WRITE IN THEIR OWN ALPHABET.

WHO DEvised THIS INGENIOUS SYSTEM?

SEQUOYAH, ONE OF OUR WISE MEN..



Several years later Teran becomes Commissioner of Colonization and acts to ensure the Cherokees their land on the headwaters of the Trinity and the Sabine.

CUT THROUGH THE RED TAPE; THEY'VE WAITED LONG ENOUGH!



BUT THESE LANDS NOW FALL UNDER THE BURNET AND THE FILISOLA GRANTS. TERAN'S GOOD INTENTIONS ARE STYMIED.

I HOLD THE RIGHT TO COLONIZE THESE LANDS AND RED-SKINS NEED NOT APPLY!

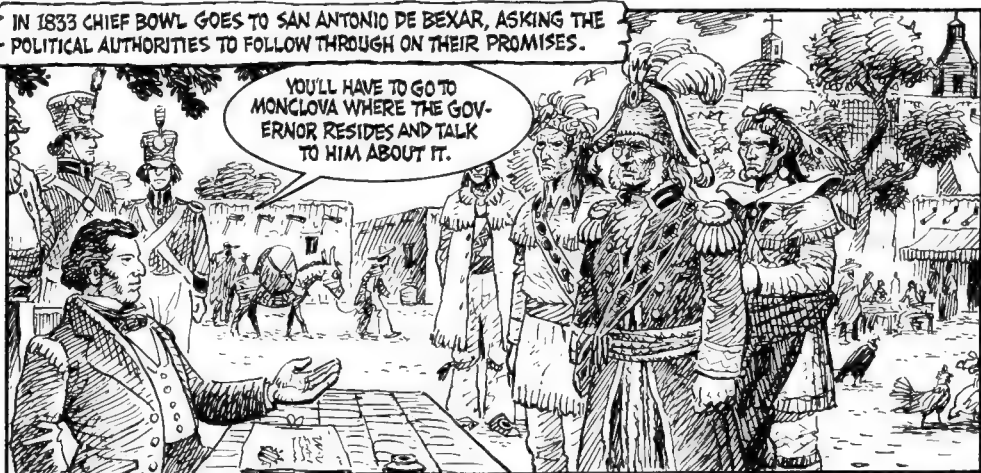


We'll have to break up our towns and change everything if all we can get is little squares of land here and there.



IN 1833 CHIEF BOWL GOES TO SAN ANTONIO DE BEXAR, ASKING THE POLITICAL AUTHORITIES TO FOLLOW THROUGH ON THEIR PROMISES.

YOU'LL HAVE TO GO TO MONCLOVA WHERE THE GOVERNOR RESIDES AND TALK TO HIM ABOUT IT.





MAKING THE TRIP BOWL MANAGES TO SECURE A PAPER FROM GOV. VERAMENDI, SAYING THAT THEY WILL NOT BE MOLESTED IN THEIR LANDS BUT NOTHING CAN BE SETTLED UNTIL THE BURNET AND FILISOLA GRANTS EXPIRE.



ANGLOS CONTINUE TO FLOCK INTO EAST TEXAS AND THE CHEROKEE POSITION BECOMES MORE TENUOUS.



BOWL IS CAUGHT IN THE EYE OF THE STORM, BUT HE TRIES TO HANDLE THINGS WITHOUT OPEN CONFLICT.

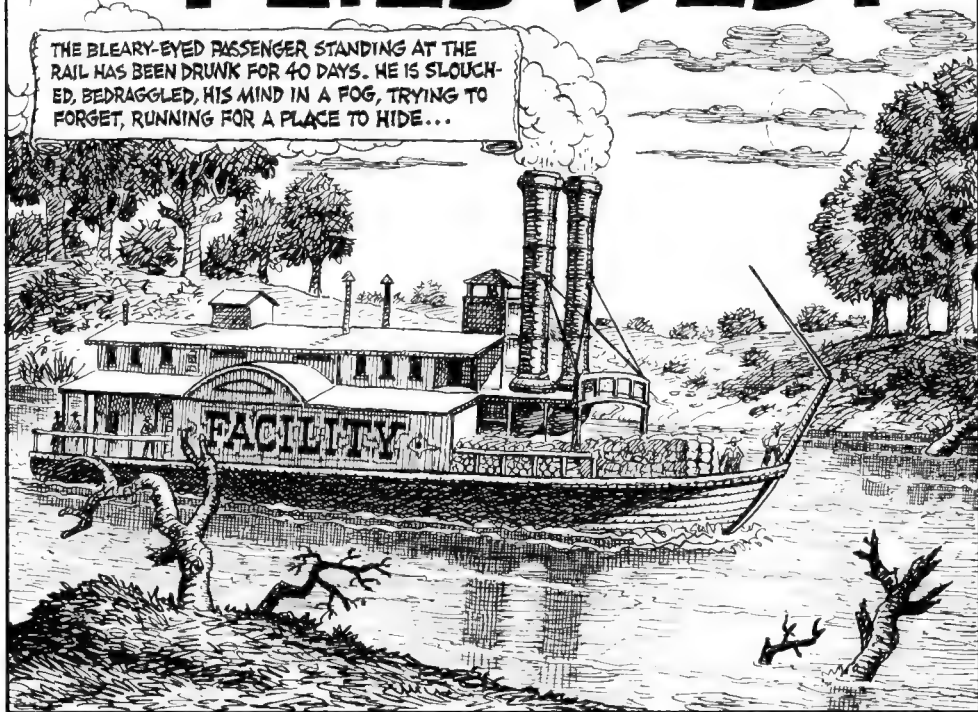


ANGER BUILDS AGAINST THE "SAVAGES" WHO SEEM TO ENJOY GREATER RIGHTS THAN WHITEMEN UNDER THE LAWS OF MEXICO.



# THE RAVEN FLIES WEST

THE BLEARY-EYED PASSENGER STANDING AT THE RAIL HAS BEEN DRUNK FOR 40 DAYS. HE IS SLOUGHED, BEDRAGGLED, HIS MIND IN A FOG, TRYING TO FORGET, RUNNING FOR A PLACE TO HIDE...



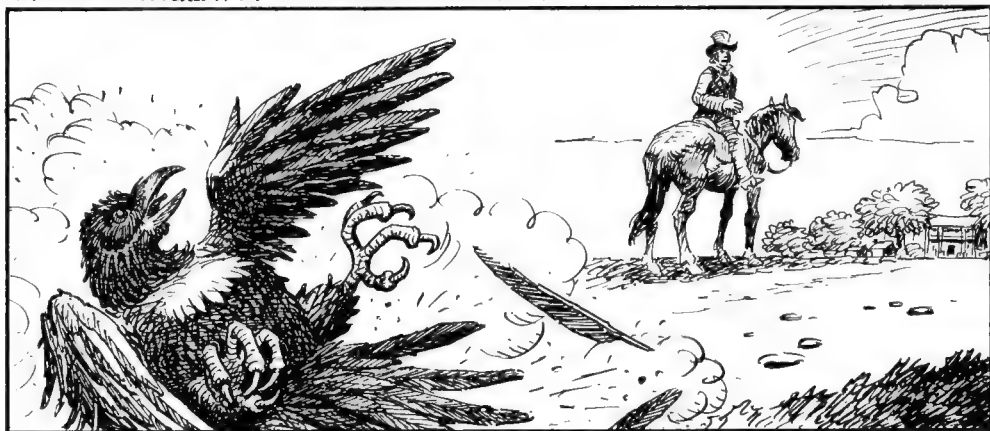
But when you're Sam Houston, the recently elected governor of Tennessee and Gen. Jackson's hand-picked man, it's not easy to hide—not easy to escape prying eyes & low whispers. They follow you EVERYWHERE.

A highly publicized marriage, folded like a deck of cards, a promising career on the rocks. Houston, thru his drunken stupor, grasps at WHAT WENT WRONG.. dull, throbbing memories of a woman—a child really—who should have loved him but didn't.





HOUSTON RECALLS THE BAD OMEN. ON APPROACHING THE ALLEN HOME THE AFTERNOON OF HIS MARRIAGE, A RAVEN HAD FLUTTERED AND DIED IN THE DUST AS HE RODE BY. ITS GRIES OF DISTRESS HAUNTED HIM STILL.



ELIZA'S revulsion at his war wound on their wedding night flashes into Houston's brain, searing it before he gulps another drink of whiskey to deaden the pain.



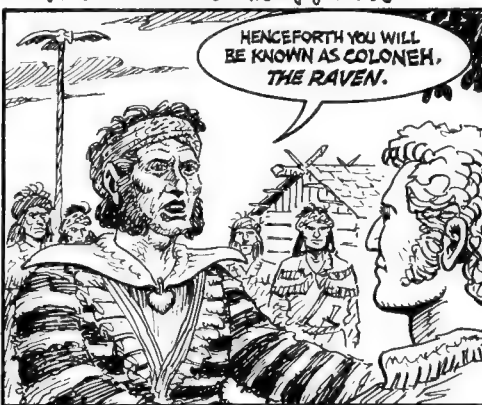
THAT ARROW IN HIS GROIN AT HORSESHOE BEND HAD NEVER HEALED, OOZING, FOUL-SMELLING, TOO MUCH FOR HER DELICATE SENSITIVITIES.



SO HOUSTON IS HEADED FOR CHIEF JOHN JOLLY'S WESTERN CHEROKEES, THE ONLY REFUGE HIS MUDDLED MIND CAN CONJURE UP.



Houston tries to picture the old man, just like when he had first seen him as a run-away from home almost twenty years ago.



HOUSTON'S FEVERED BRAIN GROPE FOR THE FUTURE. ALL THAT WAS LONG AGO AND MUCH HAS CHANGED FOR HIS ADOPTED PEOPLE.

MAYBE HE WON'T RE-  
MEMBER ME - OR EVEN  
CARE...



But Houston is wrong, for Chief Jolly has been told that his prodigal son is returning and awaits him. Just as in the Cherokee legend, the Raven returns to his people, without the gift of fire he sought to bring them, his feathers singed and charred, black as soot..

HOUSTON THINKS ALMOST ALOUD "DETSINU-LAHUNGU"—  
TRIED BUT FAILED—AND STUMBLES BACK INTO HIS CABIN.

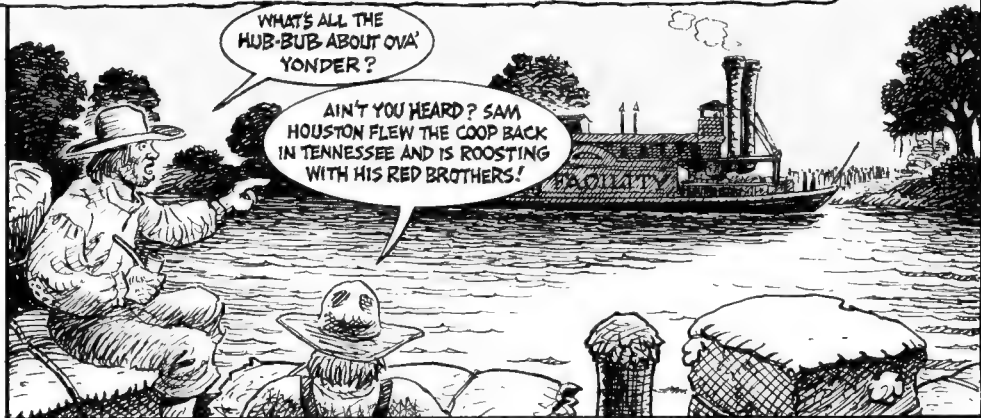
GOOD, IT  
IS GOOD.



THE NEXT NIGHT THE FACILITY DOCKS AT THE CHEROKEES' NEW HOME IN INDIAN TERRITORY  
(PRESENT EASTERN OKLAHOMA), THEY HAVING RECENTLY BEEN PUSHED OUT OF ARKANSAS.

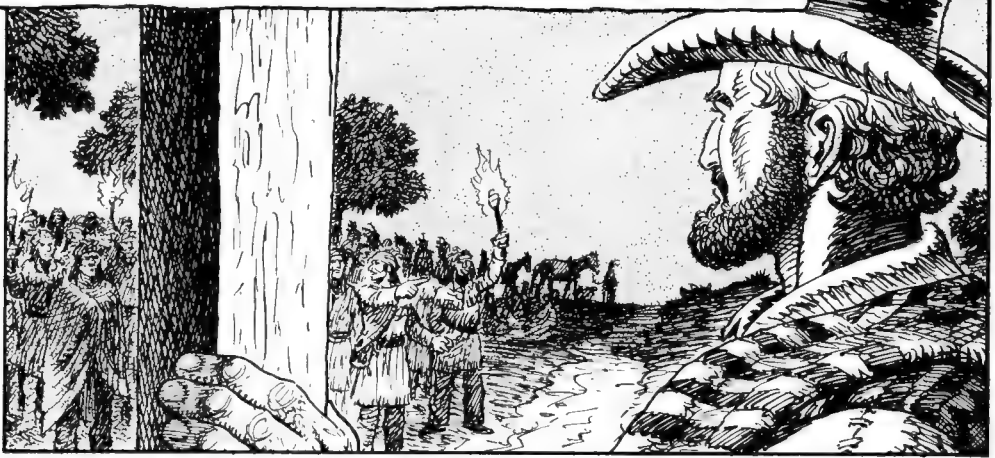
WHAT'S ALL THE  
HUB-BUB ABOUT OVA'  
YONDER?

AIN'T YOU HEARD? SAM  
HOUSTON FLEW THE COOP BACK  
IN TENNESSEE AND IS ROOSTING  
WITH HIS RED BROTHERS!





LOW WHISPERS AND KNOWING SNEERS, THEY FOLLOW HIM EVERYWHERE. NO ESCAPE...



DOWN THE GANGPLANK, INTO THE TORCH-LIT CIRCLE, LURCHES THE 36 YEAR OLD HOUSTON, AND THERE IS OOLOOTeka, ARMS OUTSTRETCHED.

ONCE AGAIN HOUSTON KNOWS HE IS HOME.

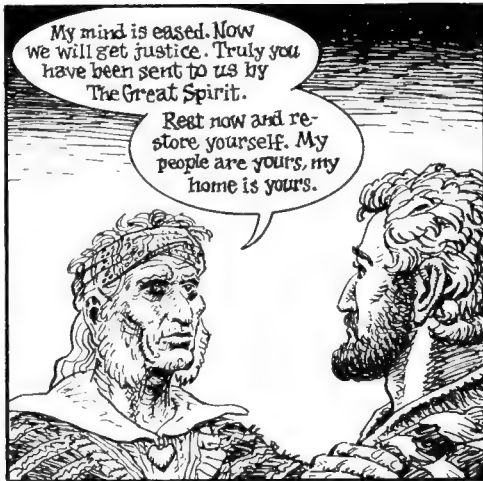


THAT NIGHT CHIEF JOLLY SPEAKS TO HOUSTON OF THE CHEROKEES' PLIGHT WEST OF THE MISSISSIPPI.



Here in this New Country we are beset by fierce enemies like the Osages and Tawakonis. The Government breaks its promises to us; rations fail to come.





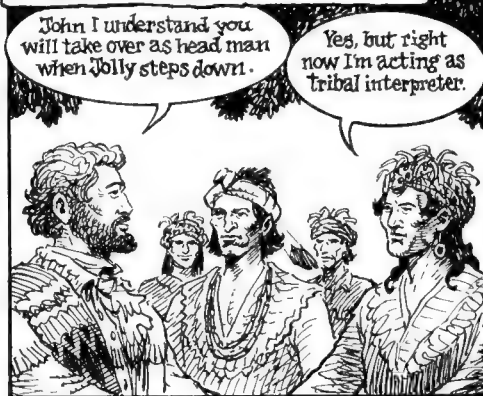
CHIEF JOLLY'S HOME, DESPITE THE PROBLEMS OF HIS PEOPLE, IS NO MERE WIGWAM, AND HOUSTON HAS COMFORTABLE SURROUNDINGS AS HIS STATE OF MIND MENDS.



In addition to owning slaves to work their crops and tend their herds, the Cherokees have recently started a newspaper in their own language.

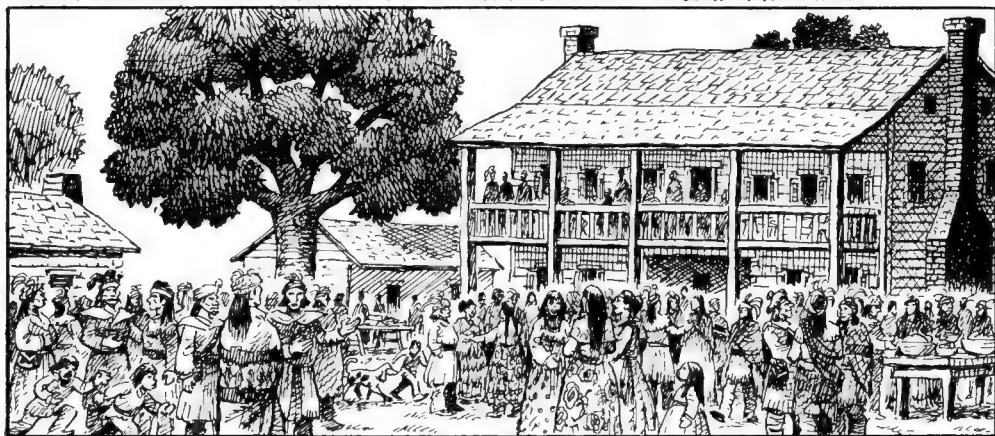


HOUSTON SEES MANY OF HIS OLD FRIENDS FROM DAYS ON THE HIWASSEE, SUCH AS THE ROGERS BROTHERS (WHO ARE JOLLY'S NEPHEWS).





IT BEING THE TIME OF THE GREEN CORN DANCE, JOLLY ANNOUNCES A BIG FEAST TO CELEBRATE HIS SON'S RETURN. ALL THE PEOPLE GATHER TO SEE THE MAN WHO IN HIS YOUTH LEFT BEHIND A LEGEND AMONG THEM.



FOR THE OCCASION HOUSTON SHAVES HIS BEARD AND DRESSES IN FINE CHEROKEE CLOTHES. HIS APPEARANCE CAUSES GIGGLES AMONG THE LADIES. ONE LADY IN PARTICULAR HAS EYES FOR HOUSTON.



She is Tiana Rogers, the beautiful daughter of Capt. John 'Hellfire Jack' Rogers, a wealthy Scotch trader who had married Jolly's sister, settled among the Cherokees, and later directed their emigration to the West.



IT DOESN'T TAKE HOUSTON LONG TO NOTICE HER AND RETURN HER APPRECIATIVE STARE.



HOUSTON'S MEMORY FLIES BACK TO THE CHEROKEE COUNTRY IN TENNESSEE.



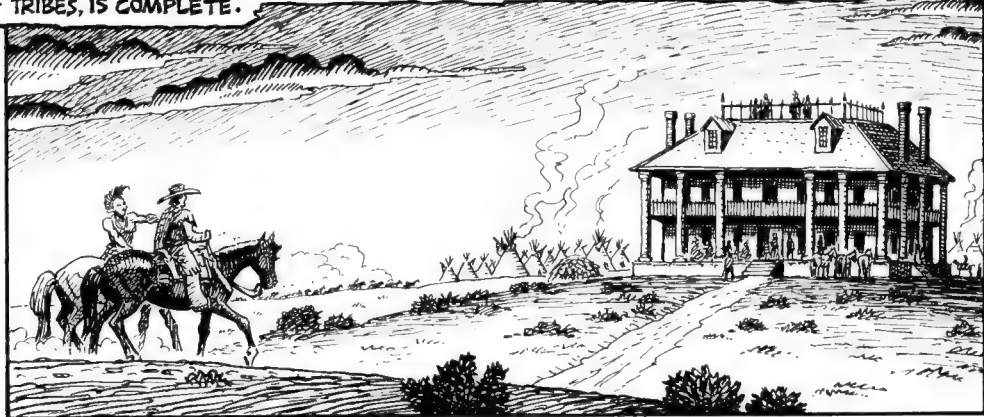
THE ARRIVAL OF AN OSAGE MESSENGER CREATES A SUDDEN FUROR, BLOCKING SAM'S INTENTIONS WITH TIANA.



Houston knows that Auguste Pierre Chouteau, more than any other man, can help him make peace between the many tribes living in Indian Territory.



CHOUTEAU, A MAN OF CULTURE, BELONGS TO THE FRENCH CREOLE TRADING DYNASTY THAT FOUNDED ST. LOUIS. HIS INFLUENCE OVER THE HOSTILE OSAGES, WHO HAD CONQUERED THIS LAND BEFORE THE COMING OF THE CIVILIZED TRIBES, IS COMPLETE.





HOUSTON IS RECEIVED GRACIOUSLY BY COL. CHOUTEAU AT HIS PLANTATION HOME IN OSAGE COUNTRY.



THE TWO MEN TALK DEEP INTO THE NIGHT.



THE NEXT DAY CHOUTEAU TAKES HOUSTON TO THE OSAGE AGENCY SO HE CAN WITNESS HOW AGENT HAMTRAMACK CHEATS HIS CHARGES.



SAM HOUSTON WRITES THE SECRETARY OF WAR, SUGGESTING THAT THE CROOKED AGENT BE REPLACED BY CHOUTEAU, WHOM THE INDIANS TRUST.



During the coming months Houston works hard to establish peace between the many warring tribes, the Creeks, Delawares, Osages, Pawnees, Choctaws, Comanches, and his own people, the Cherokees.



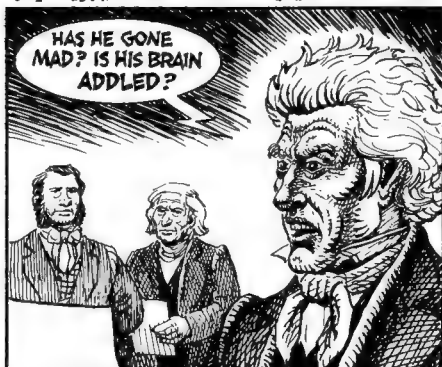
HIS UNDERSTANDING AND RESPECT FOR THE INDIAN POINT OF VIEW HELPS HIM SUCCEED WHERE OTHER MEN MIGHT HAVE FAILED.



SOME FEAR THE INFLUENCE THAT HOUSTON IS GAINING OVER THE WESTERN TRIBES.



Even his mentor Andrew Jackson (now president) hears the tales of how Houston plans to carve an empire from western lands with his Red Warriors.



HOUSTON DENIES ANY SUCH INTENTIONS BUT JACKSON REMAINS SUSPICIOUS.



The months of exhausting travel break his health.





He has contracted malaria in the swampy lowlands, going from tribe to tribe in the summer heat.

HE BURNS WITH A FEVER. BRING THE MEDICINE MAN!!



THE CHEROKEES REGARD DISEASE AS AN INTRUDER THAT MUST BE DRIVEN FROM THE BODY BY BENEFICENT SPIRITS, SUMMONED BY THE SKILL OF HOLY MEN.



Even with a little quinine tea to boost the medicine man's spell Houston lays in a delirium close to death for over a month. Tiana Rogers watches anxiously over him, feeding and caring for his fever-wracked body.

ELIZA— OPEN THE DOOR! LET ME IN..



WHEN THE HEAT OF SUMMER PASSES, SAM'S HEALTH GRADUALLY IMPROVES.

Father... I have passed thru the Darkness of Night..

You are truly one of our own, my son. Now we will make it so in the eyes of the Whiteman.



Thus the leaders of the tribe execute a document bestowing on Houston a privilege that few Whites have ever received — full citizenship in the Cherokee Nation.

This will let them know that when YOU speak, WE speak also.



TIANA CONTINUES TO CARE FOR SAM DURING HIS CONVALESCENCE AND THEIR RELATIONSHIP GROWS.

Don't be silly. You're too weak for that sort of thing. Eat your soup.

SOUP, HELL!



TIANA ROGERS IS MADE OF STRONGER STUFF THAN ELIZA ALLEN AND SHE IS NOT BOTHERED BY THE SIGHT OF SCARS OR OLD WAR WOUNDS.



TIANA'S NURSING EFFORTS BRING SMILES TO THE FACES OF HER WORRIED PEOPLE.



THE CHEROKEES KNOW THAT IF HOUSTON, FRIEND OF THE GREAT FATHER, PERISHES, THEIR CHANCES FOR JUSTICE AT THE HANDS OF JACKSON'S ADMINISTRATION WOULD ALSO PERISH.



Houston's blossoming romance with sweet Tiana is cut short by serious matters. Once again the Cherokees are being swindled by their agent, who is passing off his trickery as official government policy.



HOUSTON INTERVENES AND SAVES AS MANY OF THE CERTIFICATES OF INDEBTEDNESS AS POSSIBLE.





HOUSTON REALIZES THAT IF HE IS TO ACCOMPLISH ANYTHING REAL FOR HIS ADOPTED PEOPLE, HE'LL HAVE TO GO TO THE TOP TO DO IT.

I must visit my White Father at his house in Washington. My words on paper do not reach his ears.

Our hopes go with you, my son..



Early in Dec. 1829 Houston slips away for a trip to the capital. With him goes the hopes of all the Western tribes that suffer from the corruption of their agents.

Don't forget to mention the IOUS.



As the ambassador nears his destination he wonders how he will be received by his Old Commander, who had chosen him to follow in his footsteps only to see his hopes dashed by Houston's broken marriage and self-imposed exile.

IF HE REJECTS ME, ALL IS LOST..



IN WASHINGTON HOUSTON ATTENDS A GALA BALL GIVEN BY THE PRESIDENT FOR MEMBERS OF THE FOREIGN DIPLOMATIC CORPS.

Hey Indian! Who let you in here?

Major Lewis, have you forgotten an old acquaintance?



HIS BIZARRE APPEARANCE AMONG CONSERVATIVELY ATTIRED DIPLOMATS CAUSES A STUNNED SILENCE, WHICH DISSOLVES INTO A NERVOUS TITTER.

My Word! A Red Indian, isn't it?

Will it scalp us? Oh, I hope not! TEEHEE



QUIET PLEASE. THE PRESIDENT IS ABOUT TO APPEAR!



A TALL SPARE FIGURE DRESSED IN SEVERE BLACK ENTERS, POLITE, CHARMING, AND GRACIOUS TO HIS GUESTS.



Then he lifts his eyes and sees the barbaric apparition.



AND ONCE AGAIN, IN THE MIDST OF THESE ASTOUNDED ONLOOKERS, HOUSTON KNOWS THAT HE'S HOME.



IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, HOUSTON PLACES HIS BUSINESS BEFORE ANDY JACKSON.



Houston gives the Government its first reliable report on how badly the Agency System is working. He leaves Washington confident of the President's support for needed changes.





# BIG DRUNK

BUT ANDREW JACKSON IS ALSO ON THE WARPATH — AGAINST INDIANS, AS USUAL. IN HIS FIRST ANNUAL MESSAGE TO CONGRESS ( SHORTLY BEFORE HOUSTON'S ARRIVAL ), SHARP KNIFE DECLARES HIS INTENTION TO REMOVE ALL SOUTHERN TRIBES TO LANDS WEST OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

SURELY THE FATE OF THE MOHEGAN, NARRAGANSETT, DELAWARE, AND OTHER DEAD TRIBES WILL AWAIT THEM IF THEY DO NOT LEAVE. IT'S THEIR ONLY SALVATION!

HIS CAREFULLY ORCHESTRATED INDIAN REMOVAL BILL IS BITTERLY OPPOSED IN CONGRESS, ESPECIALLY BY THE SENATOR FROM NEW JERSEY.\*

They listened to our professions of friendship. We called them Brothers and they foolishly believed us. They yielded MILLIONS of acres but we crave more—

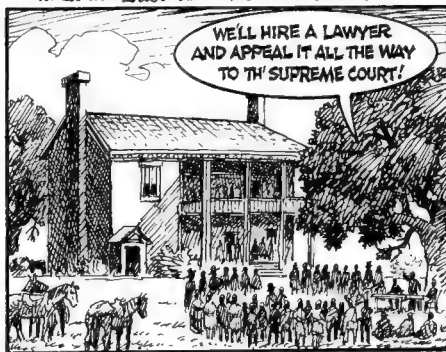
OUR INSATIATED CUPIDITY STILL CRIES GIVE, GIVE, GIVE!

BUT THE SENATOR FROM GEORGIA, MR. FORSYTH, STATES THE MATTER PLAINLY.

You say that what the North and East have already gotten away with is now to be denied the South. We KNOW how the Indian fared under your States' tender mercies, Sir...

\* And by Davy Crockett of Tennessee in the House.

The Indian Removal Bill is narrowly pushed through Congress in May 1830, and Jackson turns his attention to forcing compliance with its provisions - which the Eastern Cherokees resist.



VISITING HIS OLD STOMPING GROUND, HOUSTON FINDS THAT MANY ENEMIES ARE AFTER HIS SCALP TOO.



The ugliness of the personal attacks on him in Tennessee affects Houston, as much as he tries to hide it. He starts drinking again.



JACKSON KNOWS THAT HE HOLDS THE WINNING HAND.



A FEW OF HOUSTON'S OLD FRIENDS URGE HIM TO REMAIN IN NASHVILLE.



BACK IN INDIAN TERRITORY THE BENEFITS OF HOUSTON'S POW-WOW WITH THE PRESIDENT START TRICKLING IN.





OTHER NEWS WASN'T SO GOOD.



Meanwhile in Tennessee, Houston's name is being dragged through the dirt by his in-laws and political enemies.



HE TRIES TO CLARIFY HIS POSITION BY WRITING LETTERS BUT THEY ARE ALL SUPPRESSED.



HOUSTON FINDS SOLACE IN THE BOTTLE AND THE ARMS OF TIANA ROGERS.



THEN ONE DAY HE PROPOSES TO TIANA, EVEN THOUGH UNDER CHEROKEE LAW THEIR COHABITATION AMOUNTS TO MARRIAGE.



HOUSTON BUILDS A HOUSE THREE MILES ABOVE FT. GIBSON ON THE ROAD TO TEXAS AND NAMES IT THE WIGWAM NEOSHO.



MANY A TRAVELER, BOUND FOR TEXAS, FINDS HOSPITALITY BENEATH THE ROOF OF THE RAVEN AND HIS BEAUTIFUL CHEROKEE BRIDE.



From the Wigwam Neosho Houston begins a series of articles for the Arkansas GAZETTE, exposing the unfair treatment of the Indians and the corrupt practices of the Agency System.



THE VICIOUS ATTACKS AND PERSONAL SLANDERS THAT RESULT FROM THESE ARTICLES DEPRESS HOUSTON. HE BEGINS TO DRINK AGAIN, HEAVILY.



AWARE OF HIS FRUSTRATION, TIANA ENCOURAGES HIM TO GET INVOLVED IN BUSINESS, HOPING TO OCCUPY HIS MIND WITH OBTAINABLE THINGS.



HOUSTON NOTIFIES THE COMMANDANT AT FT. GIBSON (A DRINKING BUDDY) OF HIS INTENTION TO BECOME A TRADER CATERING TO THE INDIANS.



WHILE THE WAR DEPARTMENT DELIBERATES HIS CLAIM TO EXEMPTION, HOUSTON STEWS AND DRINKS EVEN MORE.





DURING THIS TIME HOUSTON GETS THE NAME "OOTSETEE ARDEETAHSKEE"—BIG DRUNK.



TIANA IS FREQUENTLY SEEN HELPING HER DRUNKEN HUSBAND HOME.



HOUSTON'S ARTICLES IN DEFENSE OF THE INDIANS BEGIN TO LOSE COHERENCY AND HIS INFLUENCE AMONG THE CHEROKEES WANES.

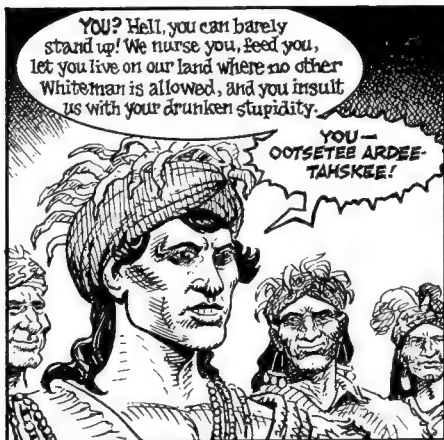


HOUSTON'S DESPAIR DEEPENS WHEN HIS PLEA FOR EXEMPTION STATUS AS A TRADER IS REJECTED BY THE WAR DEPARTMENT AND THE ATTORNEY GENERAL.



THE CROWNING BLOW COMES WHEN HE IS DEFEATED IN TRIBAL ELECTIONS FOR A SEAT ON THE CHEROKEE COUNCIL. HOUSTON, IN A DRUNKEN RAGE, APPROACHES HIS FATHER AND BROTHER-IN-LAW JOHN...







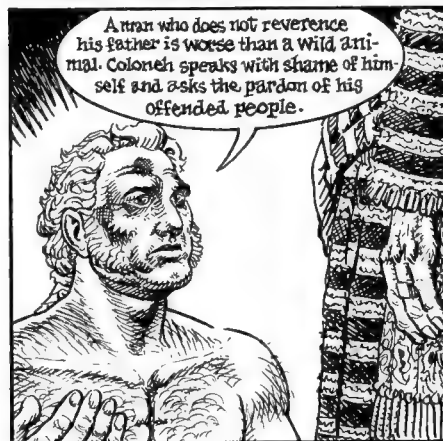
But the Cherokee braves, maddened by the outrage upon their elder, beat Houston and leave him bloody in the dust.



ONCE AGAIN TIANA ROGERS IS SUMMONED TO HELP HER HUSBAND TO HIS BED.



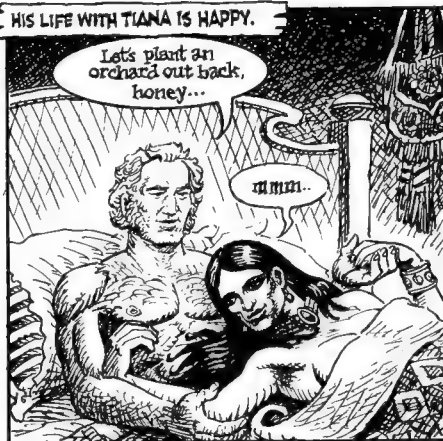
AT THE NATIONAL COUNCIL MEETING LATER THAT MONTH THE RAVEN CRAWLS ON HIS KNEES AND KISSES THE FEET OF JOLLY. IT WASN'T EASY FOR A MAN LIKE SAM HOUSTON TO CRAWL, AND BEG FORGIVENESS, BUT HE DID.



After this humbling experience, and the death of his mother, Houston sobers up and sets to work. He regains much of his prestige among the Cherokees.



**HIS LIFE WITH TIANA IS HAPPY.**



Her nephew Jesse Chisholm—later of Chisholm Trail fame—helps them with the store at Wigwam Neosho.



**HOUSTON BEGINS TO HEAR MORE ABOUT TEXAS AND STARTS PAYING ATTENTION.**



**THAT WINTER HE ACCOMPANIES ANOTHER CHEROKEE DELEGATION BACK EAST, TRYING TO GET THE REMAINING TRIBESMEN TO RESETTLE IN THE WEST.**



While in New York Houston meets with financier James Prentiss, who is interested in acquiring Texas land.



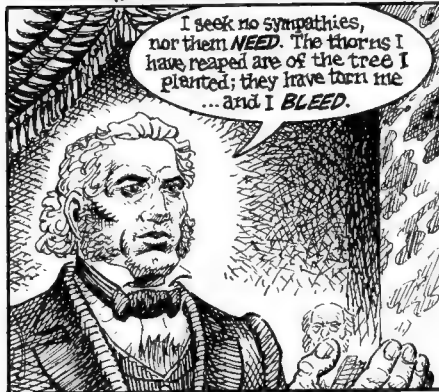
**At the capital Houston meets a Congressman who has slandered his name in connection with the failed contract for Indian rations.**



(THIS DEAL DIDN'T PAN OUT FOR SAM; HIS ADVANCE WAS NOT PAID.)



HOUSTON DEFENDS HIMSELF ELOQUENTLY IN HIS TRIAL BEFORE THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.



THE CROWDED GALLERIES LEAVE LITTLE DOUBT OF THEIR VERDICT IN THE HIGHLY PUBLICIZED AFFAIR.



BEFORE LEAVING WASHINGTON HE TELLS PRESIDENT JACKSON OF HIS PLANS TO GO TO TEXAS.



Houston is commissioned to seek out the hostile Plains tribes and make peace with them on behalf of the U.S.



At the Wigwam Neesho Sam breaks the news to Tiana.



HE LEAVES HER ALL THEIR POSSESSIONS EXCEPT FOR THE MANGY LITTLE PONY THAT HE RIDES SOUTH.



# 'HOUSTON'S PET INDIANS'

SAM HOUSTON IS 39 YEARS OLD AND MUCH THE WORSE FOR WEAR WHEN HE CROSSES THE RED RIVER INTO TEXAS IN DECEMBER OF 1832.

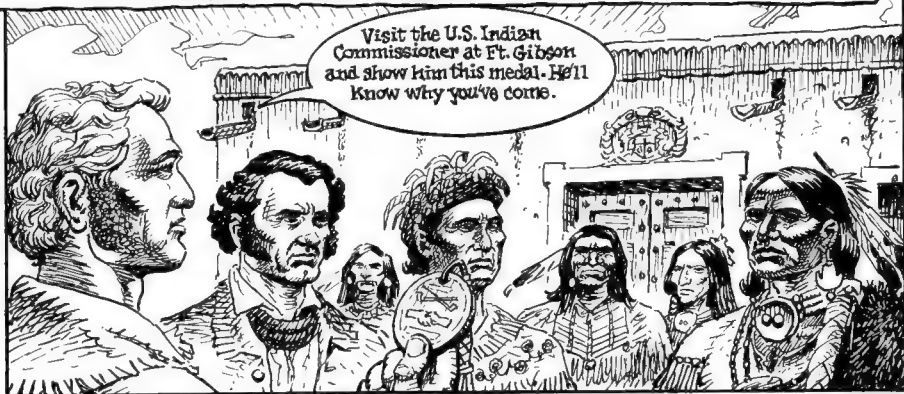


STILL, HE CUTS AN IMPRESSIVE FIGURE, AND HEADS TURN WHEN HE GOES BY.

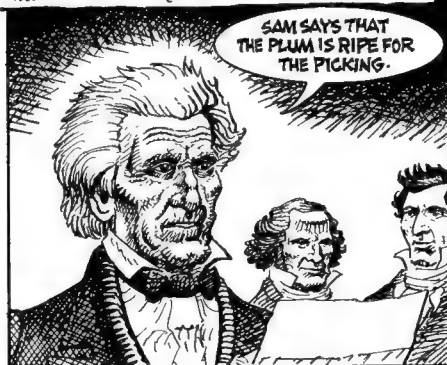




AFTER APPLYING FOR A LAND GRANT IN AUSTIN'S COLONY, HE RIDES TO SAN ANTONIO WITH JIM BOWIE AND MEETS WITH SEVERAL COMANCHE CHIEFS. JESSE CHISHOLM HAS BROUGHT THEM DOWN.



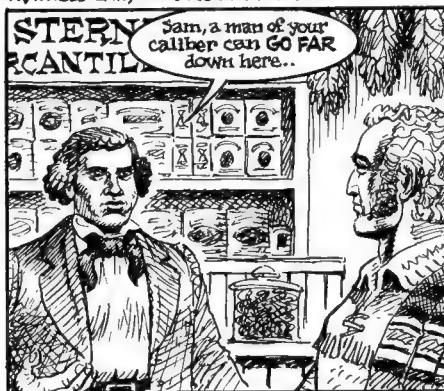
Houston reports to Jackson from Natchitoches in Feb. 1833, telling him that 19 out of 20 residents want the U.S. to acquire Texas from Mexico.



THEN HE TRAVELS TO FT. GIBSON TO MAKE HIS REPORT ON THE WILD INDIANS OF TEXAS BUT FINDS THE COMMISSIONERS ALREADY GONE.



HOUSTON SETTLES IN NACOGDOCHES, BECOMES A CATHOLIC, PRACTICES LAW, AND GETS INTO POLITICS.



SOMEHOW HE FINDS TIME TO RENEW HIS ACQUAINTANCES AMONG BOWL'S BAND OF TEXAS CHEROKEES.



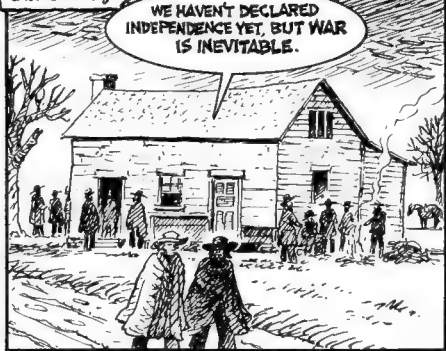
CHIEF BOWL WELCOMES THE RAVEN AND GIVES HIM ONE OF HIS DAUGHTERS FOR A "WIFE." IT IS NOT POLITE TO REFUSE...



HOUSTON WAS A SCHEME IN MIND TO ASSIST THE CREEKS IN OBTAINING A LARGE TEXAS LAND GRANT, BUT WHEN THE CHEROKEES OPPOSE IT HE DROPS THE IDEA.



Active in the 1835 Consultation for Texas to establish a separate state government from Coahuila, he is elected a Major General of the then non-existent Texas Army.



HE IS ALSO APPOINTED ONE OF THREE DELEGATES TO MEET WITH THE CHEROKEES AND ASSOCIATED TRIBES TO SOLICIT THEIR SUPPORT IN EXCHANGE FOR GUARANTEEING THEIR LANDS.



Realizing the importance of gaining the Indians' friendship during wartime, the Consultation gives Houston a "Solemn Declaration" of its intent to honor Cherokee land claims, specifying the boundaries.

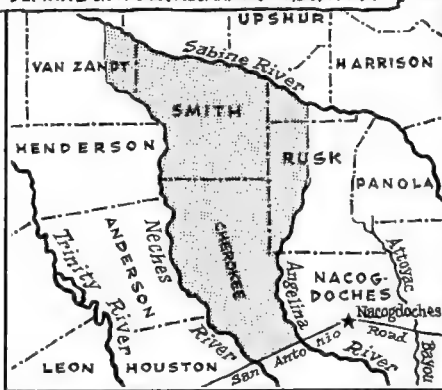




ON FEB. 23, 1836, A TREATY IS SIGNED AT BOWL'S VILLAGE.



AT LAST THE CHEROKEES OF TEXAS HAVE SOMETHING DEFINITE ON PAPER REGARDING THEIR LAND.



Houston, though neutralizing the Cherokees in the coming struggle, can't gain their active participation.



THE TREATY IS SUBMITTED TO THE CONVENTION AT WASHINGTON-ON-THE-BRAZOS MARCH 1ST BUT NO ACTION IS TAKEN TO RATIFY IT.



IN REALITY THE CHEROKEES HAVE TAKEN A WAIT-AND-SEE ATTITUDE, TRYING TO OFFEND NEITHER SIDE UNTIL THE TEXAN-MEXICAN CONFLICT IS OVER.



Shortly after signing this treaty with Houston the Cherokee chiefs are approached by several Mexican agents. Manuel Flores, a native of East Texas, seeks to enlist them as auxiliaries to the Mexican cause.



MANY WARRIORS WANT TO FIGHT FOR MEXICO BUT BOWL KEEPS THEM OUT OF THE FRAY.

SEE THIS!?!  
When have the Mexicans  
given us such a document,  
though we've asked them  
countless times?



NONETHELESS, WHEN THE WAR GOES AGAINST THE TEXANS, BOWL AND HIS CHIEFS GROW ALARMED.



IT IS THOUGHT WISE TO OBTAIN A MEXICAN ALLIANCE, SHOULD HOUSTON'S PITIFUL ARMY BE DESTROYED.



HOUSTON REALIZES THIS AND WRITES BOWL ON APRIL 13 TO REASSURE HIM.





AS THE "RUNAWAY SCRAPE" MOUNTS, SETTLERS FEAR THAT THE CHEROKEES WILL FALL ON THEIR HELPLESS WOMEN AND CHILDREN, DESPITE THE CHIEFS' PROMISES.



GENERAL GAINES PREPARES TO MOVE U.S. TROOPS ACROSS THE SABINE TO PROTECT THESE REFUGEES UNTIL NEWS OF HOUSTON'S APRIL 21ST VICTORY AT SAN JACINTO REACHES HIM.



Victory or no, the Cherokees realize that the war will continue. A delegation goes to Matamoros in the summer of 1836 to confer with Gen. Urrea.



ONCE MEXICO IS ABLE TO MOUNT AN OFFENSIVE, THEIR PLAN IS FOR THE CHEROKEES TO ATTACK FROM THE REAR.



To prevent any Indian-Mexican combination Gen. Gaines decides to send U.S. troops to Nacogdoches. They march from Ft. Towson (Oklahoma) straight through the heart of Cherokee country.



THIS DISTRESSES THE CHEROKEES AND THEY CALL A COUNCIL TO DISCUSS THE APPROPRIATE RESPONSE.

TEXAS INDIAN AGENT MENARD SENDS A TEJANO SPY, DISGUISED AS A MEXICAN OFFICER, TO BOWL'S VILLAGE.



TOLD THAT U.S. SOLDIERS HAVE COME BECAUSE THE NECHES RIVER IS THE CLAIMED BOUNDARY INSTEAD OF THE SABINE, BOWL VENTS HIS DISGUST.

AGENT MENARD VISITS THE OTHER IMMIGRANT TRIBES AND LEARNS THAT THE CHEROKEES ARE ALMOST READY TO LAUNCH AN ATTACK.



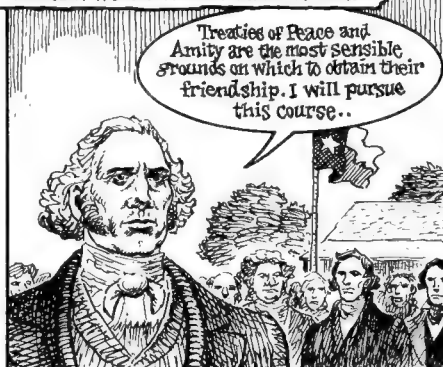
(THE TRUSTWORTHINESS OF MENARD'S REPORT IS UNCERTAIN.)



UPON RECEIVING THIS NEWS, HOUSTON APPEALS TO GAINES FOR REINFORCEMENTS AND ISSUES A PROCLAMATION FOR THE RAISING OF MILITIAS. THE FRONTIER IS IN A RESTLESS UNCERTAINTY.



SHORTLY THEREAFTER HOUSTON IS ELECTED THE REPUBLIC'S FIRST PRESIDENT AND BECOMES OFFICIALLY IN CHARGE OF THE NEW NATION'S INDIAN AFFAIRS.



CHEROKEE VISITORS TO NACOGDOCHES LEAVE TOWN WITH AN INTERESTING PROPOSITION.



THROUGH SUCH OFFERS MANY WARRIORS ARE ATTRACTED TO THE TEXAN CAUSE AND SOUR ON FURTHER DEALINGS WITH THE MEXICANS.



WHEN MEXICO CANNOT FIELD AN ARMY OF RECONQUEST AS PROMISED, EVEN CHIEF BOWL WEAKENS ON THE QUESTION OF DUAL ALLIANCES.



IN MARCH 1837 BOWL AGREES TO ACT AS AN EMISSARY TO THE COMANCHES ON BEHALF OF HOUSTON'S REPUBLIC.



HE SPENDS SEVERAL MONTHS IN THE SADDLE, VISITING A NUMBER OF PLAINS TRIBES.



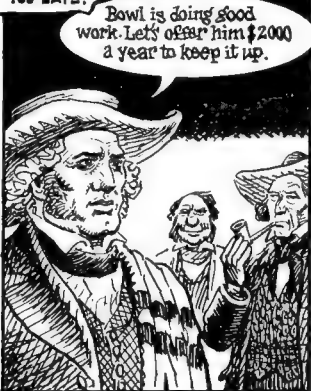
THE COMANCHES, HOWEVER, REFUSE TO CONSIDER HIS PEACE PROPOSALS. BOWL RETURNS TO TELL HIS PEOPLE THE DISMAL RESULTS OF HIS MISSION.



Houston journeys to Nacogdoches to attend the meeting that Bowl has arranged with the Cherokees, Shawnees, Delaware, Biloxis, Choctaws, and the Kickapoos.



UNFORTUNATELY HE GETS LOST, HIS HORSE GOES LAME, AND HE ARRIVES TOO LATE.





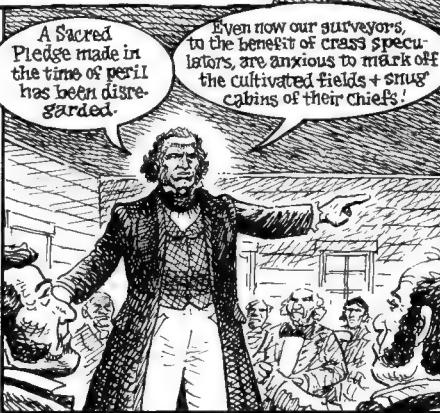
MEANWHILE THE FIRST SENATE OF THE REPUBLIC HAS BEEN CONSIDERING WHETHER TO RATIFY HOUSTON'S 1836 TREATY WITH THE CHEROKEES.



Chaired by Georgian Indian-hater Mirabeau Lamar, the Senate Committee recommends that the treaty be rejected, and on Dec. 16, 1837, it is nullified by vote.



HOUSTON PROTESTS TO NO AVAIL.



DESPITE THE SENATE VOTE, HOUSTON ORDERS LAND COMMISSIONER BORDEN TO APPROVE NO SURVEYS MADE IN THE CHEROKEE RESERVE.



CHIEF BOWL, SHOCKED BY NEWS OF THE TREATY'S REJECTION, VISITS HOUSTON AT THE CAPITAL IN APRIL 1838.



SAM MAVERICK OVERHEARS THE CHIEF EXPRESS HIS DISMAY.



IN HIS DISAPPOINTMENT BOWL SEEKS REINFORCEMENTS FROM INDIAN TERRITORY; NONE ARE FORTHCOMING.



THE "NEW ARRIVALS" ARE THOSE TRAVELING THE TRAIL OF TEARS, THE FINAL STROKE OF JACKSON'S REMOVAL POLICY, IN WHICH THOUSANDS OF CHEROKEES PERISH.



THEIR TREATY WITH THE TEXANS NULLIFIED AND THEIR LANDS UNDER CONSTANT ASSAULT FROM SPECULATORS AND SQUATTERS, BOWL'S CHEROKEES LISTEN ATTENTIVELY TO THE MEXICANS OF NEIGHBORING NAGOGDOCHES.





ONE OF THESE IS VICENTE CORDOVA, A LONGTIME RESIDENT WHO HAS NEVER BECOME RECONCILED TO TEXAS' INDEPENDENCE FROM MEXICO.



The Gringos treat us like dogs and we've had enough. Once they steal our land, *YOURS* will be next!

CORDOVA, FLORES, AND OTHER EAST TEXAS MEXICANS PLAN TO ADDRESS THESE ABUSES BY FORCE OF ARMS.



Gen. Filisola's organizing a big campaign down at Matamoros right now. We've got to be ready..

IN JULY 1838 CORDOVA AND AN AGENT NAMED MIRACLE HEAD NORTH TO FIRM UP PLANS FOR MEXICO'S RECONQUEST OF TEXAS. THEY BRING SUPPLIES, AND THEIR TROOP OF 100 MEN INCLUDES 20 CHEROKEE AND CADDO BRAVES.



Once we reach the Piney Woods, we can all breathe easier..

BOWL HIDES THEM IN HIS VILLAGE AND CALLS A POW-WOW WITH ALLIED CHIEFS TO HEAR THE MEXICAN OFFER.



We want you to take the field immediately. Here's powder, lead, and tobacco for your men!

THE SHAWNEES OBJECT..



Where is this Army of yours? We will not stick our necks out until it shows and the fight starts.

BUT BOWL'S CHEROKEES ACCEPT THE OFFER OF MEXICAN RECOGNITION FOR THEIR LAND AND AGREE TO HELP THE NACOGDOCHES TEJANOS RID THEMSELVES OF THE HAUGHTY ANGLOS.



MANY OF THEIR WARRIORS JOIN CORDOVA'S 200 ARMED MEN AT A CAMP ON THE ANGELINA, NORTHWEST OF TOWN.



On August 10 Cordova posts an official proclamation of rebellion on the streets of Nacogdoches.



SHORTLY THEREAFTER, AGENT MIRACLE IS KILLED WHILE RECRUITING MORE TRIBES ON THE RED RIVER. HIS JOURNAL AND PAPERS FALL INTO THE TEXANS' HANDS.





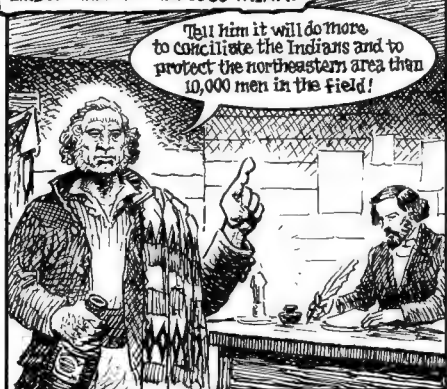
Alarmed by the prospect of his Cherokees spearheading a combined Indian-Mexican uprising, Pres. Houston orders T.J. Rusk to form a militia and stand ready for battle.



TOM RUSK, UNLIKE HOUSTON, HAS A LOW OPINION OF INDIANS AND IS ANXIOUS TO PUSH THEM OUT OF TEXAS.



HOUSTON ALSO URGES RUSK TO RUN THE BOUNDARY LINE ACCORDING TO THE 1836 TREATY.



GOING TO NACOGDOCHES, HOUSTON PERSONALLY TRIES TO DISENGAGE THE CHEROKEES FROM THE MEXICAN REBELS.



JUST TO BE ON THE SAFE SIDE, HE ASKS THE U.S. COMMANDANT AT FT. JESUP, LOUISIANA, TO SEND MEN AND ORDNANCE TO TEXAS.



BOWL, CONCERNED ABOUT THE PRESENCE OF RUSK'S MEN ON THE ANGELINA, REPLIES TO HOUSTON.



**RUSK INFORMS BOWL THAT HE WILL MARCH INTO CHEROKEE TERRITORY IN PURSUIT OF CORDOVA'S REBELS.**



**KNOWING HOUSTON'S REGARD FOR THE CHEROKEES, AND BEING A FRIEND OF HIS, RUSK IS IN A DIFFICULT SPOT.**



**Before Houston can convince Bowl to eject Cordova's 'army' from his village Rusk enters it, only to find that the rebels have slipped away and broken up.**

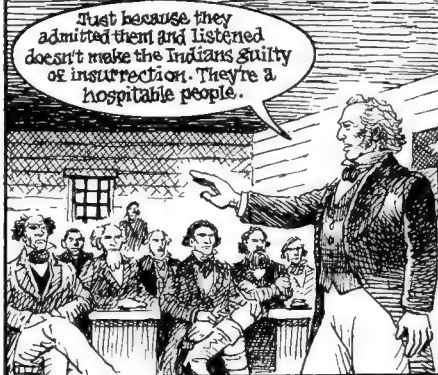


**HOUSTON SMOOTHS THINGS OVER WITH BOWL BY ORDERING THAT THE SURVEY OF THEIR LAND BEGIN — EVEN THOUGH THE SENATE HAD REJECTED HIS 1836 TREATY WITH THEM.**



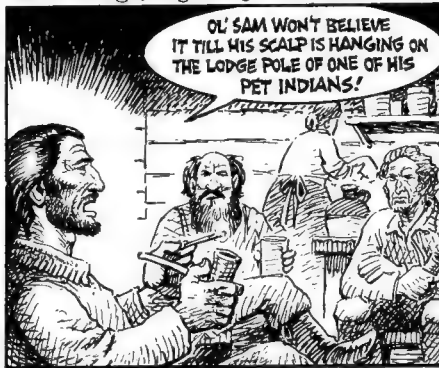


HE TRIES TO MINIMIZE THE ROLE OF THE CHEROKEES IN THE MEXICAN UPRISING.



Just because they admitted them and listened doesn't make the Indians guilty of insurrection. They're a hospitable people.

Still, as the contents of Mirze's journal become known, Houston cannot keep indignation against Indians from growing among Texan frontier folk.



OL' SAM WON'T BELIEVE IT TILL HIS SCALP IS HANGING ON THE LODGE POLE OF ONE OF HIS PET INDIANS!

# THE INDIAN MUST GO

EARLY IN OCTOBER CORDOVA AND HIS INDIAN ALLIES RENEW THEIR ATTACKS ON OUTLYING SETTLEMENTS, THE WORST KNOWN AS THE KILLLOUGH MASSACRE.



RUSK AGAIN MARCHES HIS MILITIA INTO BOWL'S COUNTRY.



He is advised by the Cherokees that the Mexican-Indian force is camped at a Kickapoo village to the northwest.



IN MID-OCTOBER 1838 RUSK MOVES TO ATTACK THE COMBINED KICKAPOO, MEXICAN, CADDO, COUSHATTA, AND KICHAU CAMP BUT IS AMBUSHED BEFORE REACHING IT.



The battle is a draw and Rusk feels lucky to make an orderly retreat back to town with his wounded.



By this time Houston's surveyor has demarcated the Cherokee boundaries, much to Chief Bowl's satisfaction.





The preceding month, however, Lamar is elected president of the Republic, and he has very different ideas than Houston on how to deal with Indians.



LAMAR'S FIRST POLICY STATEMENT LETS TEXANS KNOW THE COURSE HE INTENDS TO PURSUE.



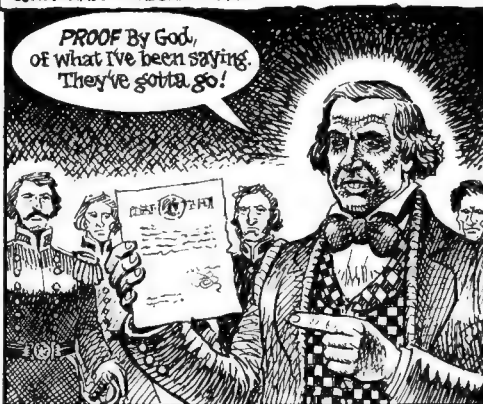
MEANWHILE, MANUEL FLORES LEAVES MATAMOROS WITH LETTERS FROM GEN. CANALIZO TO THE CHIEFS OF THE EAST TEXAS TRIBES, INCLUDING BOWL AND BIG MUSH, URGING THEM TO COMMENCE GUERRILLA WARFARE ON THE WHITES.



BUT FLORES' PARTY IS DISCOVERED BY A RANGER COMPANY AND CHASED TO THE SAN GABRIEL RIVER WHERE HIS MEN ARE ROUTED.



IN PRESIDENT LAMAR'S MIND THE LETTERS TO BOWL AND BIG MUSH IMPLICATE THE CHEROKEES IN THE MEXICAN CONSPIRACY TO REGAIN TEXAS.



Lamar, who was instrumental in the Senate's refusal to ratify Houston's 1836 treaty, permits surveyors to intrude into Cherokee territory and run lines on behalf of land speculators of his ilk.



THEY EXTEND THESE SURVEYS EVEN INTO THE GARDENS AND YARDS OF CHIEF BOWL AND HIS LESSER CHIEFS, HOPING TO PROVOKE THEM INTO A FIGHT.



BOWL IGNORES THESE INSULTS BUT WHEN LAMAR SENDS A TROOP OF SOLDIERS TO OCCUPY A RICH SALINE INSIDE THE CHEROKEE BOUNDARY HE FORBIDS THEM TO DO SO.



FEIGNING OUTRAGE, THE PRESIDENT SENDS THE CHEROKEES AN ULTIMATUM.



BOWL PROMISES AN ANSWER WITHIN TEN DAYS, IMMEDIATELY CALLING A COUNCIL.





BOWL INFORMS LACY AND REAGAN THAT HIS WARRIORS WANT WAR AND BELIEVE THEY CAN WHIP THE TEXANS, ALTHOUGH IT MIGHT TAKE YEARS OF BLOODY FIGHTING.



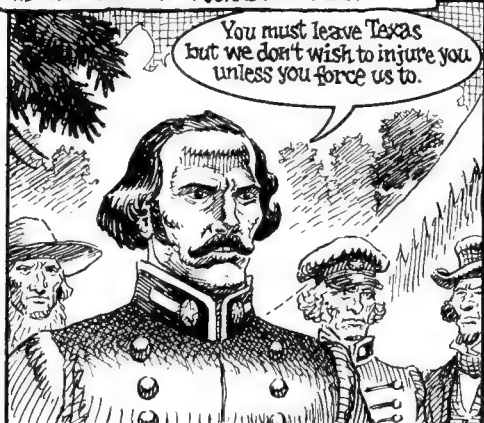
THE AGED CHIEF IS RESIGNED TO HIS FATE...



UPON LEARNING THAT THE CHEROKEES WILL MAKE A STAND, LAMAR APPOINTS FIVE COMMISSIONERS TO TREAT WITH THEM AND ORDERS GEN. RUSK TO MOVE HIS REGIMENT INTO THE FIELD, NEAR BOWL'S TOWN.



BOWL VISITS THE TEXAN ENCAMPMENT. FIRST HE HEARS SEC. OF WAR JOHNSTON SPEAK.



NEXT UP, VICE-PRES. BURNET ADDRESSES THE CHIEF.



GEN. RUSK DRIVES THE POINT HOME.

YOU ARE CAUGHT  
BETWEEN TWO FIRES, AND  
IF YOU REMAIN, YOU'LL BE  
DESTROYED!



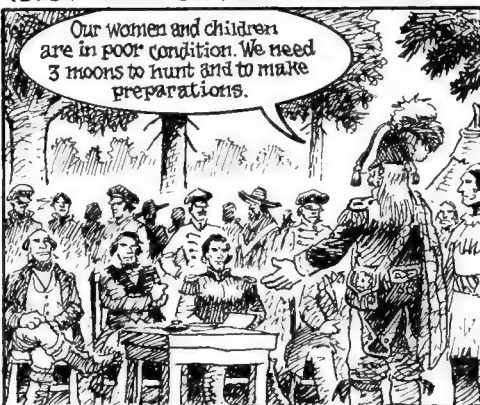
BOWL THANKS THE COMMISSIONERS FOR  
SPEAKING THE "UNVARNISHED TRUTH."

I will submit your  
talk to my people so we may  
decide which course to take—  
war, or abandoning our  
cherished homes.



RETURNING THE NEXT DAY BOWL AGREES TO LEAVE  
TEXAS PEACEABLY BUT PLEADS FOR MORE TIME.

Our women and children  
are in poor condition. We need  
3 moons to hunt and to make  
preparations.



His request is denied and another meeting set for July 14.

AT THEIR LAST CONFERENCE, BOWL REFUSES TO SIT ON THE BLANKET SPREAD BY THE TEXAN COMMISSIONERS.

THANK YOU, BUT I  
PREFER TO SIT ON THE  
BARE EARTH!





WHEN THE "ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT" ARE READ TO HIM, BOWL RISES TO SPEAK.

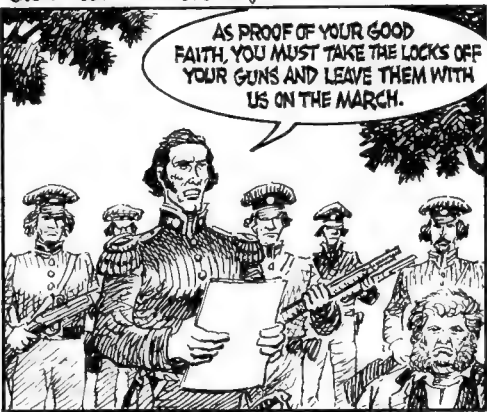
I am opposed to marching out of the country guarded by troops. It will look like I am your prisoner.

And what about the things we must leave behind?



Told that they would be paid a fair price for their improvements, crops, and property, the Cherokees are taken aback by another demand.

AS PROOF OF YOUR GOOD FAITH, YOU MUST TAKE THE LOCKS OFF YOUR GUNS AND LEAVE THEM WITH US ON THE MARCH.

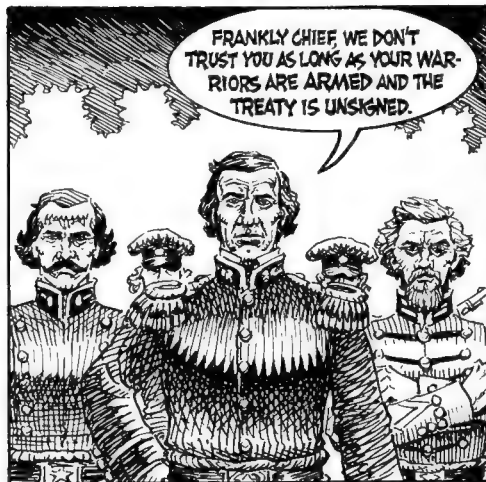


BOWL PROTESTS THIS AND OTHER HUMILIATING STIPULATIONS OF THE "AGREEMENT" WITH THE TEXANS.

The young men will NEVER consent to this, nor do we need you to escort us out of Texas. We came here by ourselves and wish to leave the same way!



FRANKLY CHIEF, WE DON'T TRUST YOU AS LONG AS YOUR WARRIORS ARE ARMED AND THE TREATY IS UNSIGNED.



OFFENDED, BOWL REFUSES TO SIGN THE AGREEMENT.

DAMMIT, WE'VE GOT TO HAVE HIS X OR THIS PAPER'S WORTHLESS!



THE COMMISSIONERS TRY AGAIN BUT BOWL STALLS FOR TIME.



WITH THIS THE TEXAN FORCE ADVANCES ON BOWL'S VILLAGE, ONLY TO FIND IT EMPTY.



FOLLOWING A WELL-MARKED TRAIL, THE TEXANS PURSUE AND CATCH THE CHEROKEE REARGUARD JUST BEFORE DARK.



NIGHT FALLS, PREVENTING FURTHER ACTION.



THE INDIANS HAVE TO ABANDON MUCH OF THEIR GEAR DURING THE HASTY RETREAT.





VILLAGES ALONG THE LINE OF MARCH ARE LEFT IN FLAMES.



They find the Cherokees in battle array near the Neches River. Many warriors, including Big Mush, are killed in the murderous line of fire. When Chief Bowl finally signals a retreat, he—83 years old—is almost alone on the battlefield.



HE WEARS A SILK VEST AND SASH GIVEN HIM BY HIS FRIEND SAM HOUSTON AND WAVES ALOFT ANOTHER OF THE RAVEN'S GIFTS.



BOWL'S HORSE, SHOT SEVERAL TIMES IN THE WITHERING VOLLEY, FALLS AND THROWS HIM.



THE OLD MAN IS WOUNDED IN THE THIGH BUT SLOWLY RISES TO HIS FEET AND BEGINS LIMPING AWAY. THEN A SHOT RINGS OUT.



BOWL, UNABLE TO RISE AGAIN, TURNS TO FACE HIS ENEMIES.



CAPT. ROBERT SMITH ADVANCES WITH HIS PISTOL DRAWN.



Young John H. Reagan calls out but to no avail...





**AFTER HIS DEATH BOWL IS SCALPED  
AND HIS BODY MUTILATED.**

These back straps  
will make nice bridle  
reins for my boy.

And this'll  
keep him from go-  
ing to Injun's  
Heaven!



Bowl's son, John Bowl, returns to the battlefield  
after dark for his father's hat and the bloody can-  
nister that contains the 1836 treaty negotiated by  
Sam Houston on behalf of a struggling Texas.



**ALL THAT NIGHT THE VICTORIOUS TEXANS HEAR  
THE CHEROKEES MOURNING THEIR LOSSES.**

Blasted savages  
and their infernal  
racket!!



**BUT MORNING'S SUN FINDS THEM VANISHED,  
LIKE THE MIST ON THE NECHES RIVERBOTTOM.**

We've seen the  
last of them, I  
suspect.



**TO MAKE SURE, THE INDIANS ARE  
TRAILED NORTH FOR TEN DAYS.**

Sure is mighty  
fine country in  
these parts.

Think I'll  
file a claim on  
some of it  
myself.



Well supplied with Indian corn and livestock  
the Texans head home. They have won the  
prize they came for — the Red Man's Land!

HEY Mr Burnet!  
Whatcha gonna do with  
all those HOGS?

SPOILS OF WAR,  
MY BOY, JUST SPOILS  
OF WAR..



# AFTERMATH

SAM HOUSTON RETURNS HOME FROM VISITING ANDREW JACKSON AT THE HERMITAGE AND LEARNS WHAT HAS TRANSPIRED DURING HIS ABSENCE.



Don't speak your mind about it, Sam, cause many local people favored the war.

You'll get shot for sure if you tear into them.



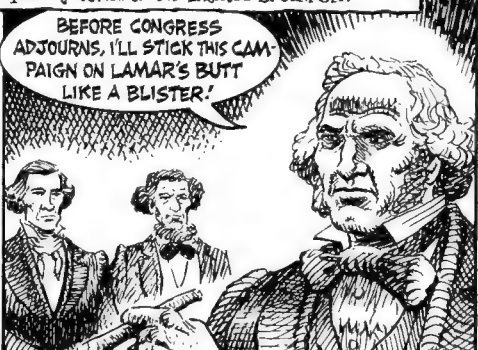
CHOKED WITH RAGE, HOUSTON LECTURES THE GOOD PEOPLE OF NACOGDOCHES.



THIS BITTER HARANGUE ALIENATES MANY OLD FRIENDS, BUT NEIGHBORING SAN AUGUSTINE ELECTS HIM TO THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.



In this capacity Houston vows to denounce the Lamar Administration's treacherous policy toward his Indian brethren.





NOT ALL THE EXPELLED CHEROKEES RETURN TO U.S. TERRITORY. SOME HEAD FOR MEXICO, LIKE ONE PARTY LED BY CHIEF BOWL'S SON JOHN.



BUT THE BAND OF REFUGEES IS HIT BY RANGERS UNDER COL. EDWARD BURLERSON ON THE SAN SABA RIVER AND JOHN BOWL IS KILLED.



THE SLAIN WARRIOR WAS WEARING HIS DECEASED FATHER'S MILITARY HAT, GIVEN TO HIM BY THE MEXICANS IN 1827.



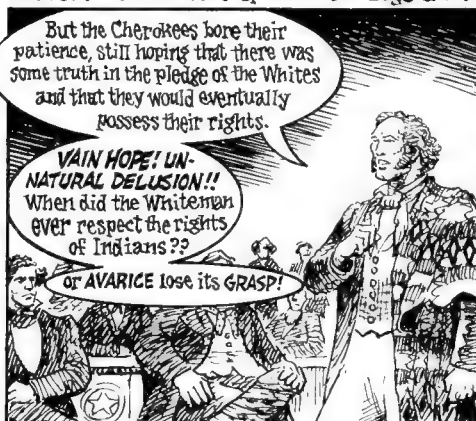
When Lamar's Adj. Gen., Hugh McLeod, presents the hat to Houston he recognizes the insult intended.



HOUSTON REGARDS THE GIFT AS NOT ONLY A PERSONAL AFFRONT BUT ONE TO CONGRESS AND INTRODUCES A HOUSE RESOLUTION TO HAVE MCLEOD DISMISSED.



More importantly he wages a long fight in Congress to see that the Cherokee lands revert to the Republic for sale in 640 acre sections instead of falling into the hands of eager land speculators in huge chunks.



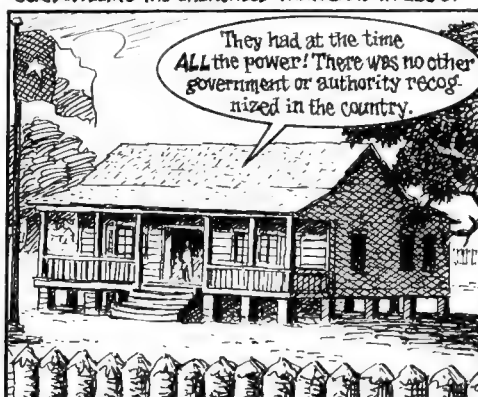
HOUSTON DENIES LAMAR'S CLAIM THAT THE CHEROKEES WERE SQUATTERS UNDER THE MEXICAN REGIME, ENJOYING NO RIGHTS WHICH THE REPUBLIC WAS OBLIGED TO RESPECT AND UPHOLD.



Knowing that his bitter enemy David G. Burnet has a personal interest in the defeat of the Land Bill, Houston maintains that Cherokee lands were exempt from the empresario grants by Mexico in the region.

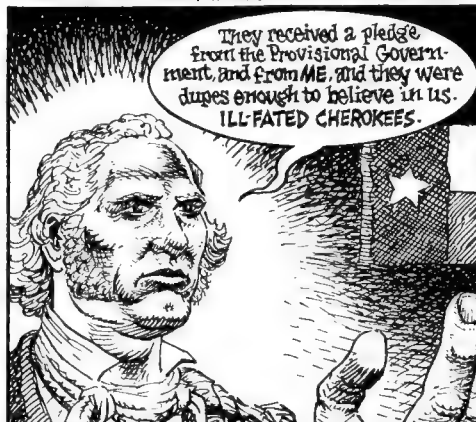


IT WAS ARGUED, SAID HOUSTON, THAT THE CONSULTATION HAD NO POWER TO PLEDGE THE FAITH OF THE NATION BY GUARANTEEING THE CHEROKEES THEIR LAND IN 1836.





OUTRAGED AT THE FATE OF BOWI AND HIS PEOPLE, HOUSTON AGAIN CHARGES THAT THEY WERE DRIVEN UNJUSTIFIABLY FROM TEXAS.



HE IS *MERCILESS* IN HIS ATTACK ON THE MANY PROMINENT MEN WHO HAD PARTICIPATED IN THE CHEROKEE WAR.



IN THE END THE BILL PASSES UNANIMOUSLY, DESPITE THE MANY TOES THAT HOUSTON STEPS ON IN HIS SCATHING REVIEW OF CHEROKEE AFFAIRS IN TEXAS.



President Lamar to avoid the appearance of his administration being the tool of speculator interests, is obliged to sign the Land Bill into law on Feb. 1, 1840.



RUNNING FOR A SECOND TERM AS PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC, HOUSTON IS ROUNDLY CRITICIZED BY HIS OPPONENT DAVID G. BURNET.



Burnet's grant, of course, included much of the land from which the Cherokees have been expelled — as Houston is quick to point out with an allusion to his wartime activities.



HOUSTON WINS HANDILY AND SETS ABOUT TO REVERSE LAMAR'S POLICY OF INDIAN EXTERMINATION.



AGENTS AND TRADERS SUCH AS JESSE CHISHOLM ARE ENLISTED TO TRY AND MEND LAMAR'S DAMAGE WITH THE WILD TRIBES, ESPECIALLY THE FIERCE COMANCHES.



TREATIES ARE FORGED WITH MANY TRIBES AT COUNCILS IN NORTH TEXAS ON TEHUACANA (TAWAKONI) CREEK.





DELAWARES, SHAWNEES, CADDOS, WACOS, WICHITAS, AND KICHAI SIGN THESE TREATIES — ALONG WITH AN OCCASIONAL CHEROKEE.



Other Cherokees, however, continue to hate the Texans and make war on them whenever possible—like the forty warriors under Vicente Cordova that march with Gen. Adrian Woll's army to San Antonio in 1842.



CORDOVA AND 14 OF HIS CHEROKEES FALL IN THE FIGHTING ALONG SALADO CREEK.



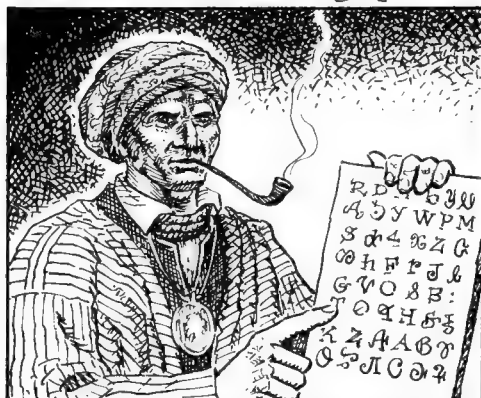
Still other Cherokees have managed to reach Mexico and establish villages around the town of San Fernando.



THE SAME YEAR AS WOLL'S INVASION THEY ARE VISITED BY AN AGED SEQUOYAH, AND HE DIES WHILE AMONG THEM.



Sequoyah's syllabary ranks high among the accomplishments of the Cherokees, giving his people the power of the written word in their own language.



HOUSTON CONTINUES TO HAVE SUCCESS WITH THE NORTHERN TRIBES IN 1843 AT BIRD'S FORT ON THE TRINITY. GIFTS ARE AN ESSENTIAL PART OF THE POW-WOWS.



ALSO ESSENTIAL TO THE NEGOTIATIONS ARE SCOUTS AND INTERPRETERS LIKE JIM SHAW, JOHN CONNER, JACK HARRY, AND JESSE CHISHOLM—MOST OF THEM DELAWARES OR MIXED-BLOOD CHEROKEES.



IN ADDITION HOUSTON MAKES ALLIANCES WITH A WIDE VARIETY OF TRIBES, INCLUDING THE LIPAN APACHES AND THE TONKAWAS.



When the son of the Lipan chief Flacco is killed while returning from the Somervell Expedition, Houston sends gifts and a poem to the bereaved father.





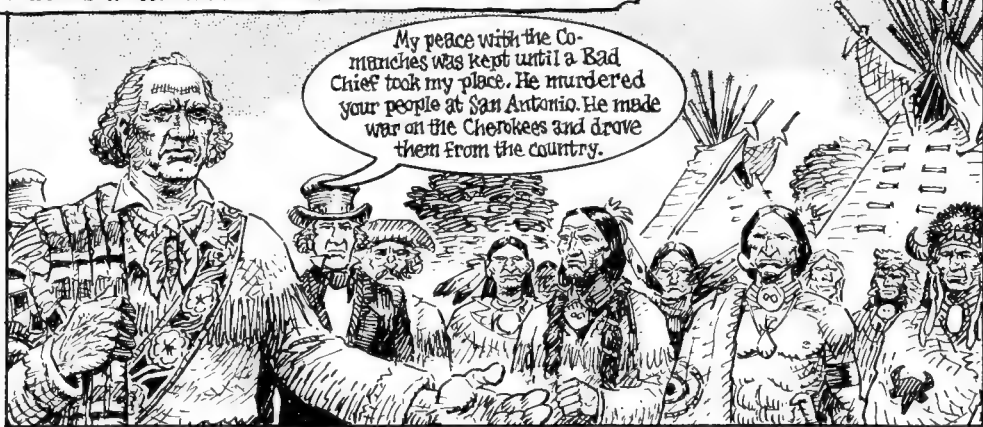
AT NIGHT HOUSTON IS OFTEN SEEN HUDDLED WITH HIS INDIAN VISITORS AROUND THEIR CAMPFIRES ON THE CAPITOL GROUNDS.



Many of their warriors ride with Ranger expeditions against hostile bands as scouts and valuable allies.



FINALLY THE ILLUSIVE COMANCHES UNDER BUFFALO HUMP AGREE TO A COUNCIL. HOUSTON IS THERE IN PERSON TO HANDLE THE NEGOTIATIONS.



BUFFALO HUMP IS MOLLIFIED BUT DEMANDS THAT A LINE BE DRAWN TO SEPARATE HIS LANDS FROM THOSE OF THE WHITES.



Unable to decide on where a division line would run, they sign a peace treaty without this key provision.



PRIVATELY HOUSTON EXPRESSES DOUBTS ABOUT THE LONGTERM UTILITY OF ANY SUCH AGREEMENT.



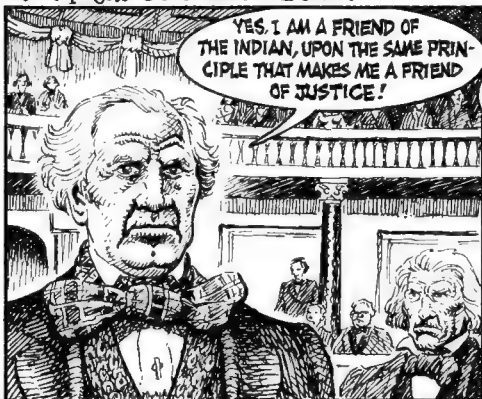
But Houston does not despair in his efforts for Whites to live peacefully with the Indians of Texas, and his successor Anson Jones follows the same course.



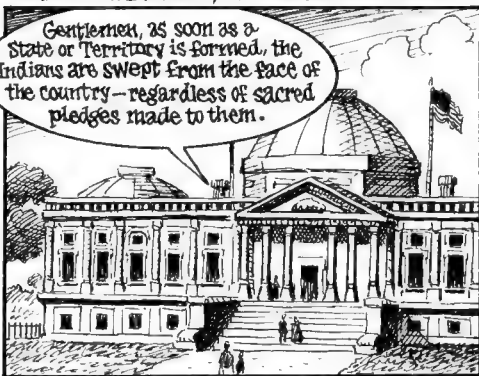
WHEN TEXAS BECOMES A STATE IN THE UNION, SAM HOUSTON AND THOMAS RUSK SERVE AS HER FIRST SENATORS. SAM ENTERTAINS A VISITING DELEGATION OF TEXAN CHIEFS AND SHOWS THEM THE SIGHTS OF WASHINGTON, D.C.



Once the debate on the 1854 Kansas-Nebraska Bill is joined, Senator Houston speaks for two full days on the plight of the nation's Indians.



SENSING THAT THE SLAVERY PROVISIONS OF THE BILL WILL TEAR THE UNION ASUNDER, HE IS ONE OF THE FEW SOUTHERNERS TO VOTE AGAINST IT. THIS, WITH HIS STIRRING DEFENSE OF THE INDIANS, WINS HOUSTON FEW BOOSTERS.

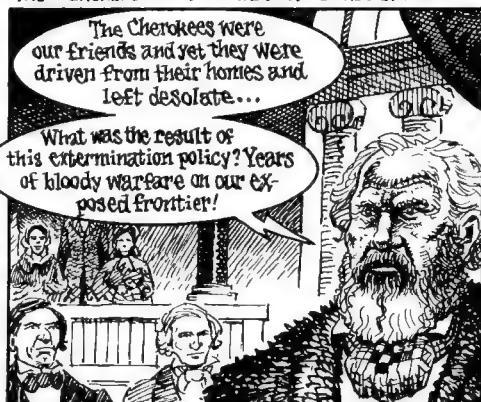




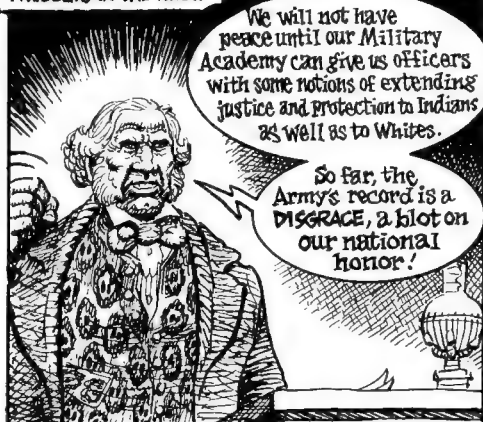
LATER IN THE YEAR HE PERSUASDES THE ATTORNEY GENERAL TO EXAMINE ALL TREATIES MADE WITH THE CHEROKEES SINCE 1817 AND TO DETERMINE IF THE GOVERNMENT HAS HONORED THEIR PROVISIONS.



AS STATE SENATOR FROM TEXAS TO THE U.S. CONGRESS, HOUSTON CONTINUES TO REMIND HIS LISTENERS OF THE CHEROKEES' TRAGIC FATE DURING THE REPUBLIC.



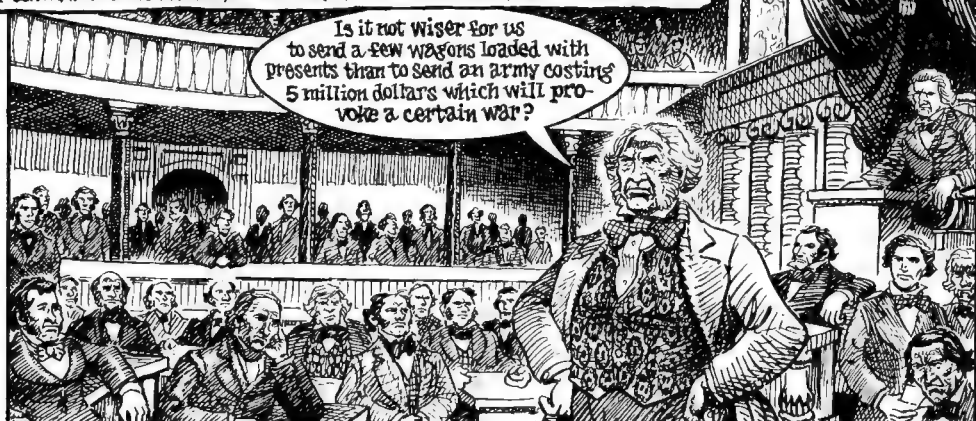
HE ARGUES AGAINST A MILITARY SOLUTION TO INDIAN PROBLEMS IN THE WEST.



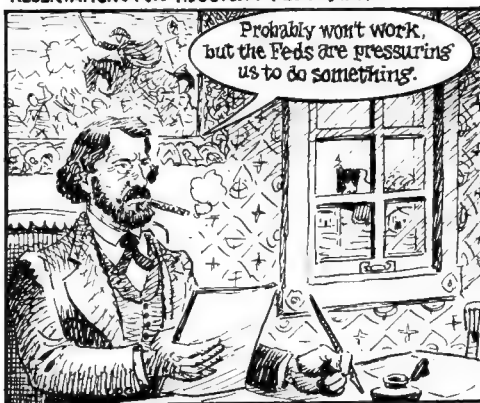
THOUGH SPEAKING OUT FOR THE RIGHTS OF THE INDIAN WAS POLITICAL SUICIDE IN HOUSTON'S ERA, HE NEVER SHIRKED FROM HIS PRINCIPLES, NO MATTER THE COST.



HOUSTON APPLIES THE LESSONS LEARNED IN TEXAS TO THE NATIONAL SCENE, CONTRASTING HIS FRUGAL, PACIFIC POLICY TO LAMAR'S RELIANCE ON THE SWORD.



HAVING RETAINED CONTROL OVER ITS PUBLIC LANDS, TEXAS IN THE MID-1850s ESTABLISHES TWO SMALL RESERVATIONS FOR "HOUSTON'S PET INDIANS."



The Indians are placed under the supervision of special agent Robert S. Neighbors, who (besides Houston) is one of the few men in Texas interested in their welfare.



MANY SCATTERED REMNANTS AGREE TO MOVE TO THE RESERVE ON THE PLAINS, BUT THE ALABAMA-COUSHATTAS DON'T LIKE WHAT THEY SEE.



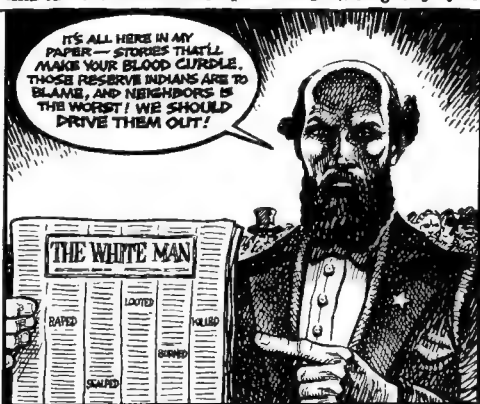
HOUSTON HELPS THEM OBTAIN LAND IN THEIR BELOVED EAST TEXAS FOREST.



While the peaceful tribes and some Penatekas make fair progress at adopting the "Whiteman's Road" on the two Brazos Reserves, local rabble rousers are busy plotting their destruction.



Chief among these is John R. Baylor, a former Indian agent who harbors a grudge against Neighbors and hatred for the mere idea of Indians owning any land.

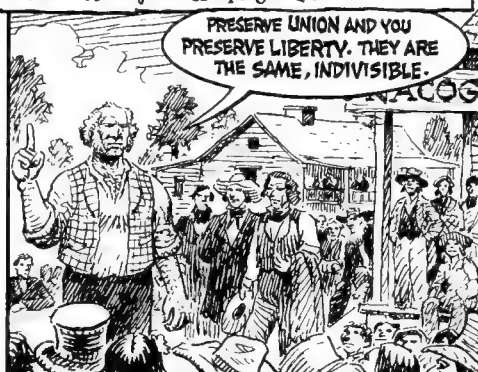




OWING TO WHITE OPPOSITION, THIS EXPERIMENT IS A FAILURE AND NEIGHBORS—AFTER ESCORTING HIS CHARGES TO A RESERVATION IN INDIAN TERRITORY—IS MURDERED ON THE STREETS OF FORT BELKNAP.



Despite his well-known and generally detested views on the Indians, Houston is elected Governor of Texas in 1859, the same year as Neighbors' death. He makes only one campaign speech.



HIS ELECTION GIVES HEART TO THE WILD PLAINS TRIBES AND THOSE FEW "SEMI-CIVILIZED" INDIANS STILL REMAINING IN THE BOUNDARIES OF THE STATE.



BUT HOUSTON'S REFUSAL TO SWEAR AN OATH OF ALLEGIANCE TO THE CONFEDERACY LEADS TO HIS REMOVAL AS GOVERNOR.

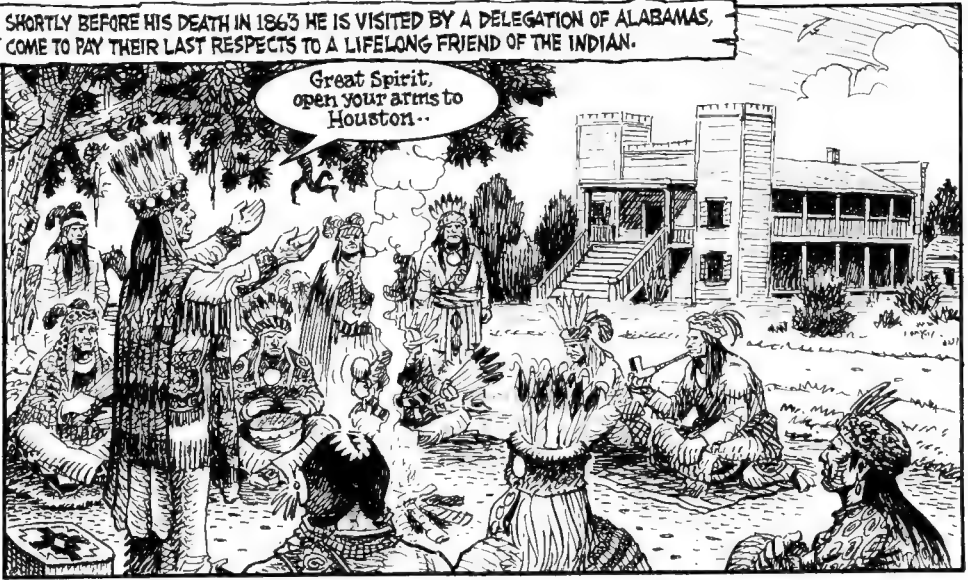


BROKEN IN SPIRIT, HE RETIRES TO PRIVATE LIFE.



SHORTLY BEFORE HIS DEATH IN 1863 HE IS VISITED BY A DELEGATION OF ALABAMAS, COME TO PAY THEIR LAST RESPECTS TO A LIFELONG FRIEND OF THE INDIAN.

Great Spirit,  
open your arms to  
Houston..



SAM HOUSTON, THROUGH ALL HIS YEARS OF PUBLIC SERVICE, NEVER FORGOT THE WARM BONDS FORMED IN HIS YOUTH WITH THE CHEROKEES. LOOKING BACK OVER HIS FULL LIFE, HE WROTE THAT THERE WAS "NOTHING HALF SO SWEET TO REMEMBER AS MY SOJOURN AMONG THE UNTUTORED CHILDREN OF THE FOREST." TRULY, HE WAS A MAGNIFICENT BARBARIAN!





# Sources & Such

Anyone who has studied the pictorial record of Sam Houston has probably noticed how his face looks quite different through the years. This applies not only to bone structure and facial features but to hair. Houston variously wore his hair bushy or slicked down, and he let it grow long in the back when it was thinning on top. At times he appears before the artist/photographer clean shaven, but he also sported sideburns tending toward mutton chops, a mustache, and a full beard (clipped to whatever length suited him at the time).

I have drawn his face according to the full-length plaster sculpture of him by Elizabet Ney at the Barker Library (now renamed the Center for American History), in preference to her finished marble at the State Capitol—boosting his chin a bit. Houston's chin was not as "weak" as Ney shows it; on the contrary, his chin and jawline were dominant enough to balance Houston's massive, domed forehead throughout his life. He was a rugged, impressive physical specimen and remained so, despite having burned the candle at both ends during his early years.

Much has been written about Houston's failed marriage in Tennessee, a subject about which neither he nor Elizabeth Allen would ever speak. The war wound in his groin area makes as much sense to me as any other explanation, though Houston's vanity, the difference in their ages and in his worldly experiences no doubt contributed to the separation. Some, however, believe that the arrow taken at Horseshoe Bend lodged in Houston's thigh (away from the groin itself) and argue that Eliza did not love Sam but a younger beau and was pressured by her parents into a union not of her choosing. In any case, I'm sure that my friend Elizabeth Crook will be horrified at my depiction of Ms. Allen as a spoiled Southern belle with little stiffness in her backbone, so I urge my readers to consult her novel for the other side of the story. We'll probably never know why they "split the blanket," nor does it seem to matter except as the event which propelled Houston westward into the orbit of Texas.

Several other questions about his life remain, and they are of greater import to our history as a nation. How did Sam Houston and Andrew Jackson stay so close through the years, the two men's ideas on Indians and their place in American society being so different? This is a real puzzler, and no writer has explained it to my satisfaction. Houston's devotion to Jackson may simply be a case of displaced father-worship, sentiments bestowed on the General to fill the void of a father that Sam never had. That still does not explain why Jackson's faith in the younger man remained so steadfast—even during the years when Houston failed his expectations in Tennessee and fled to the Western Cherokees to live among them as a "squaw-man." This, in the white society's value system, was as low as a man could go, yet Jackson did not reject Houston or lose respect for him. In these years of self-imposed exile, Houston wrote and published articles that Jackson must have found offensive, given his policy of dispossessing the Indians, but still the President stood by him. To me, this is rather amazing.

One of Jackson's most respected biographers, Robert V. Remini, maintains that he did not personally hate Indians and that his policy toward them was motivated not so much by racism as by paternalism and what Jackson deemed "best for the American nation." In reality, it made little difference to the Indians. Their lands were taken, and they were pushed west by whatever means necessary. I find it rather strange that Andrew Jackson would regard a champion of Indian rights like Sam Houston as a family member, and one wonders how their relationship survived when this subject came up around the fireplace on winter evenings at the Hermitage or the White House. Neither man was shy about expressing his views on this controversial topic, and there was little middle ground between the opposite extremes.

Another nagging question defies resolution. Did Houston come to Texas at Jackson's urging with a scheme to separate the territory from Mexico and attach it to the United States? Such has been believed and boldly asserted by a number of writers (both American and Mexican) in recent years, especially "revisionists" of various stripes. Nonetheless, as early as 1929 Marquis James wrote: "Jackson wanted Texas, and Houston went there to get it for him." By such a construction, James lent epic dimensions to his tale of conquest and Anglo-Saxon triumph—winning a Pulitzer Prize in the process—but until more evidence appears, I discount this "conspiracy" theory.

It is true that U.S. troops along the border were augmented at the time of the Revolution, some of them "deserting" to fill the ranks of the Texians. Others were sent to occupy Nacogdoches in the summer of 1836, the pretext being a possible Mexican-Indian combination against the defenseless white colonists. It is also true that Mexico anticipated and feared U.S. involvement in the conflict, due to the widespread anti-Mexican sentiment in the States as a result of the Alamo and Goliad slaughters, as well as President Jackson's earlier bungled attempts to buy Texas. Was not the banner of the New Orleans Volunteers that Santa Anna's men had hauled from the Alamo's flagstaff certain proof of Jackson's lax enforcement of his nation's neutrality pact with Mexico? Mexicans of the day certainly thought so, and they still won't return this symbol of U.S. aggression to us. For them, it represents much more than a piece of silk that is fading, rotting, and falling away in pieces; it represents all the Mexican territory since taken from the nation by their avaricious neighbor to the North. "You Gringos got our land, but, By God, you ain't getting your crappy flag back!"

Whatever Jackson's personal pleasure at the success of the Texas Revolution, and his protegee's leading role in that success, he as President was careful to maintain appearances of neutrality. How could a few American citizens, who happened to have rifles in their hands, be denied their right to leave the United States for travel abroad? It was their "natural right" as free men. Any incriminating letters or "proof" of what actually passed between Houston and Jackson on the subject of Texas were probably consigned to the flames long ago, leaving a fertile field of conjecture to later writers like Marquis James. Llerena B. Friend, in her *Sam Houston: The Great Designer* (1954), devotes a chapter to this question and fairly well discounts any overt conspiracy to steal Texas from Mexico, although admitting that Houston was an "opportunist" who went to Texas to make a name for himself. So did many other men.



Houston's second "marriage" to Tiana Rogers is generally recognized and even accepted by the descendants of Houston's third and final marriage. Much has been made of Houston's drunkenness at this time, overlapping his first decade in Texas, but the evidence suggests that prodigious amounts of alcohol were consumed by frontier folk of the era and that Houston's imbibing was the rule, not the exception. Although prone to spouting off on the subject of a Western Empire with him at its head, Houston was not a "mean" drunk or antisocial when in his cups. (His humiliating experience in the Cherokee Nation seems to have cured him of that.) In fact, Houston and his drinking buddies were notorious for the practical jokes they played on each other, all in good fun.

Nor was he as inept a military leader as critics have pictured him ever since the astounding Battle of San Jacinto. Men followed him, even when they disagreed with his strategy, and he was able to hold his ragged army together and lead it to victory when few other men could have managed such a feat. As one perceptive observer of the day noted, even drunk in a ditch Sam Houston was worth a thousand of Lamar and Burnet. Yes, it true that he later exploited his martial success for political reasons and manipulated the media to give a favorable impression of himself to History, but what military hero has not? I think that Houston was only wisely using the tools at his disposal to counter the vicious charges of his personal enemies and to further his own political career. Few politicians—of his day or ours—could argue with the benefits of a little "good press," even if they had to hire someone to do their autobiography. As his many speeches and letters demonstrate, Houston was a very articulate spokesman himself, a man perfectly capable of defending his own ideas without the benefit of ghostwriters.

Whatever the man's failings, to me they are redeemed by one aspect of his personality alone: Houston's dedication to the concept that Indians were human beings with diverse cultural traits that should be respected by the dominant society. Rare was the white man of his era who entertained such notions, but rarer still was the politician who championed them (and managed to stay in office). Houston did both, and continued to do so throughout his lifetime. Unlike many modern people, he did not do it because it was fashionable or "politically correct." He did it for the opposite reason, because of deep personal convictions, and he assuredly lost more votes than he ever gained for taking a pro-Indian stance on the many issues involving westward expansion that the nation grappled with in the nineteenth century.

In many ways Sam Houston was out of step with his times—certainly insofar as his views on the basic humanity of Indians—but the passage of time has revealed him as a Man of the Ages, a profound thinker, a courageous statesman, and a great leader. This book is a tribute to Houston the Indian Lover, only one facet of his fascinating and complex life.

Concerning the Cherokees, there is perhaps more literature on this tribe than any of the other immigrant groups who found themselves crowded out of their North American homeland and who crossed into Texas to see if the Mexican nation would treat them with more consideration. Once in Texas, however, these Indians had to deal not only with the interminable delays of a new government unsure of itself but with hostile Anglo neighbors,

most of whom had brought their anti-Indian prejudices with them from the United States. Moreover, most of the empresarios whom Mexico authorized to dispense land grants in Texas were Anglos, and few of these entrepreneurs wished to have Indians occupying their real estate. It was “bad for business,” even if the tribes in question were semi-civilized, studied the Bible, grew crops, and raised livestock. During the 1830s, as the two cultures came into closer proximity and their numbers increased in Texas, the fuse on the powder keg burned shorter.

Two big questions still remain with us concerning these immigrant tribes and the Cherokees in particular. Did the Cherokees, through all their negotiations with the Mexican Republic (and later with Sam Houston as a commissioner of the insurgent Texian government), actually have a right to their lands? Houston argued that they did, but few of his contemporaries agreed. Nor have later historians given much credence to the legality of the Cherokees’ land claims—though a few of them suggest that the Indians may have had a moral right to the lands they occupied. This dubious right was perhaps strengthened by the shameful way they were ejected from Texas (Houston being their life-long defender), but it was not sufficient for the Cherokees to ever receive compensation for these lost lands through the courts, an effort which has extended into the twentieth century. Conquest by the sword, and the rights attendant to it, was so ingrained in the minds of nineteenth-century men that it has carried over into modern times. Texans nowadays, of course, don’t want to rock the boat—whether the claims be from Indians, Mexicans, or any other dispossessed minority group.

The other question hinges on the legitimacy of the 1839 Cherokee campaign. President Lamar’s justification for waging war on the Cherokees was a suspected conspiracy between them and the Mexicans to regain Texas. Yet, the extent to which the Cherokees were actually involved in such plans remains uncertain, and historians have disagreed on this subject. Some think that Chief Bowl, after the Texas Senate refused to ratify Houston’s 1836 treaty, actively courted the Mexicans and agreed to aid their reconquest plans. How else were they ever going to get a title to their lands? Others believe that the Indians had no intention of joining any kind of Mexican plot, that they simply listened to Mexican overtures and were framed or “set up” for Lamar’s miniversion of Manifest Destiny: the expulsion of all Indians from the boundaries of Texas. We must await the possible appearance of “new” documents from the Mexican Archives to answer this question with certainty, and I may have overly implicated Chief Bowl in such a military option.

Mirabeau B. Lamar, whatever his other sterling qualities (such as backing public schools and higher education), was an Indian hater without peer. Texas suffered the effects of this man’s extermination policy for years after his brief tenure as President of the Republic. But he was not alone; many other Texans held such attitudes, making the fate of the Cherokees a foregone conclusion. Other red men quickly shared their fate, the Comanches and Kiowas being the last holdouts in their isolated sanctuaries on the remote plains. In the political realm, only Sam Houston stood against this mentality, and one man could not carry the day—just as he could not as Governor of Texas stop secession in the twilight of his career. Still, he tried, which is all that any of us can do to change the course of History.

© 1999 Jack Jackson



To more fully understand the era depicted in *Indian Lover*, consult the following list of articles and books (arranged chronologically).

### **Sources on the Cherokees in Texas**

Reagan, John H. "The Expulsion of the Cherokees from East Texas," in *Quarterly of the Texas State Historical Association*, I (1897): 38-46.

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Gregory, Jack, and Rennard Strickland. *Sam Houston with the Cherokees, 1829-1833*. Austin: University of Texas Press, 1967.

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Drinnon, Richard. *White Savage: The Case of John Dunn Hunter*. New York: Schocken Books, 1972.

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### **Sources on the Life of Sam Houston**

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Friend, Llerna B. *Sam Houston: The Great Designer*. Austin: University of Texas Press, 1954.

Wisehart, Marion Karl. *Sam Houston: American Giant*. Washington, D.C.: Robert B. Luce, 1962.

Braider, Donald. *Solitary Star: A Biography of Sam Houston*. New York: G.P. Putnam's Sons, 1974.

Remini, Robert V. *The Life of Andrew Jackson*. New York: Harper & Row, 1988. See also his detailed trilogy on Jackson's career, published earlier.

Hopewell, Clifford. *Sam Houston: Man of Destiny*. Austin: Eakin Press, 1987.

Crook, Elizabeth. "Sam Houston and Eliza Allen: The Marriage and the Mystery," in *Southwestern Historical Quarterly*, XCIV (July 1990): 1-36.

Cantrell, Gregg. "Sam Houston and the Know-Nothings," in *Southwestern Historical Quarterly*, XCVI (Jan. 1993): 327-44.

DeBruhl, Marshall. *Sword of San Jacinto: A Life of Sam Houston*. New York: Random House, 1993.

Campbell, Randolph B. *Sam Houston and the American Southwest*. New York: HarperCollins College Publishers, 1993.

Williams, John Hoyt. *Sam Houston: The Life and Times of the Liberator of Texas, an Authentic American Hero*. New York: Simon & Schuster, 1993. First released with the subtitle "A Biography of the Father of Texas." Hoyt's ill-advised demotion of Stephen F. Austin from that historical niche aroused such a furor that a decision was reached (by someone) to change it in subsequent editions; see, for example, Gregg Cantrell's review essay "Whither Sam Houston?" in *SWHQ*, XCVII (Oct. 1993): 345-60.



**Jack Jackson** is both one of America's most respected creators of comic art and an honored historian of his native state of Texas. Jackson is the author of four previous graphic novels about Texas history: *Comanche Moon* told the story of the famous Comanche leader Quanah Parker, and his mother, Cynthia Ann; *Los Tejanos* recounted the tragic story of Texas Republic patriot Juan Seguin; *The Secret of San Saba* was a visionary account of the massacre at Texas's Spanish colonial Mission at San Saba, and most recently, *Lost Cause: John Wesley Hardin, The Taylor Sutton Feud, and Reconstruction Texas*.

Jackson's graphic novels have been described by scholar and critic Joseph Witek, in *Comic Books as History*, as "narratives which aim at expanding both the historical consciousness of contemporary American culture and the bounds of what is possible in the sequential art medium." His other historical works include one of the most important works to date on early Texas ranching, *Los Mesteños: Spanish Ranching in Texas, 1721–1821*, winner of both the Tullis and Bates awards of the Texas State Historical Association for the best book of the year on Texas history, *Long Shadows: Indian Leaders Standing in the Path of Manifest Destiny, 1600–1900* including both biographies and portraits by Jackson, *Philip Nolan and Texas: Expeditions to the Unknown Land, 1791–1801* (with Maurine T. Wilson), the profusely illustrated *Soldiers, Sutlers, and Settlers: Garrison Life on the Texas Frontier*, and *Tejano Journey, 1770–1850* (with Gerald Eugene Poyo).

Jackson's award-winning work on Texas history has concentrated on the Spanish colonial era, and the subjects of borderlands ranching and mapping. Jackson's works of cartographic history include two heavily-illustrated recent works produced by The Book Club of Texas, *Shooting the Sun Cartographic Results of Military Activities in Texas, 1689–1829* (two volumes) and *Flags Along the Coast, Charting the Gulf of Mexico, 1519–1749: A Reappraisal*; as well as the earlier works *Mapping Texas and the Gulf Coast: The Contributions of Saint Denis, Oliván, and Le Maire* (with Robert Weddle and Winston De Ville); and *Imaginary Kingdom: Texas as Seen by the Rivera and Rubí Expeditions 1727 and 1767* (with William C. Foster). Before beginning this groundbreaking series of historical graphic novels, Jackson was one of the founding fathers of the Underground Comix movement, publishing one of the first underground comic books and cofounding one of the first independent presses for underground comic books in San Francisco, as well serving as art director for The Family Dog, famous for psychedelic dance posters for the Avalon Ballroom.

Jackson has received numerous fellowships, including at the Center for the History of Cartography of the Newberry Library, and awards, including being named a lifetime fellow of the Texas State Historical Association in 1991. He lives in Austin with his wife and son.

**Sam Yeates** grew up on a farm in north central Texas and graduated from North Texas State University in 1974 with a B.F.A. in Drawing and Painting. He taught for a year at a private school in Dallas then moved to Austin the following year, and was soon employed by the Armadillo World Headquarters. Sam began doing posters and other music promotional art for them (in addition to other venues). This led to a several year contract with the Lonestar Brewing Co. and he worked for Willie Nelson, Heileman Brewing Co., Budweiser Brewing Co., and Warner Bros. Records. In the late 80's, Sam began teaching painting, drawing and mural execution at ACC. After working for the marketing department at Origin Systems, he's been doing most of his work on the computer with an incredible range of many beautiful paintings including the cover for Jack Jackson's *Lost Cause: John Wesley Hardin, The Taylor Sutton Feud, and Reconstruction Texas* for Dark Horse.

# INTRODUCTION

JACK JACKSON (“Jaxon”) left us a rich legacy of both art and historical writing. The academic community lauded his award-winning scholarly works, but a wider public marveled at his series of cartoon histories of Texas. There, Jackson married his intricate pen-and-ink graphics with painstaking historical research to create compelling historical narratives about Comanches, Tejanos, and even un-Reconstructed Anglo racists.

Jackson had nurtured the idea of the cartoon history since he first read the classic *Texas History Movies* as a schoolboy in South Texas. Though he disliked their cultural biases and racial stereotyping, he understood both the popular appeal and the narrative power of that medium. One critical analysis of comic books as history places Jackson among those artists who have developed the comic book from escapist entertainment to a new medium of visual and literary expression embracing serious historical themes, such as the clash of cultures in the American Southwest. “Jackson’s achievement is to write narratives in the sequential art medium which introduce to the culture at large previously marginalized figures of American history.”<sup>1</sup>

Jack Jackson died in June 2006. In his last work he revisited the old *Texas History Movies* and, despite the muscular degeneration of his hands, painstakingly recreated the cartoon history of Texas the way he always envisioned it: balanced and fair, warts and all, artfully drawn, and eminently readable. *New Texas History Movies* is a fitting testament to a life filled with art and history, and Jackson’s final gift to us all.

*John Wheat*  
Center for American History  
University of Texas at Austin

<sup>1</sup> Joseph Witek, *Comic Books as History: The Narrative Art of Jack Jackson, Art Spiegelman, and Harvey Pekar* (Jackson, MS: University Press of Mississippi, 1989), 61.



IN FOURTEEN HUNDRED AND NINETY-TWO, COLUMBUS SAILED THE OCEAN BLUE.

If the earth is round, I can reach the east by heading west.

THIS WAS A REVOLUTIONARY IDEA, NOT ACCEPTED AT THE TIME

IN 1493 COLUMBUS RETURNED TO SPAIN WITH SOME EXOTIC ITEMS BUT LITTLE GOLD.

Haiti has many gold mines. It is near another island where there is gold without limit.

Then why have you brought back only a handful to your royal sovereigns?

Majesty, it would have taken me 50 years to explore all the islands I discovered.

...but I've brought back these Indians to learn our language, to serve as interpreters on my return voyage

IN 1500 COLUMBUS WAS ARRESTED BY A NEW GOVERNOR AND SENT BACK TO SPAIN TO FACE CHARGES SUCH AS ENSLAVING THE INDIANS

HE LOST FAVOR AT COURT BUT WAS PERMITTED TO MAKE ONE LAST VOYAGE IN 1502, MOSTLY TO BE RID OF HIS CONSTANT DEMANDS

Tell him he must not bring back any slaves!

THE AGING ADMIRAL HOPED TO REGAIN HIS REPUTATION BY MAKING A MAJOR DISCOVERY BUT FAILED IN THE ATTEMPT HE DIED 4 YEARS LATER.

There must be a strait that leads to the Orient.

HE MADE LANDFALL IN THE BAHAMAS, THINKING HE HAD REACHED THE RICH SPICE ISLANDS OF ASIA.

...in the name of Isabella of Castile and Ferdinand of Aragon.

CUBA AND HAITI WERE ALSO DISCOVERED ON THIS VOYAGE.

I want these people to be friendly to us, so don't cheat them while trading



OTHER SPANIARDS FOLLOWED COLUMBUS'S LEAD. IN 1519 HERNAN CORTES LANDED AN ARMY ON THE MAINLAND OF MEXICO NEAR MODERN VERACRUZ



CORTES MADE ALLIES WITH THE HELP OF LA MALINCHE, A NATIVE WOMAN



THE AZTECS HAD ALL THE GOLD THAT COLUMBUS HAD HOPED TO FIND BUT MISSED. WITH HIS INDIAN ALLIES, CORTES CONQUERED MEXICO CITY TWO YEARS LATER



BY 1525 ALL EUROPE WAS TALKING ABOUT THE TREASURES OF THE NEW WORLD



THE NARVAEZ EXPEDITION OF 1528 REACHED FLORIDA BUT MET WITH DISASTER. SURVIVORS TRIED TO ESCAPE BY WATER



TWO OF THEIR BARGES WERE WRECKED NEAR GALVESTON ISLAND AND MOST OF THE SPANIARDS DIED



KARANKAWA INDIANS TRIED TO HELP THE STARVING SURVIVORS. ONE OF WHOM WAS CABEZA DE VACA



CABEZA DE VACA LIVED AND TRADED WITH THE TEXAS INDIANS FOR OVER SIX YEARS



HE GAINED A REPUTATION AMONG THEM AS A HEALER OF THE SICK AND INJURED.

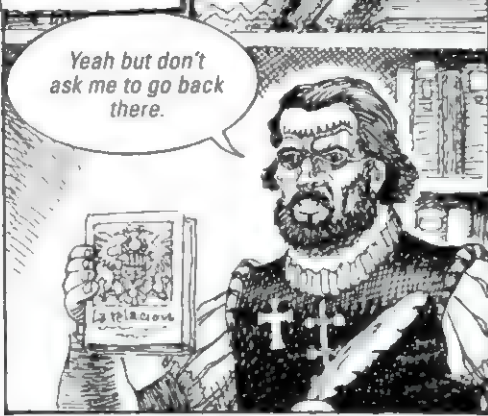


FINALLY, IN 1536, CABEZA DE VACA AND SEVERAL COMPANIONS REACHED OTHER SPANIARDS NEAR THE WEST COAST.

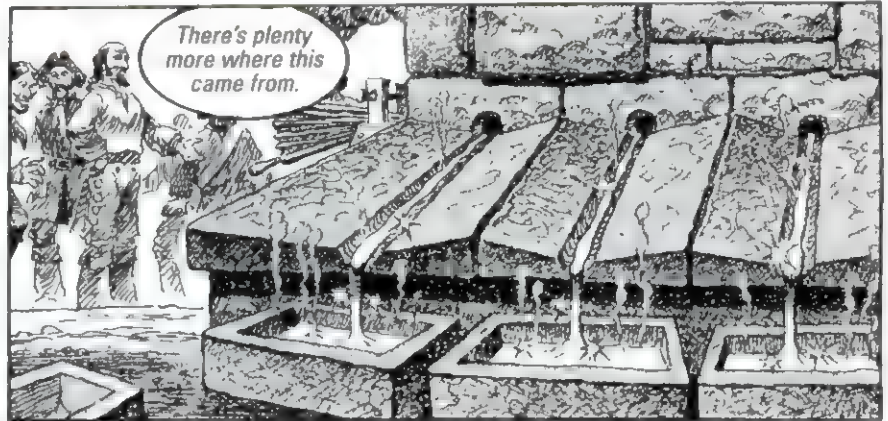




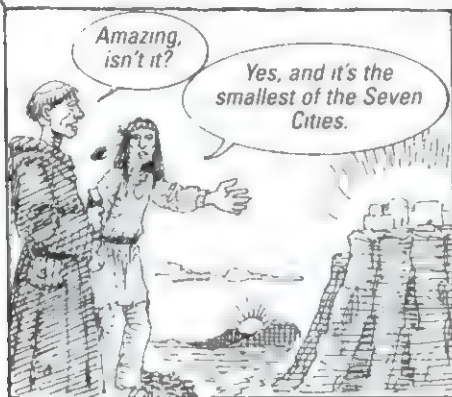
CABEZA DE VACA WAS THE FIRST EUROPEAN TO WRITE ABOUT HIS EXPERIENCES IN TEXAS



ALTHOUGH GOLD WAS ALWAYS THE OBJECT SOUGHT, RICH SILVER STRIKES CAUSED THE SPANIARDS TO PLANT SETTLEMENTS NORTH OF MEXICO CITY.



RUMORS OF GREATER RICHES PUSHED THEM EVER NORTHWARD TOWARD THE SEVEN CITIES OF CIBOLA

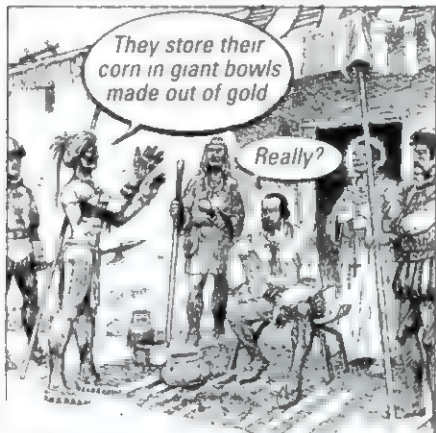


FRANCISCO VAZQUEZ DE CORONADO SET OUT IN 1540 TO FIND THIS WEALTH. ONE OF HIS SCOUTING PARTIES SAW THE GRAND CANYON



NEAR ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO, CORONADO MET AN INDIAN WHO CLAIMED TO KNOW ABOUT THE RICHES OF HIS BIRTHPLACE, QUIVIRA.

CORONADO FOLLOWED THE TRAIL EASTWARD ACROSS THE TEXAS PANHANDLE TOWARD KANSAS

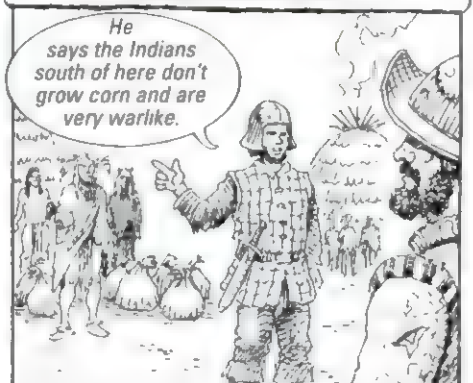
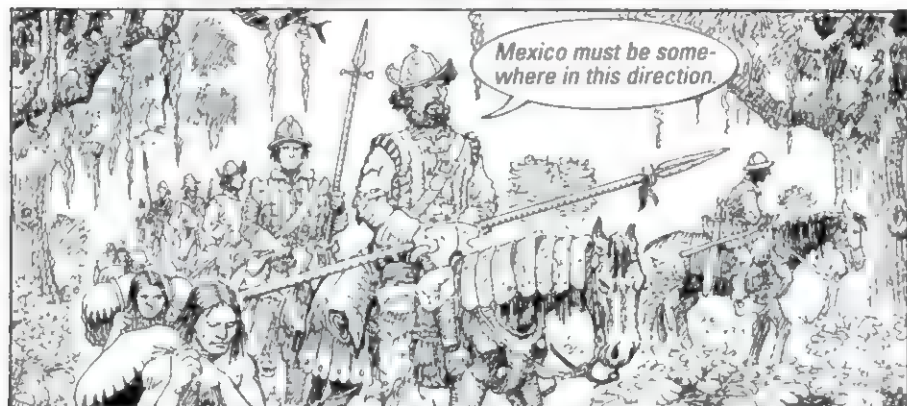


BUT THE EXPEDITION FOUND NO GOLD, JUST ENDLESS PLAINS AND HOSTILE INDIANS



AT THE SAME TIME THAT CORONADO WAS TRAVELING EAST, PART OF HERNANDO DE SOTO'S EXPEDITION WAS WORKING ITS WAY WEST FROM THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER

THIS CAMPAIGN, LED BY LUIS DE MOSCOSO, REACHED THE CADDOAN TRIBES OF EAST TEXAS BEFORE TURNING BACK





APART FROM THESE BRIEF VISITS, THE INDIANS OF TEXAS WERE LEFT PRETTY MUCH TO THEMSELVES FOR THE NEXT 150 YEARS. THE APACHES CONTINUED TO HUNT BUFFALO ON FOOT.

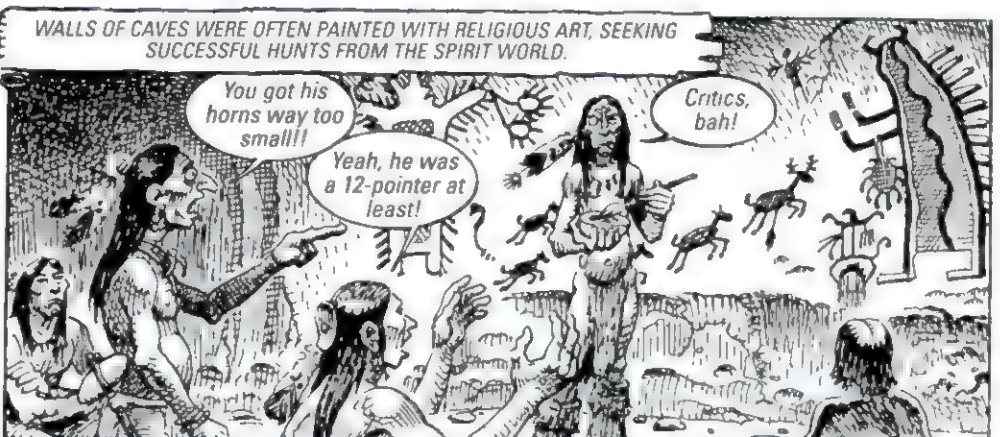
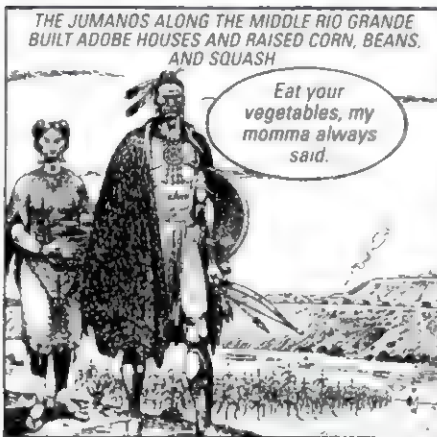
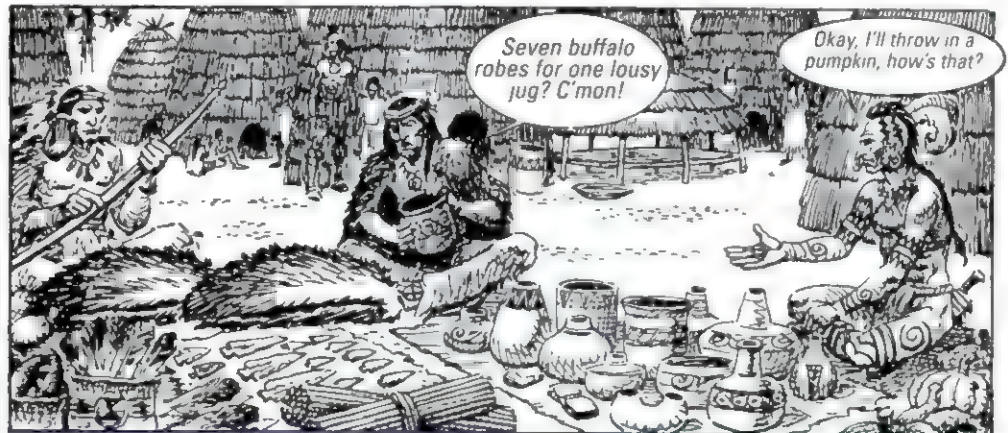
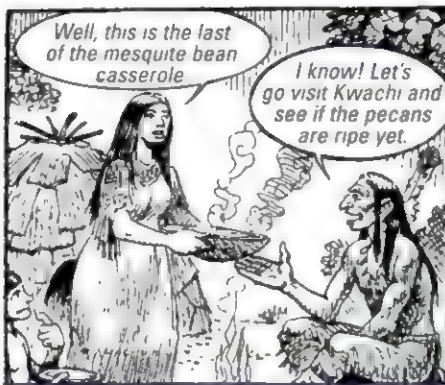


THE KARANKAWAS WERE MASTERS OF THEIR COASTAL HABITAT. THEY PLUNDERED WRECKED VESSELS WHEN THE OPPORTUNITY PRESENTED ITSELF.



THE SOUTH TEXAS TRIBES, COMPOSED OF VARIOUS GROUPS AND GENERALLY CALLED COAHUILTECAN, LIVED MUCH AS THEY HAD IN CABEZA DE VACA'S TIME

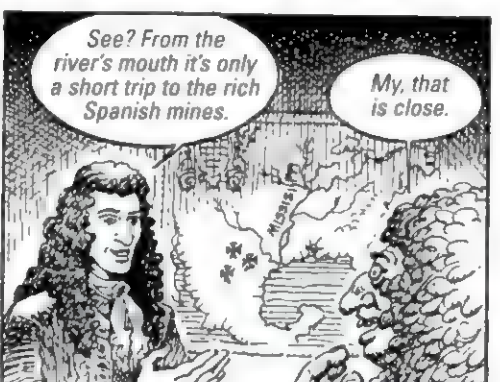
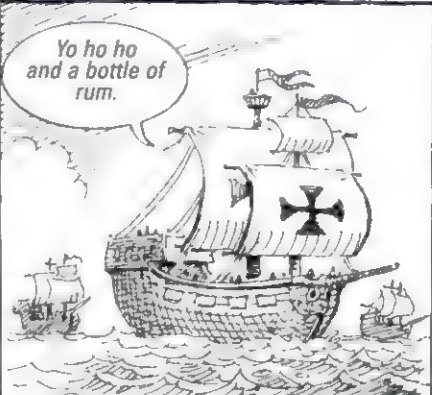
THE WANDERING PLAINS TRIBES CARRIED ON A BRISK TRADE WITH THE SETTLED AGRICULTURAL TRIBES OF EAST TEXAS



MEANWHILE, TREASURE SHIPS REGULARLY SAILED TO SPAIN FROM MEXICO.

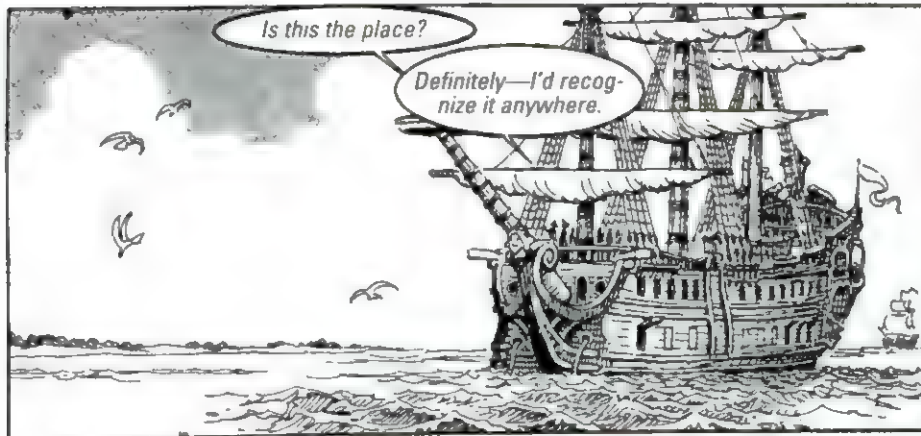
THIS UPSET THE FRENCH SUN KING, LOUIS XIV, WHO DECIDED TO ESTABLISH A COLONY ON THE LOWER MISSISSIPPI RIVER IN 1684

THE BRAINS BEHIND THE SCHEME WAS SIEUR DE LA SALLE, WHO HAD FLOATED ALL THE WAY DOWN RIVER FROM CANADA TWO YEARS EARLIER.

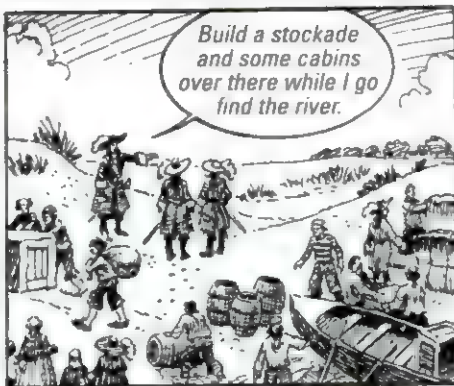




LA SALLE THOUGHT THAT THE MISSISSIPPI ENTERED THE GULF RIGHT NEXT TO THE RIO GRANDE.



SO HE WENT ASHORE AT MATAGORDA BAY, FIGURING IT WAS THE MISSISSIPPI DELTA, AND HIS SHIPS SAILED BACK TO FRANCE.



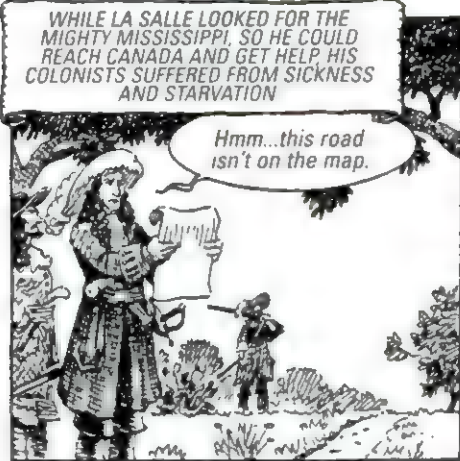
THUS BEGAN THE FIRST SETTLEMENT OF EUROPEANS IN TEXAS



IT DIDN'T TAKE LA SALLE LONG TO REALIZE THAT HE WAS LOST.



WHILE LA SALLE LOOKED FOR THE MIGHTY MISSISSIPPI, SO HE COULD REACH CANADA AND GET HELP, HIS COLONISTS SUFFERED FROM SICKNESS AND STARVATION



ON ONE OF THESE EXPLORATIONS, LA SALLE WAS KILLED NEAR THE BRAZOS RIVER BY SOME OF HIS MEN



THE INDIANS FINISHED OFF WHAT WAS LEFT OF HIS PITIFUL COLONY, BUT A FEW PEOPLE MANAGED TO SURVIVE



WORD OF LA SALLE'S DARING VENTURE SOON REACHED OFFICIALS IN NEW SPAIN, AS MEXICO WAS CALLED IN THOSE DAYS.

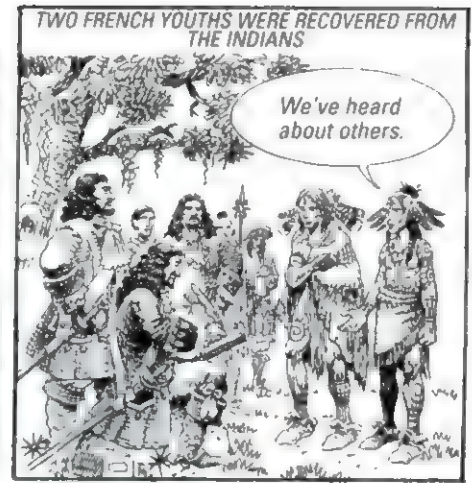


INDIAN GUIDES WERE USED ON THE FIRST SPANISH ATTEMPTS TO LOCATE THE FRENCH IN THE UNCHARTED WILDERNESS





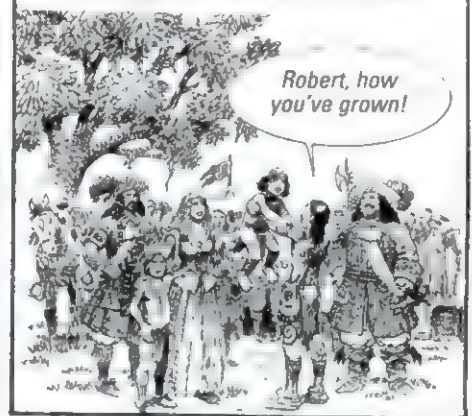
ON HIS FOURTH EXPEDITION IN 1689, GEN. ALONSO DE LEON FINALLY FOUND THE FRENCH FORT.



DE LEON CAME BACK A YEAR LATER, TO BURN WHAT WAS LEFT OF THE RUINS THEN HE WENT FURTHER NORTH, TO THE NECHES RIVER, AND ESTABLISHED A MISSION FOR THE CADDO INDIANS



MORE FRENCH CAPTIVES WERE RESCUED FROM THE INDIANS ON THIS 1690 EXPEDITION.



BUT THIS MISSION, AND OTHERS SOON FOUNDED IN EAST TEXAS, DID NOT PROSPER



THE CADDOAN GROUPS REFUSED TO ABANDON THEIR FIELDS AND RESETTLE NEAR THE MISSIONS.



SICKNESS AMONG THE INDIANS AND OTHER DIFFICULTIES SOON CAUSED THE MISSIONARIES TO WITHDRAW



WHEN THE EAST TEXAS MISSIONS WERE CLOSED IN 1693, THE KING'S HIGHWAY GREW UP WITH WEEDS AND STAYED THAT WAY FOR TWENTY YEARS.



THEN, IN 1714, A YOUNG FRENCHMAN NAMED SAINT DENIS CAME DOWN THE TRAIL FROM LOUISIANA TO TRADE WITH THE SPANIARDS.

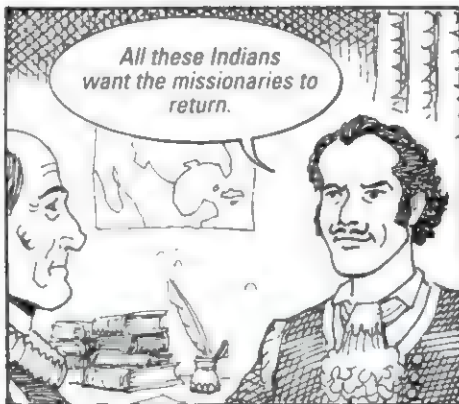


WHILE AT SAN JUAN BAUTISTA ON THE RIO GRANDE, SAINT-DENIS FELL IN LOVE





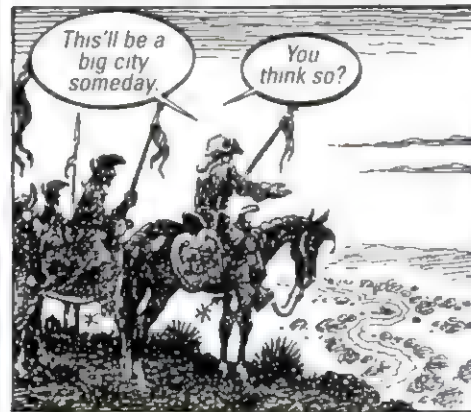
CONDUCTED TO MEXICO CITY, SAINT-DENIS WAS QUESTIONED CLOSELY AND GAVE THE RIGHT ANSWERS



AFFRAID THAT OTHER BOLD FRENCHMEN WOULD FOLLOW SAINT-DENIS'S TRACKS, SPAIN DECIDED TO REOCCUPY EAST TEXAS



SAN ANTONIO WAS FOUNDED IN 1718 AS A WAY- STATION ON THE ROAD BACK TO NACOGDOCHES



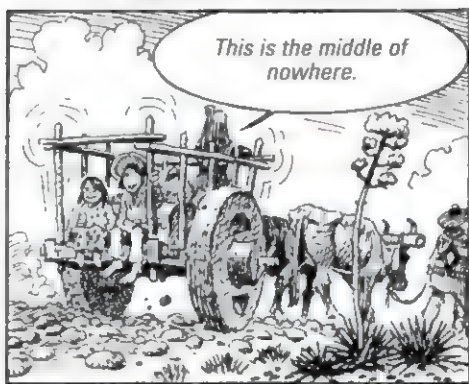
THREE YEARS LATER A NEW GOVERNOR, THE MARQUES DE AGUAYO, EXTENDED THE KING'S HIGHWAY ON EASTWARD TO THE LOUISIANA BORDER, WHERE HE BUILT A STRONG FORT.



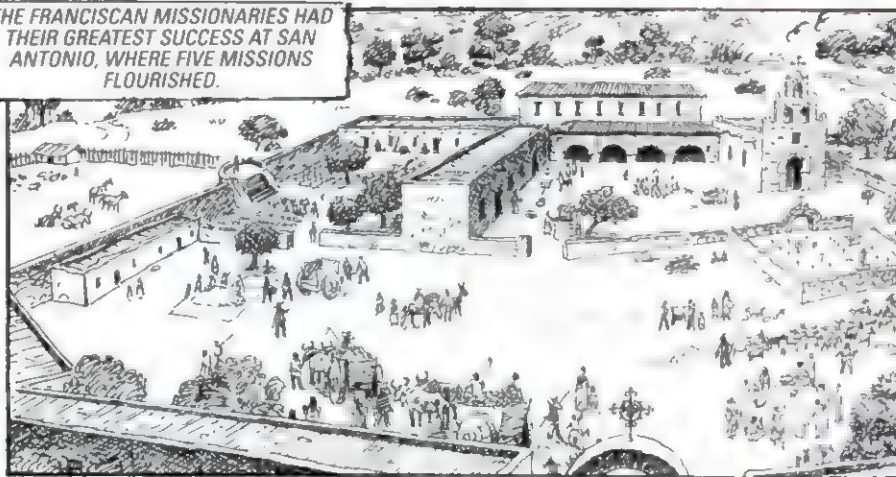
THIS PRESIDIO AT LOS ADAES (PRESENT ROBELINE, LA.) WAS THE CAPITAL OF TEXAS FOR FIFTY YEARS AND THE END OF THE LINE FOR PEOPLE TRAVELING UP THE CAMINO REAL FROM MEXICO



IN 1731 THE KING SENT A FEW FAMILIES FROM THE CANARY ISLANDS TO SETTLE IN TEXAS. THEY STOPPED IN SAN ANTONIO AND FOUNDED A VILLA (TOWN) NEXT TO THE PRESIDIO



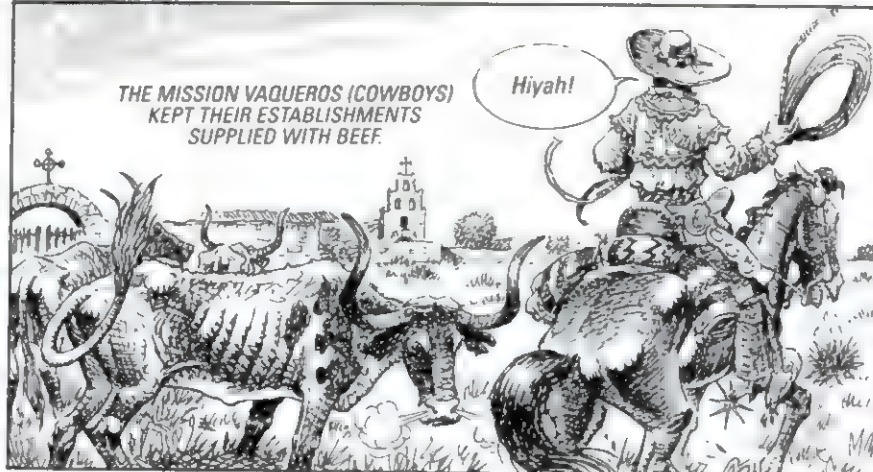
THE FRANCISCAN MISSIONARIES HAD THEIR GREATEST SUCCESS AT SAN ANTONIO, WHERE FIVE MISSIONS FLOURISHED.



THEY TAUGHT THEIR INDIAN CONVERTS HOW TO RAISE CATTLE.



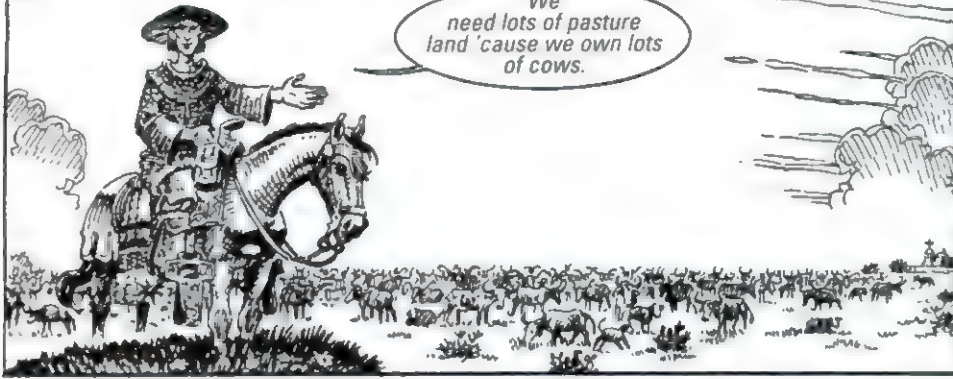
THE MISSION VAQUEROS (COWBOYS) KEPT THEIR ESTABLISHMENTS SUPPLIED WITH BEEF.





THEIR HERDS INCREASED RAPIDLY AND SOON WERE SO LARGE THAT NOT ALL COULD BE BRANDED, THE OTHERS RAN WILD.

We need lots of pasture land 'cause we own lots of cows.



THE MISSIONARIES MARKED THEIR LANDS WITH BOUNDARY STONES SO RUSTLERS COULDN'T PLEAD IGNORANCE

Our ranch runs this far down th' road, right, Father?



APACHES SOMETIMES RAIDED THE MISSION HERDS OF LIVESTOCK.



AFTER A PEACE TREATY WITH THE APACHES IN 1749, PRIVATE RANCHERS BEGAN TO COMPETE WITH THE MISSIONS.

My ranch is downriver, right next to the mission's pasture... heh heh



THE SPANIARDS PLACED A PRESIDIO AND MISSION FOR THE APACHES ON THE SAN SABA RIVER IN 1757.



IT CAUSED PROBLEMS WITH THE COMANCHES AND OTHER NATIONS OF THE NORTH.

You are sheltering our sworn enemies.

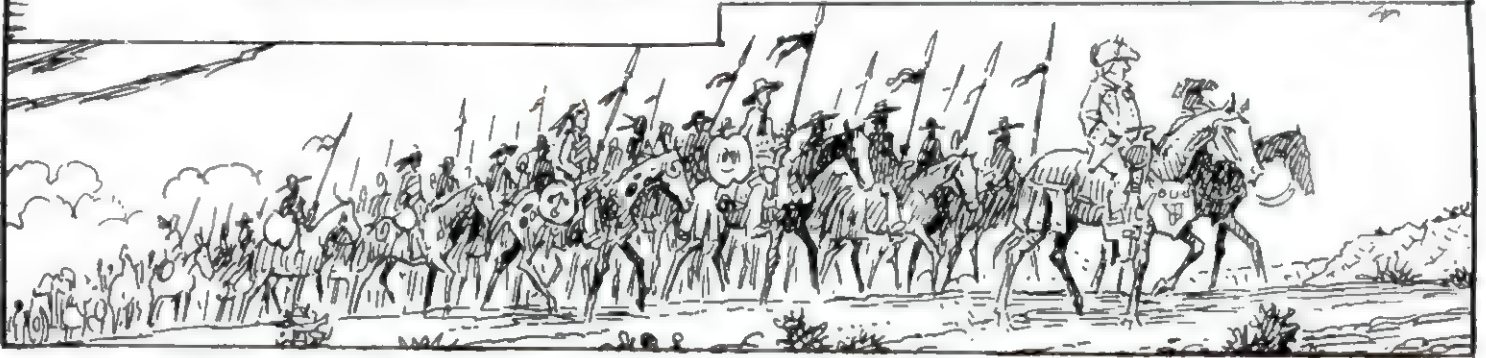


WHEN THE ATTACK CAME, THERE WERE FEW SURVIVORS





TO PUNISH THESE TRIBES FOR DESTROYING THE MISSION, CAPT. PARRILLA MARCHED NORTH IN AUGUST 1759 WITH AN ARMY OF OVER 500 MEN—THE LARGEST EXPEDITION SINCE CORONADO'S DAY. WITH HIM RODE SOME APACHE ALLIES



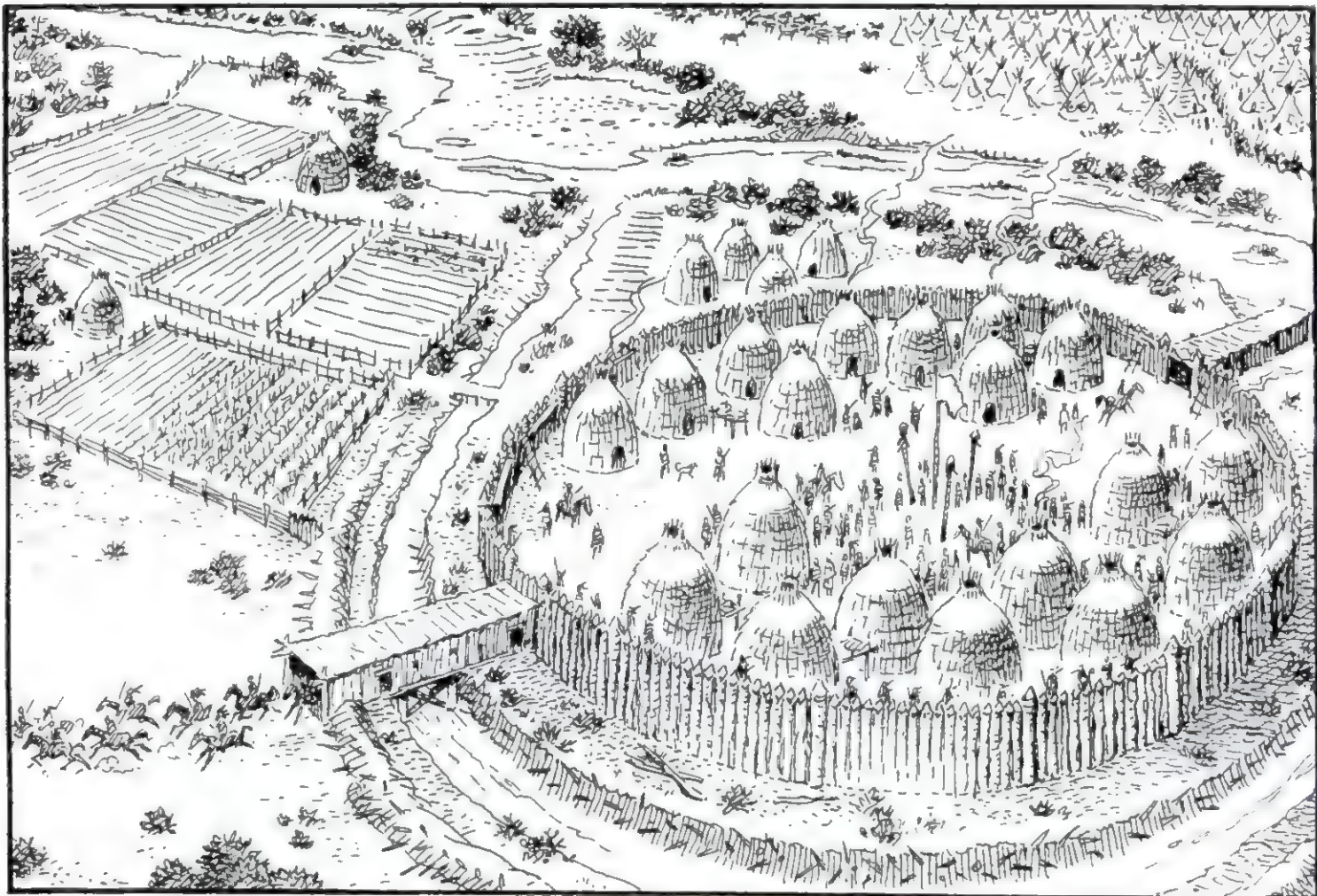
AT THE BRAZOS RIVER HE STRUCK A TONKAWA VILLAGE, TAKING MANY CAPTIVES.



NOT SATISFIED WITH THIS VICTORY PARRILLA PRESSED ON, 200 LEAGUES INTO NOWHERE



BY MID-OCTOBER HE REACHED THE RED RIVER AND BEHELD A STARTLING SIGHT: NO LITTLE HIDE-COVERED CAMP BUT A REAL FORTRESS, SURROUNDED BY A MOAT AND FLYING THE FRENCH FLAG! NEARBY THE COMANCHES WERE CAMPED

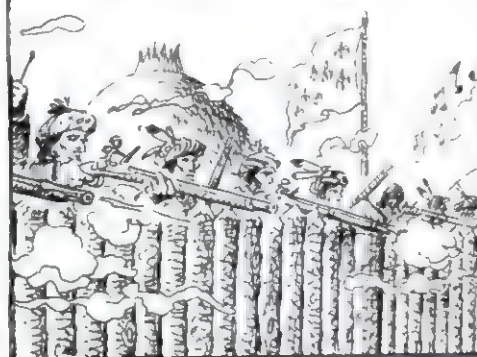




TIME AND AGAIN THE SPANISH SOLDIERS CHARGED THOSE STOUT WALLS, ALWAYS WITH THE SAME RESULT



WICHITA WARRIORS RAINED DEATH DOWN ON THEM WHILE DRUMS AND FIFES PLAYED MERRILY.



EMBOLDENED BY THIS VICTORY, THE COMANCHES PUSHED THE APACHES SOUTH, OUT OF THEIR BISON RANGE



THE SPANIARDS WERE FLUNG BACK, AND ONLY DARKNESS SAVED THEM FROM BEING WIPED OUT



CONSTANT INDIAN RAIDS KEPT TEXAS FROM DEVELOPING IN THE COLONIAL ERA



I'm doing this at the risk of my life.

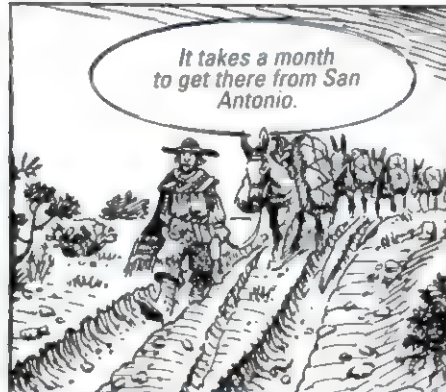
AFTER SPAIN DECLARED WAR AGAINST ENGLAND IN 1779, THE RANCHERS OF TEXAS WERE ALLOWED TO TAKE HERDS OF CATTLE TO LOUISIANA



THIS TRADE WAS HARD TO STOP IN LATER YEARS, AND SMUGGLING BECAME COMMON.



DENIED LEGAL TRADE WITH LOUISIANA, THE CITIZENS OF TEXAS HAD TO TRAVEL THE LONG AND DANGEROUS ROUTE TO SALTILLO.



GOODS AT SALTILLO WERE SCARCE AND VERY EXPENSIVE, COMPARED TO THOSE AVAILABLE IN LOUISIANA.





MEANWHILE, THE HERDS OF WILD HORSES MULTIPLIED IN TEXAS, ATTRACTING AMERICANS LIKE PHILIP NOLAN



NOLAN WAS SURROUNDED BY SPANISH TROOPS AT A HORSE CORRAL NEAR THE BRAZOS RIVER, AND A BATTLE ENSUED IN WHICH HE WAS KILLED



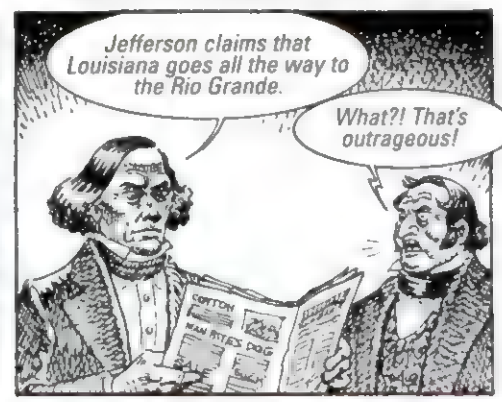
NOLAN'S DEATH IN 1801 DIDN'T DO MUCH TO STEM THE FLOW OF AMERICANS PUSHING WESTWARD



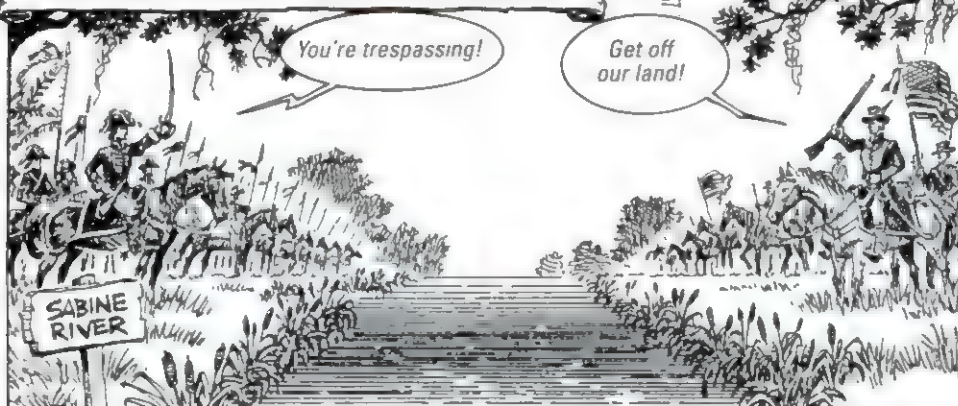
NOLAN'S MEN WERE MADE PRISONERS AND SENT TO CHIHUAHUA. ONE OF THEM WAS YOUNG PETER ELLIS BEAN



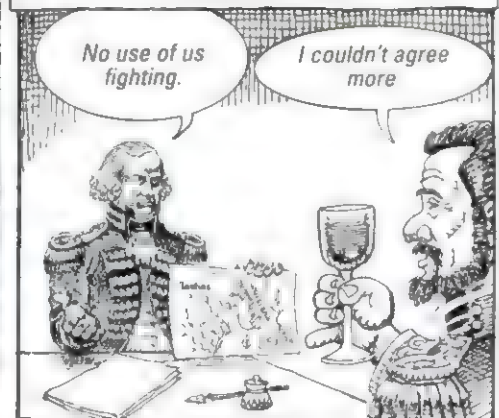
THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE OF 1803 MADE THE SPANIARDS EVEN MORE ANXIOUS ABOUT PROTECTING THEIR EXPOSED TEXAS FRONTIER



WAR ALMOST BROKE OUT BECAUSE SPAIN AND THE UNITED STATES COULDN'T AGREE ON THEIR NEW BOUNDARY LINE



A DEAL WAS STRUCK BETWEEN OPPOSING GENERALS IN 1806



EVERYTHING BETWEEN THE RED RIVER AND THE SABINE WAS DECLARED A NEUTRAL GROUND, OR NO-MAN'S LAND, UNTIL DIPLOMATS COULD SETTLE THE QUESTION. TRAVEL BECAME DANGEROUS



IN RESPONSE TO THE THREAT TWO NEW SETTLEMENTS WERE FOUNDED ON THE CAMINO REAL—AT THE SAN MARCOS AND TRINITY RIVER CROSSINGS. IT WAS TOO LITTLE, TOO LATE.





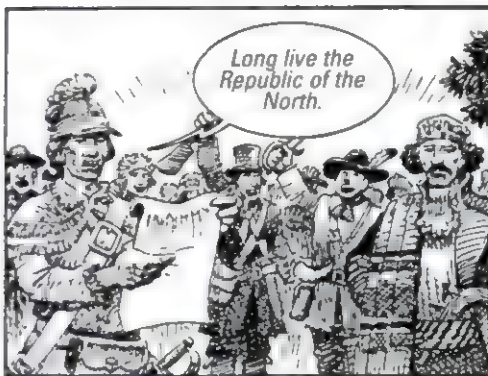
THE COMANCHES RAN THE SETTLERS OUT OF SAN MARCOS DE NEVE, AND TRINIDAD DE SALCEDO NEVER AMOUNTED TO MUCH



SEVERAL YEARS LATER AN ARMY OF FILIBUSTERS RODE INTO NACOGDOCHES FROM LOUISIANA



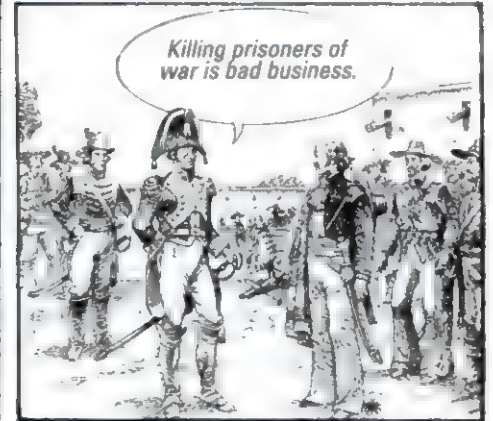
GUTIERREZ AND MAGEE, THE EXPEDITION'S LEADERS, DECLARED TEXAS A REPUBLIC WHEN THEY REACHED THE DESERTED TRINITY OUTPOST.



NEXT THEY TOOK LA BAHIA (GOLIAD) AND HEADED FOR OLD SAN ANTONIO.



THE MURDER OF GOV. SALCEDO AND HIS OFFICERS TURNED THE AMERICAN VOLUNTEERS AGAINST GUTIERREZ. HE WAS REPLACED BY TOLEDO



BUT A SPANISH ARMY UNDER GEN. JOAQUIN DE ARREDONDO QUICKLY MARCHED UP FROM LAREDO.



TOLEDO LED HIS TROOPS SOUTH TO MEET THEM



HIS CANNON GOT STUCK IN DEEP SAND BEFORE REACHING THE BATTLEFIELD.



AT A BATTLE BELOW THE MEDINA RIVER ARREDONDO DEALT THE REBELS A SMASHING BLOW





MOST WHO TRIED TO ESCAPE WERE CUT DOWN, OVER 600 OF THEM.



ONE OF ARREDONDO'S OFFICERS, COL. IGNACIO ELIZONDO, CHASED THE SURVIVORS UP THE CAMINO REAL TO THE TRINITY RIVER



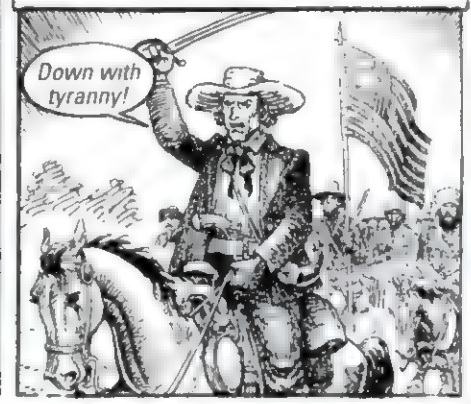
EXECUTIONS WERE FREQUENT FOR THOSE LEFT BEHIND.



AFTER ARREDONDO'S PURGE, TEXAS WAS A WASTELAND FOR YEARS



DR. JAMES LONG LED ANOTHER FILIBUSTER RAID ON TEXAS, MOSTLY TO GIVE LAND TO HIS FOLLOWERS



HE TRIED TO ENLIST THE HELP OF PIRATE JEAN LAFFITE ON GALVESTON ISLAND



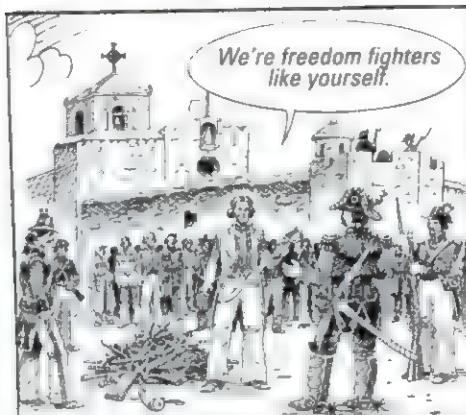
BUT JEAN AND HIS BROTHER PIERRE KEPT THE SPANIARDS POSTED ON LONG'S VENTURE.



RUN OUT IN 1819, DR. LONG CAME BACK AGAIN THE NEXT YEAR HE SET UP CAMP ON GALVESTON BAY



NONE CAME SO HE ATTACKED AND TOOK GOLIAD WITH LESS THAN THIRTY MEN BUT WAS SOON FORCED TO SURRENDER.



LONG AND HIS MEN WERE SENT TO MEXICO CITY WHERE HE WAS KILLED UNDER MYSTERIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES



HIS WIFE, JANE LONG, WAITED FOR WORD ON THE FATE OF HER HUSBAND





IN 1820 AN AMERICAN NAMED MOSES AUSTIN HEADED TO SAN ANTONIO FROM MISSOURI WITH HOPES OF SETTLING THREE HUNDRED FAMILIES IN TEXAS.



IN VIEW OF ALL THE RECENT TROUBLE WITH ANGLO ADVENTURERS, GOV MARTINEZ TOLD AUSTIN TO GET OUT OF TOWN



BUT AUSTIN BUMPED INTO AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE ON MAIN PLAZA



BASTROP HAD PULL, SO AUSTIN GOT ANOTHER HEARING



AUSTIN'S PETITION TO BE AN EMPRESARIO (COLONIZATION AGENT) WAS ACCEPTED



THE TRIP BACK TO MISSOURI BROKE AUSTIN'S HEALTH



WHEN MOSES DIED, THE COLONIZATION CONTRACT HE HAD OBTAINED FROM SPANISH AUTHORITIES PASSED TO HIS SON STEPHEN



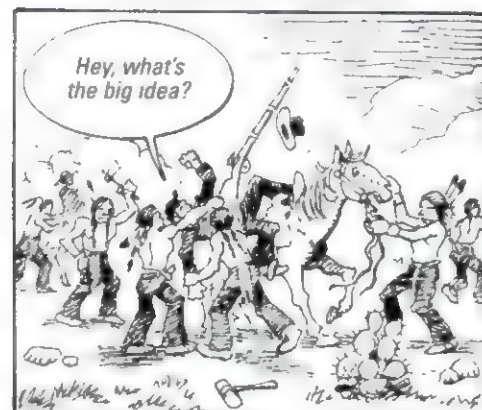
STEPHEN TOURED TEXAS AND DECIDED TO LOCATE HIS COLONY BETWEEN THE LAVACA AND SAN JACINTO RIVERS.



MEXICO GAINED ITS INDEPENDENCE FROM SPAIN IN 1821 SO AUSTIN HAD TO GET HIS FATHER'S GRANT APPROVED BY THE NEW GOVERNMENT



ON THE TRIP SOUTH HE AND HIS COMPANIONS WERE ATTACKED BY COMANCHES



THINGS LOOKED BAD UNTIL THE INDIANS LEARNED THAT AUSTIN WAS NOT MEXICAN





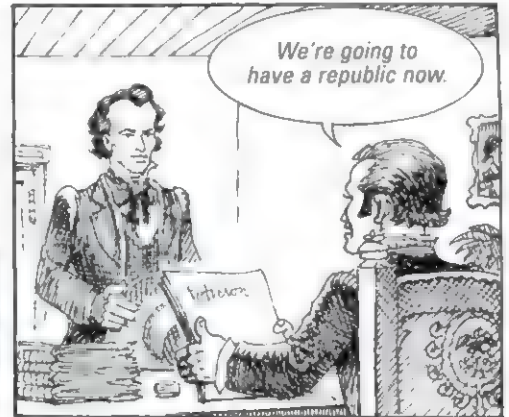
WHEN AUSTIN REACHED THE MEXICAN CAPITAL, GEN. AGUSTIN DE ITURBIDE WAS RULING THE COUNTRY AS EMPEROR

I'd better start learning Spanish.



THE EMPIRE FELL SHORTLY AFTER AUSTIN GAINED ITURBIDE'S APPROVAL, SO HIS RETURN TO TEXAS WAS DELAYED

We're going to have a republic now.



IT WAS NOT UNTIL APRIL 1823 THAT AUSTIN WAS ABLE TO LEAVE MEXICO CITY WITH ALL THE NECESSARY PAPERWORK TO BE AN EMPRESARIO

TIMES WERE TOUGH FOR THE EARLY COLONISTS OF AUSTIN'S GRANT

FORTUNATELY THERE WAS PLENTY OF WILD GAME

Ten days short of a year...



Is this the right road?

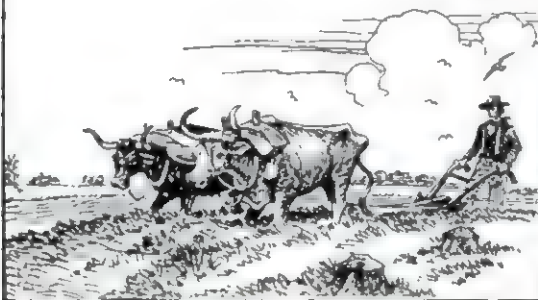


Anything tastes good to us now.



THE LAND HAD TO BE CLEARED BEFORE CROPS COULD BE PLANTED AND HARVESTED. DROUGHT WAS SOMETIMES A PROBLEM

BUT SETTLERS SWARMED IN, TOWNS WERE FORMED, AND CASH CROPS LIKE COTTON WERE SOON BEING PRODUCED



MEXICO'S LIBERAL LAND POLICY ALLOWED OVER 4,000 ACRES TO A MAN WITH FAMILY, ALL AT PRICES MUCH CHEAPER THAN IN THE UNITED STATES

APART FROM KARANKAWAS NEAR THE COAST, AUSTIN'S SETTLERS WERE NOT BOTHERED BY INDIANS

Here's your title as issued by Land Commissioner Bastrop, all legal.

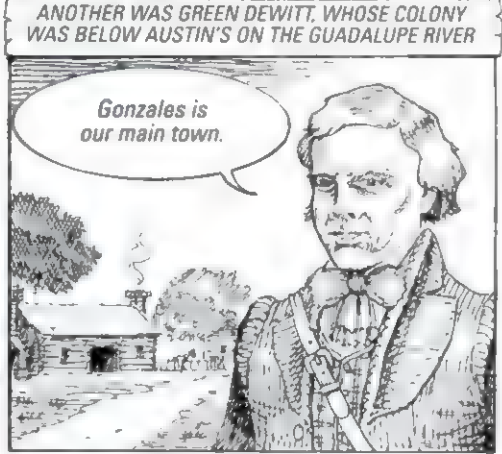
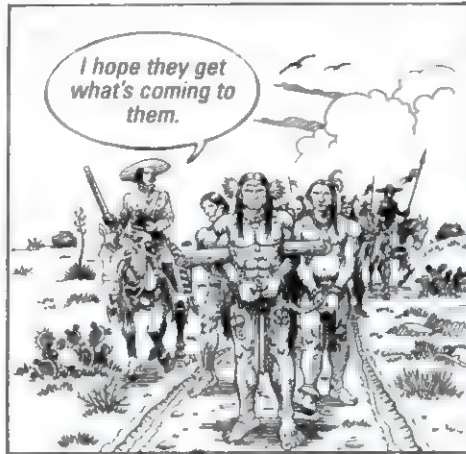




THERE WERE OTHER EMPRESARIOS BESIDES AUSTIN. ONE WAS MARTIN DE LEON WHO FOUNDED THE TOWN OF VICTORIA.

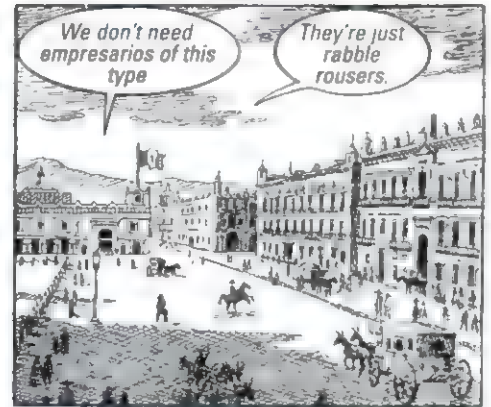
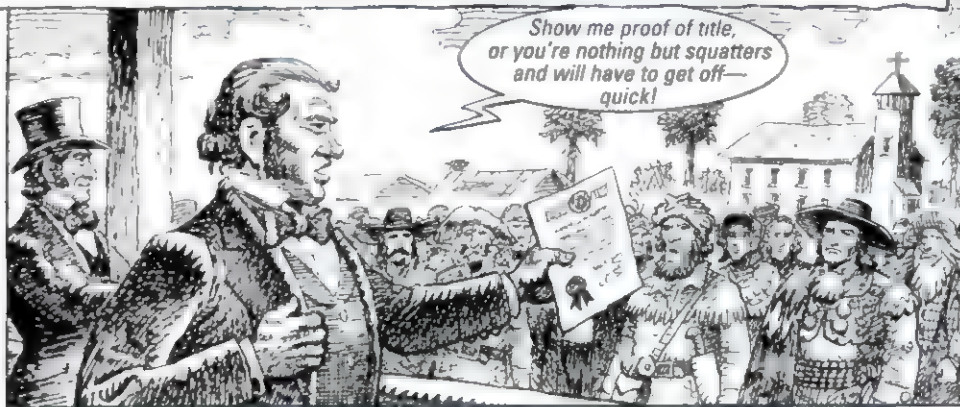
HIS COLONISTS SOMETIMES SUFFERED KARANKAWA RAIDS.

ANOTHER WAS GREEN DEWITT, WHOSE COLONY WAS BELOW AUSTIN'S ON THE GUADALUPE RIVER



HADEN EDWARDS WAS AWARDED ALL THE TERRITORY AROUND NACOGDOCHES IN EAST TEXAS, BUT REFUSED TO HONOR PRIOR LAND CLAIMS AS HE WAS SUPPOSED TO.

THIS CAUSED PROBLEMS FOR EDWARDS IN MEXICO CITY.



NORTH OF NACOGDOCHES WERE MANY IMMIGRANT TRIBES FROM THE UNITED STATES, SUCH AS THE CHEROKEES UNDER CHIEF BOWL

HE AND CHIEF RICHARD FIELDS GAINED PERMISSION TO STAY IN TEXAS BUT NOT CLEAR TITLE TO THEIR LANDS



THE CHEROKEES LIVED IN COMPACT TOWNS AND PROSPERED, AS DID THEIR ALLIED TRIBES THE DELAWARES, SHAWNEES, AND KICKAPOOS

JOHN DUNN HUNTER ARRIVED AMONG THESE INDIANS IN 1826 AND QUICKLY GAINED INFLUENCE OVER CHIEF FIELDS

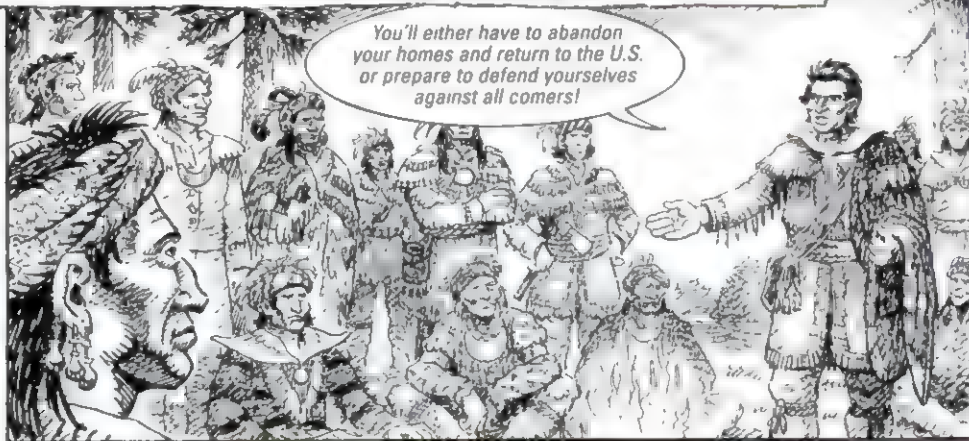




HUNTER'S TRIP TO MEXICO CITY WAS UNSUCCESSFUL



HIS NEWS CAUSED WAR DRUMS TO SOUND IN EAST TEXAS



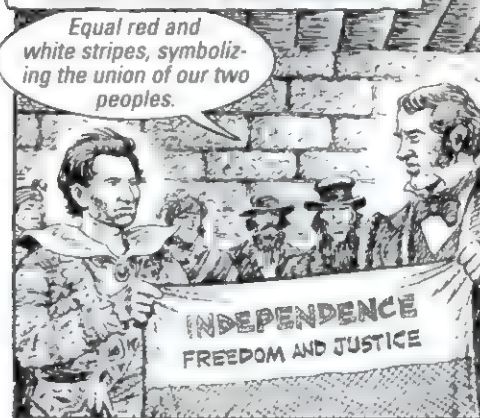
CHIEF FIELDS WAS SO ANGRY HE WANTED TO FIGHT



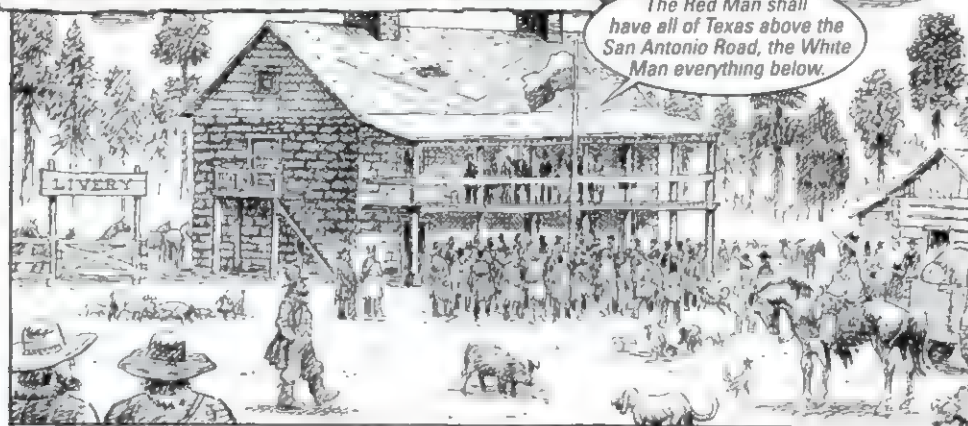
WHEN HIS CONTRACT WAS CANCELLED, HADEN EDWARDS AND HIS BROTHER BENJAMIN DECIDED TO DECLARE INDEPENDENCE



EDWARDS WAS COUNTING ON THE INDIANS FOR HELP IN HIS REBELLION



LATER IN THE MONTH OF DECEMBER 1826 HUNTER AND FIELDS RETURNED TO NACOGDOCHES TO SIGN A FORMAL DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE



PETER ELLIS BEAN, A SURVIVOR OF NOLAN'S EXPEDITION AND NOW AN INDIAN AGENT FOR MEXICO, TALKED THE CHEROKEES OUT OF JOINING EDWARDS.



WITH NO SUPPORT THE REBELS HAD TO FLEE TEXAS. FIELDS AND HUNTER WERE KILLED BEFORE THEY COULD ESCAPE ACROSS THE SABINE

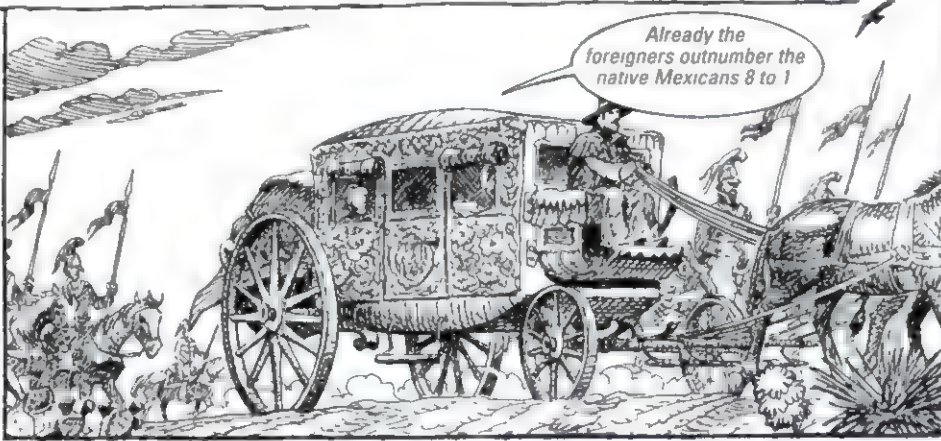


EVEN THOUGH AUSTIN'S AND DEWITT'S SETTLERS REFUSED TO SUPPORT THIS FREDONIAN REBELLION, THE MEXICAN GOVERNMENT BECAME VERY SUSPICIOUS OF ITS FOREIGN COLONISTS



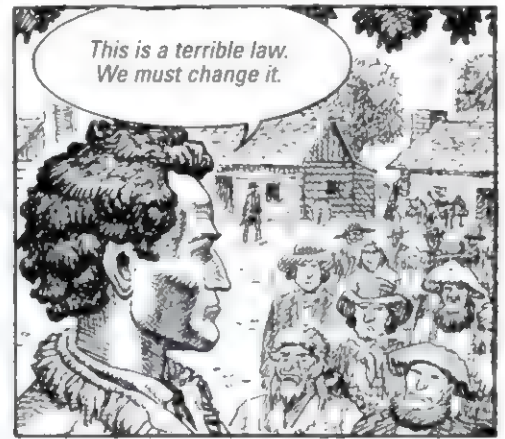


IN 1828 MEXICO SENT GEN MIER Y TERAN TO SEE IF TEXAS WAS IN DANGER OF BEING LOST.

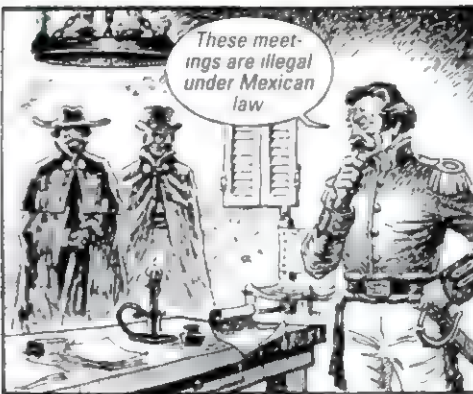


THE TEXANS MET AT CONVENTIONS IN 1832 AND 1833 IN FAVOR OF SEPARATE STATEHOOD FROM COAHUILA

HIS REPORT CAUSED THE GOVERNMENT IN 1830 TO PROHIBIT MORE IMMIGRATION FROM THE UNITED STATES. AUSTIN OPPOSED THE MEASURE

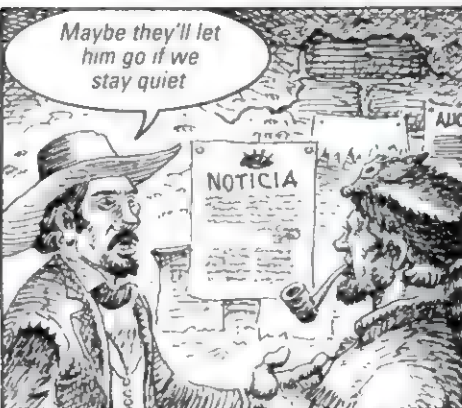
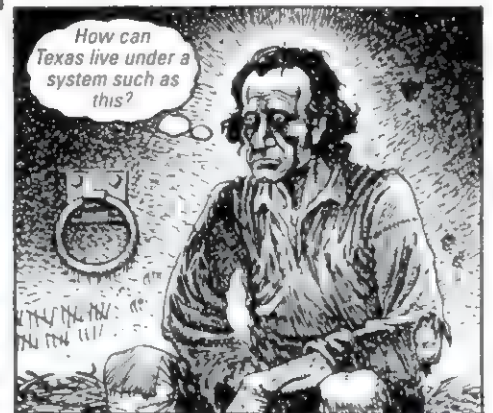
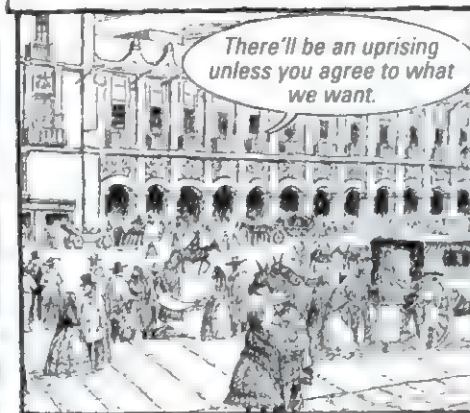


HE WAS THROWN INTO PRISON DURING THIS VISIT AND STAYED THERE ALL OF 1834



THE TEXANS FEARED TO TAKE ANY ACTION WHILE AUSTIN'S LIFE WAS IN DANGER.

AUSTIN WAS CHOSEN TO DELIVER THE PETITIONS TO MEXICO CITY



AUSTIN WAS RELEASED SHORTLY THEREAFTER CHANGED BY HIS TIME IN JAIL, HE SPOKE FOR ARMED RESISTANCE.

IN JUNE 1835 HOTHEAD WILLIAM B. TRAVIS FORCED THE SMALL GARRISON AT ANAHUAC, NEAR THE MOUTH OF THE TRINITY RIVER, TO LEAVE TEXAS. A CRISIS WAS BARELY AVOIDED





GEN MARTIN PERFECTO DE COS REINFORCED SAN ANTONIO WITH TROOPS HE MADE THE MISTAKE OF INSULTING ERASMO SEGUIN



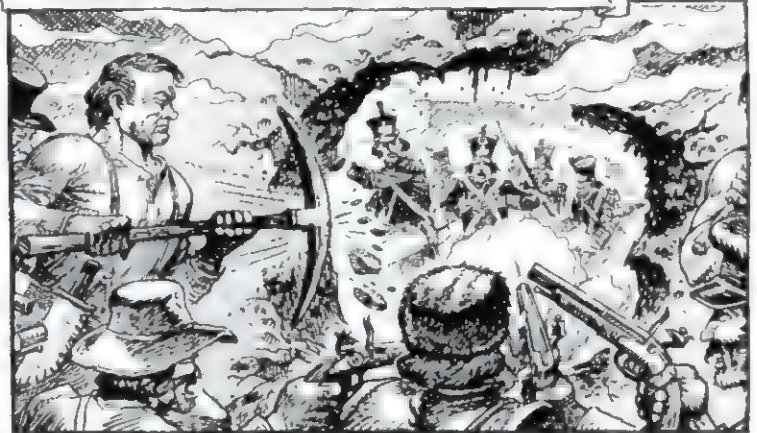
THE TEXANS WERE ABOUT TO GIVE UP THEIR SIEGE AND GO HOME WHEN A MEXICAN OFFICER DEFECTED AND BROUGHT GOOD NEWS



BENJAMIN MILAM CALLED FOR AN ATTACK



THE FIGHTING WENT STREET TO STREET, HOUSE TO HOUSE



ALTHOUGH MILAM WAS KILLED, COS WAS FORCED TO SURRENDER

HIS MEN WERE ALLOWED TO MARCH SOUTH UNDER PLEDGE THAT THEY WOULD NOT FIGHT AGAIN AGAINST TEXAS



SAM HOUSTON WAS A GREAT FRIEND OF THE CHEROKEES AND LIVED WITH THEM IN TENNESSEE IN HIS YOUTH.

IN 1833 HE MOVED TO TEXAS, FRESH FROM EXPERIENCE WITH THESE SAME CHEROKEES IN WESTERN ARKANSAS

ACTIVE IN THE 1835 CONSULTATION FOR TEXAS TO ESTABLISH A SEPARATE STATE GOVERNMENT FROM COAHUILA, HE WAS ELECTED A MAJOR GENERAL OF THE THEN NON-EXISTENT TEXAS





TRYING TO MAKE SURE THAT THE CHEROKEES DIDN'T TAKE THE MEXICAN SIDE, HOUSTON SIGNED A TREATY WITH CHIEF BOWL ON FEBRUARY 23, 1836

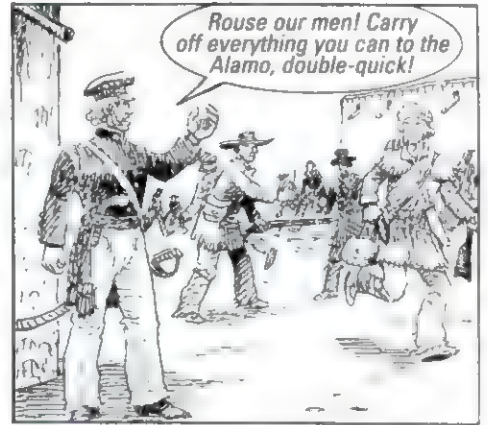


WORD SOON CAME THAT GEN. SANTA ANNA WAS MARCHING A LARGE ARMY NORTH TO RETAKE TEXAS, THOUGH NO ONE EXPECTED HIM TO MAKE IT SO SOON

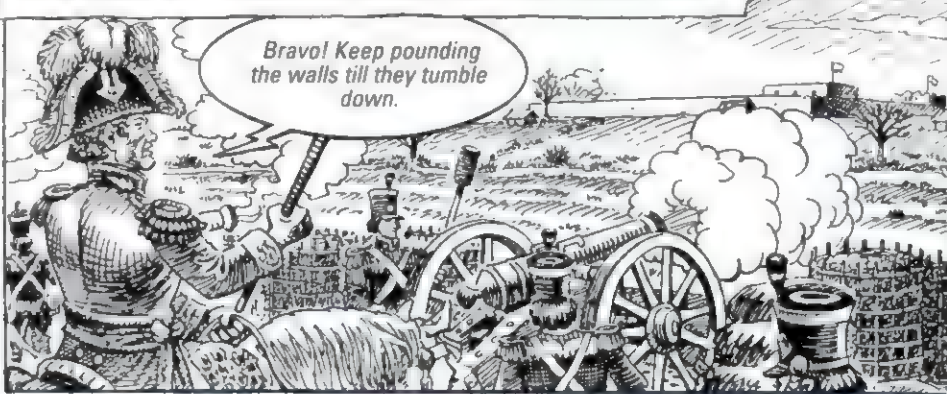
HOUSTON, ALTHOUGH NEUTRALIZING THE CHEROKEES IN THE COMING STRUGGLE, COULD NOT GAIN THEIR ACTIVE PARTICIPATION



HE REACHED SAN ANTONIO ON THE SAME DAY THAT HOUSTON SIGNED HIS TREATY WITH THE CHEROKEES



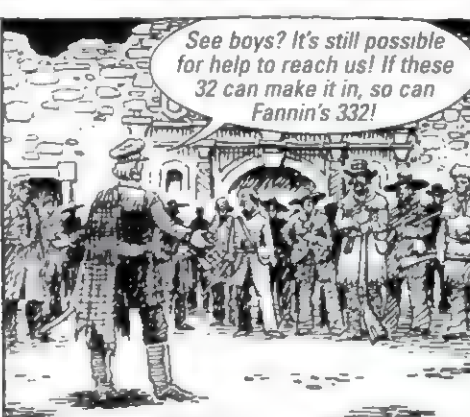
SANTA ANNA BEGAN A SIEGE OF THE ALAMO THAT LASTED THIRTEEN DAYS



THIS CONSTANT BOMBARDMENT GAVE THE ALAMO DEFENDERS LITTLE CHANCE FOR SLEEP.



ONLY A FEW REINFORCEMENTS CAME ON MARCH 1



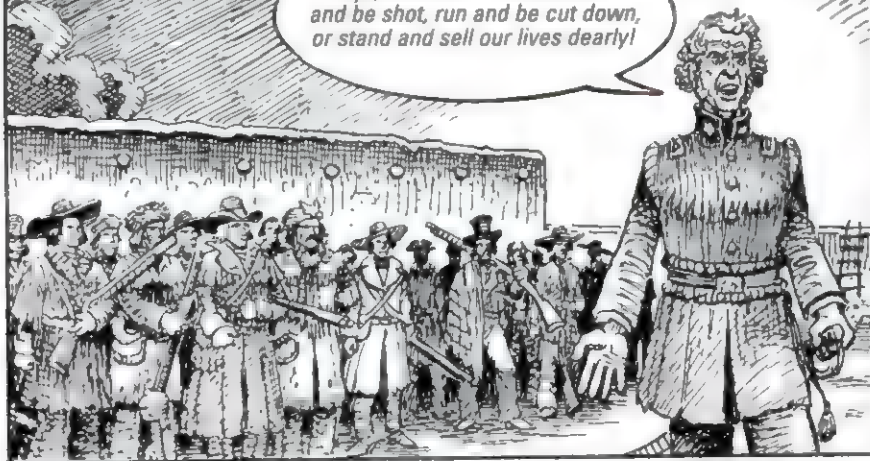
BUT NO MORE HELP ARRIVED, DESPITE TRAVIS'S PLEAS. THEIR SITUATION WAS BECOMING DESPERATE





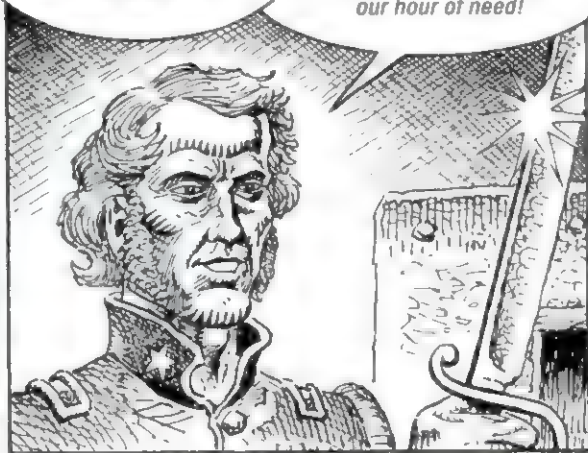
ONCE HE REALIZED THE SITUATION WAS HOPELESS, COL. TRAVIS GAVE HIS MEN A CHOICE.

Boys, we can either surrender and be shot, run and be cut down, or stand and sell our lives dearly!



As for me, I will not abandon my post and have resolved to die in these cold ditches

Let my bones be a reproach to our fellow Texians for their neglect in our hour of need!



IT IS BELIEVED THAT TRAVIS DRAMATIZED THIS OFFER BY DRAWING A LINE IN THE SAND WITH HIS SWORD. MYTH OR NOT, THIS STORY HAS REFUSED TO DIE.

If any of you will stand beside me and fight until the last breath of life expires, let them cross this line!



Step over boys! Who will be the first?

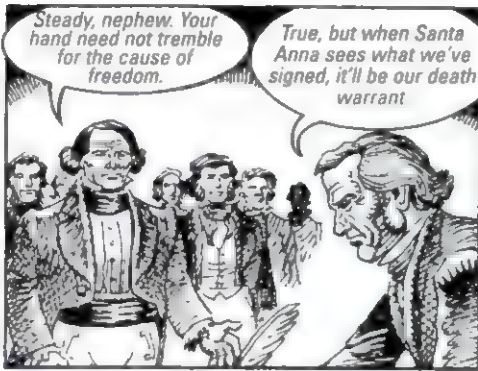
AMONG THOSE STAYING TO THE END WERE JAMES BOWIE, WHO WAS SICK AND BEDRIDDEN, AND DAVID CROCKETT.

We might as well fight, for escape is well nigh impossible.

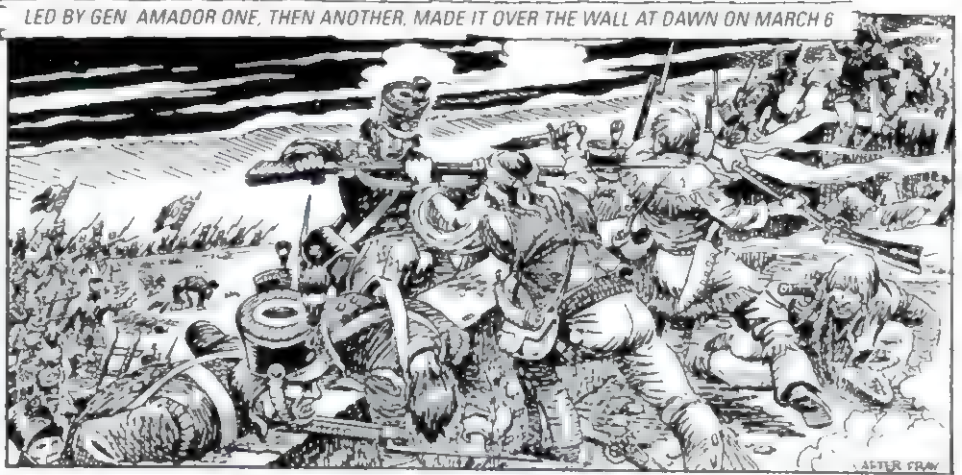




UNKNOWN TO TRAVIS AND HIS BRAVE MEN, TEXAS HAD DECLARED ITS INDEPENDENCE ON MARCH 2. TEJANOS FRANCISCO RUIZ AND JOSE ANTONIO NAVARRO WERE SIGNERS



LED BY GEN. AMADOR ONE, THEN ANOTHER, MADE IT OVER THE WALL AT DAWN ON MARCH 6



TRAVIS, BESIDE HIS CANNON, WAS AN EARLY CASUALTY



AFTER THE MEXICAN SOLDIERS STREAMED INTO THE COMPOUND, THE TEXAN DEFENDERS STOOD LITTLE CHANCE OF SURVIVAL.



BOWIE AWAITED DEATH IN HIS SICKROOM



THE FATE OF CROCKETT IS STILL DEBATED. DID HE GO DOWN FIGHTING OR WAS HE CAPTURED AND EXECUTED?



SUSANNA DICKINSON WAS RELEASED TO CARRY WORD OF THE MEXICAN VICTORY TO THE ANGLO SETTLEMENTS.

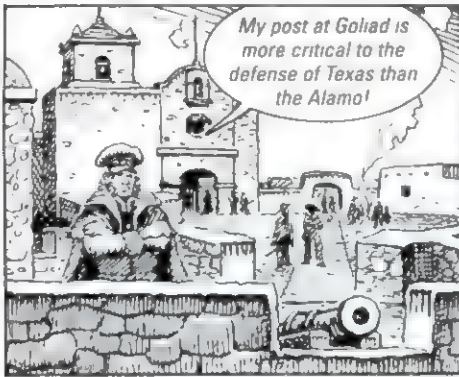


THUS BEGAN WHAT WAS KNOWN AS THE RUNAWAY SCAPE. WOMEN AND CHILDREN HASTENED TO ESCAPE SANTA ANNA'S ARMY





THIS MEXICAN VICTORY WAS FOLLOWED BY ANOTHER AT GOLIAD, WHERE JAMES FANNIN DELAYED UNTIL IT WAS TOO LATE TO WITHDRAW SAFELY



DEFEATED NEAR COLETO CREEK, FANNIN'S CAPTURED FORCE OF ALMOST 400 MEN WAS EXECUTED BY SANTA ANNA'S ORDER



SANTA ANNA PURSUED HOUSTON'S RETREATING ARMY TO THE BRAZOS, WHERE HE MADE A FATEFUL DECISION.



HOUSTON LEARNED THAT SANTA ANNA WAS RACING AHEAD OF HIS MAIN ARMY WITH A SMALL FORCE



THE TEXANS MET SANTA ANNA'S VANGUARD AT SAN JACINTO ON APRIL 21, SCORING A COMPLETE VICTORY

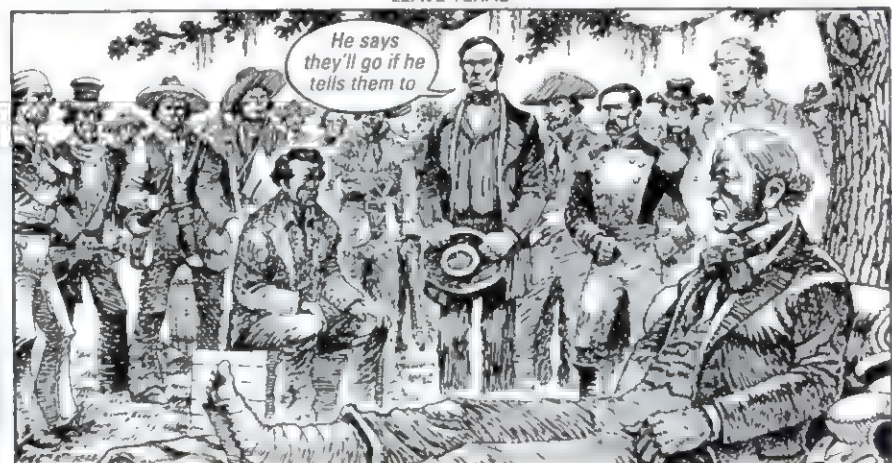


JUAN SEGUIN LED A COMPANY OF TEJANOS IN THE BATTLE, SHOUTING THE SAME CRY



BUT SANTA ANNA WAS CAPTURED THE NEXT DAY. HE ORDERED HIS 4,000-MAN ARMY TO LEAVE TEXAS

SAM HOUSTON, SUFFERING FROM A GUNSHOT WOUND IN HIS ANKLE, SPENT AN UNEASY NIGHT FEARING HIS PREY HAD ELUDED HIM

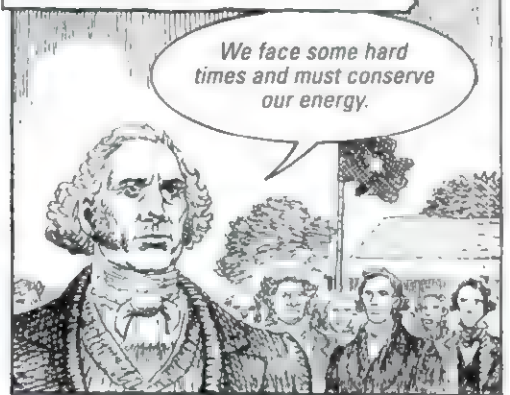




THE RETREAT CONTINUED TO THE RIO GRANDE IN BAD WEATHER, THUS ASSURING TEXAS INDEPENDENCE.



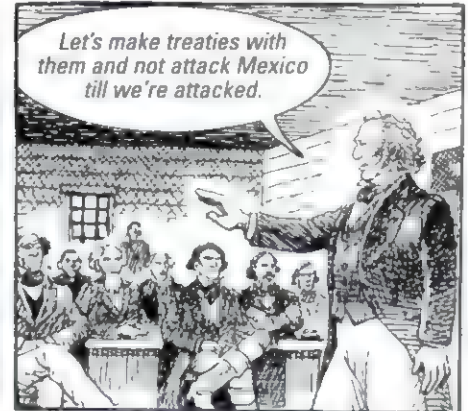
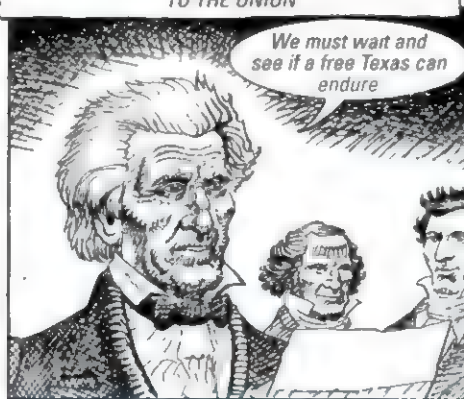
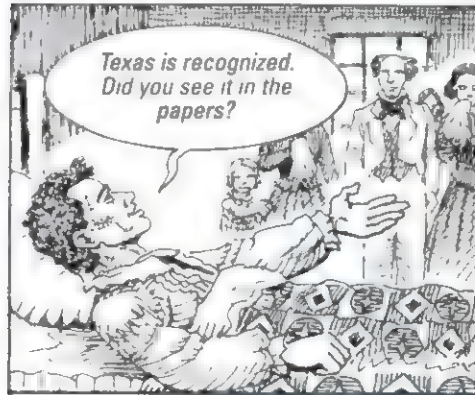
SAM HOUSTON, THE HERO OF SAN JACINTO, WAS ELECTED THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF TEXAS.



LATER THAT YEAR STEPHEN F. AUSTIN, THE FATHER OF TEXAS, DIED AT AGE 43

BUT THE UNITED STATES WOULDN'T RECOGNIZE THE INDEPENDENCE OF TEXAS OR ADMIT HER TO THE UNION

HOUSTON WANTED TO AVOID MORE FIGHTING WITH MEXICO AND KEEP PEACE WITH THE INDIANS



THE CHEROKEES WERE QUIET, BUT COMANCHES KEPT UP THEIR ATTACKS ON EXPOSED SETTLEMENTS LIKE PARKER'S FORT.



AFTER THE ATTACK BEGAN LUCY PARKER TRIED TO ESCAPE WITH HER FOUR YOUNG CHILDREN



MOUNTED WARRIORS FORCED HER TO HOIST CYNTHIA AND JOHN UP BEHIND THEM

THUS CYNTHIA ANN PARKER WAS SWEEP AWAY TO BE RAISED AS A COMANCHE, HER BROTHER JOHN AS WELL.

RAIDS LIKE THIS, WITH THE LOSS OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN AS CAPTIVES, MADE THE TEXANS HATE THE COMANCHES





AT THE END OF 1837 THE TEXAS SENATE REFUSED TO RATIFY HOUSTON'S TREATY WITH THE CHEROKEES.



A FEW MEXICAN CITIZENS OF NACOGDOCHES, LED BY VICENTE CORDOVA, PROMOTED THIS UNREST.



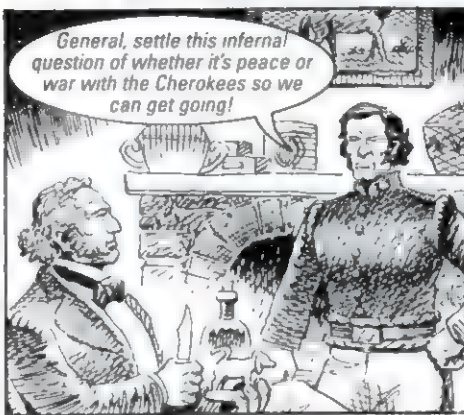
BUT GEN. THOMAS RUSK CHASED THESE MEXICAN AGENTS OUT OF BOWL'S VILLAGE



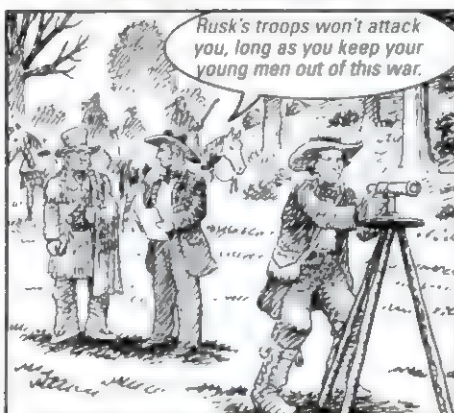
KNOWING HOUSTON'S REGARD FOR THE CHEROKEES, AND BEING A FRIEND OF HIS, RUSK WAS IN A DIFFICULT SPOT.



IN MID-OCTOBER 1838 RUSK TRIED TO ATTACK A COMBINED KICKAPOO, MEXICAN, CADDO, COUSHATTA, AND KICHAH CAMP BUT WAS AMBUSHED BEFORE REACHING IT.



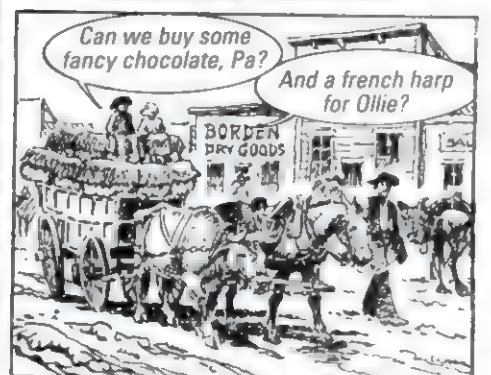
MEANWHILE PRESIDENT HOUSTON ORDERED THE SURVEY OF CHEROKEE LANDS.



DESPITE THESE TROUBLES, SETTLERS KEPT COMING TO TEXAS

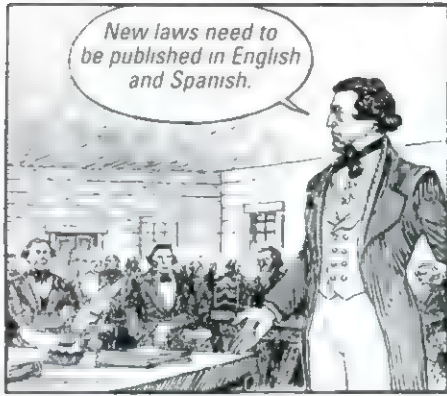


PORTS WERE OPENED AND MORE NEW ROADS LINKED THE INTERIOR TO THESE BUSTLING TRADE CENTERS ALONG THE GULF COAST

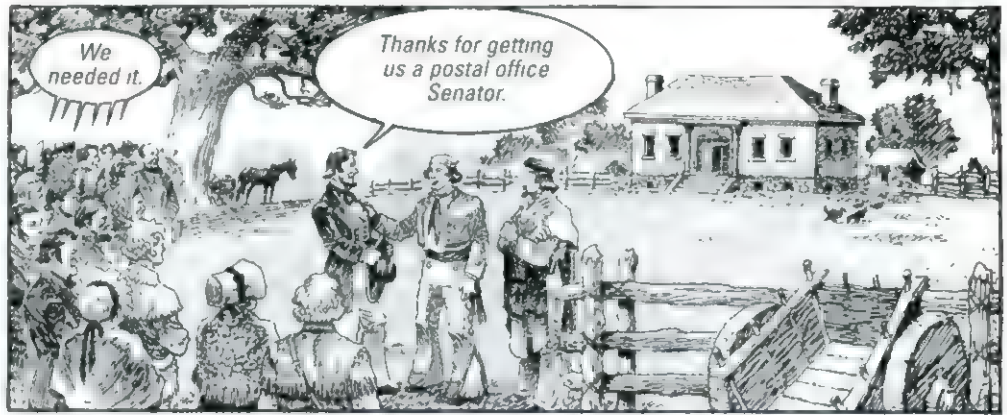




WAR HERO JUAN SEGUIN SERVED AS A SENATOR FROM SAN ANTONIO. HE WORKED FOR THE RIGHTS OF HIS PEOPLE.



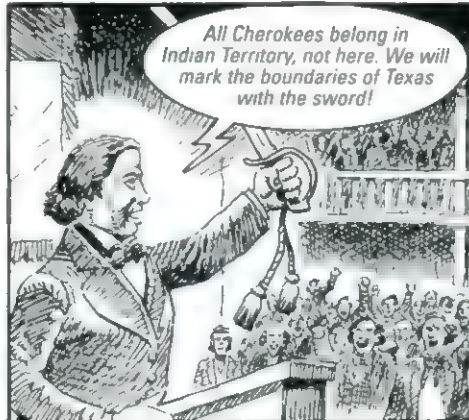
EARLY TEXAS RANGERS RENAMED THEIR TOWN OF WALNUT SPRINGS ON THE GUADALUPE RIVER FOR HIM



ANOTHER WAR HERO, MIRABEAU LAMAR, BECAME THE SECOND PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF TEXAS AT THE END OF 1838

LAMAR'S FIRST POLICY STATEMENT LET TEXANS KNOW THE COURSE HE INTENDED TO PURSUE

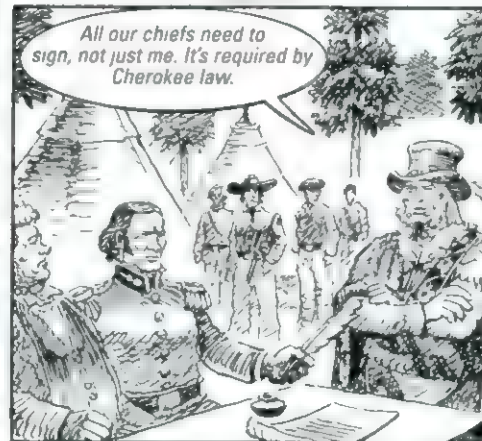
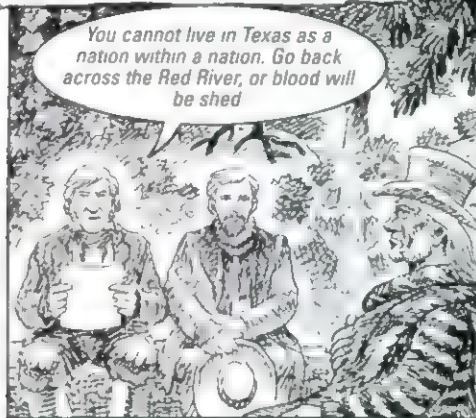
PAPERS TAKEN FROM THE BODY OF A SLAIN MEXICAN AGENT GAVE LAMAR THE PROOF HE NEEDED TO ACT



PRESIDENT LAMAR GAVE CHIEF BOWL AN ULTIMATUM

THE CHIEF STALLED ON SIGNING A TREATY FOR REMOVAL

RUSK'S ARMY ADVANCED ON BOWL'S VILLAGE, ONLY TO FIND IT EMPTY



THE TEXANS PURSUED AND DROVE THE CHEROKEES OUT OF TEXAS, JUST AS LAMAR HAD PROMISED WHEN ELECTED AS PRESIDENT.

CHIEF BOWL, SAM HOUSTON'S FRIEND, WAS KILLED IN THE BATTLE





PRESIDENT LAMAR MOVED THE CAPITAL FROM HOUSTON TO AN ISOLATED SPOT ON THE FRONTIER.

We'll call it Austin.

Kinda off th' beaten path isn't it?



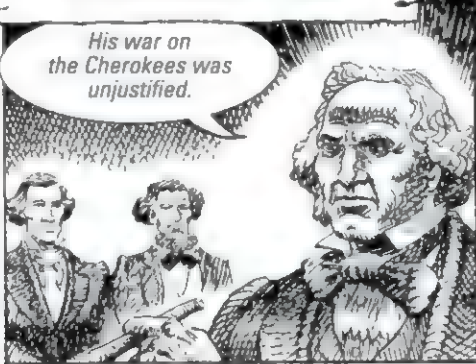
LAMAR WAS A STRONG BELIEVER IN THE BENEFITS OF EDUCATION

Let's set aside public land to fund good schools



SAM HOUSTON, AS A REPRESENTATIVE IN THE TEXAS HOUSE, OPPOSED MANY OF LAMAR'S MEASURES—ESPECIALLY THOSE CONCERNING INDIANS

His war on the Cherokees was unjustified.



LAMAR ALSO WANTED WAR WITH THE COMANCHES. TWELVE CHIEFS WERE KILLED IN 1840 AT SAN ANTONIO'S COUNCIL HOUSE WHEN THEY CAME FOR PEACE TALKS BUT FAILED TO DELIVER THEIR WHITE CAPTIVES

Not a single one left alive.



A WOMAN WAS RELEASED TO CARRY BACK THE NEWS.

Tell your tribe we want our prisoners brought in.



THE COMANCHES RETALIATED BY RAIDING ALL THE WAY TO THE COAST, DESTROYING THE PORT OF LINNVILLE AND PICKING THE COUNTRY CLEAN

Ahh...just like old times.



ALTHOUGH RANGERS TRACKED THE RAIDERS AND RECOVERED MUCH OF THEIR BOOTY, THIS RUNNING FIGHT REVEALED A PROBLEM.

We need better weapons for this kind of war.



THE ONLY REAL WAY TO FIGHT THE INDIANS WAS FROM HORSEBACK, BUT WHEN IT CAME TO MOUNTED WARFARE, NO ONE WAS SUPERIOR TO THE WILD COMANCHES.



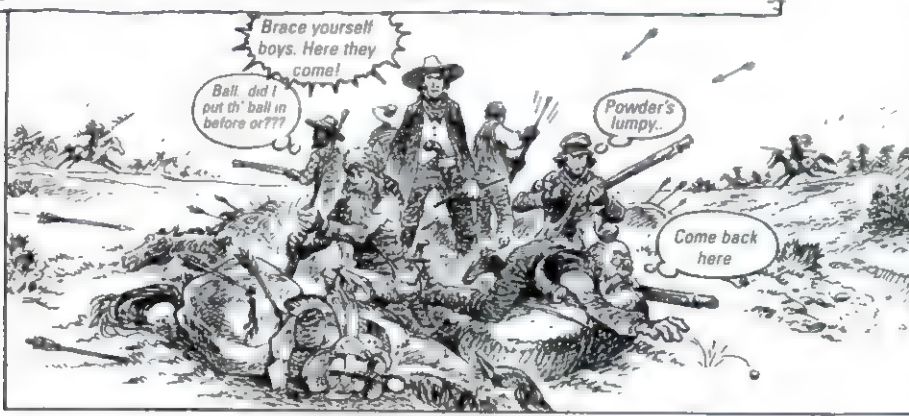
THE TEXANS' MUZZLE LOADERS WERE CLUMSY AFFAIRS AND COULDN'T BE FIRED EFFECTIVELY OR RELOADED AT A GALLOP

Oops there went my ramrod

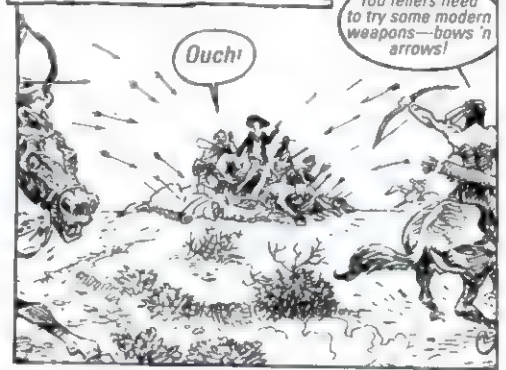




THIS MEANT THE RANGERS HAD TO DISMOUNT AND FIRE ONE VOLLEY, AFTER WHICH THE CIRCLING INDIANS SWOOPED IN TO ATTACK WHILE THE TEXANS WERE DESPERATELY TRYING TO RELOAD.



THUS THE RANGERS HAD TO WAGE A STRICTLY DEFENSIVE WAR AND COULDN'T DO MUCH DAMAGE TO THE HARD-RIDING COMANCHES, WHO REMAINED MASTERS OF THE PLAINS AND HILL COUNTRY.



ALL THIS BEGAN TO CHANGE IN 1839 WHEN A SWEDISH TRADER NAMED SWANTE SWENSON CARRIED BACK TO TEXAS A DOZEN NEW-FANGLED PISTOLS INVENTED BY SAMUEL COLT.

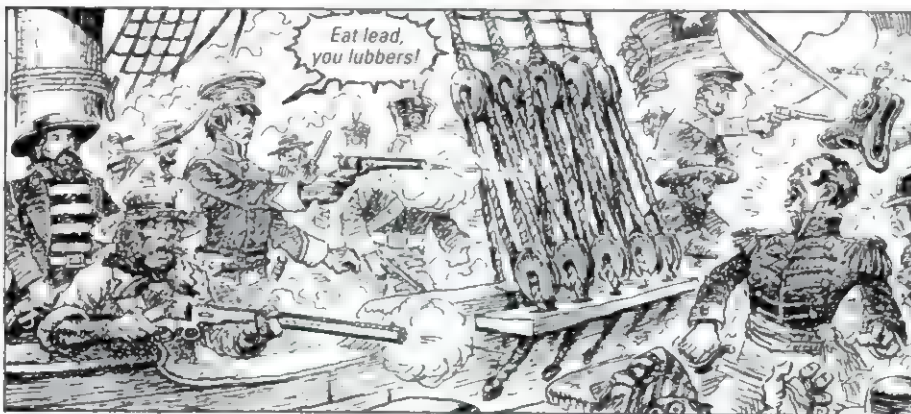
A FRIEND OF PRESIDENT LAMAR'S SHOWED HIM THE 5-SHOOTERS ON BEHALF OF THE STARVING INVENTOR.



LAMAR SENT TWO OF THE REVOLVERS TO A YOUNG RANGER NAMED JACK HAYS



BUT HAYS WAS FRUSTRATED IN HIS ATTEMPT TO GET COLTS FOR HIS RANGERS. THE FIRST ORDER OF PISTOLS AND RIFLES WENT TO LAMAR'S BRASH NEW NAVY IN SUPPORT OF YUCATAN'S FREEDOM FROM MEXICO.



ONLY A FEW PISTOLS MADE THEIR WAY INTO RANGER HANDS FROM PRIVATE SOURCES LIKE SWENSON



DURING LAMAR'S TERM OF OFFICE REVOLTS BROKE OUT IN NORTHERN MEXICO IN WHICH THE FEDERALIST REBELS WERE ANXIOUS TO GAIN TEXAN SUPPORT



ANTONIO CANALES, A PROMINENT CITIZEN OF TAMAULIPAS, WAS THE MILITARY LEADER OF THIS REBELLION





PRESIDENT LAMAR STAYED NEUTRAL BUT ALLOWED THE REBELS TO RECRUIT IN TEXAS



DEEP IN MEXICO THE TEXANS FOUND THAT NEITHER THE FEDERALISTS NOR THE CENTRALISTS CARED MUCH FOR THEM



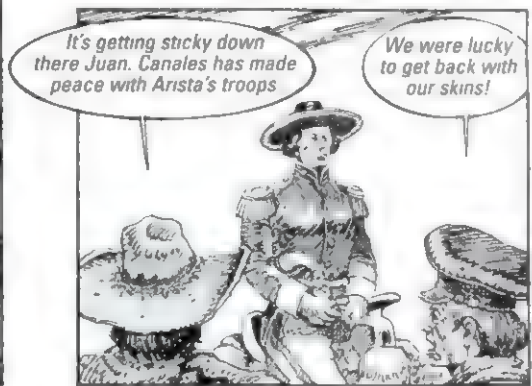
IN 1841 LAMAR BACKED AN EXPEDITION TO SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO



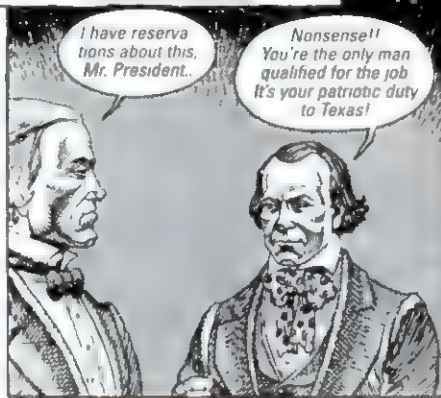
MANY TEXANS ENLISTED IN THESE CAMPAIGNS, ESPECIALLY MEN ACCUSTOMED TO FIGHTING INDIANS AND BANDITS ON THE FRONTIER



JUAN SEGUIN RESIGNED AS SENATOR TO LEAD A COMPANY OF VOLUNTEERS IN THIS REVOLT UPON REACHING THE RIO GRANDE, HE LEARNED THAT THE SITUATION HAD CHANGED



HE PICKED JOSE ANTONIO NAVARRO AS ONE OF THE MEN TO HEAD HIS GRANDIOSE SCHEME



LAMAR'S AGENTS FOOLISHLY WARNED THE NEW MEXICANS IN AN OPEN LETTER THAT TEXANS WERE ON THE WAY



IT WAS A FIASCO, AND THE TEXANS WERE CAPTURED BEFORE EVEN REACHING SANTA FE. ONE OF THEIR COMRADES TALKED THEM INTO SURRENDERING THEIR WEAPONS.

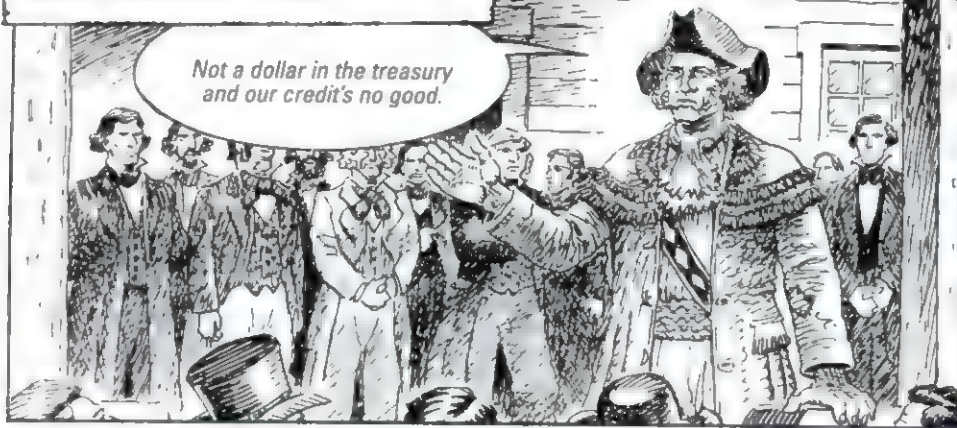


ALL THE TEXAN PRISONERS ENDURED GREAT SUFFERING, BUT NAVARRO—HATED BY SANTA ANNA BECAUSE HE HAD SIGNED THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE FROM MEXICO—SUFFERED WORST OF ALL

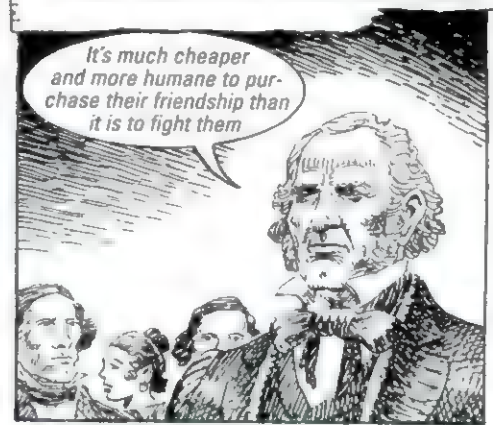




TEXAS WAS DEEP IN DEBT BY THE TIME LAMAR'S TERM ENDED AND HOUSTON BECAME PRESIDENT ONCE AGAIN



HE REVERSED LAMAR'S INDIAN POLICY AND TRIED TO MAKE TREATIES WITH THE DIFFERENT TRIBES



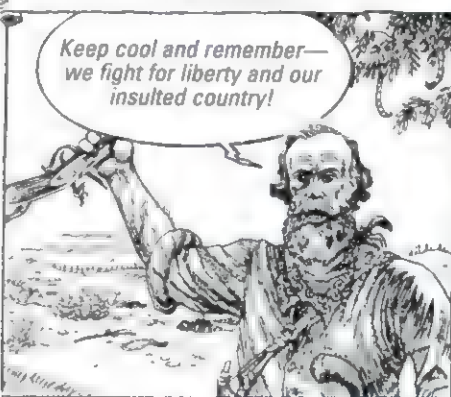
AGENTS AND TRADERS SUCH AS JESSE CHISHOLM WERE SENT OUT TO MEND LAMAR'S DAMAGE WITH THE WILD TRIBES, ESPECIALLY THE FIERCE COMANCHES.



MEXICO LAUNCHED AN ATTACK ON SAN ANTONIO EARLY IN 1842



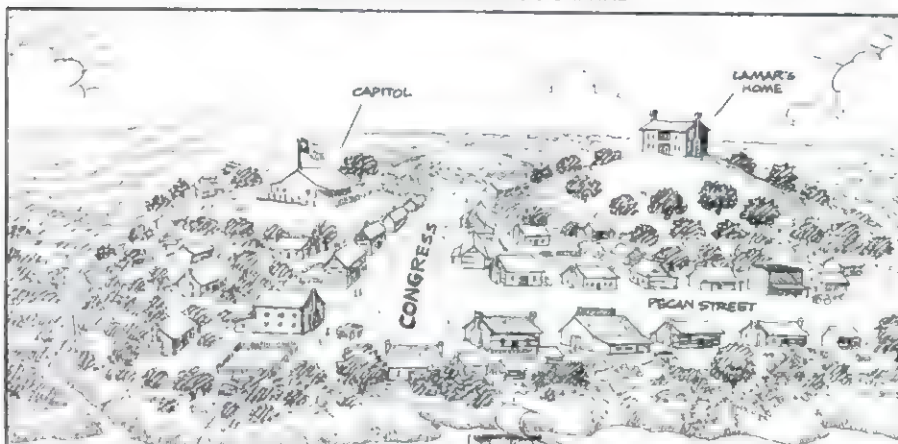
A LARGER INVASION CAME LATER THAT YEAR, BUT MATHEW OLD PAINT CALDWELL RALLIED RESISTANCE



GEN. ADRIAN WOLL OCCUPIED THE CITY FOR TEN DAYS BEFORE RETREATING SOUTH WITH 58 PROMINENT CITIZENS AS PRISONERS OF WAR. SAM MAVERICK WAS AMONG THEM.



SAM HOUSTON WAS NEVER FOND OF THE EXPOSED LOCATION THAT MIRABEAU LAMAR HAD CHOSEN FOR THE REPUBLIC'S CAPITAL

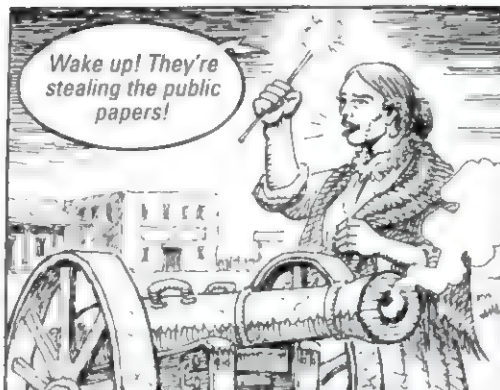


AS CHIEF EXECUTIVE HOUSTON DECIDED TO MOVE IT EAST, TOWARD THE ESTABLISHED SETTLEMENTS.

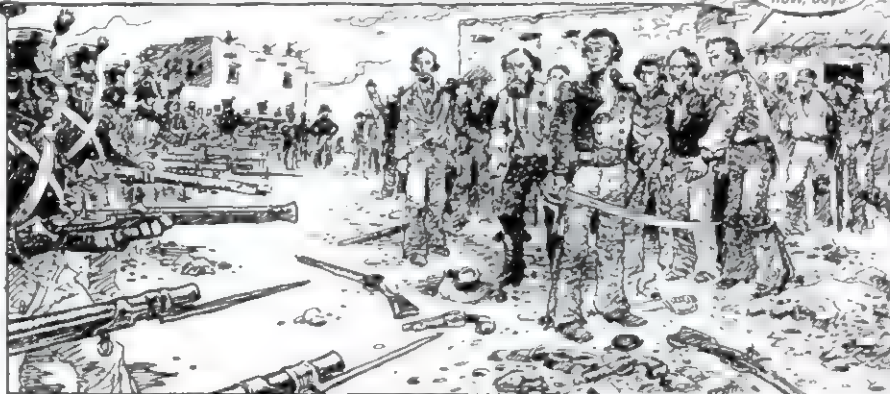




HIS ATTEMPT TO TAKE THE ARCHIVES OUT OF AUSTIN WAS THWARTED BY ANGELINA EBERLY, WHO FIRED OFF A CANNON TO ALERT THE CITIZENS.



THE TWO MEXICAN INVASIONS IN 1842 MADE WARLIKE TEXANS CALL FOR AN ARMED RESPONSE AGAINST THE BORDER TOWNS. IT ENDED IN DEFEAT AT MIER WITH MORE THAN 200 PRISONERS TAKEN.



THE TEXANS BROKE THEIR WEAPONS SO THE MEXICANS COULDN'T CAPTURE AND USE THEM IN FUTURE BATTLES



AN ESCAPE ATTEMPT LED BY EWEN CAMERON RESULTED IN THE BLACK BEAN EPISODE. SEVENTEEN MEN WHO DREW BLACK BEANS WERE EXECUTED.



CAMERON DREW A WHITE BEAN BUT WAS KILLED ANYWAY.



THE REST OF THE TEXAN PRISONERS JOINED THOSE TAKEN AT SANTA FE AND SAN ANTONIO.



MEN WHO MANAGED TO ESCAPE BLAMED PRESIDENT HOUSTON FOR ABANDONING THEM IN THEIR HOUR OF NEED.



HOUSTON KEPT UP HIS EFFORTS FOR PEACE WITH THE INDIANS



WITH LITTLE MONEY IN THE TREASURY, FRONTIER DEFENSE WAS LEFT TO RANGING COMPANIES LED BY MEN LIKE JACK HAYS



EARLY IN 1844 HOUSTON GAVE HAYS THE COLT PISTOLS FORMERLY USED BY LAMAR'S NAVY.

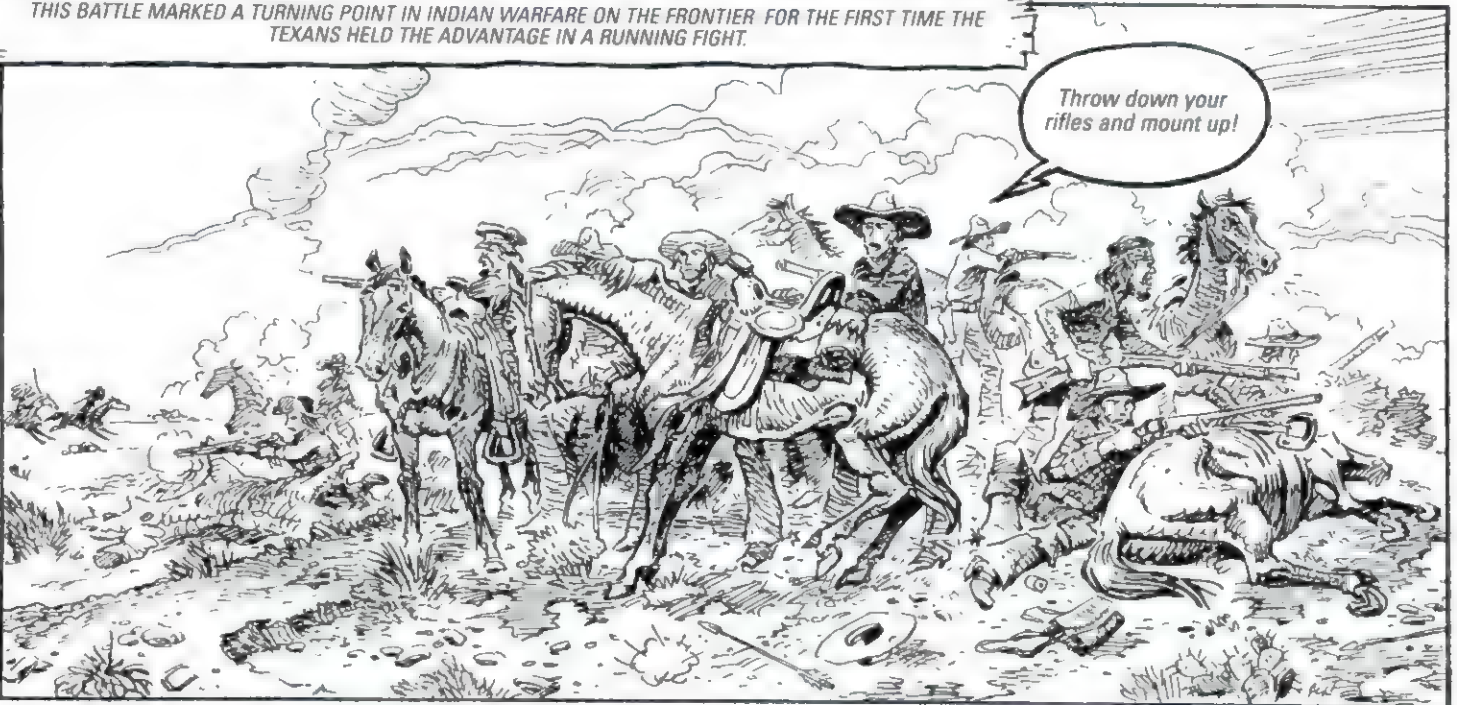






THAT JUNE HAYS'S MEN GOT THEIR CHANCE IN THE PEDERNALES HILLS. THEY ASTOUNDED A COMANCHE WAR PARTY, LONG ACCUSTOMED TO A FOE WITH ONLY ONE ROUND OF FIREPOWER

THIS BATTLE MARKED A TURNING POINT IN INDIAN WARFARE ON THE FRONTIER FOR THE FIRST TIME THE TEXANS HELD THE ADVANTAGE IN A RUNNING FIGHT.

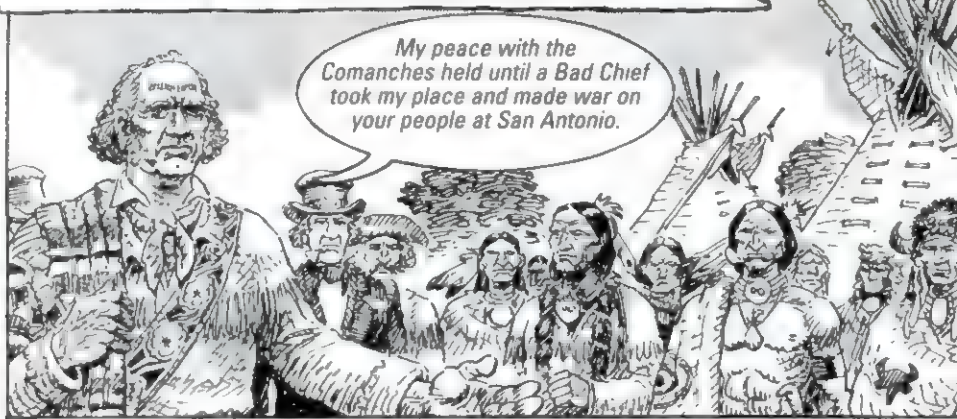


BEFORE LONG, THE COMANCHES CAME TO FEAR THE MEN WITH A SHOT FOR EACH FINGER, AND THEIR POWER BEGAN TO STEADILY DECLINE





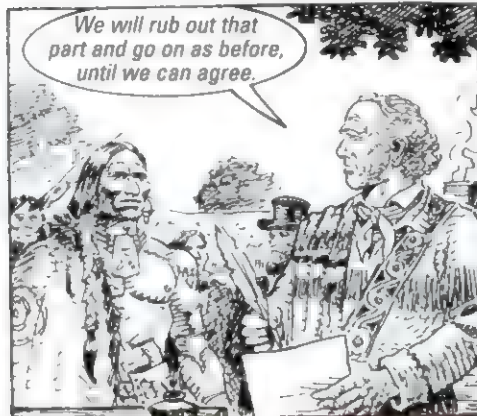
THANKS TO THIS VICTORY, CHIEF BUFFALO HUMP AGREED TO HAVE A PEACE COUNCIL WITH PRESIDENT HOUSTON IN OCTOBER 1844



BUFFALO HUMP WAS PLEASED, BUT HE DEMANDED THAT A LINE BE DRAWN TO MARK COMANCHE LANDS



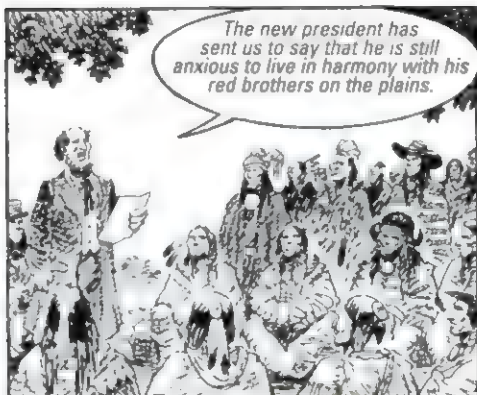
UNABLE TO DECIDE ON WHERE A DIVISION LINE WOULD RUN, THEY SIGNED A PEACE TREATY WITHOUT THIS PROVISION.



SCOUTS AND INTERPRETERS—MOST OF THEM DELAWARES OR SHAWNEES—SECURED PEACE WITH OTHER TRIBES SUCH AS THE WICHITAS



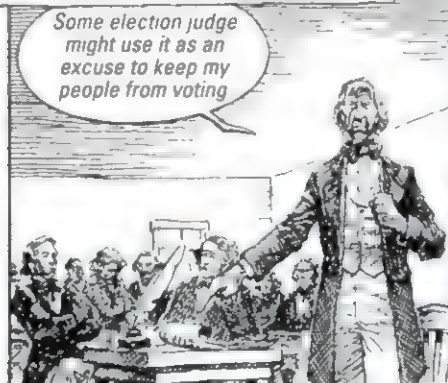
HOUSTON'S SUCCESSOR AS PRESIDENT, ANSON JONES, CONTINUED THIS PEACEFUL APPROACH



JOSE ANTONIO NAVARRO ESCAPED FROM PRISON BARELY IN TIME TO ATTEND THE CONVENTION THAT DECIDED FOR ANNEXATION TO THE UNITED STATES IN 1845



HE SPOKE AGAINST THE WORD "WHITE" BEING WRITTEN IN THE STATE CONSTITUTION AS A VOTER QUALIFICATION



THE VOTERS OF TEXAS GAVE THEIR APPROVAL TO ANNEXATION, AND ON FEBRUARY 19 1846 ANSON JONES PROCLAIMED THAT THE REPUBLIC OF TEXAS WAS NO MORE





MEXICO'S REPRESENTATIVE IN WASHINGTON, JUAN ALMONTE, HAD ALREADY TOLD THE U.S. GOVERNMENT THAT ANNEXATION WOULD MEAN WAR.



U.S. TROOPS UNDER GEN. ZACHARY TAYLOR MOVED SOUTH FROM THEIR BASE AT CORPUS CHRISTI, ANTICIPATING MEXICO'S RESPONSE



THE RESPONSE CAME QUICKLY AT PALO ALTO AND RESACA DE LA PALMA, JUST ABOVE MATAMOROS, BUT TAYLOR'S TROOPS PUT GEN. ARISTA AND THE MEXICAN ARMY TO FLIGHT



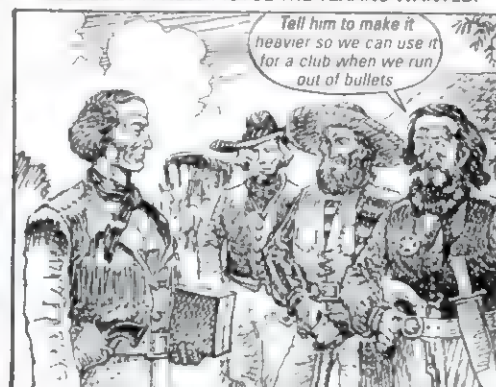
GEN. TAYLOR WAS EAGER TO HAVE MORE TEXANS IN HIS ARMY AS HE PLANNED OPERATIONS AGAINST MONTERREY



WHEN JACK HAYS, SAM WALKER, BEN MCCULLOCH, AND OTHER FORMER RANGERS JOINED TAYLOR'S ARMY THEY CARRIED THEIR COLTS WITH THEM.



AFTER THE SURRENDER OF MONTERREY, WALKER WENT TO SEE COLT IN NEW YORK WITH A WHITTLED MODEL OF A NEW PISTOL THE TEXANS WANTED.



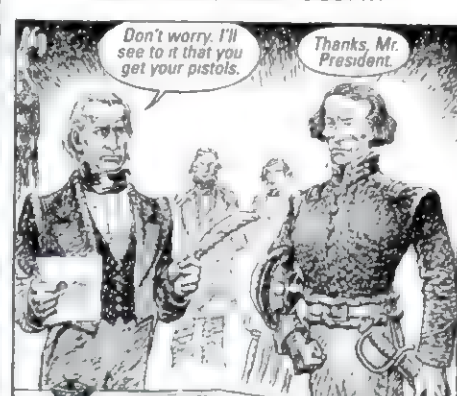
COLT'S 5-SHOOTER HAD MET WITH LITTLE SUCCESS, APART FROM ITS POPULARITY IN TEXAS. HE WAS BANKRUPT AND LIVING IN POVERTY.



WALKER'S ORDER FOR A THOUSAND OF THE NEW 6-SHOOTERS PUT SAM COLT BACK IN BUSINESS



HE NAMED IT THE WALKER COLT, IN HONOR OF THE DASHING YOUNG WAR HERO WHO HAD HELPED HIM IMPROVE HIS DESIGN—AND CONVINCED THE U.S. ARMY TO BUY IT!





COL HAYS EQUIPPED ALL HIS TEXAN VOLUNTEERS WITH TWO OF THE HEFTY NEW 6-SHOOTERS WHEN THEY REACHED HIM AT VERACRUZ



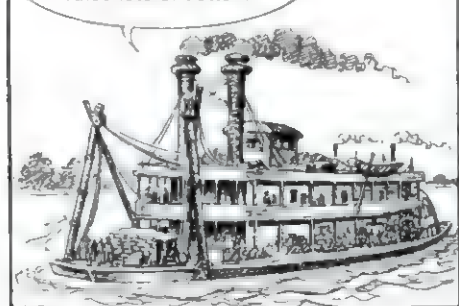
Don't lose them!!  
The Army's slow about  
replacements

CAPT WALKER WAS ARMED WITH A SPECIAL PRESENTATION BRACE WHEN HE FELL IN THE STORMING OF HUAMANTLA ON OCTOBER 9, 1847



AFTER VICTORY IN THE MEXICAN WAR, TEXAS—AS PART OF THE UNION—ENTERED A PERIOD OF GROWTH AND STABILITY.

Cotton is king, and we  
raise lots of cotton.



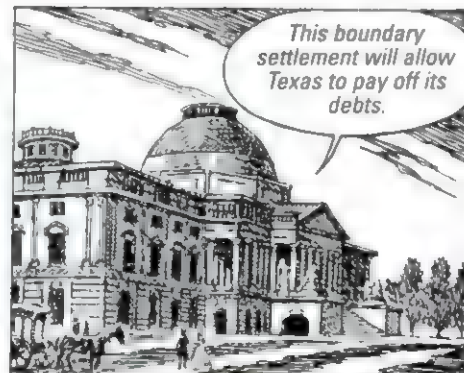
RANCHERS BEGAN TO TRAIL HERDS TO OUTSIDE MARKETS.

Gold miners in California  
like to eat beef.



SAM HOUSTON AND TOM RUSK SERVED AS SENATORS FROM TEXAS, WORKING ON ISSUES LIKE THE COMPROMISE OF 1850

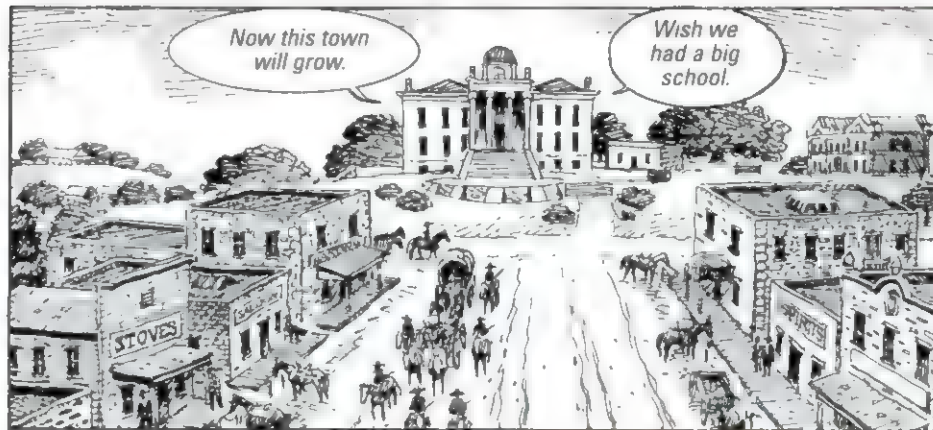
This boundary  
settlement will allow  
Texas to pay off its  
debts.



A NEW STATE CAPITOL WAS BUILT IN THE EARLY 1850s AT AUSTIN.

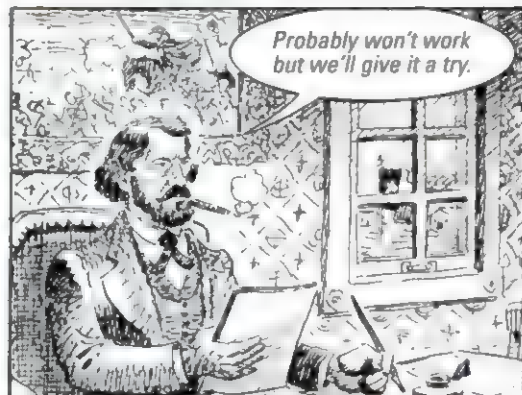
Now this town  
will grow.

Wish we  
had a big  
school.



HAVING RETAINED CONTROL OVER ITS PUBLIC LANDS, TEXAS IN THE MID-1850s ESTABLISHED TWO SMALL RESERVATIONS FOR THE INDIANS

Probably won't work  
but we'll give it a try.



ROBERT S. NEIGHBORS WAS APPOINTED AGENT TO TALK THE VARIOUS TRIBES INTO ACCEPTING RESERVATION LIFE

NEIGHBORS WAS A BEAR OF A MAN, WELL-LIKED AND TRUSTED BY THE INDIANS BECAUSE HE SEEMED TO HAVE THEIR INTERESTS AT HEART.

Come on up to th'  
new Brazos Reserve—  
you'll be safe there.



THE PEACEFUL TRIBES MADE SOME PROGRESS IN THEIR NEW HOME THE COMANCHES, HOWEVER, DIDN'T WANT TO SETTLE DOWN AND BECOME FARMERS.

These melons  
and squash look  
real good, wife.







AIDED BY CHIEF PLACIDO AND HIS TONKAWA WARRIORS, RANGER CAPTAIN JOHN S. RIP FORD DECIDED TO ATTACK THE COMANCHES ON THEIR HOME GROUND

I don't like those wild Indians any better than you, Col. John

THEY WON A BATTLE AGAINST THE NOTED CHIEF IRON JACKET IN 1858



Hey Hey, you possum lovers, come out and fight Iron Jacket!!

IN ANOTHER BATTLE CYNTHIA ANN PARKER WAS RECAPTURED FROM THE COMANCHES.



I'll betcha this is the Parker girl we keep hearing about

MARRIED TO CHIEF PETA NOCONA WITH THREE CHILDREN, SHE COULD NOT MAKE THE TRANSITION BACK TO LIFE WITH WHITE PEOPLE. THE DEATH OF HER LITTLE DAUGHTER TOPSANNAH CRUSHED HER SPIRIT



Cynthia, eat something, honey... You'll starve yourself like this...

CYNTHIA ANN WASTED AWAY AND FINALLY DIED OF A BROKEN HEART, BUT HER SON QUANAH WENT ON TO BECOME A FAMOUS COMANCHE CHIEF



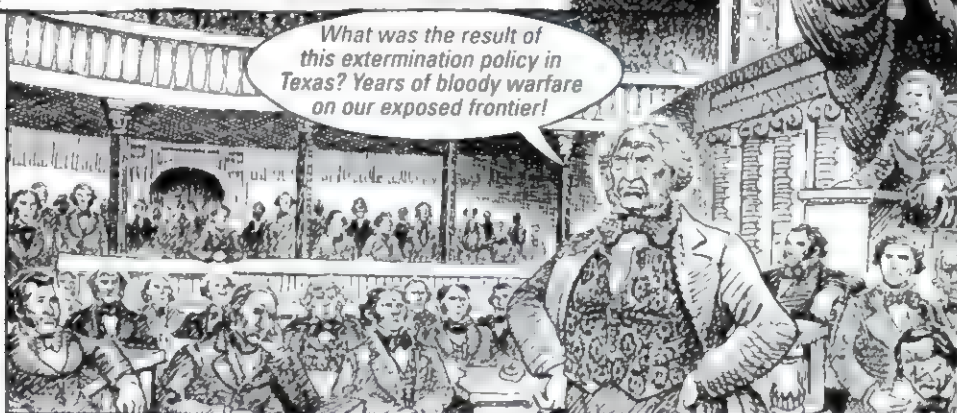
Won't str, won't eat, never smiles... I just don't know

THE RESERVATION EXPERIMENT WAS A FAILURE, AND AGENT NEIGHBORS HAD TO TAKE THESE TRIBES TO OKLAHOMA (THEN CALLED INDIAN TERRITORY)



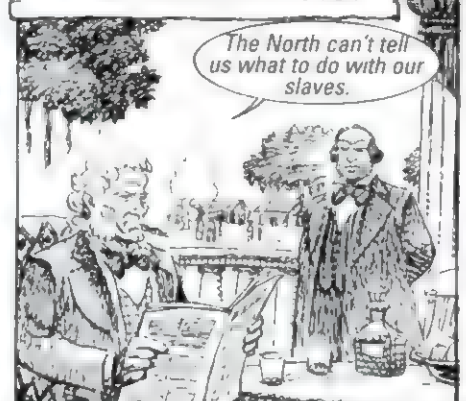
Couldn't be any worse for us there than it is here.

AS A SENATOR, SAM HOUSTON CONTINUED TO SPEAK FOR INDIAN RIGHTS IN THE HALLS OF CONGRESS



What was the result of this extermination policy in Texas? Years of bloody warfare on our exposed frontier!

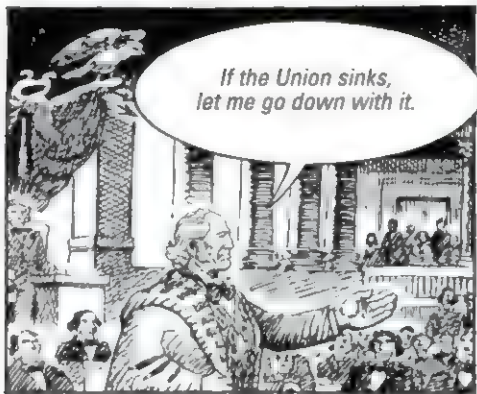
BUT THE ISSUE OF SLAVERY SOON TESTED THE BONDS OF THE UNION



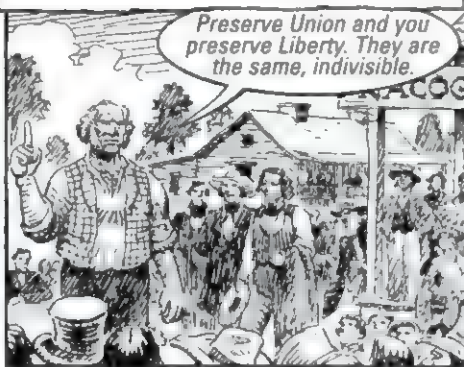
The North can't tell us what to do with our slaves.



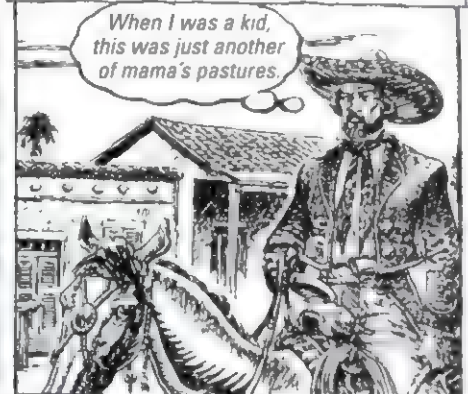
HOUSTON BECAME UNPOPULAR AS A SENATOR BECAUSE HE WANTED TO PRESERVE THE UNION FIRST AND FOREMOST.



RETURNING TO TEXAS FROM WASHINGTON, HE STILL HAD ENOUGH SUPPORT TO BE ELECTED GOVERNOR. HE MADE ONLY ONE CAMPAIGN SPEECH



TROUBLE ERUPTED AT BROWNSVILLE WITH JUAN CORTINA, WHO BELONGED TO AN OLD RANCHING FAMILY



CORTINA MADE A DRAMATIC ENTRANCE INTO THE PUBLIC EYE, SHOOTING THE MARSHAL OF BROWNSVILLE AND SAVING A POOR VAQUERO FROM ARREST



HE DEFEATED SEVERAL FORCES SENT AGAINST HIM IN WHAT BECAME A POPULAR UPRISING.



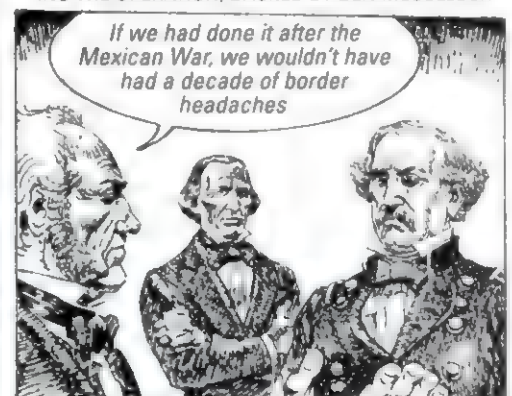
AFTER A SIX-MONTH REIGN, CORTINA WAS FORCED TO FLEE INTO THE INTERIOR OF MEXICO BY U.S. TROOPS AND RANGERS UNDER RIP FORD



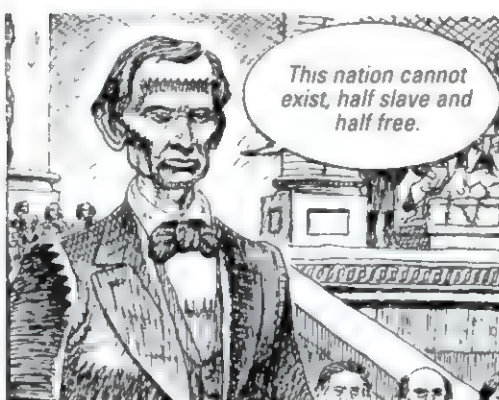
TO DISTRACT THE MOVE FOR SECESSION AND UNIFY THE NATION, GOV. HOUSTON PUSHED A GRAND SCHEME



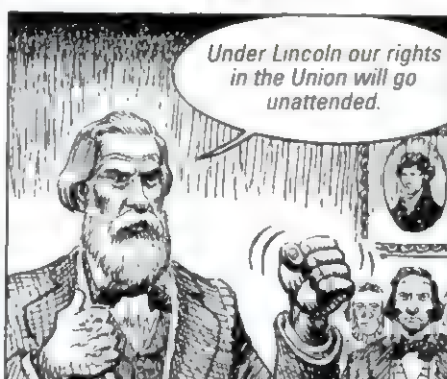
HE EVEN TRIED TO TALK ROBERT E. LEE INTO LEADING THE OPERATION, BACKED BY BEN MCCULLOCH



THE ELECTION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN AS PRESIDENT DECIDED THE QUESTION OF UNION OR DISUNION FOR THE SOUTH AND DISRUPTED HOUSTON'S PLAN



AT A CONVENTION CALLED IN AUSTIN IN JANUARY 1861 THE ASSEMBLED DELEGATES, LED BY ORAN ROBERTS, DECLARED FOR SECESSION VOTERS APPROVED THE MEASURE BY FOUR TO ONE



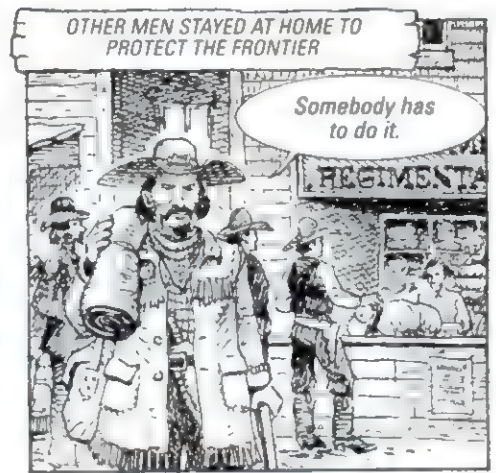
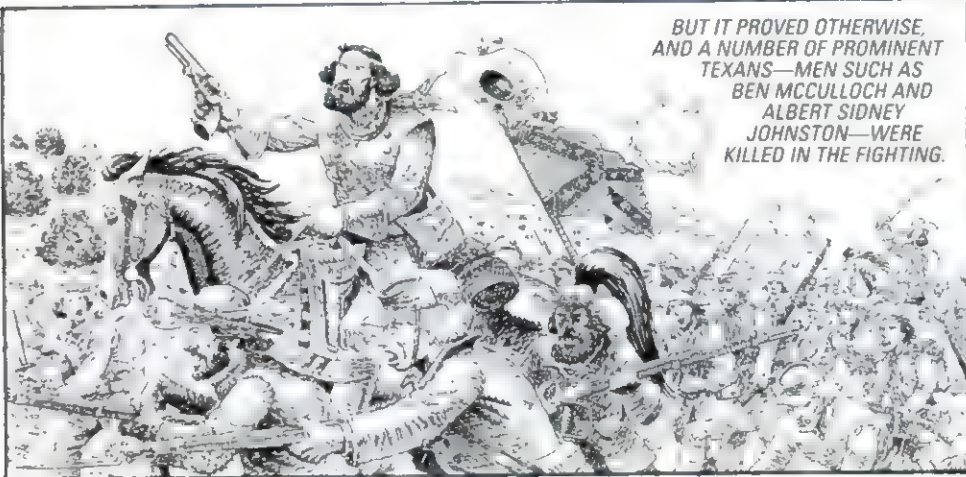
HOUSTON WOULD NOT TAKE AN OATH TO SUPPORT THE CONFEDERACY AND WAS REMOVED FROM OFFICE





ED CLARK BECAME THE NEW GOVERNOR OF TEXAS  
JOINED TO THE CONFEDERACY

TEXANS MARCHED OFF TO BATTLE, THINKING THE WAR WOULD BE A SHORT ONE WITH VICTORY FOR  
THE SOUTH



EMBOLDENED BY THE LACK OF TROOPS, THE  
COMANCHES SOUGHT TO REGAIN THEIR LOST TERRITORY

THEIR RAIDS DEVASTATED THE ENTIRE FRONTIER  
DURING THE COURSE OF THE CIVIL WAR



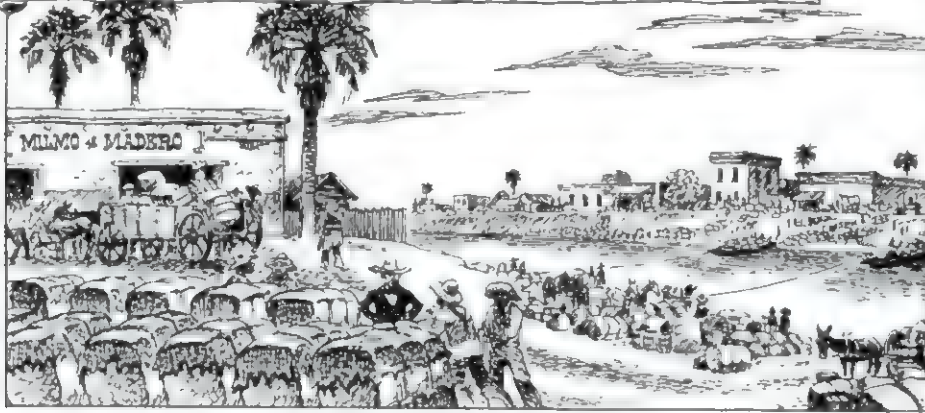
THE SETTLEMENT LINE WAS PUSHED BACK 100 MILES, WITH BURNED OUT HOMES AND HASTILY DUG  
GRAVES A COMMON SIGHT

RARELY COULD THE SWIFT RAIDERS BE CAUGHT AND  
PUNISHED





WITH TEXAS PORTS BLOCKADED BY THE UNION, MATAMOROS ENJOYED A PROSPEROUS COTTON TRADE



COTTON TRAFFIC WAS HEAVY IN TOWNS ALL ALONG THE RIO GRANDE, AND THE WEALTH TRICKLED DOWN



MANY VALLEY TEJANOS JOINED THE CONFEDERACY SOME, LIKE SANTOS BENAVIDES, FOUGHT IN LOCAL BATTLES



SPARED THE BRUNT OF MAJOR FIGHTING, TEXAS SETTLED INTO A DULL ROUTINE



BELTS TIGHTENED AS THE WAR DRAGGED ON



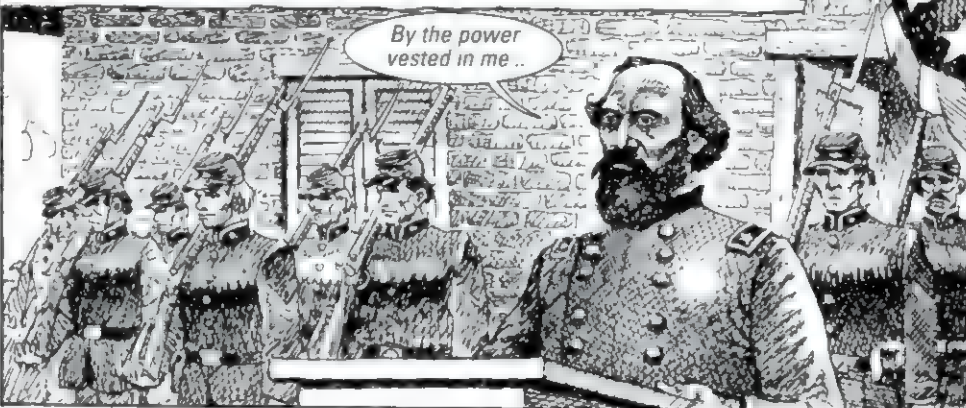
TEXAN CASUALTIES WERE HIGH BEYOND THE MISSISSIPPI AND WOUNDED VETERANS RETURNED HOME WITH DISCOURAGING NEWS



ONCE THE SOLDIERS STARTED STRAGGLING BACK, GLOOM AND ANXIETY GRIPPED THE STATE



ON JUNE 19, 1865, GEN. GRANGER LANDED AT GALVESTON HE DECLARED FEDERAL AUTHORITY RESTORED AND FREED THE SLAVES, A DAY THAT BECAME CELEBRATED AS JUNETEENTH

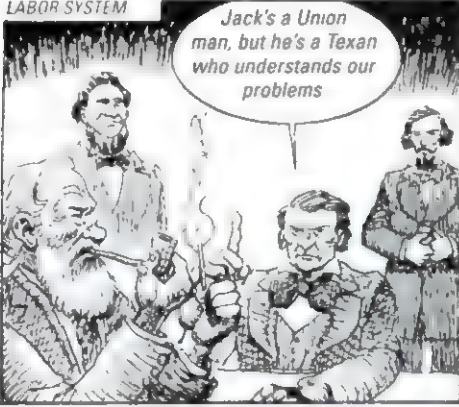


WITHOUT SLAVES, THE LARGE PLANTERS WERE IN TROUBLE

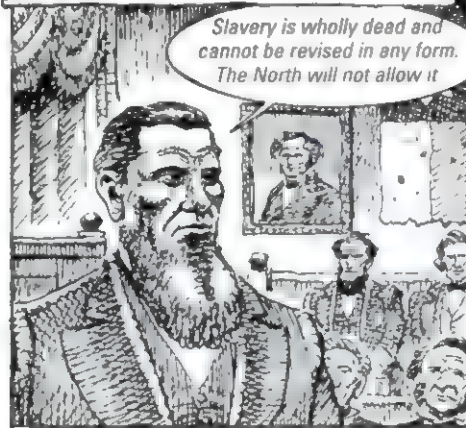




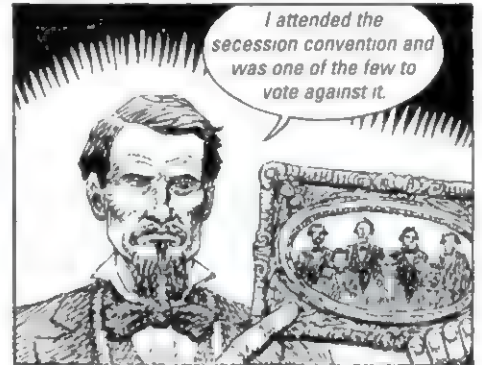
THE SLAVE OWNERS HOPED THAT INTERIM GOVERNOR A J JACK HAMILTON WOULD SET UP A STATE-REGULATED LABOR SYSTEM



ALL BUT HARD-CORE UNIONISTS WERE DISAPPOINTED



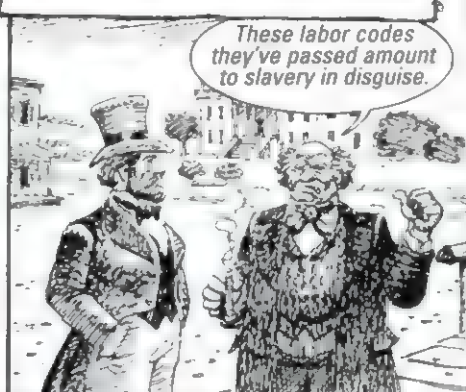
IN THE NEXT ELECTION JAMES THROCKMORTON BEAT THE RADICAL UNION CANDIDATE ELISHA M. PEASE FOR GOVERNOR.



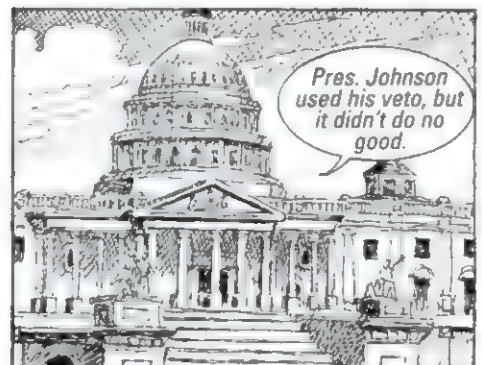
IN AUGUST 1866 PRESIDENT ANDREW JOHNSON DECLARED THE REBELLION AT AN END IN TEXAS



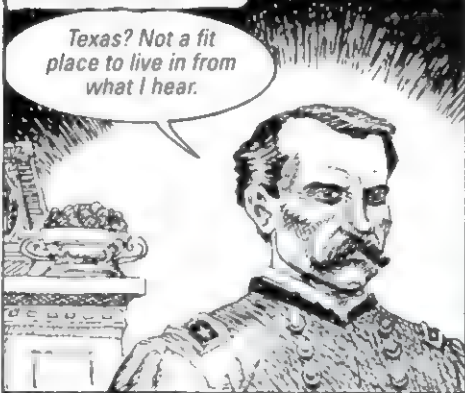
THROCKMORTON, IN HIS ATTEMPT TO MAINTAIN WHITE CONTROL AND RESTRICT THE FREEDOM OF BLACKS, RAN INTO STIFF OPPOSITION



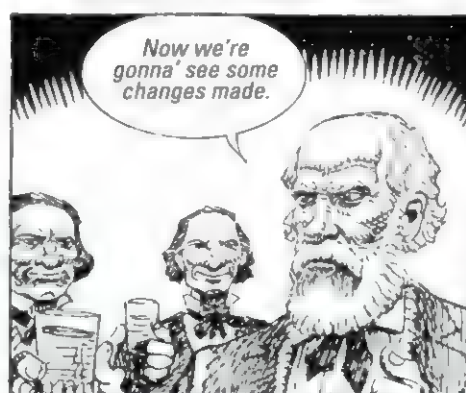
ALL THIS POLITICAL BICKERING WAS SWEEPED ASIDE WHEN THE U.S. CONGRESS PASSED THE FIRST RECONSTRUCTION ACT IN MARCH 1867. THE NEW REGIMES WERE DECLARED ILLEGAL AND THE SOUTH DIVIDED INTO 5 MILITARY ZONES



PHIL SHERIDAN WAS THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF GENERALS TO HEAD THE FIFTH DISTRICT, WHICH INCLUDED TEXAS



IN JULY THROCKMORTON WAS DECLARED AN IMPEDIMENT TO RECONSTRUCTION AND REPLACED BY THE RADICAL PEASE



UNDER THE NEW SETUP, THE MILITARY HAD THE POWER TO REMOVE ANY DULY ELECTED PUBLIC OFFICIAL



THE POSTWAR MILITARY GOVERNMENT WAS MUCH RESENTED BY THE BEATEN BUT UNBOWED TEXANS



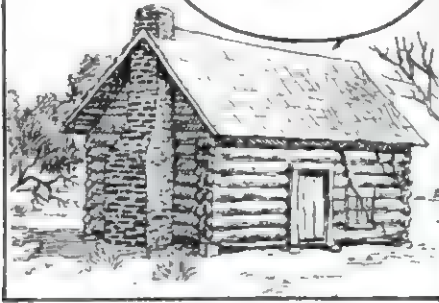
KILLINGS SOMETIMES RESULTED, AND A NUMBER OF YOUNG TEXANS HAD TO GO IN HIDING





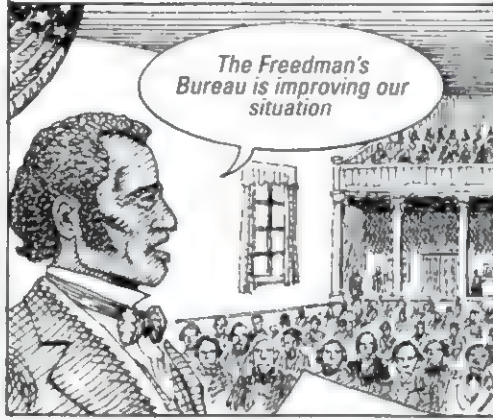
THE BLACKS NOW HAD THE RIGHT TO VOTE AND MADE A VALIANT EFFORT TO TAKE CHARGE OF THEIR LIVES

Education is the way to a better future.



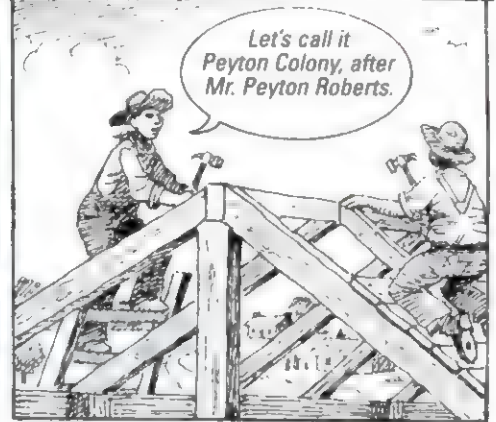
IN 1869 FOURTEEN BLACKS WERE ELECTED TO SERVE IN THE TEXAS LEGISLATURE

The Freedman's Bureau is improving our situation



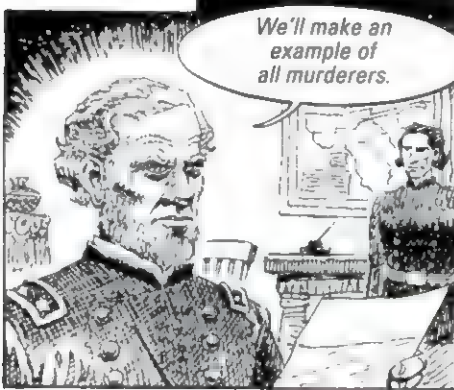
THE EX-SLAVES SOMETIMES SETTLED COMMUNITIES OF THEIR OWN

Let's call it Peyton Colony, after Mr. Peyton Roberts.



GEN REYNOLDS ISSUED ORDERS TO CURB VIOLENCE DIRECTED AGAINST BLACKS, UNION MEN, AND U.S. SOLDIERS

We'll make an example of all murderers.

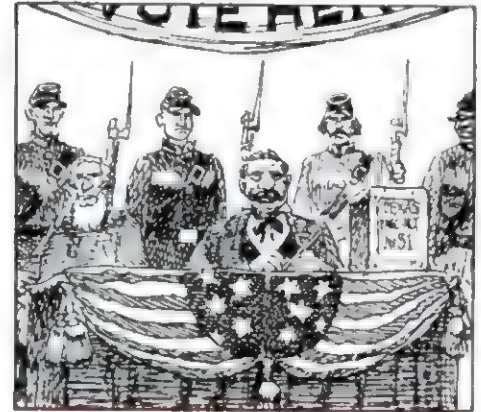


PRESIDENT GRANT BECAME UPSET WITH THE RESISTANCE FEDERAL FORCES FACED IN TEXAS

Things are moving too slow down there to suit me.



HE SUPPORTED THE TICKET OF E. J. DAVIS IN 1869 AND MADE SURE THAT SOLDIERS GUARDED THE POLLING PLACES.



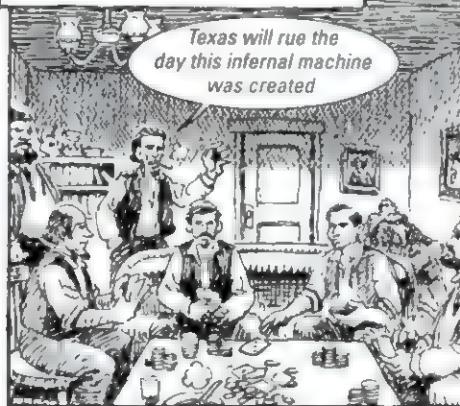
DAVIS WON AS GOVERNOR BY A NARROW MARGIN, AND ONE OF HIS FIRST ACTS WAS TO PUSH A POLICE AND MILITIA BILL THROUGH THE LEGISLATURE

Due to the lawlessness in many parts of Texas, we must take appropriate and timely measures.



TO DO SO, HE HAD TO ARREST AND HOLD CAPTIVE EIGHT OPPOSING SENATORS

Texas will rue the day this infernal machine was created



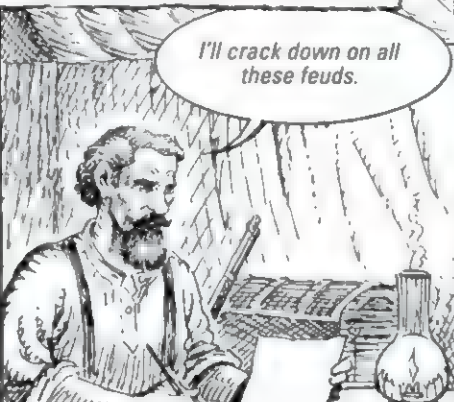
RECRUITS TO THIS STATE POLICE WERE NOT ALWAYS OF THE HIGHEST TYPE.

They'll say it was another attempted escape.



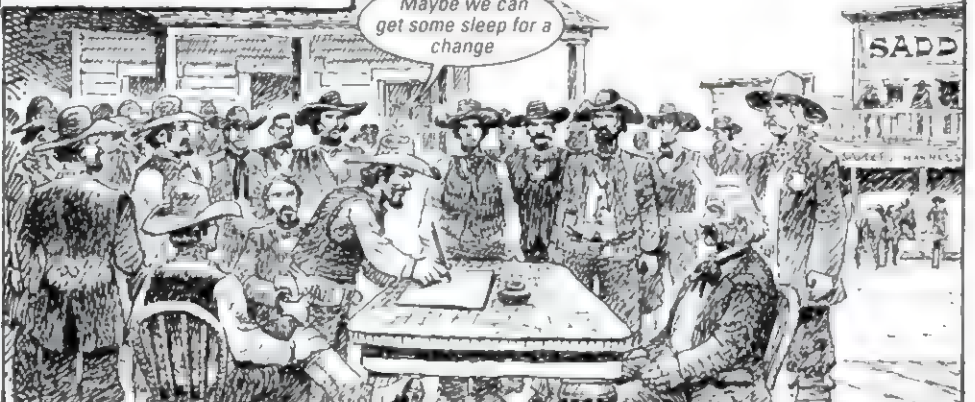
OTHERS, LIKE FUTURE RANGER CAPTAIN LEANDER MCNELLY, DID A GOOD JOB

I'll crack down on all these feuds.



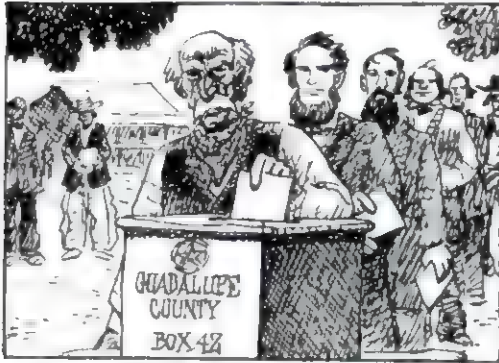
BUT THE LEGISLATURE DID AWAY WITH THE STATE POLICE IN APRIL 1873, AND FEUDISTS GRADUALLY MADE PEACE

Maybe we can get some sleep for a change

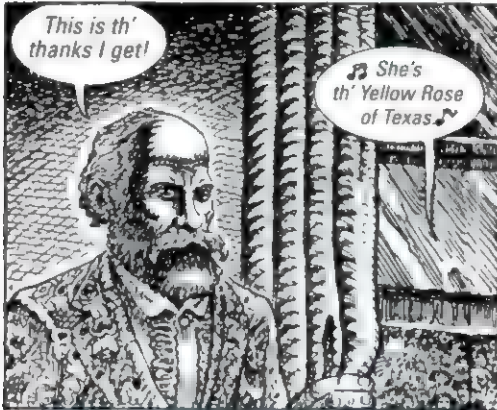




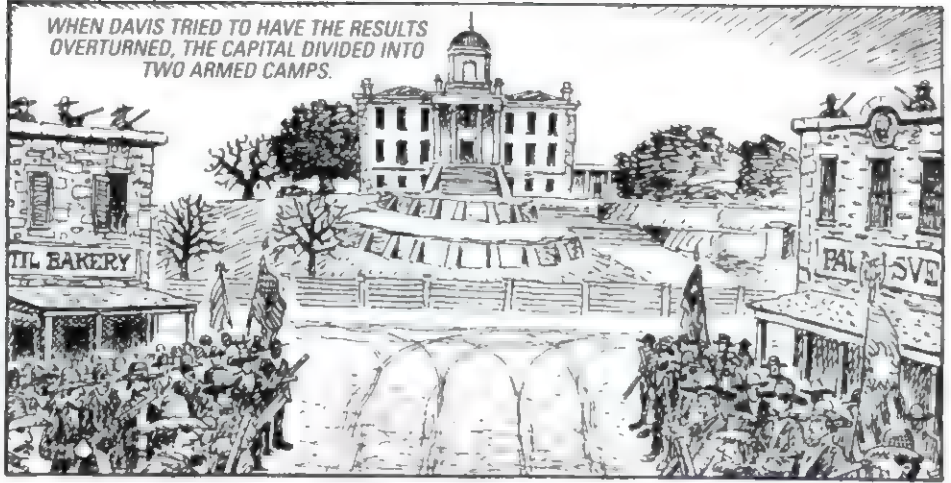
ENCOURAGED BY THE DEFEAT OF THE POLICE BILL, DEMOCRATS RALLIED TO BEAT GOV. DAVIS AT THE POLLS IN 1873. RICHARD COKE WAS ELECTED.



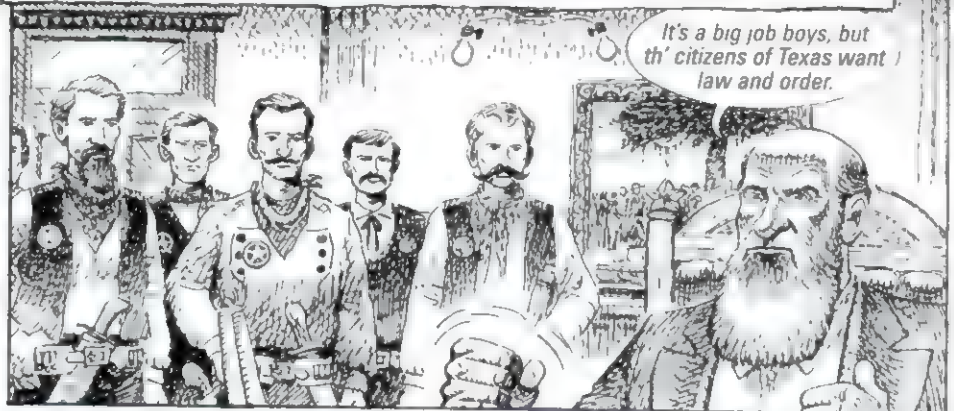
EMBITTERED BY THE FAILURE OF HIS NORTHERN FRIENDS TO SUPPORT HIM, DAVIS YIELDED TO COKE.



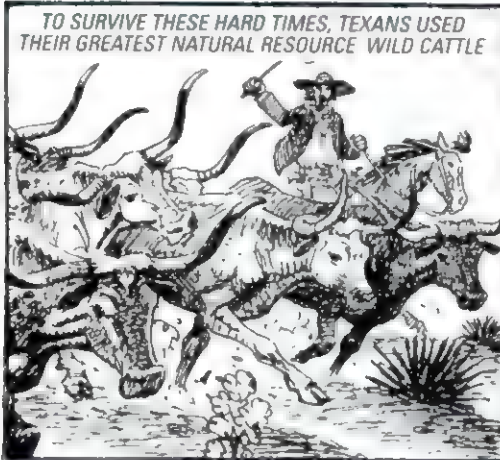
WHEN DAVIS TRIED TO HAVE THE RESULTS OVERTURNED, THE CAPITAL DIVIDED INTO TWO ARMED CAMPS.



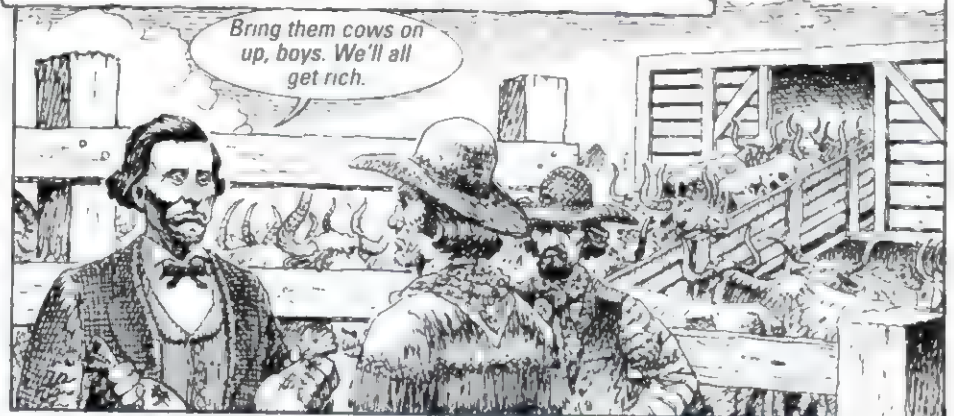
RADICAL RECONSTRUCTION WAS OVER. GOV. COKE RE-ESTABLISHED THE TEXAS RANGERS TO RID THE STATE OF HOSTILE INDIANS, RUSTLERS, AND OUTLAWS.



TO SURVIVE THESE HARD TIMES, TEXANS USED THEIR GREATEST NATURAL RESOURCE: WILD CATTLE.



SHORTLY AFTER THE WAR, JOSEPH MCCOY HAD OPENED A MARKET FOR TEXAS CATTLE AT ABILENE, KANSAS.



TEXANS QUICKLY TOOK ADVANTAGE OF MCCOY'S COWTOWN, DRIVING COUNTLESS HERDS UP THE TRAIL AND LATER STOCKING NORTHERN RANCHES.



THE U.S. ARMY COMMENCED VIGOROUS CAMPAIGNS AGAINST THE PLAINS INDIANS. COL. RANALD MACKENZIE WAS AN ABLE COMMANDER.

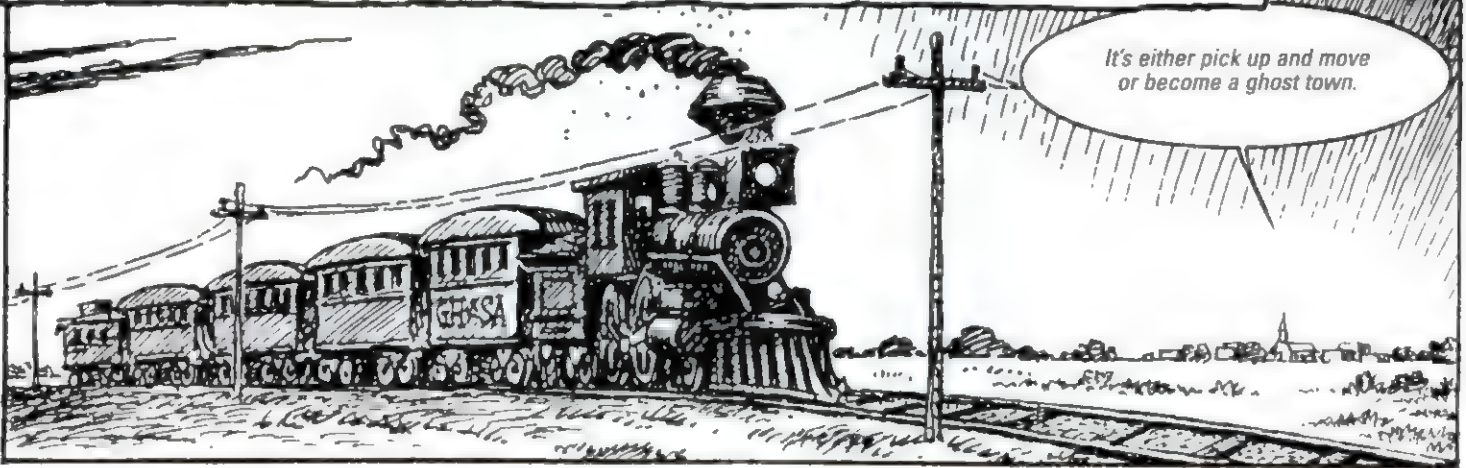




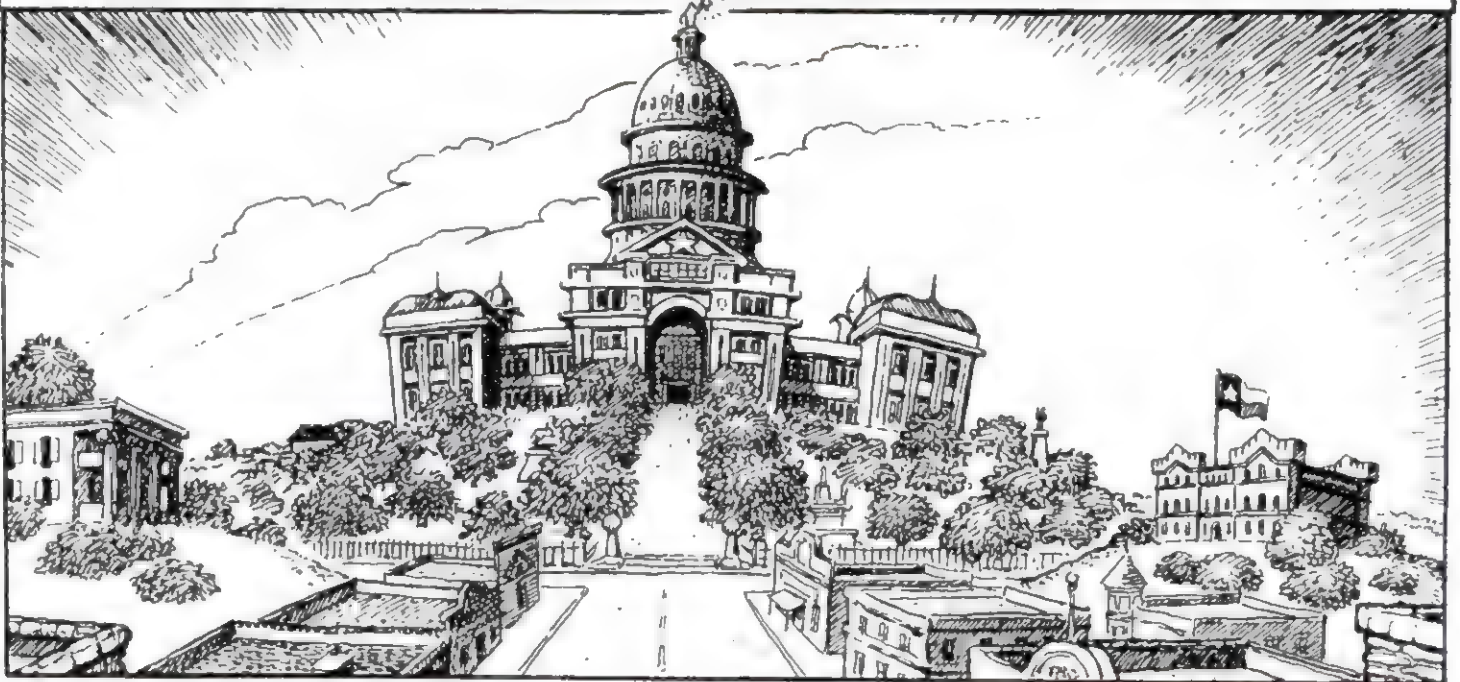
AFTER MACKENZIE'S SMASHING VICTORY OVER THE COMANCHES AT PALO DURO CANYON IN 1874, CHIEF QUANAH PARKER LED HIS PEOPLE TO RESERVATION LIFE. THEY WERE THE LAST HOLDOUTS



WITH THE COMING OF THE RAILROAD AND TELEGRAPH, TEXAS ENTERED THE MODERN AGE. THE DISCOVERY OF OIL AND NATURAL GAS CAUSED MORE PROSPERITY, BUT SOME TOWNS PAID A PRICE.



ANOTHER ASSET—PUBLIC LAND—PROVIDED THE MONEY FOR A BEAUTIFUL NEW STATE CAPITOL BUILDING, THE SAME WE USE TODAY.



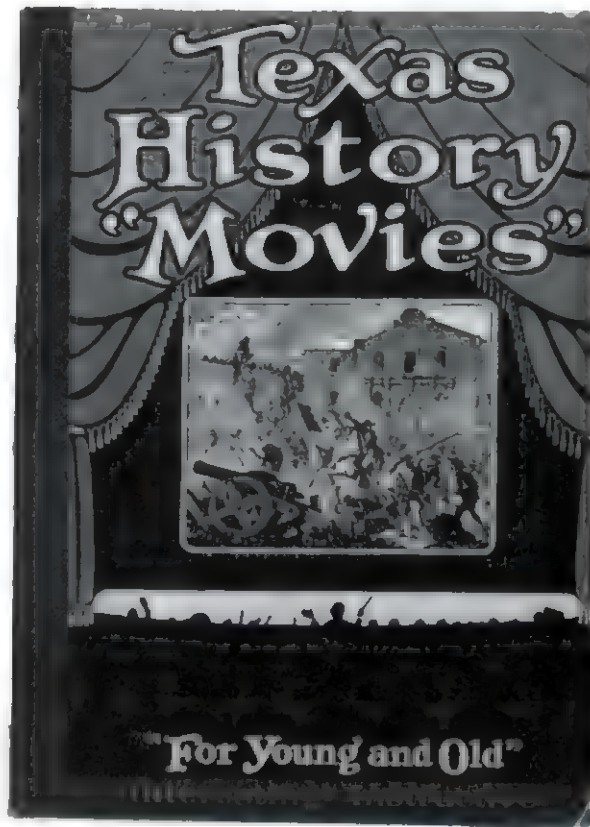
# A BIT OF HISTORY ABOUT *Texas History Movies*

In the October 3, 1926, edition of the *Dallas Morning News* there appeared a quarter-page advertisement for a "New Educational Art Feature" with the intriguing title *Texas History Movies*. The ad featured a cartoon of Philip Nolan, a mustanger, one of the first Anglo-Americans to penetrate Spanish Texas, under the banner "Wild Horses Dragged 'Em In." Thus was initiated one of the most influential and long-lasting educational comic strip experiments in Texas, if not the entire United States.

*Texas History Movies* was the concept of E. B. Doran, then director of news and telegraph for the *Dallas News* and the *Dallas*

*Journal*. The title came from J. F. Kimball, a former superintendent of the public schools in Dallas. Jack Patton, a native of Shreveport, Louisiana, born in 1900, was the artist of the strip. Previously he had tried a gag-filled series called "The Restless Years" for the *Journal* and his work continued to grace the pages of the *Morning News* until his retirement in 1961. Handling the text was a Dallas native, John Rosenfield Jr., a University of Texas graduate who was amusements editor for the paper in 1926. Both Patton and Rosenfield were history buffs and shared an obvious delight in the assignment.

Accompanying the "prologue" sequence of the strip in the October 5 edition was an article that set forth what the newspaper hoped to accomplish with its unusual approach: "The News offers this series to its readers with trust that it will be entertaining as



School booklet, 1928. Courtesy Center for American History, University of Texas at Austin. DI 03039.

well as educational. Effort has been to make the figures of Texas history living, vital, human figures and not stilted personages. In order that the humanness of the story can be presented, the pictures and text material are at all times colloquial and idiomatic. Such liberties are self confessed."

The article went on to emphasize that these "liberties" did not distort actual facts, which had been carefully researched, but merely accentuated and colored the historical record. Further, the sparse text that accompanied the strip (captions, similar to those in silent movies) had the sole purpose of clarifying or explaining the pan-

els, for it was the creators' aim to "let the pictures tell the story."

Such an approach was revolutionary for 1926, and especially so for boondocks Texas. It expressed an awareness that the lowly comic strip had come of age as an artform in America, distinct from the conventional method of presenting a mass of text, illustrated by several drawings. Here the drawings carried the weight, not the text. The format of the strip was uniform and simple, each daily installment consisting of four panels generally run at the bottom of the paper's second section. It measured a whopping 14 inches across and was set apart from other syndicated strips. Reflecting the old work-for-hire mentality, credit to neither artist nor writer was given and copyright was vested in the publisher of the *News*, A. H. Belo Corporation. The creators, however,



would soon get their due because of the strip's popularity.

As an added incentive for its younger readers, the paper offered a prize of five dollars for the best answers to ten questions posed about each weekly installment of the strip. Five dollars was a lot of money in 1926, especially for kids in elementary school. The hope was expressed that, if school children followed the series, they would "acquire a priceless knowledge of their state and a love for its traditions." Follow it they did, and with a devotion little imagined when the strip was launched. *Texas History Movies* ran continuously in the *Dallas Morning News* until June of 1927, when—by request of history teachers all over the state—it was suspended until the following fall, when school resumed. By the time the series ended on June 9, 1928, its creators had logged over 1,600 panels (428 daily installments) and greatly influenced the way that Texans would perceive their historical heritage. Adults loved the series as much as the kids, and its appeal to "Young and Old" guaranteed that the cartoon strip would not be forgotten any time soon.

No sooner did the series end than efforts to perpetuate its influence began. In 1928 the P. L. Turner Company of Dallas, a noted textbook publisher, bought hardcover rights to the strip. Under imprint of The Southwest Press, Turner that year released the first compilation of *Movies* in its entirety, running 217 pages. Deservedly so, Patton received credit for the illustrations and Rosenfield for the text. The book's foreword by them reaffirmed their purpose of keeping the stories "humorous, human,



[82]

Sample page, at actual size, from the 1928 school booklet. Courtesy Center for American History, University of Texas at Austin. DI 03040.

vivid, and real." It also defended their use of "slang, colloquialisms, modernisms, and deliberate anachronisms" to capture what they believed to be "the spirit of an episode." This 1928 first edition (done in blue ink) is now extremely rare, though it gave birth to many subsequent printings.

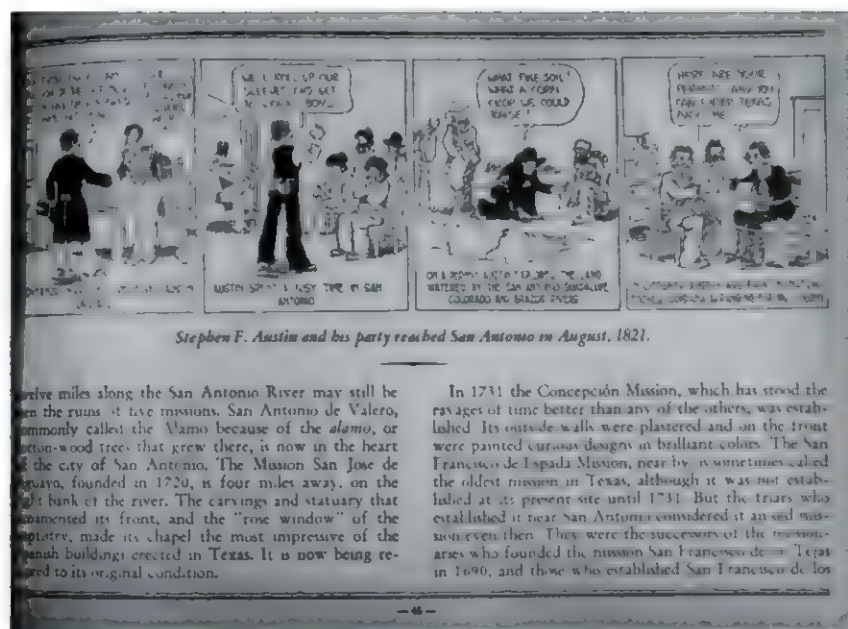
That same year the Magnolia Petroleum Company, "prompted by a desire to be of service to

the pupils of the public schools of Texas and to have some small part in helping impress upon them the remarkable past of their state," made an arrangement with the Turner Company to print an abridged version. It ran 64 pages and ended with the battle of San Jacinto. The booklet was

later expanded to 128 pages and some version of it was given to the schools free of charge for three decades until millions of copies had been distributed. The amazing thing is that this booklet was in circulation in Texas some years before comic books, as we now know them, had been "invented" in America!

The hardcover edition was large, measuring 9 by 12 inches. It had a bold cover design with title at the top, curtains drawn back, and a scene from the battle of the Alamo on the screen. At the bottom sat an enthralled audience. This design was also on the cover of the school booklet, only 5 by 7 inches. In other words, the reader was at the "movies" and each panel represented a frozen scene or frame from the larger story's movie reel. Patton and Rosenfield made reference to this technique in their foreword: "Thus the pictures themselves tell the story and not the printed captions, which serve in the fashion of cinema sub-titles." As a tribute to their creation, we have kept the same title on this complete revision of the story in graphic form.

Both the hardcover and the booklet—despite their size difference—had the same page arrangement. Two newspaper installments (eight panels) graced each page. They made a three-panel frame on the page with Rosenfield's brief explanation in the middle. We have reproduced a sample page from the



Page from 1935 edition, showing disjunction between text and art. *Courtesy Center for American History, University of Texas at Austin. DI 03042.*

1928 booklet at actual size—so small it is a miracle that Texas school children didn't damage their eyesight reading the thing. Patton's art work might have helped because his pictures were clean and simple, yet packed with suggestive detail and expressive movement. Jack Patton had a knack for giving

the eye all the essentials needed to comprehend the event portrayed without cluttering his panels.

Studying his work, it is not surprising that *Movies* captured the imagination of Texans for generations.

In 1943 Magnolia purchased the copyright to the booklet, with the Turner Company retaining publication rights to the larger book. The booklet cover design changed several times, but most were red and blue with a Texas flag and several panels of Patton's art. One notable change came in 1935 with a different format, lengthwise 9 inches, 6 inches tall, and the addition of some text by "one of the foremost historians of the state." In this edition there were four panels at the top with the text below and taking up as much space as the art. One big problem was that the new text described events far behind the art on the same page. As an example the text talks about the founding of missions at San Antonio in 1731 while Patton's art shows Stephen F. Austin's arrival in Texas in 1821. This was poor planning that made the story harder to follow. In this edition a Part Two has been added on the "Industrial Development of Texas" extending the overall length to 128 pages. By the 1950s the booklet was issued under Magnolia Petroleum's more familiar Mobil logo featuring the "Flying Red Horse." It was back to the 5 by 7 inch digest format but twice the size of the original



school edition, containing 248 newspaper strips in 128 pages instead of 124 strips in 64 pages.

In 1959, the year I graduated from Stockdale High School in South Texas, Magnolia merged with Socony-Mobil, a global operation that extended far beyond the borders of Texas. Consequently, a decision was made to discontinue publication of the little comic book that had shaped the minds of several generations of Texas school children. The exact reasons for this decision vary. Some say that "economy measures" were a factor. Others point out that after Magnolia became Mobil and went national it could no longer justify providing a free booklet for Texas school children without doing the same for kids in all the other states.

Another reason for Mobil's decision cannot be ignored, however, and that is the comic book's depiction of ethnic minorities and the increasing criticism that the oil company was receiving because of it. Clearly what had passed for legitimate humor in the 1920s was becoming more offensive to growing numbers of Texans. Particularly offended were Hispanics, especially ex-servicemen who had served their country during World War II and the Korean conflict. Upon returning home they protested the way in which *Texas History Movies* treated Mexicans, criticisms that many Anglos had to admit were valid. In addition to the generally unfavorable way that Mexicans were visually depicted by Patton, Rosenfield's captions and talk balloons sometimes contained racial slurs. Indians said "Ugh" and not much else, except to remark how tough and what good shots the "Pale-Faces" were. Blacks fared even worse, typical of the accepted cartoon stereotypes of the 1920s. In fairness to Patton, it should be noted that many of his Anglos were drawn as scruffy, unsavory characters of bad behavior.

Whatever the actual reason, in 1960 Mobil Oil ceased distribution and donated its copyright to the Texas State Historical Association (TSHA). Believing the booklet still had some merit and certainly a historical significance, Fred H. Moore, president of Mobil North America and a friend of the Association, made the actual bequest.

Meanwhile, the P. L. Turner Company had continued, since 1928, to issue a number of hardcover editions. The cover was usually green, sometimes

with the movie theatre illustration laminated in a frame, sometimes without. One issue came in 1935, known as the "Centennial Edition," celebrating Texas's 100th birthday the next year. It ran 244 pages instead of the usual 217. Turner's last edition came in 1963, packaged with a selection of reading material by Bertha Mae Cox and titled *Let's Read About Texas*. This print run lasted until 1968. As with the school booklets, it is difficult to assign a year to these hardcover editions because they often list a string of copyright dates going back to the beginning. I have only seen three different examples of the school booklet's contents, even though the covers changed with various printings.

A company called Graphic Ideas, under the leadership of Jim Box, acquired the Turner Company's rights and brought out a 1970 hardcover edition with "fresh" text by Orlo Mitchell of Houston. Mitchell, while admitting that Patton-Rosenfield had skipped important sequences of Texas history (like the wanderings of Cabeza de Vaca), left the original sequence intact. Nor were the racial slurs that had so annoyed Hispanics taken out. The format remained the same—eight panels to a page—with Mitchell's new text placed in the center. At least it described the art on the same page. This was the last edition before *Texas History Movies* underwent drastic revision by both copyright holders to bring it in line with modern ethnic perceptions.

The TSHA, upon receiving copyright to the booklet version in 1961, knew that Mobil had caught some flak from Hispanics over the "image" that the book projected. It was sensitive to the changes that would be necessary if the state's oldest learned society was to play any part in the continued use of *Movies* in the public schools. In 1969 a group called the Texas History Education Advisory Committee was organized to "revitalize" the teaching of Texas history. High priority was given by this elite group of educators to the old *Movies* booklet, for its value as a teaching aid had long been recognized.

An article by Jack Loftis in the Sunday supplement of the *Houston Chronicle*, February 28, 1971, noted that the TSHA was planning to reissue the classic with "minor changes" to those panels that various ethnic groups might find offensive. This version appeared in 1974, called *Texas History Illustrated*, and

the changes were far more than minor. Although an "Editorial Advisory Board" of three Hispanic males and a black woman was selected for input, it appears that most of the objectionable points were mulled over and decided by Dr. L. Tuffly Ellis, head of the TSHA at the time, and his assistant, Dr. Kenneth Ragsdale. Changes—both in art and dialogue—were then forwarded to the *Houston Chronicle*, which had offered to do the printing and provide technical help. To avoid identification with the old, biased version, Dr. Ellis suggested the new title *Illustrated*.

This 1974 TSHA edition is printed on common newsprint, measuring 7 by 10 inches and 55 pages in length. There are two rows of four panels on each page, and the text remained the same as in Mobil's 1935 booklet except for a few corrections of historical accuracy. This, again, meant that the text had nothing to do with the art, a shortcoming that should have been recognized and fixed. The booklet had an initial printing of 50,000 copies, followed by another 50,000 with a grant from the Texas Educational Association. In 1986 yet another printing was done, with better paper and a glossy two-color cover. Although the title was changed back to *Texas History Movies*, the content is the same as the revised edition of 1974. In his introduction George B. Ward of the TSHA proudly noted that of 100,000 copies distributed to Texas schools, not one complaint had been received.

The TSHA was not alone in its revision process. The hardcover rights that had passed from the Turner Company to Graphic Ideas were acquired in 1981 by Pepper Jones Martinez, Inc., of Dallas (PJM). They issued a \$250 facsimile of the Turner original—in blue ink—in 1984. It now sells for a fraction of the cost and is the edition often seen in used book stores. For one who wishes to examine the unexpurgated original, and discover what all the fuss is about, this is the most accessible route. In 1986 PJM brought out a soft cover "Sesquicentennial Edition" booklet reasonably priced at \$5.95. It contained 155 pages in the lengthwise format, also in blue ink, and Dr. Joe B. Frantz, a noted historian and former TSHA director, was hired to write a new text. PJM optimistically printed 150,000 copies of the booklet but it

failed to receive the Sesquicentennial Committee's official seal of approval. Sales suffered as a result, especially orders that might have gone to various school districts. PJM did not help its case by adding some controversial panels on Santa Anna's mock marriage at San Antonio and how he was caught at San Jacinto literally with his pants down, which caused him to lose the battle—and Texas.

When I first read *Texas History Movies* in school I was a budding artist and the booklet was a great inspiration to me. It told me about events that had happened long ago and stimulated an interest in our historical heritage as Texans. Coming home after school I wandered the countryside and imagined ferocious Indians behind every bush. Other times I was an Indian myself, complete with my homemade bow and arrows. Real arrowheads picked up on my roamings were proof that these people had once lived here. Where had they gone? Even with its cartoony treatment *Texas History Movies* suggested the answer: They had been killed or driven out in years of violent struggle. A few managed to survive and blend in with the larger society, but it took me awhile to learn this and meet their descendants.

In time I decided to draw my own version of these events in a more realistic style than Jack Patton. My object was to create a "time machine" effect that would make the readers feel like they were there when the events occurred. This requires a lot of research, which I did anyway to get the story right. But I borrowed freely from Patton-Rosenfield, especially their use of slang to make my characters real human beings instead of lofty cardboard figures that few of us can identify with. When possible I tried to inject humor, for it is a painless way to learn about the past and appreciate the long distance we have traveled to reach our present prospects for the 21st century.

I hope that my rendition of the old classic, *Texas History Movies*, will "grab" a few young minds and make them want to learn more about the interesting people and events briefly touched on in this booklet.

*Jack Jackson,*  
Austin, Texas















AS JAKE SHOOK THE DEW OFF HIS LILY AND BEGAN BUT-TONING UP, HE SAW THE ROPE DANGLING FROM A NEARBY TREE.

HE HAD NOT NOTICED IT BEFORE, BUT NOW WITH THE MOON OUT, HE COULD SEE IT CLEARLY.

SOMEONE HAD DANGLED, AND FROM THE LOOKS OF THE BLOOD ON THE NOOSE-- DRIED BUT NOT ANCIENT-- NOT TOO LONG AGO. MAYBE YESTERDAY, OR EVEN LAST NIGHT.

JAKE SLID HIS FINGERS ALONG THE NOOSE AND WAS REWARDED WITH A SEVERE ROPE BURN.

OWWWW.

JAKE DIDN'T NOTICE THE SPIDERLIKE SHAPE SCUTTLE FROM AN OVERHEAD LIMB DOWN THE ROPE TO WHERE JAKE'S BLOOD MIXED WITH THE HEMP.

THE SPIDER-THING LAPPED THE FRESH BLOOD. AS IT DID, THE CREATURE BEGAN TO CHANGE. IT BECAME LARGER AND DROPPED FROM THE ROPE.

ONCE ON THE GROUND, THE CREATURE CONTINUED ITS METAMORPHOSIS IN THE BRIGHT MOON LIGHT.

WHEN THE TRANSFORMATION WAS COMPLETE, IT MOVED QUICKLY INTO THE WOODS.



JAKE NEVER HEARD OR NOTICED. HE WAS JUST ABOUT TO BREAK OUT OF THE WOODS INTO THE CLEARING WHEN A SHAPE ROSE IN FRONT OF HIM.



WHA...?



HOW LONG'S THIS GOING TO TAKE? WHY COULDN'T HE PISS IN THE WIND LIKE A REAL MAN?



YAAH

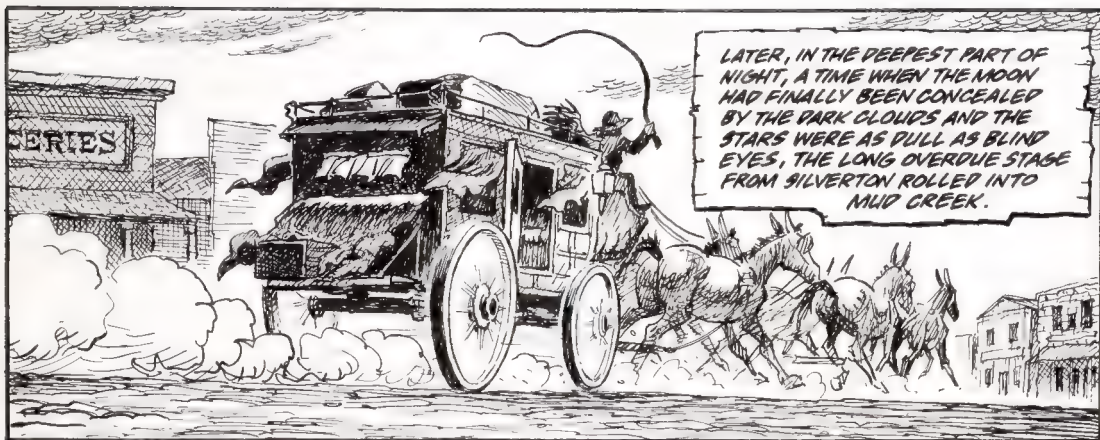


THE PASSENGERS CAME NEXT.

HEY, WHAT'S ALL TH' RACKET...

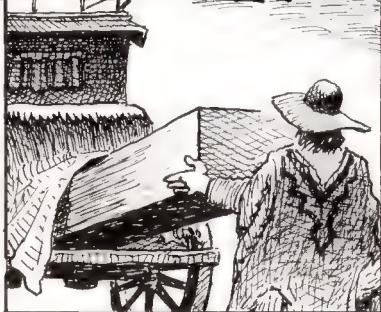






LATER, IN THE DEEPEST PART OF NIGHT, A TIME WHEN THE MOON HAD FINALLY BEEN CONCEALED BY THE DARK CLOUDS AND THE STARS WERE AS DULL AS BLIND EYES, THE LONG OVERDUE STAGE FROM SILVERTON ROLLED INTO MUD CREEK.

NO PASSENGERS STEPPED FROM THE STAGE. THERE WERE NO FRIENDS OR RELATIVES TO MEET THEM. NO ONE WAS AWARE, EXCEPT FOR THE DRIVER, OF ITS ARRIVAL. IT HAD BEEN GIVEN UP FOR THE DAY A GOOD TIME BACK.



THE DRIVER LIFTED THE LARGE CRATE AS IF IT WERE NO MORE THAN A STICK OF WOOD. HE CARRIED THE CRATE TOWARD THE LIVERY, HIS BOOTS THROWING UP LITTLE, SHORT-LIVED DUST DEVILS BEHIND HIM.



A HINGE CREAKED, WENT SILENT. NOW THERE WAS ONLY THE SOUND OF THE STAGE TEAM SNORTING AND A DISTANT ROLL OF THUNDER BEYOND THE BRAY-BLACK EAST TEXAS WOODLANDS.





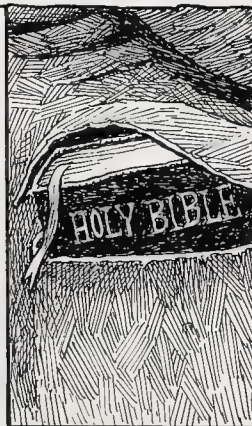
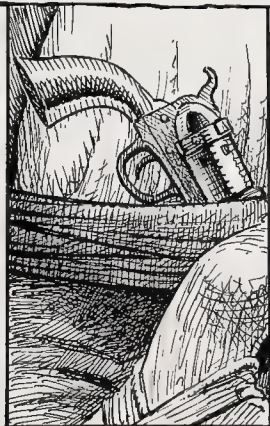
# DEAD IN THE WEST

HE HAD COME DOWN OUT OF THE HIGH COUNTRY:  
A LONG, LEAN PREACHER MAN COVERED IN DUST,  
RIDING A BUCKSKIN MARE WITH  
AN ABSCESSSED BACK.

BOTH MAN AND HORSE LOOKED  
READY TO DROP.



HIS FACE, LIKE SO MANY MEN OF THE WORD, WAS HARD AND STERN. BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING  
DEFINITELY UNGODLIKE ABOUT THE MAN. HE HAD THE COOL, BLUE EYES OF A COLD KILLER--  
THE EYES OF A MAN WHO HAD SEEN THE ELEPHANT AND SEEN IT WELL.



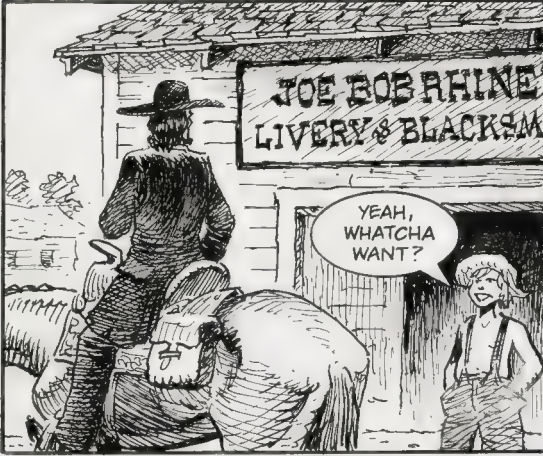


HE CAME INTO TOWN SLOW AND EASY, LIKE AN ON-THE-WATCH SHOOTIST, INSTEAD OF A HOLY MESSENGER OF THE LORD.



JOE BOB RHINE  
LIVERY & BLACKSMITH

YEAH, WHATCHA WANT?



IF YOU DON'T THINK IT'LL TIRE YOU OUT TOO MUCH, I'D LIKE MY HORSE GROOMED.

SIX BITS, NOW.

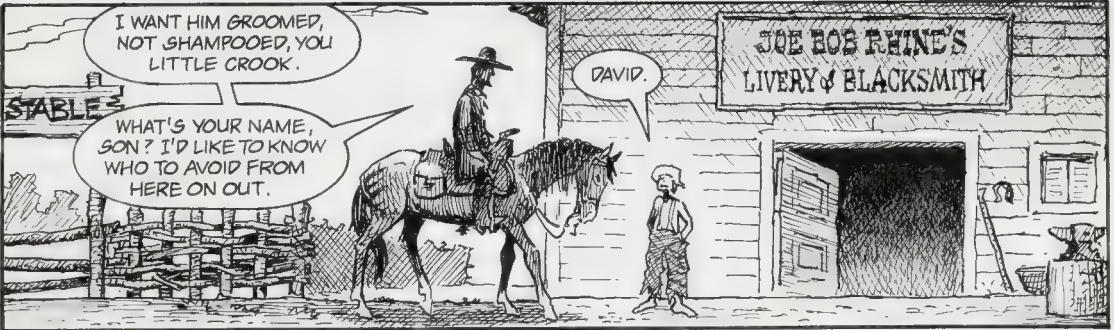


I WANT HIM GROOMED, NOT SHAMPOOED, YOU LITTLE CROOK.

WHAT'S YOUR NAME, SON? I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHO TO AVOID FROM HERE ON OUT.

DAVID.

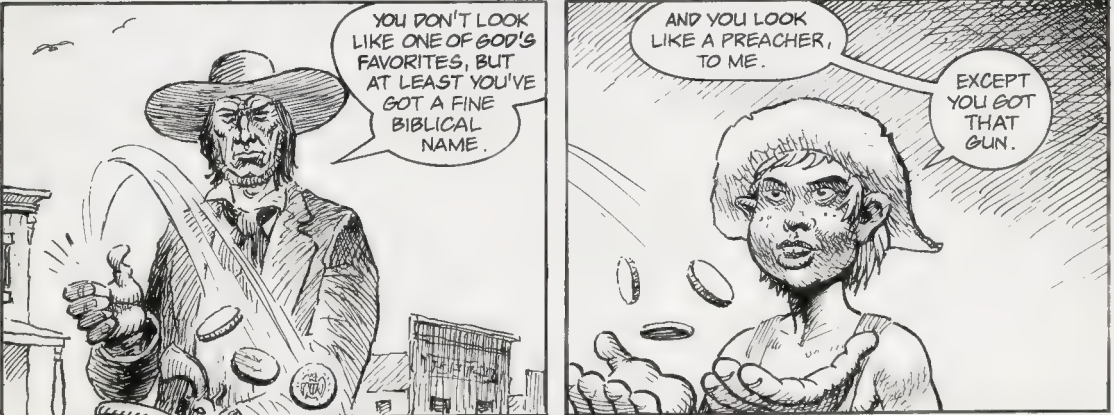
JOE BOB RHINE'S  
LIVERY & BLACKSMITH



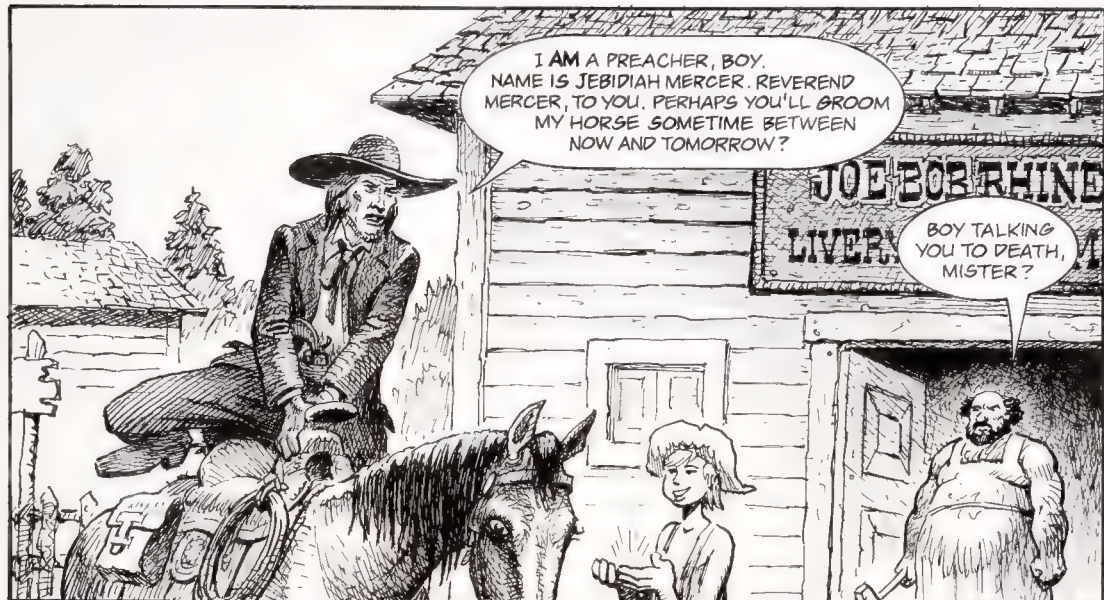
YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE ONE OF GOD'S FAVORITES, BUT AT LEAST YOU'VE GOT A FINE BIBLICAL NAME.

AND YOU LOOK LIKE A PREACHER, TO ME.

EXCEPT YOU GOT THAT GUN.





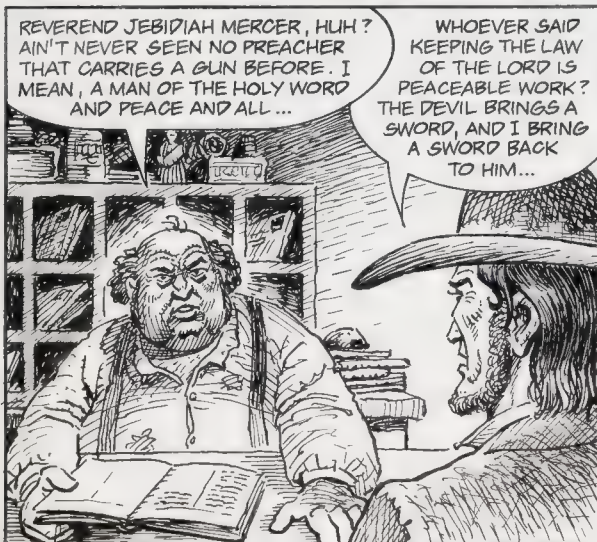




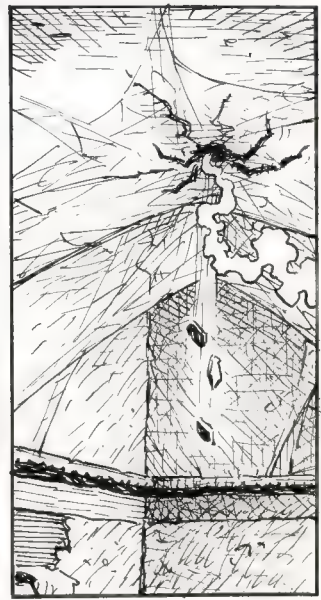
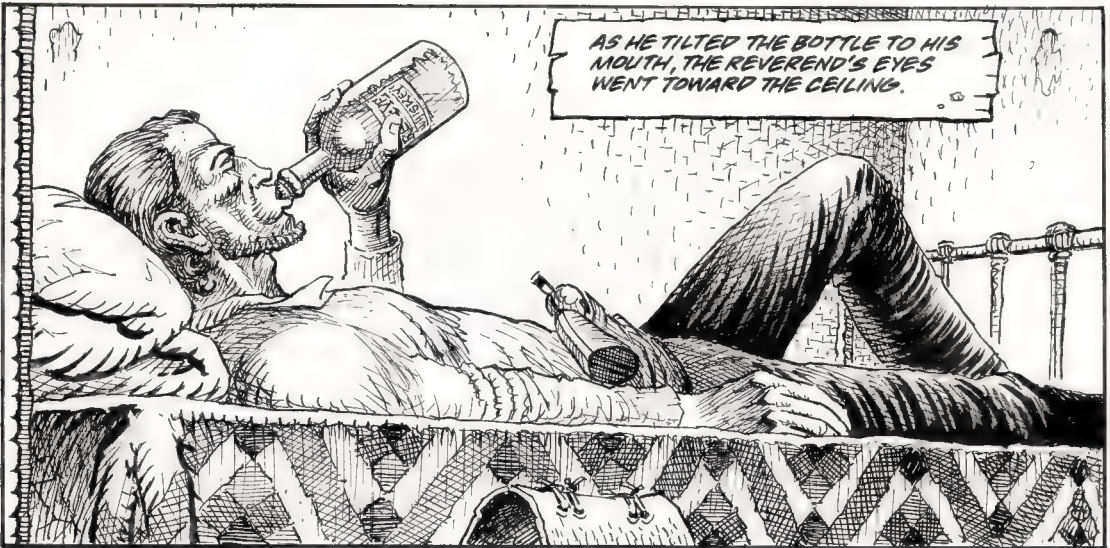
ALREADY THE BREEZE WAS TURNING WARM. IT WAS AUGUST IN EAST TEXAS; AND SAVE FOR THE WEE-MORNING HOURS, AND AN OCCASIONAL NIGHT BREEZE, IT WAS HOT AS A BITCH DOG IN HEAT, STICKY AS MOLASSES.



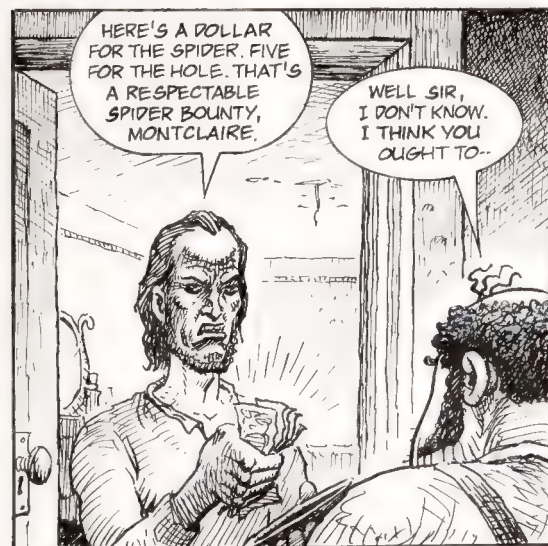
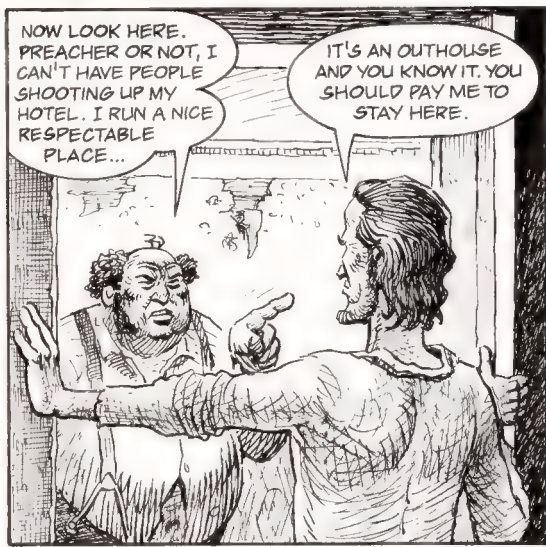
INSIDE THE HOTEL, THE REVEREND TOOK A DUSTY HANDKERCHIEF FROM HIS INSIDE COAT POCKET AND WIPED HIS FACE. HE COULD SMELL THE FAT MAN FROM ACROSS THE LOBBY.













HE HAD KILLED THE SPIDER BECAUSE IT WAS PART OF HIS RECURRING NIGHTMARE. ONE FULL YEAR OF THAT TERRIBLE DREAM, THE PRESSURE OF ITS DARKNESS GROWING HEAVIER EACH TIME, AS IF IT WERE GUIDING HIM TOWARD SOME DESTINY HE WAS MEANT TO FULFILL. OR PERHAPS IT WAS NOTHING MORE THAN THE SHADOWS OF HIS DYING FAITH, TRYING TO COLLECT THEMSELVES ONCE AGAIN INTO A SOLID LIE...



THE DREAM WAS ALWAYS THE SAME. THE RIVER WAS DARKER THAN THE SHIT FROM SATAN'S BOWELS.

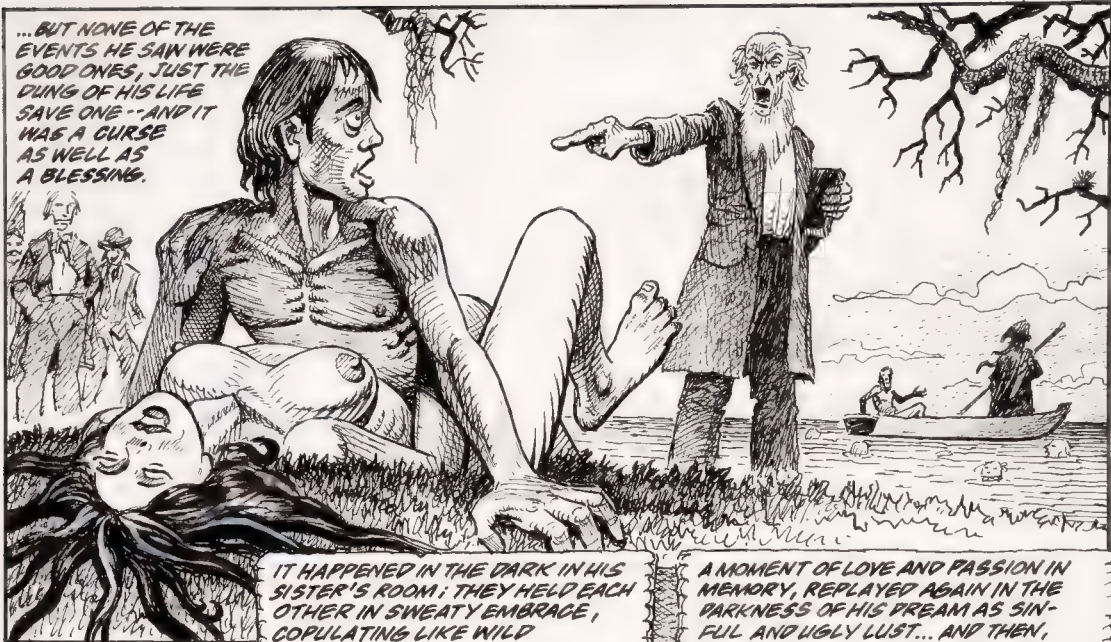


FROM TIME TO TIME, WHITE FACES WITH DEAD EYES WOULD BOB TO THE SURFACE LIKE FISHING CORKS, THEN DRIFT BACK DOWN INTO THE BLACKNESS LEAVING NOT A RIPPLE.





...BUT NONE OF THE  
EVENTS HE SAW WERE  
GOOD ONES, JUST THE  
DUNG OF HIS LIFE  
SAVE ONE--AND IT  
WAS A CURSE  
AS WELL AS  
A BLESSING.



IT HAPPENED IN THE DARK IN HIS  
SISTER'S ROOM: THEY HELD EACH  
OTHER IN SWEATY EMBRACE,  
COPULATING LIKE WILD  
FARM ANIMALS.

A MOMENT OF LOVE AND PASSION IN  
MEMORY, REPLAYED AGAIN IN THE  
DARKNESS OF HIS DREAM AS SIN-  
FUL AND UGLY LUST... AND THEN,  
THE TERROR AND SHAME OF THE  
DREAM, AS HIS FATHER APPEARED  
TO DAMN AND CURSE  
THEM BOTH...

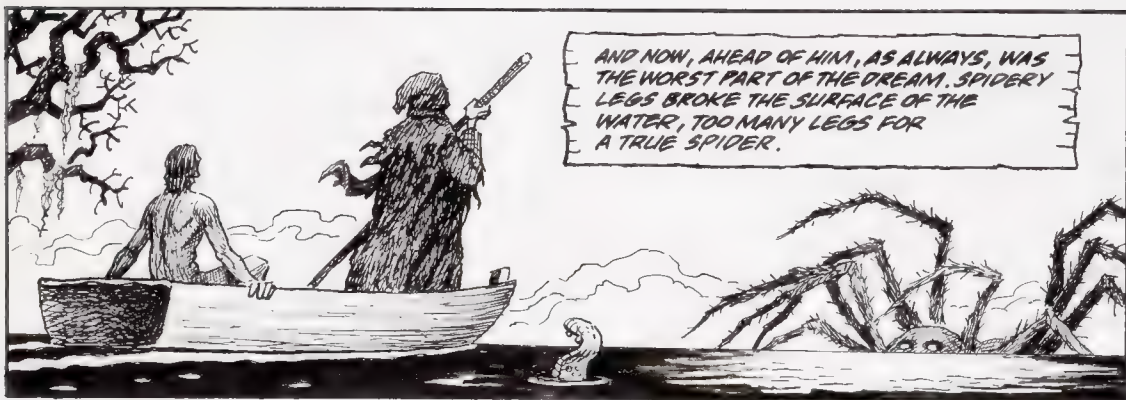


HE SAW THE LONG HOURS HE HAD SPENT, LEARNING TO  
BECOME A DEADLY KILLER WITH A GUN... HE SAW THE  
MEN HE'D LATER SLAIN, THOSE WHO HAD PUSHED  
HIM, AND THOSE HE HAD ELIMINATED FOR  
THEIR SINS AGAINST GOD... AND THE  
BOAT SAILED ON...

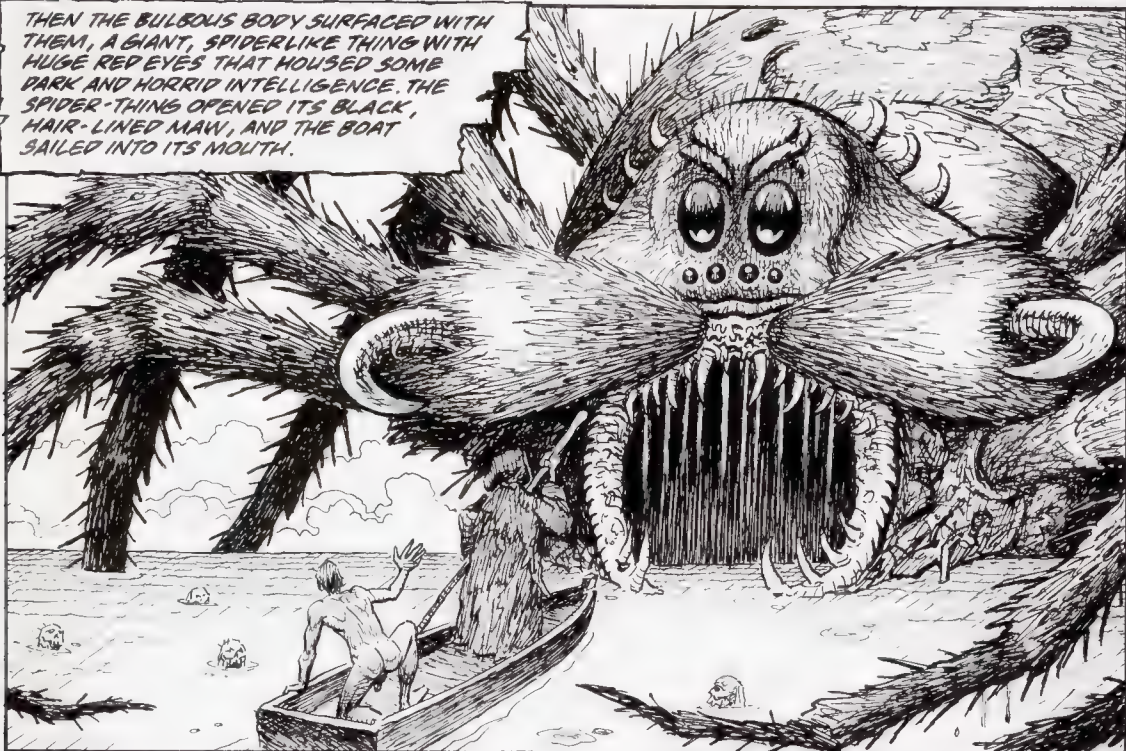
THE BOAT SAILED ON. YANKEES  
HE HAD KILLED IN THE LAST  
DREADFUL YEAR OF THE CIVIL  
WAR LINED UP ALONG THE  
BANK TO BID HIM SAD  
FAREWELL AS HE  
GLIDED BY...



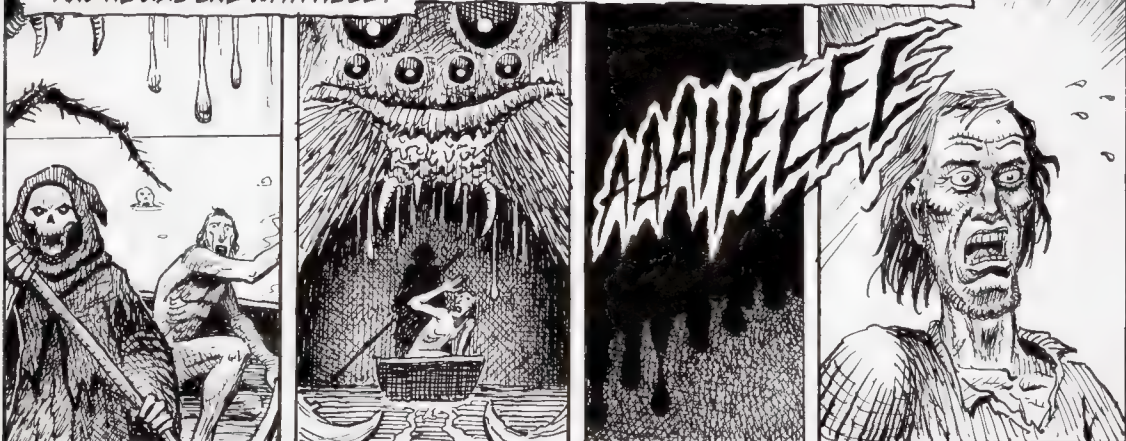




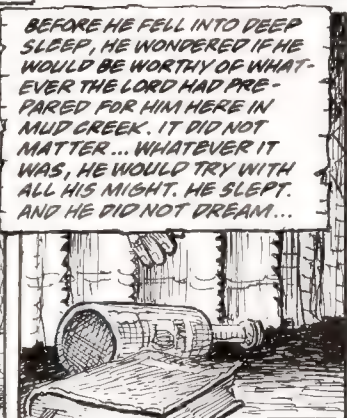
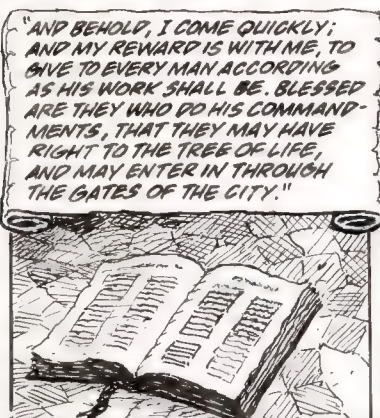
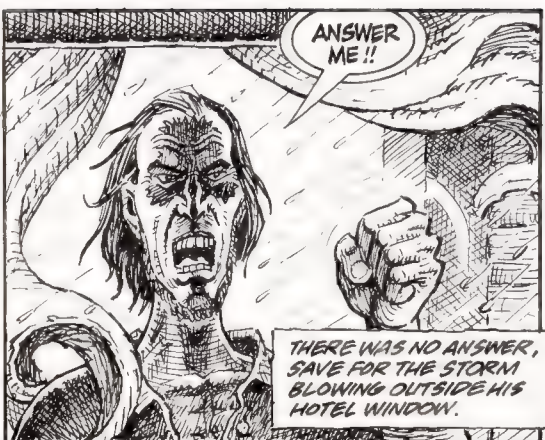
THEN THE BULBOUS BODY SURFACED WITH THEM, A GIANT, SPIDERLIKE THING WITH HUGE RED EYES THAT HOUSED SOME DARK AND HORRID INTELLIGENCE. THE SPIDER-THING OPENED ITS BLACK, HAIR-LINED MAW, AND THE BOAT SAILED INTO ITS MOUTH.



THE TERRIBLE STENCH OF THE CREATURE OVERWHELMED HIM, AND ALL HE SAW WAS BLACKNESS; AND THAT BLACKNESS CLOSED OUT THE LIGHT BEHIND HIM AND HE WAS ONE WITH HELL.









NEXT MORNING, THE REVEREND DID NOT START WITH A SWIG OF WHISKEY, AS USUAL. HE TRULY CRAVED BACON AND EGGS AND A CUP OF COFFEE. HE WENT OVER TO MOLLY McGUIRE'S FOR BREAKFAST.



YOU'RE GRABBING AT FARTS, MATT. YOU KNOW WELL AS I DO THERE AIN'T BEEN NO INDIAN TROUBLE AROUND HERE IN YEARS. 'CEPT THAT MEDICINE SHOW FELLOW AND HIS WOMAN, AND WE TOOK CARE OF THAT PROBLEM.



YOU HUNG HIM. I WASN'T THERE.

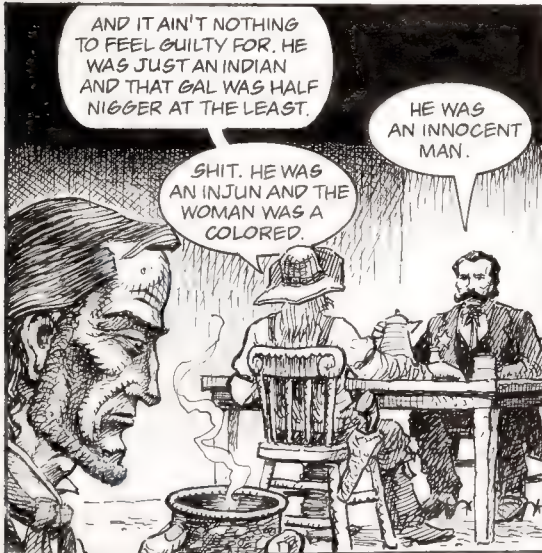
JUDAS DIDN'T NAIL UP JESUS, EITHER. YOU GAVE HIM TO US. IT'S THE SAME THING.



AND IT AIN'T NOTHING TO FEEL GUILTY FOR. HE WAS JUST AN INDIAN AND THAT GAL WAS HALF NIGGER AT THE LEAST.

HE WAS AN INNOCENT MAN.

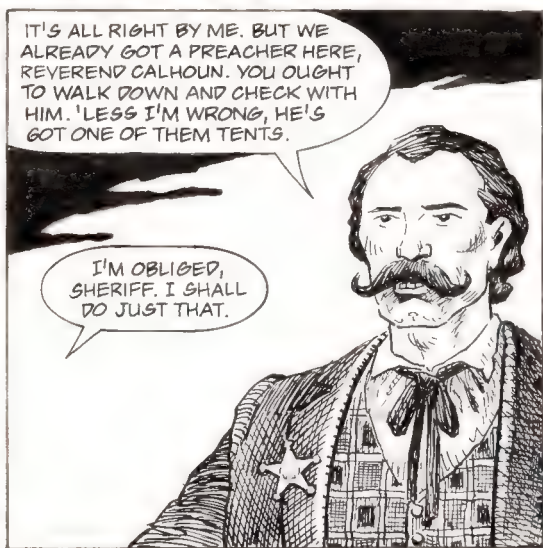
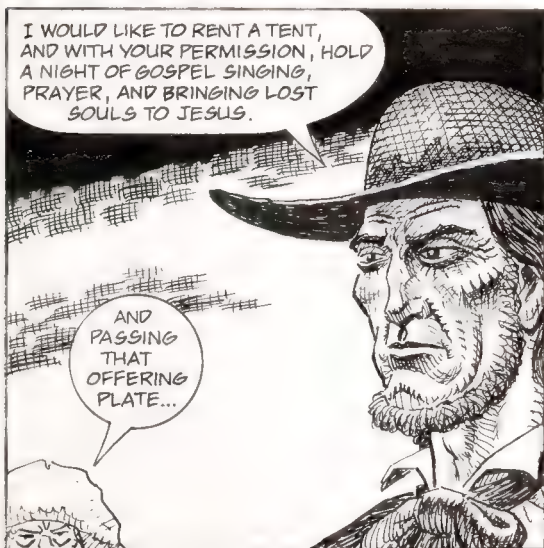
SHIT. HE WAS AN INJUN AND THE WOMAN WAS A COLORED.



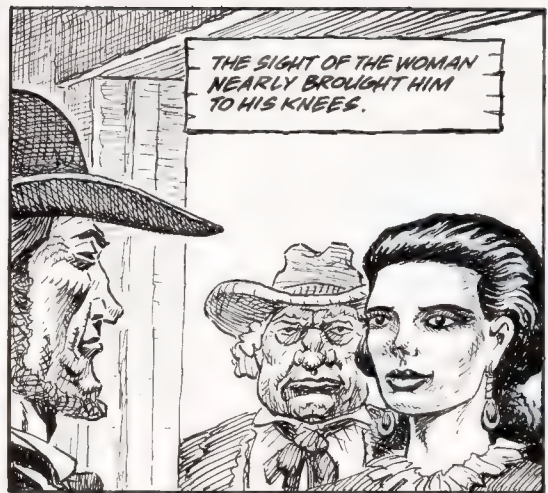
MATT, IT WASN'T INDIANS GOT THAT STAGE, AND IT DAMN SURE WASN'T NO ROBBERS. I NEVER SEEN ROBBERS POLITE ENOUGH TO BRING THE STAGE IN, AND LEAVE IT IN THE GOD-DAMNED STREET...











HE KNEW SHE WAS NOT HIS SISTER; THEY WERE NOT TWINS IN APPEARANCE, BUT SHE CERTAINLY REMINDED HIM OF HER, AND THE OLD LUST OF HER MEMORY ROSE IN HIS LOINS...



WAS THE WOMAN ONE OF GOD'S LITTLE TESTS? IF SO, SHE WAS A GOOD ONE. HE WAS AS SHOOK AS AN INDIAN RATTLE.



AS THE REVEREND PASSED THE LIVERY, A CRATE SHIFTED EVER SO SLIGHTLY IN THE DARKNESS, SHIFTED IN HIS DIRECTION, AS IF IT WERE A COMPASS NEEDLE TRYING TO POINT TRUE NORTH...

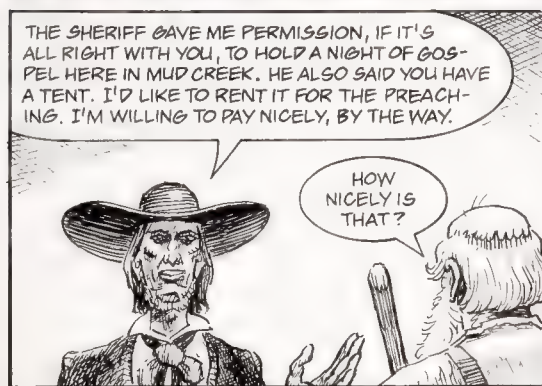






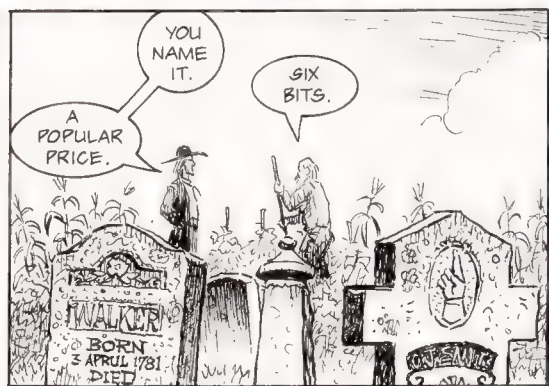
GOOD DAY, SIR. I'M REVEREND JEBIDIAH MERCER. I HAVE COME TO ASK YOU A FAVOR. ONE THAT ANY GOOD CHRISTIAN COULD NOT REFUSE.

WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT...



THE SHERIFF GAVE ME PERMISSION, IF IT'S ALL RIGHT WITH YOU, TO HOLD A NIGHT OF GOSPEL HERE IN MUD CREEK. HE ALSO SAID YOU HAVE A TENT. I'D LIKE TO RENT IT FOR THE PREACHING. I'M WILLING TO PAY NICELY, BY THE WAY.

HOW NICELY IS THAT?



YOU NAME IT.

SIX BITS.

A POPULAR PRICE.



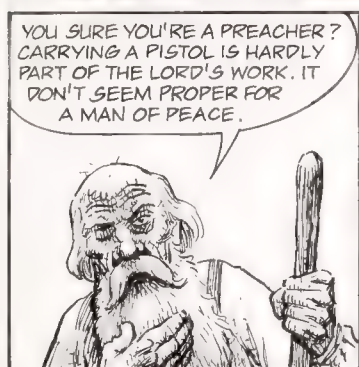
AND I CHOOSE THE NIGHT YOU PREACH. I'M CHOOSING SATURDAY NIGHT.

SATURDAY? NOW REVEREND CALHOUN, I WANT TO ABIDE BY YOUR WISHES, BUT THAT IS THE WORST NIGHT OF THE WEEK. THE SALOONS WILL BE FILLED.

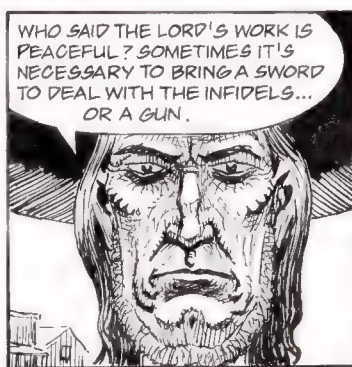


TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT.

I RECKON I'LL TAKE IT.



YOU SURE YOU'RE A PREACHER? CARRYING A PISTOL IS HARDLY PART OF THE LORD'S WORK. IT DON'T SEEM PROPER FOR A MAN OF PEACE.

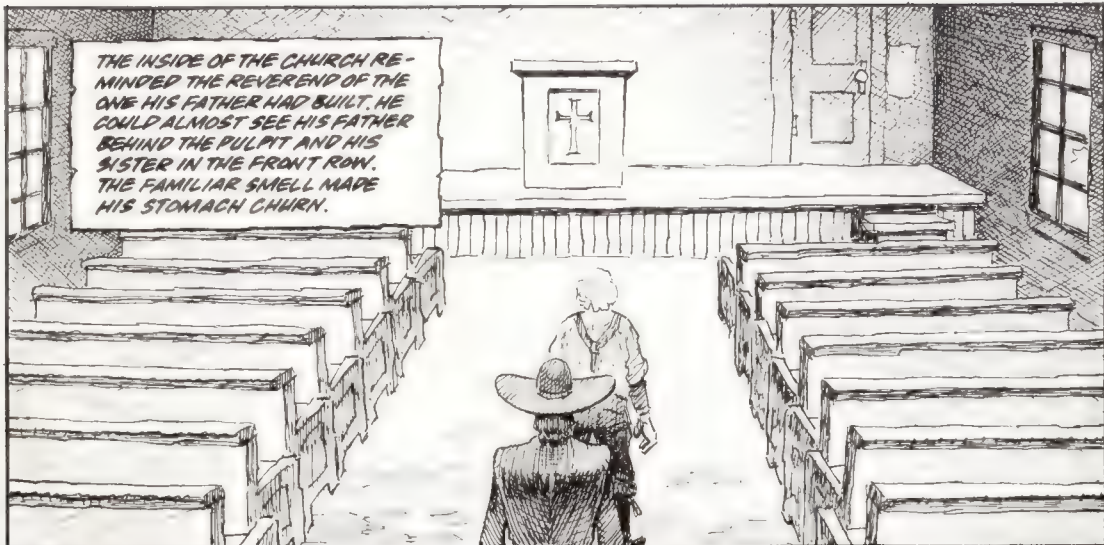


WHO SAID THE LORD'S WORK IS PEACEFUL? SOMETIMES IT'S NECESSARY TO BRING A SWORD TO DEAL WITH THE INFIDELS... OR A GUN.



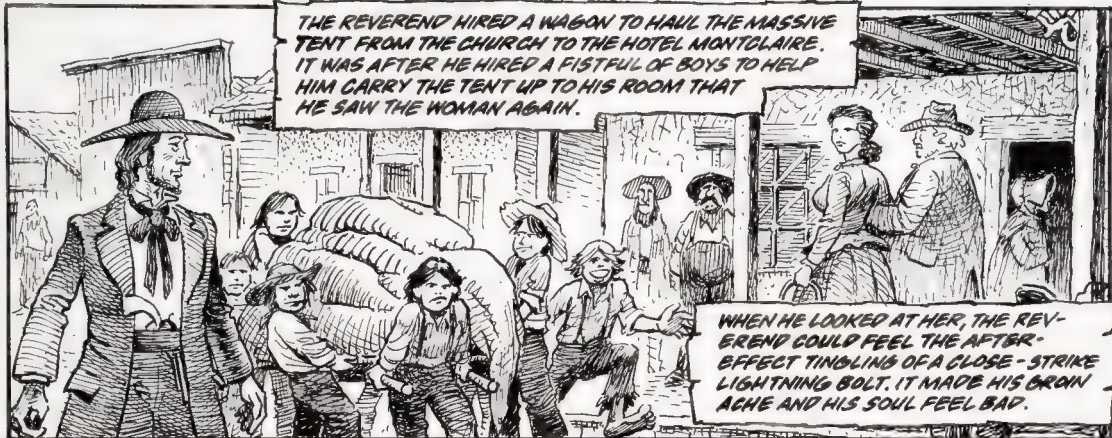
YOU WANT THE TENT, LET'S DO IT. I GOT WORK TO DO.





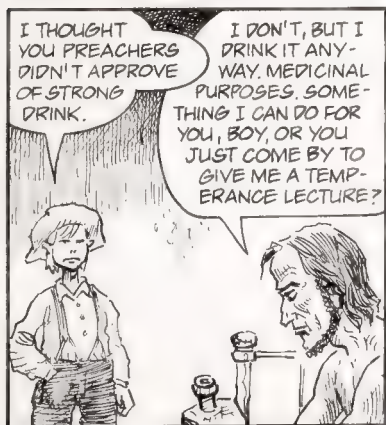
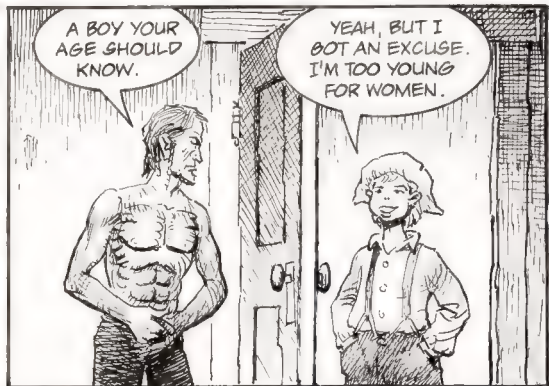
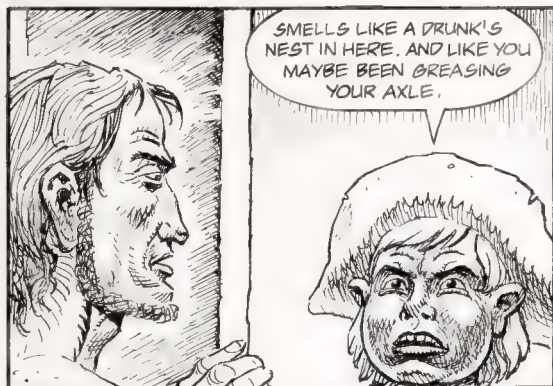
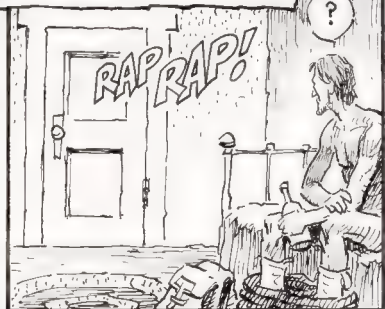
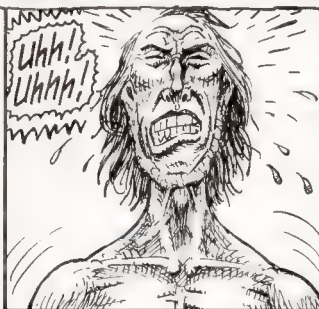


THE REVEREND HIRED A WAGON TO HAUL THE MASSIVE TENT FROM THE CHURCH TO THE HOTEL MONTOLAIRE. IT WAS AFTER HE HIRED A FISTFUL OF BOYS TO HELP HIM CARRY THE TENT UP TO HIS ROOM THAT HE SAW THE WOMAN AGAIN.

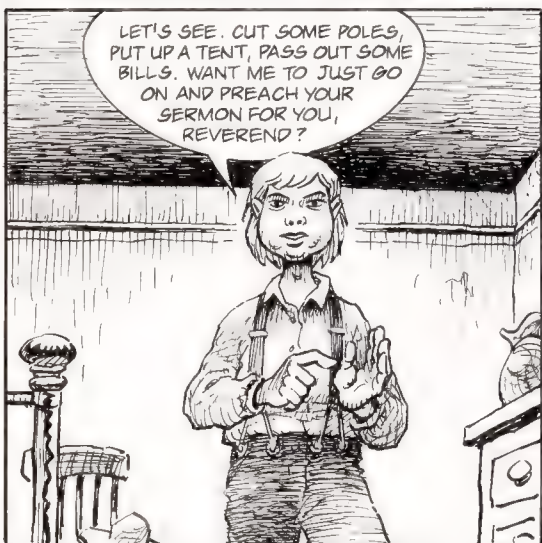
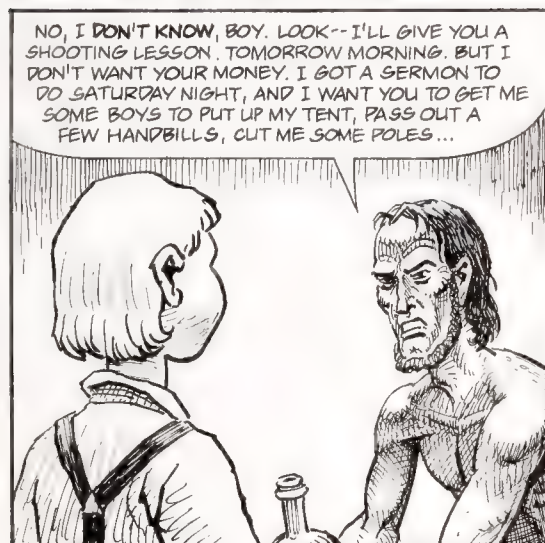
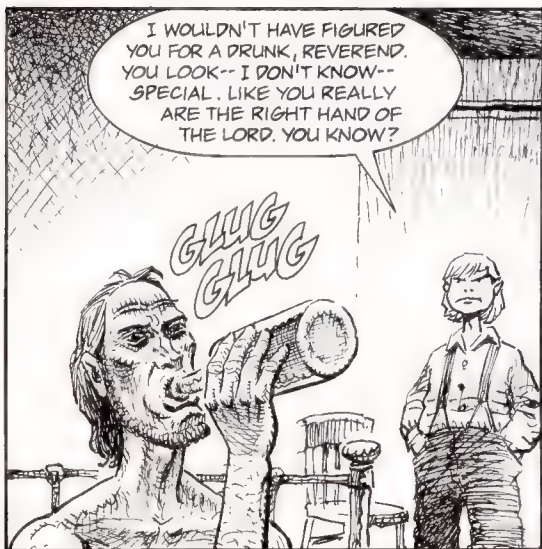
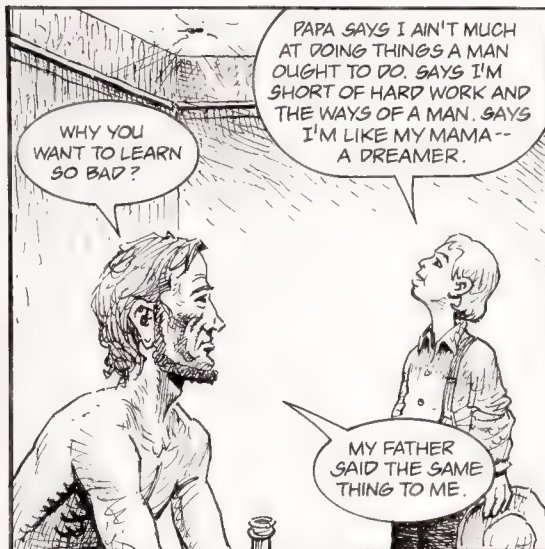


WHEN HE LOOKED AT HER, THE REVEREND COULD FEEL THE AFTER-EFFECT TINGLING OF A CLOSE-STRIKE LIGHTNING BOLT. IT MADE HIS BROWN ACHE AND HIS SOUL FEEL BAD.

HE HAD A RELAPSE. HE WENT UPSTAIRS, LOCKED HIMSELF IN HIS ROOM, AND MASTURBATED TO THE WOMAN'S IMAGE. THEN HE GOT BACK ON THE WHISKEY. HE FELT UNWORTHY OF THE SECOND CHANCE GOD HAD GIVEN HIM. HE HAD THE WILL POWER OF A RABID DOG.

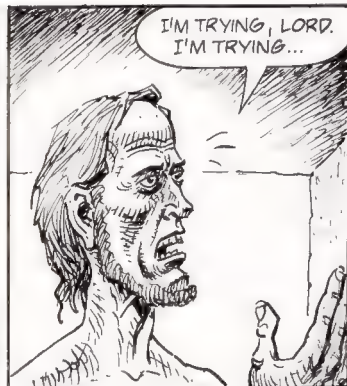




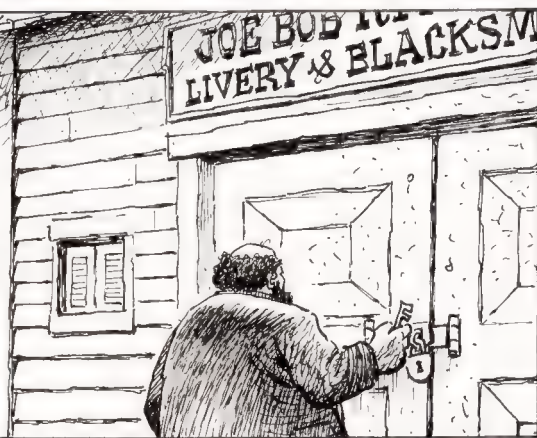
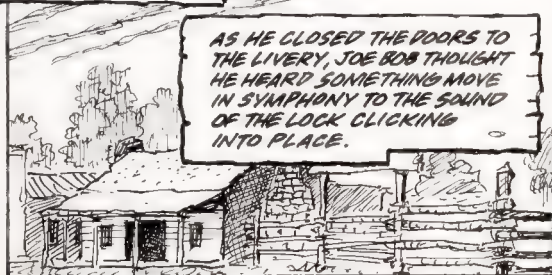




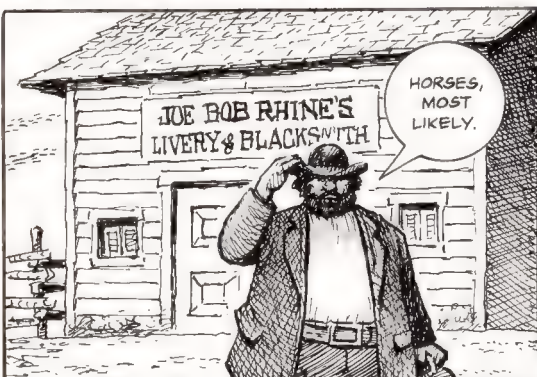
THE REVEREND DIDN'T LIKE WHAT HE SAW IN THE MIRROR, BUT HE MADE A DECISION. NO MORE WHISKEY TO BIND HIM IN CHAINS. HE WOULD DO GOD'S BIDDING. HE WOULD BE WHAT DAVID CALLED HIM: "THE RIGHT HAND OF THE LORD."



LONG ABOUT SUNDOWN, JOE BOB RHINE CALLED IT A DAY. HE SENT DAVID HOME AHEAD OF HIM. HE WANTED TO WALK HOME BY HIMSELF AND NOT HAVE TO HEAR ANY FOOLISH KID CHATTER. IT HAD BEEN A ROUGH DAY.



SOMETHING LIKE A CREAKING NOISE.

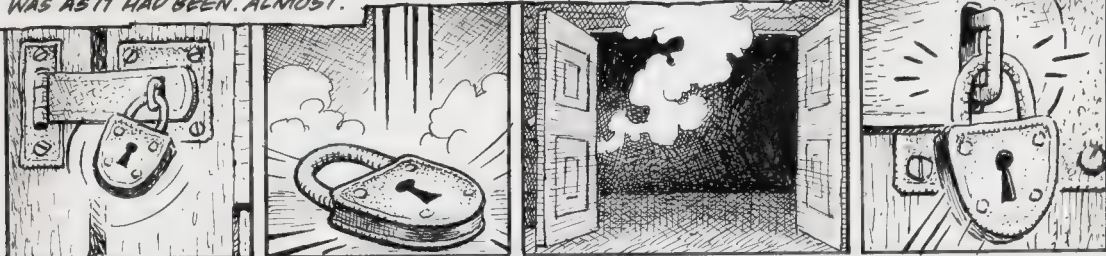


RHINE TRUDGED TOWARD HOME, A HOUSE AT THE END OF THE STREET JUST BEHIND THE BARBER SHOP. HE WAS HUNGRY AS A FRESH-WOKE BEAR. HE HOPED THE WOMAN HAD SOMETHING ON THE TABLE. HE WAS TOO TIRED TO SLAP HER AROUND TONIGHT.





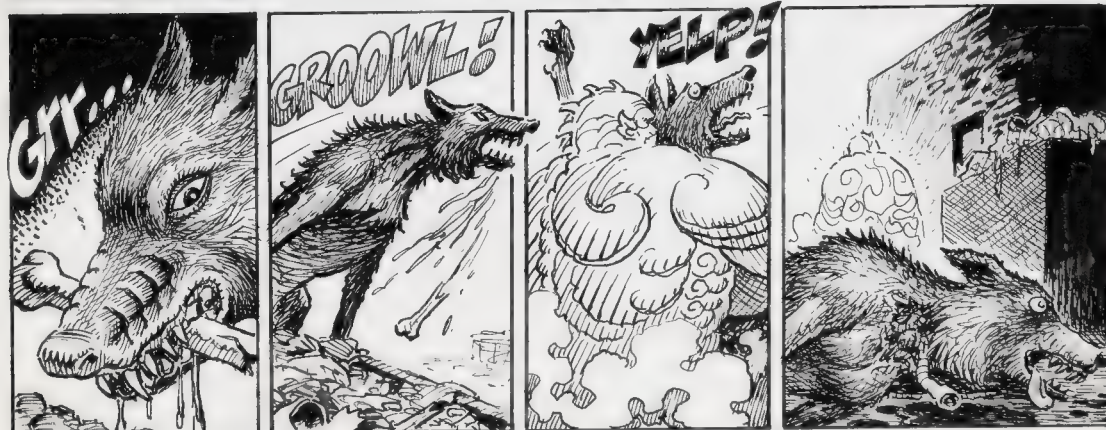
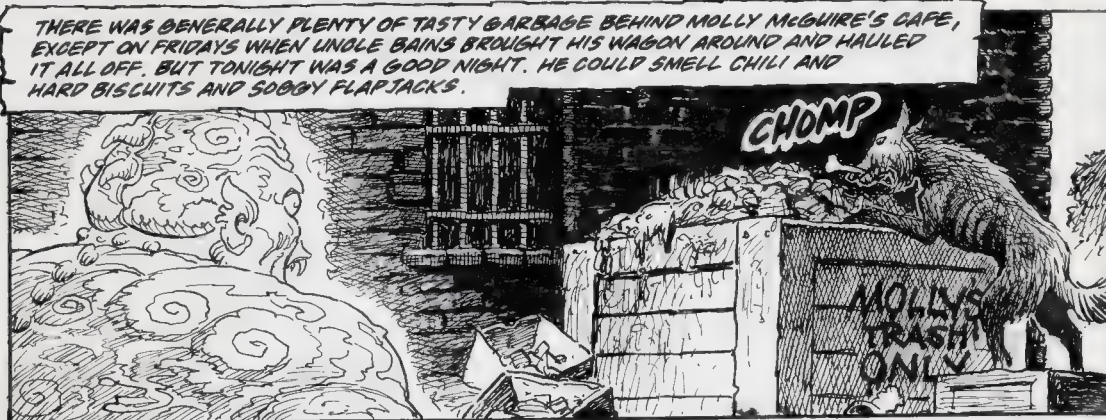
SHORTLY AFTER RHINE TURNED HIS BACK, THE LIVERY DOORS TREMBLED EVER SO SLIGHTLY. THE PADLOCK FELL OFF THE DOOR WITHOUT UNLOCKING, THUMPED IN THE DUST. THE DOORS BLEW OPEN WITH A BUST OF ICE-COLD WIND AND THE WIND TUMBLED DOWN THE STREET. THEN, THE LIVERY DOORS CLOSED AND THE PADLOCK JUMPED INTO PLACE AND ALL WAS AS IT HAD BEEN. ALMOST.



THE DOG WAS A NIGHT HUNTER. BELONGED TO NO ONE. SOMETIMES PEOPLE SHOT AT IT, BECAUSE THE DOG WAS KNOWN TO BE VICIOUS; ITS ONE PURPOSE IN LIFE WAS TO SCAVENGE, TO DIG IN GARBAGE, AND ATTACK SMALL LIVESTOCK.



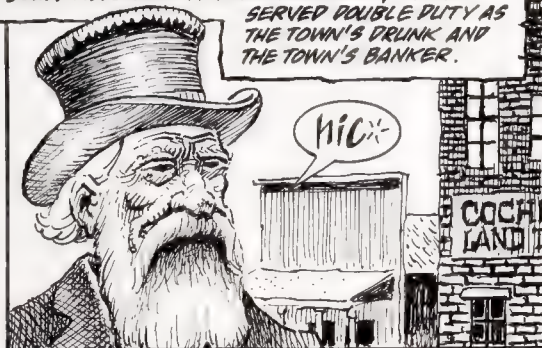
THERE WAS GENERALLY PLENTY OF TASTY GARBAGE BEHIND MOLLY MCGUIRE'S CAFE, EXCEPT ON FRIDAYS WHEN UNCLE BAIN'S BROUGHT HIS WAGON AROUND AND HAULED IT ALL OFF. BUT TONIGHT WAS A GOOD NIGHT. HE COULD SMELL CHILI AND HARD BISCUITS AND SOBBY FLAPJACKS.



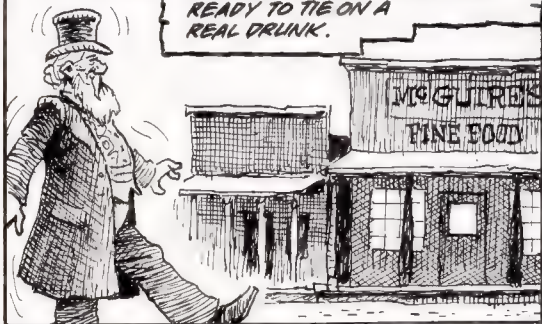


NATE FOSTER WAS THE UNDISPUTED KING OF MUD CREEK'S DRUNKS. NOT ONLY COULD HE GUZZLE MORE BOOZE THAN ANY THREE MEN IN TOWN, HE COULD ALSO WELL AFFORD THE HABIT, AS HE

SERVED DOUBLE DUTY AS THE TOWN'S DRUNK AND THE TOWN'S BANKER.



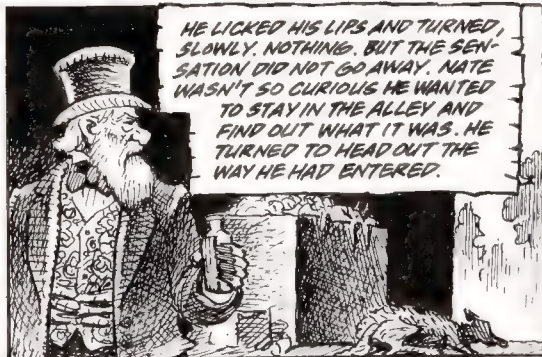
NOW THAT HE WAS WELL LUBRICATED, NATE WAS ABOUT HIS NIGHTLY STROLL TOWARDS MOLLY McGUIRE'S WHERE HE WOULD ORDER A STEAK AND HASH BROWNS, HOLD THE GRAVY BUT PLENTY OF BISCUITS. THEN HE'D BE READY TO TIE ON A REAL DRUNK.



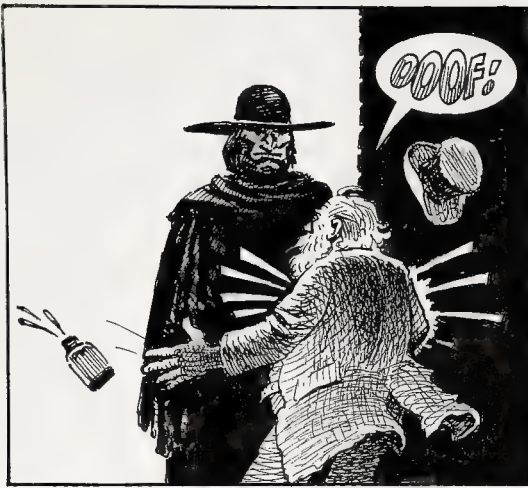
HE WAS NEARLY TO THE CAFE WHEN HE FELT THE URGE TO URINATE. MOVING AT A SLIGHTLY FASTER WOBBLE, NATE SLID DOWN A NARROW ALLEY THAT LED TO THE LARGER ONE BEHIND MOLLY'S.



NATE DIDN'T FEEL SO DRUNK ANYMORE. HE STOOD QUICKLY, AND AS HE DID, HE HAD THE TERRIBLE SENSATION THAT SOMEONE, OR SOMETHING, WAS WATCHING HIM.







TEN MILES OUTSIDE MUD CREEK, IN THE FOREST AT THE EDGE OF THE STAGE LINE TRAIL, BILL NOLAN PUSHED HIMSELF UP THROUGH THE SOFT FOREST SOIL. HE SAT BOLT UPRIGHT LIKE A JACKKNIFE SPRINGING OPEN. A WAD OF DIRT SLIPPED OUT OF HIS EYE SOCKET.





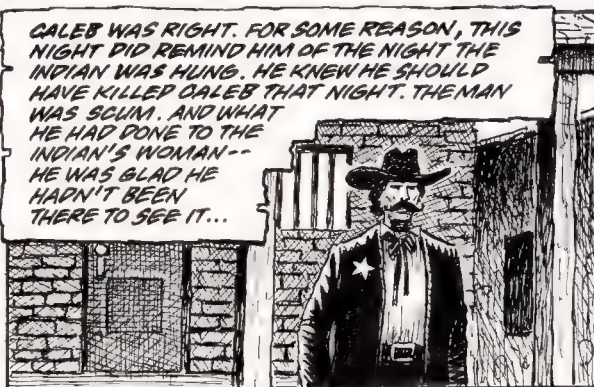
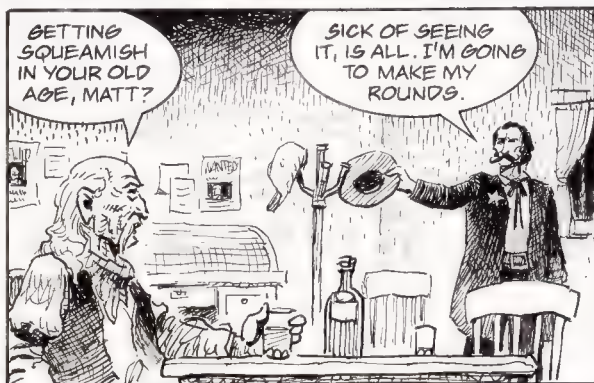
NEXT TO NOLAN, THE DIRT QUIVERED LIKE A GROUND HOG WORKING, AND UP POPPED THE GAMBLER.



ALL OF THEM STUMBLED OUT TO THE EDGE OF THE TRAIL AND BEGAN TO WALK TOWARD MUD CREEK.





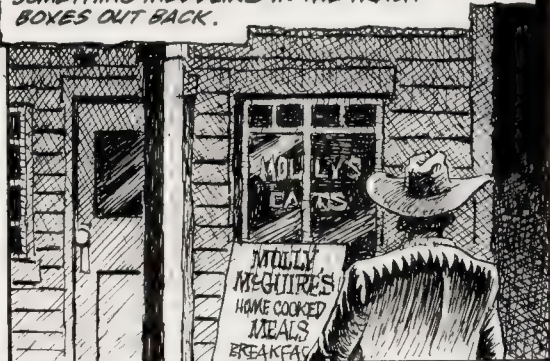




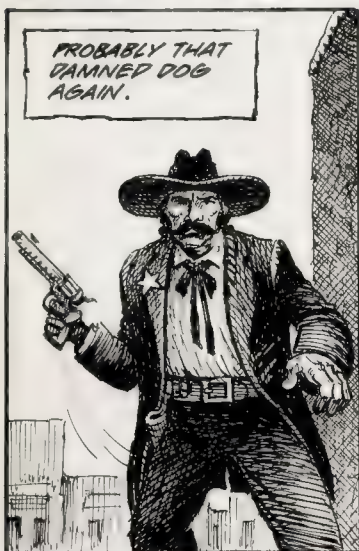
MATT TRIED TO PUT THAT BLACK DAY OUT OF HIS MIND AND CONCENTRATE ON THE NIGHT ROUNDS. IT WAS HIS FAVORITE PART OF THE JOB. IT MADE HIM FEEL LIKE HE OWNED THE TOWN. IT WAS A SMALL AND PRETTY TIRED LOOKING CROWD IN THE DEAD DOG SALOON. THEY ALL LOOKED HOT.



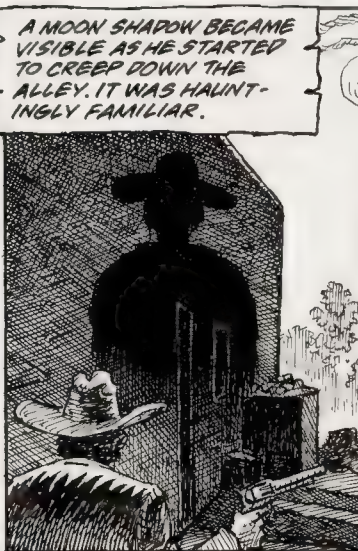
MATT WENT DOWN THE STREET, CHECKING LOCKED DOORS, MAKING SURE EVERYTHING WAS SOUND. WHEN HE CAME TO THE ALLEY THAT LED BACK TO MOLLY McGUIRE'S, HE HESITATED. HE HEARD A SOUND, LIKE SOMETHING MEDDLING IN THE TRASH BOXES OUT BACK.



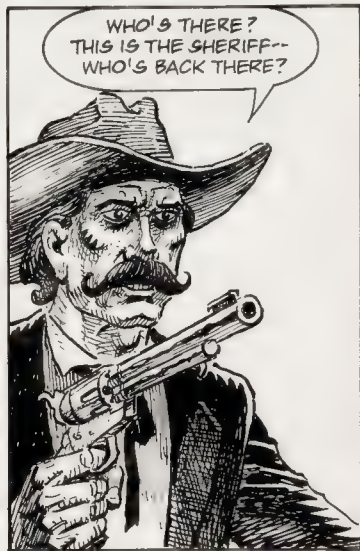
PROBABLY THAT DAMNED DOG AGAIN.



A MOON SHADOW BECAME VISIBLE AS HE STARTED TO CREEP DOWN THE ALLEY. IT WAS HAUNTINGLY FAMILIAR.



WHO'S THERE?  
THIS IS THE SHERIFF--  
WHO'S BACK THERE?



MATT HEARD A VOICE. OR WAS IT A VOICE? IT HAD ALMOST SOUNDED LIKE THE WIND. BUT THERE WAS NO WIND.



YOU ARE NOT FORGOTTEN..

WHO'S THERE, I SAID?



AND THEN THE SHADOW QUIVERED AND MELTED AND REFORMED. IT WAS NOT LONGER THE SHADOW OF A BIG MAN WITH A BROAD-BRIMMED HAT. IT WAS THE SHADOW OF A WOLF.



MATT BROKE AND RAN OUT OF THE ALLEY, GOING UP THE STREET AS FAST AS HIS LEGS WOULD CARRY HIM. BEHIND HIM, MATT COULD HEAR THE PADDING OF FEET AND THE SOUND OF BREATHING.



MATT'S BREATH WAS COMING IN BURSTS NOW, AND SO WAS THAT OF WHATEVER WAS BEHIND HIM.

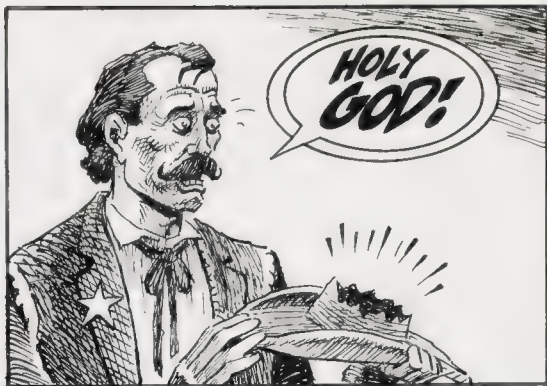


WHEN HE REACHED THE CHURCH, MATT WHEELED AND SAW...



BUT AT THAT MOMENT THERE CAME A LONG, HAUNTED HOWL THAT FILLED THE STREET AND THE HOWL GRADUALLY BEGAN TO SOUND LIKE A HOARSE AND HATEFUL LAUGH.





SIS-TER.  
SISSTER..

THE DEAD GAMBLER WAS THE BEST WALKER, BUT MILLIE WAS NO SLOUCH-- EVEN THOUGH SHE HAD LOST A SHOE.



MILLIE STOPPED FOR A MOMENT, REPTILIAN RECOGNITION BURNING IN HER MIND.

MILLIE CAME TO THE ROOT CELLAR. SHE LOOKED AT THE HOUSE AND SENSED THE HUMAN WARMTH THERE AND FELT HUNGRY. BUT SHE LOOKED TO THE HORIZON AND SAW THE SUN BEGIN TO RISE.

IT WAS NOT ROOT CELLAR COUNTRY. TOO MUCH GROUND WETNESS, AND IT HAD BEEN ABANDONED AND ALLOWED TO FILL UP WITH BRACKISH WATER. MILLIE DIDN'T MIND. SHE DIDN'T MIND ANYTHING BUT THE RAYS OF THE SUN AND THE SNAWING AGONY IN HER BRAIN THAT TOLD HER SHE MUST EAT-- AND SOON.





A SHORT TIME BEFORE DAWN, THE OTHERS STOPPED AND SCRABBLED FOR THE SOFT DIRT ALONGSIDE THE STAGE TRAIL. THEY BEGAN FRANTICALLY DIGGING SHALLOW GRAVES WITH THEIR BARE HANDS.



BUT NOT THE GAMBLER, HE HAD LONG SINCE LEFT THEM BEHIND. SOMETHING URGED HIM FORWARD, EVEN AS THE SKY GLOWED WITH A PINK HUE IN THE EAST.



THE REVEREND ALWAYS LIKED TO RISE WITH THE SUN, A HABIT LEFT OVER FROM HIS FATHER'S STERN UPBRINGING.



A NEW DAY, AND A NEW CHANCE TO KEEP LAST NIGHT'S PROMISES.



RATTLE  
RATTLE



HUUUK..  
HUUUK!



YEEEEEEK!







THE REVEREND, NOT EAGER ABOUT IT, REACHED OUT AND TOUCHED THE GAMBLER'S NECK FOR A PULSE. THERE WASN'T ANY.

THE REVEREND STARTLED AT HOW STRANGE THE FLESH FELT, CLINGING TO HIM LIKE MOLD.

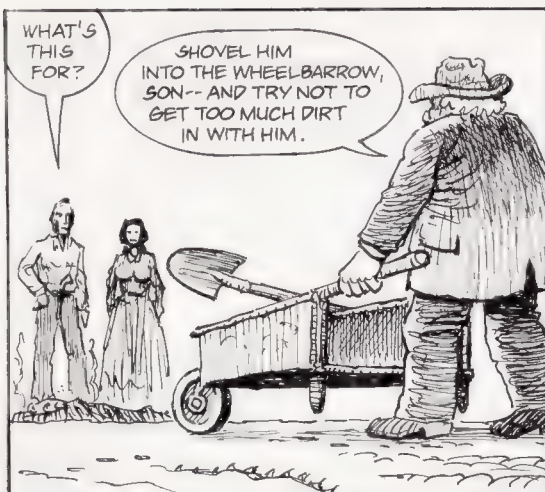
GOD..



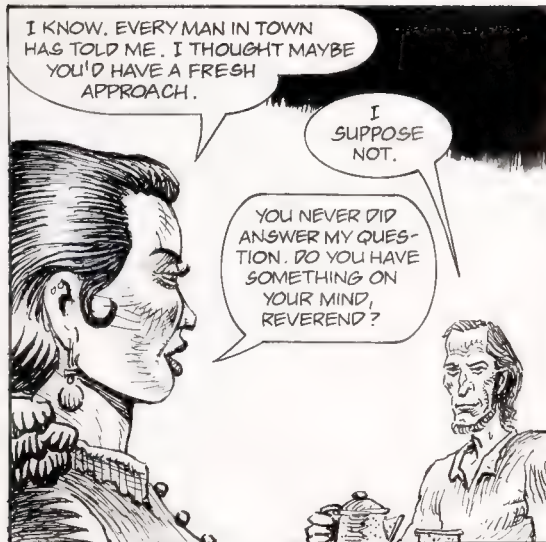














LATER...

OKAY, SON. THIS IS A .36 NAVY REVOLVER, 1861 MODEL. IT HAS BEEN CONVERTED FROM CAP AND BALL TO MODERN AMMUNITION.

WHY NOT JUST BUY YOURSELF ANOTHER ONE? PA SAYS A .45 IS THE THING TO HAVE.

THIS ONE HAS DONE WELL ENOUGH BY ME.

ARE YOU TWO MEN GOING TO SHOOT, OR TALK THOSE STICKS TO DEATH?

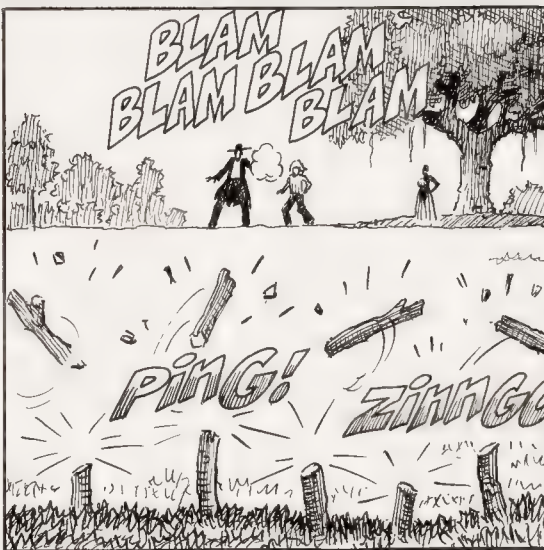


GOOD POINT.

BLAM  
BLAM

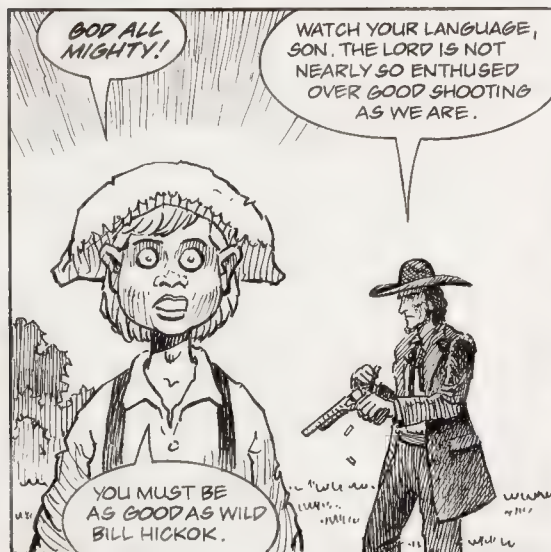


BLAM  
BLAM  
BLAM



GOD ALL MIGHTY!

WATCH YOUR LANGUAGE, SON. THE LORD IS NOT NEARLY SO ENTHUSED OVER GOOD SHOOTING AS WE ARE.

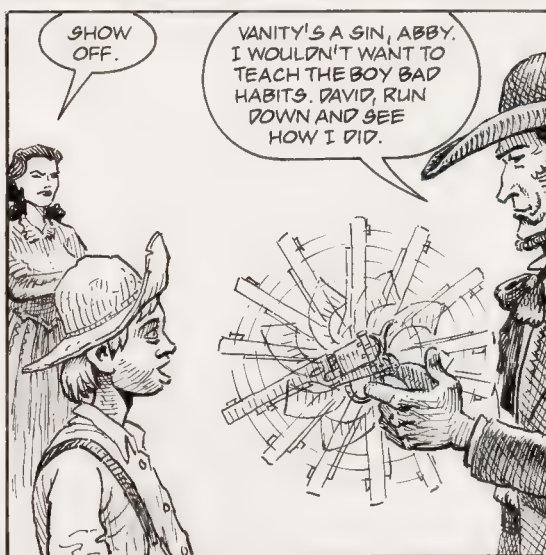
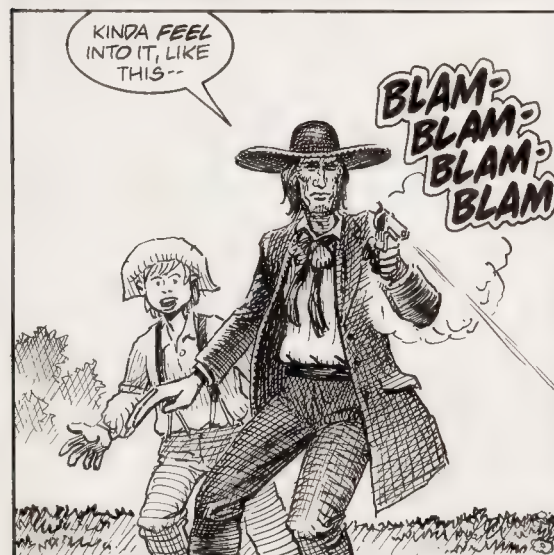
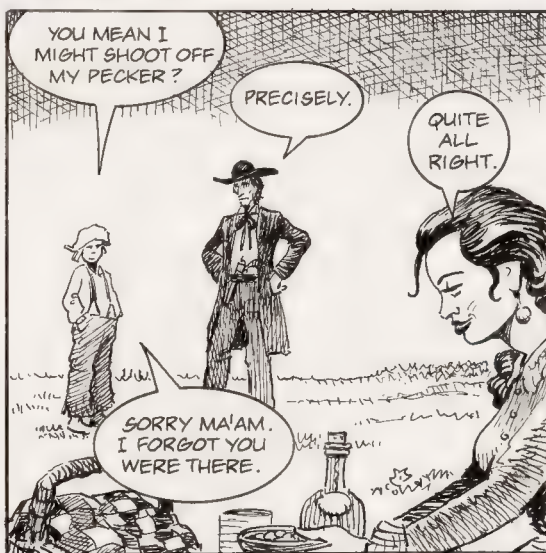
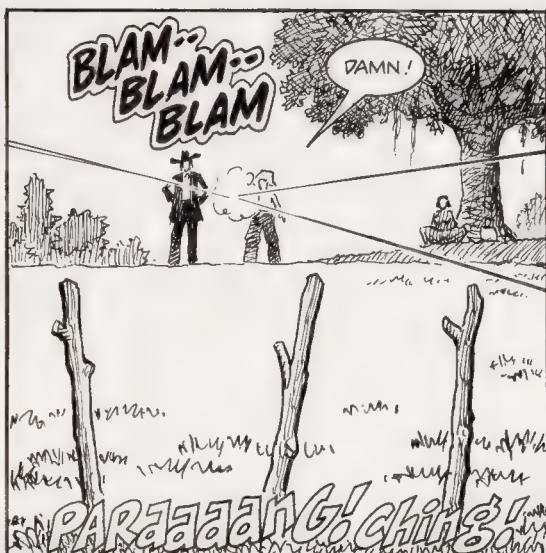


YOU MUST BE AS GOOD AS WILD BILL HICKOK.

MOST LIKELY BETTER. YOUR TURN. GO AND PUT UP SOME MORE STICKS.



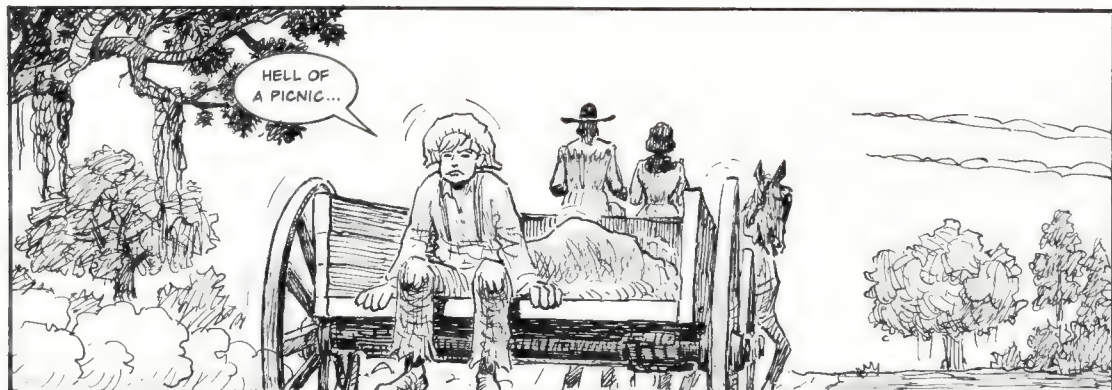












ONE OF THE CORPSE'S HANDS HAD SLIPPED OUT FROM UNDER THE BLANKET, AND DIRECT SUNLIGHT STRUCK IT. IT SMOKED FAINTLY. THE HAND MOVED SLOWLY BACK UNDER THE BLANKET. NONE OF THE LIVING SAW IT.

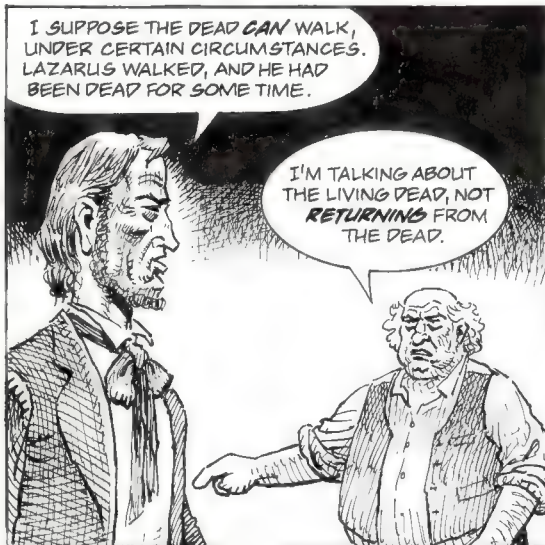






I'M NOT SURE I WANT TO TELL THIS, BUT YOU'RE A MAN WHO DEALS WITH IMMORTAL SOULS, REVEREND, AND I THINK YOU'RE THE ONE TO HEAR IT. SIR, DO YOU BELIEVE THE DEAD CAN WALK?

WHAT?



I SUPPOSE THE DEAD CAN WALK, UNDER CERTAIN CIRCUMSTANCES. LAZARUS WALKED, AND HE HAD BEEN DEAD FOR SOME TIME.

I'M TALKING ABOUT THE LIVING DEAD, NOT **RETURNING** FROM THE DEAD.



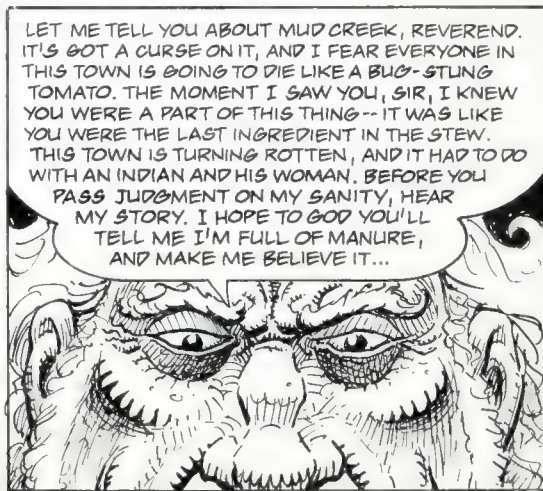
YOU MEAN NOSFERATU? GHOULS? ZOMBIES?

GOD HELP ME, REVEREND. THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I MEAN. THE MAN WHO FELL APART ON THE STREET. HE WAS DEAD BEFORE HE FELL.

DAD, THAT ISN'T POSSIBLE.



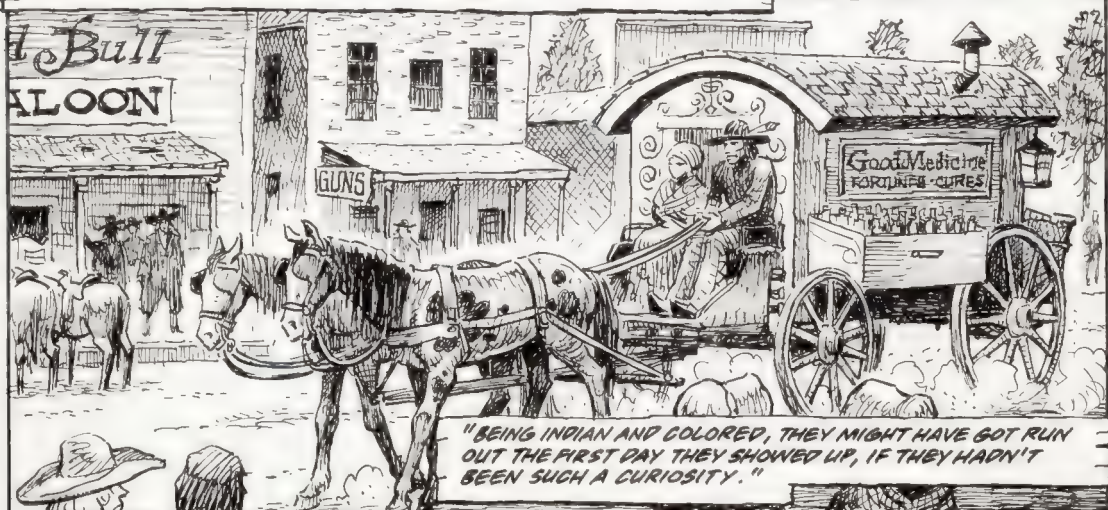
I'VE BEEN TELLING MYSELF THAT ALL AFTERNOON. BUT I EXAMINED PIECES OF THOSE BODIES UNDER A MICROSCOPE, AND PERFORMED A COUPLE OF TESTS. THAT WAS DEAD, DECAYING FLESH. THE SUN SPEEDED UP THE DECAY, BUT I TELL YOU, THOSE MEN WERE DEAD.



LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT MUD CREEK, REVEREND. IT'S GOT A CURSE ON IT, AND I FEAR EVERYONE IN THIS TOWN IS GOING TO DIE LIKE A BUG-STUNG TOMATO. THE MOMENT I SAW YOU, SIR, I KNEW YOU WERE A PART OF THIS THING--IT WAS LIKE YOU WERE THE LAST INGREDIENT IN THE STEW. THIS TOWN IS TURNING ROTTEN, AND IT HAD TO DO WITH AN INDIAN AND HIS WOMAN. BEFORE YOU PASS JUDGMENT ON MY SANITY, HEAR MY STORY. I HOPE TO GOD YOU'LL TELL ME I'M FULL OF MANURE, AND MAKE ME BELIEVE IT...



"ABOUT A MONTH AGO, THIS WAGON ROLLED INTO TOWN. AN INDIAN WAS DRIVING. HE HAD SHOULDERS BROADER THAN ANY MAN I'VE EVER KNOWN, AND HE WAS DARN NEAR SEVEN FEET TALL. THE WOMAN WITH HIM WAS COLORED -- HIGH YELLER, TO BE EXACT..."



"BEING INDIAN AND COLORED, THEY MIGHT HAVE GOT RUN OUT THE FIRST DAY THEY SHOWED UP, IF THEY HADN'T BEEN SUCH A CURIOSITY."

"THE NEGRESS READ PALMS. THE INDIAN MADE POTIONS. NOT LIKE A SNAKE OIL MAN, BUT LIKE A MEDICINE MAN. IT WASN'T ALCOHOL LACED WITH SUGAR AND VINEGAR. IT WAS MEDICINE THAT WORKED..."



"OLD MRS. JAMESON, FOR INSTANCE. SHE'D HAD THE MISERY FOR YEARS. HER HANDS WOULD KNOT UP LIKE PLOWLINES. SHE RUBBED THAT INDIAN'S SALVE ON HER HANDS AND THE PAIN WENT AWAY. MORE'N THAT, IN ABOUT A WEEK'S TIME SHE HAD HANDS LIKE A TWENTY-YEAR-OLD, ALL SOFT AND ATTRACTIVE..."



"IT SORT OF GOT MY GOAT, I'M NOT ASHAMED TO SAY IT. STILL, I WENT OUT TO THANK THEM FOR WHAT THEY'D DONE FOR THE TOWN. THE INDIAN SAW RIGHT THROUGH ME -- FIGURED I WAS HOPING TO LATCH ONTO SOME OF HIS HEALING SECRETS. I'LL ADMIT THAT I WAS..."



"AND THE WOMAN -- I'M EMBARRASSED TO SAY THIS WITH ABBY IN THE ROOM, BUT I WAS ATTRACTED TO HER. SHE HAD THE BLUEST EYES I'VE EVER SEEN, AND THEY DREW YOU RIGHT TO HER. EVEN AT MY AGE, I FELT A STIRRING I DIDN'T KNOW I WAS CAPABLE OF ANYMORE..."



"I HAD DREAMS ABOUT HER AT NIGHT, THE KIND OF DREAMS YOU WOULD EXPECT. I LOVED HER SO HARD-- PLEASE EXCUSE THIS TALK, ABBY-- I'D FINALLY KEEL OVER WITH A HEART ATTACK IN HER EMBRACE."



THEN I'D WAKE UP FEELING GUILTY TOWARD MY DEAD WIFE-- GOD BLESS HER SOUL...



"A FEW DAYS LATER IT STARTED RAINING, AND IT JUST KEPT COMING. THE CROPS NEEDED RAIN, ALL RIGHT, BUT PRETTY SOON IT WAS NOTHING BUT MISERY. PEOPLE BEGAN TO PICK UP ON SUMMER SICKNESSES, AND OF COURSE, THEY WENT TO THE INDIAN FOR HELP. THEN THE WEBB GIRL GOT ILL..."



"I REMEMBER THE NIGHT DAVID WEBB SHOWED UP AT MY DOOR, HOLDING HIS DEAD CHILD LIMP IN HIS ARMS. HE'D BEEN TO SEE THE INDIAN, AND THE INDIAN HAD SOLD HIM SOME STUFF-- WHEN WEBB GOT HER HOME, SHE PROMPTLY DIED..."



"WEBB WENT KINDA CRAZY IN HIS GRIEF. HE WENT TO THE SALOON AND STIRRED EVERYBODY UP. EVERYTHING THE INDIAN HAD DONE THAT WAS GOOD WAS FORGOT IN AN INSTANT. A MOB STARTED FORMING, AND CALES LED THE WAY..."





"TO MAKE MATTERS WORSE, THE INDIAN CHOSE THAT NIGHT TO MOVE ON. LOOKED LIKE THEY'D DELIBERATELY POISONED THE LITTLE GIRL AND THEN HIGHTAILED IT. LEAST IT LOOKED THAT WAY TO A MADDENED CROWD..."

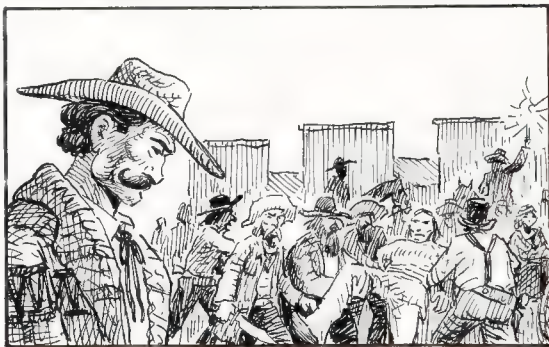


"THE MOB CAUGHT UP WITH THEM. I HEARD IT TOOK A DOZEN MEN TO BRING THE INDIAN DOWN. THEY BEAT THE WOMAN REAL BAD..."

"THAT'S WHERE MATT CAME IN. HE GOT WORD WHAT WAS GOING ON AND RODE OUT TO STOP THEM. TALKED SENSE TO THEM, AND TOOK THE COUPLE BACK TO JAIL AND SAFETY..."



"BUT CALES WASN'T A QUITTER, AND WEBB DIDN'T CARE ABOUT THE LAW. THE CROWD GOT WORKED UP AGAIN. MATT TRIED TO STAND UP TO THEM, BUT HE WEAKENED. CALES HOLDS SWAY OVER HIM FOR SOME REASON OR ANOTHER. MATT GAVE IN, AND THEY TOOK THE PAIR AWAY..."



"CALES AND SOME OTHERS TOOK THE WOMAN OUT IN THE BUSHES, RAPED HER, CUT OFF HER EARS AND HER BREASTS. THE INDIAN COULD HEAR HER SCREAMING..."



"THEY TOSSED THE WOMAN'S BODY IN THE WAGON. THEY SAY THE INDIAN NEVER BATTED AN EYE. HE JUST LOOKED DOWN AT HER BODY, THEN TURNED HIS COLD EYES ON THE CROWD..."





"WE DID NOTHING TO YOU," HE TOLD THE CROWD. WEBB RAVED ABOUT HIS DAUGHTER, AND THE INDIAN SAID, "MY WOMAN IS DEAD. BUT YOUR DAUGHTER IS NOT DEAD..."



"THE INDIAN RAISED HIS HEAD, THEN, AND TALKED TO THE NIGHT. HE CURSED MUD CREEK AND ALL WHO LIVED IN IT. HIS VOICE TURNED INTO A CHANT, AND NO ONE KNEW THE WORDS HE SPOKE. A FEW THAT WERE TOLD TO ME, I RECOGNIZED FROM SOME OF THE BOOKS I HAVE. THEY CAME FROM THE NECRONOMICON, AND MYSTERIES OF THE WORM. TERRIBLE WORDS, THAT ALLOW A SORCERER TO INVITE A DEMON INTO HIS BODY FOR PURPOSES OF REVENGE. AN ACT THAT DOOMS A SOUL TO HELL..."



"THE RAIN PICKED UP, AND THE WIND BEGAN TO HOWL."

"IT WAS WEBB WHO BROKE THE SPELL. HE JUMPED FORWARD AND SLAPPED THE HORSE'S FLANK, IT RAN, AND THE INDIAN DANGLED. HE HARDLY EVEN KICKED AT ALL, BUT IN A HEARTBEAT HE WAS DEAD."



"THE STORM HOWLED ITS FURY AND LIGHTNING CRACKED OUT OF THE SKY, STRUCK THE BODY OF THE INDIAN, AND THE WORLD TURNED WHITE. WHEN THE CROWD GOT FREE OF LIGHT-BLINDNESS, THE INDIAN WAS GONE--THE LIGHTNING HAD BLOWN HIM TO HELL..."





"HIREM WAYLAND CAME AND TALKED TO ME WHEN IT WAS OVER. THAT'S HOW I GOT THE STORY. HE SAID THERE WAS NOTHING THERE, JUST THE ROPE SMOKING, AND SOMETHING SCUTTLEING AWAY THAT LOOKED LIKE A HUGE SPIDER..."



"HIREM SAID THAT SPIDER LOOKED JUST LIKE A GROWTH ON THE INDIAN'S CHEST. SAID HE SAW IT WHEN THEY TOSSED THE INDIAN IN THE WAGON-- A GIANT, HAIRY MOLE IN THE SHAPE OF A SPIDER..."



"HIREM HAD THE NIGHT'S DEED ON HIS MIND, 'SPECIALLY WHAT THEY'D DONE TO THE WOMAN. SO WE HITCHED UP A WAGON AND WENT OUT THERE. WE HAD AN OLD PLOW CRATE IN BACK, AND WE TOOK HER IN THE WOODS AND BURIED HER. I KNEW, IF CALEB GOT ENOUGH DRINKS IN HIM, HE MIGHT WANT TO COME BACK..."



"WE FINALLY GOT THE JOB DONE AND WENT BACK TO TOWN. THAT'S WHEN WE FOUND WEBB'S CHILD WAS ALIVE. THE MEDICINE THE INDIAN GAVE HER HAD WORKED. IT MADE HER APPEAR TO BE DEAD, BUT IT CURED HER AND BROUGHT HER BACK TO LIFE..."



"THAT CHANGED WEBB'S TUNE. HE AND HIS FAMILY PACKED UP THAT NIGHT AND RODE OUT WITHOUT LOOKING BACK. HE SUDDENLY BELIEVED IN THE INDIAN'S CURSE..."

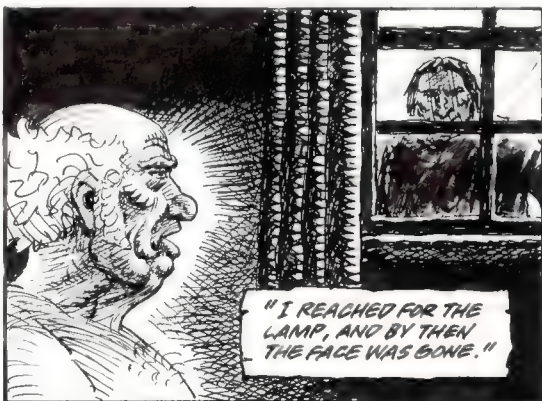




"IT ALL FITS THE PATTERN THAT THE BOOKS SAY THE DEMON WILL FOLLOW -- THE BODY IT INHABITS LEADS A VAMPIRE LIFE UNTIL ALL ITS ENEMIES ARE DONE ... NOW BEFORE YOU TELL ME I'M CRAZY, LET ME ADD ONE THING ..."

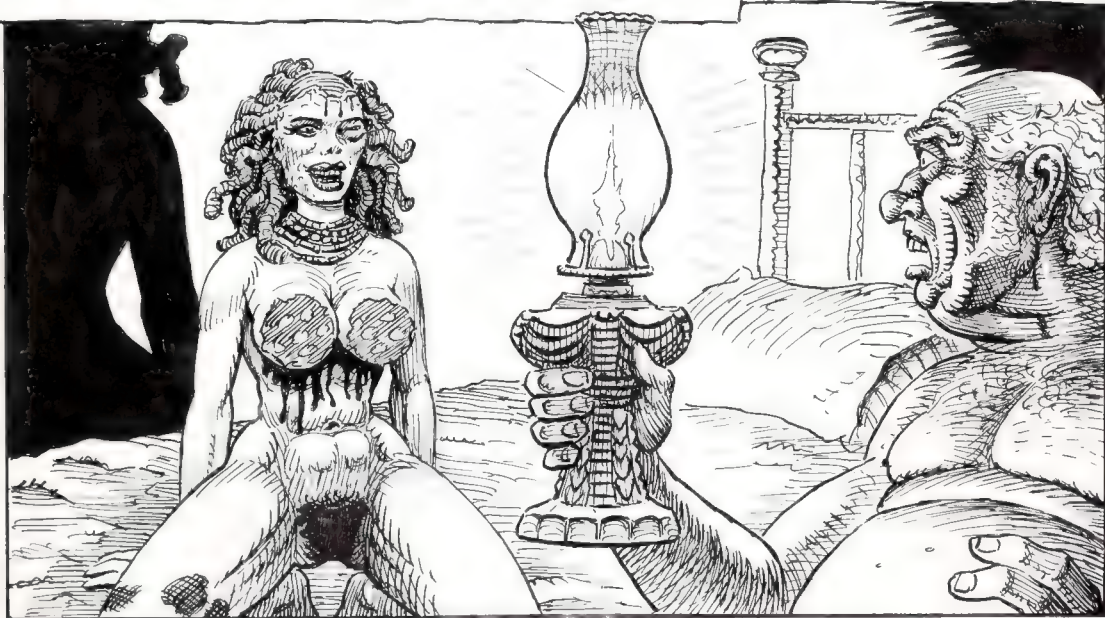


"THE OTHER NIGHT I DREAMED THAT DREAM AGAIN, WHERE I MAKE LOVE TO THE NEGRESS UNTIL MY HEART COMES TO A STOP. THIS TIME I WOKE UP SCREAMING, AND THERE AT THE WINDOW WAS THE INDIAN'S FACE LOOKING IN. 'DID YOU LIKE THE DREAM I SENT YOU?' HE SAID..."

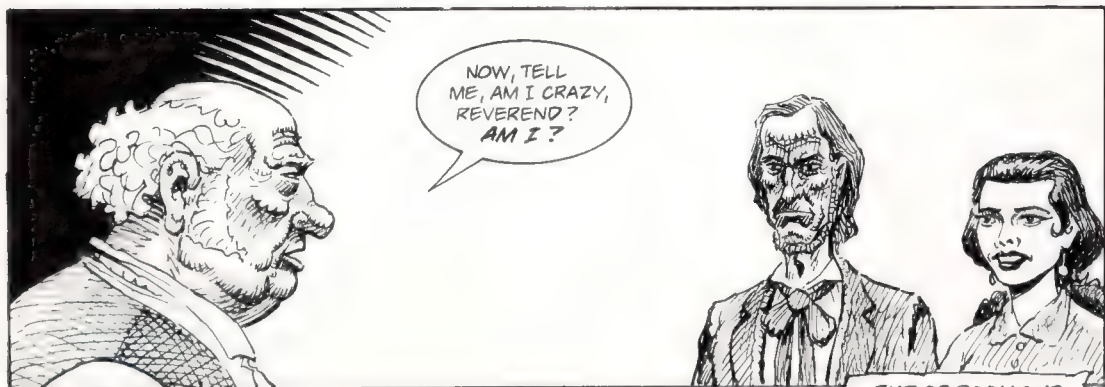


"I REACHED FOR THE LAMP, AND BY THEN THE FACE WAS GONE."

"ONE LAST THING. THE DREAM ABOUT THE WOMAN WAS THE SAME -- EXCEPT FOR ONE DIFFERENCE -- SHE LOOKED THE WAY SHE DID THE NIGHT HIREM AND I BURIED HER! IT WAS HER MUTI-LATED CORPSE THAT I MADE LOVE TO!"



NOW, TELL ME, AM I CRAZY, REVEREND? AM I?



END OF BOOK ONE



# DEAD IN THE WEST

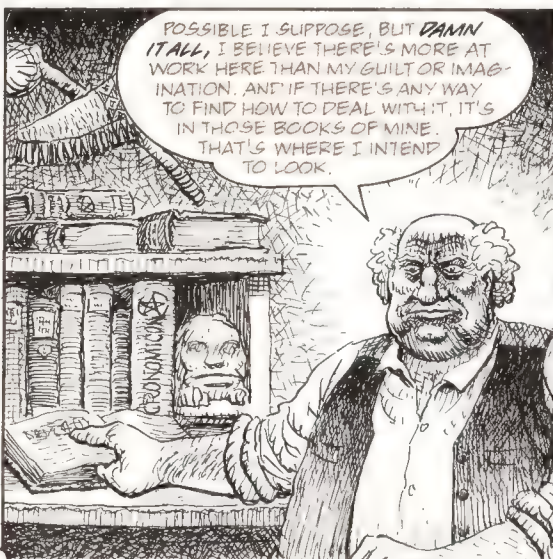
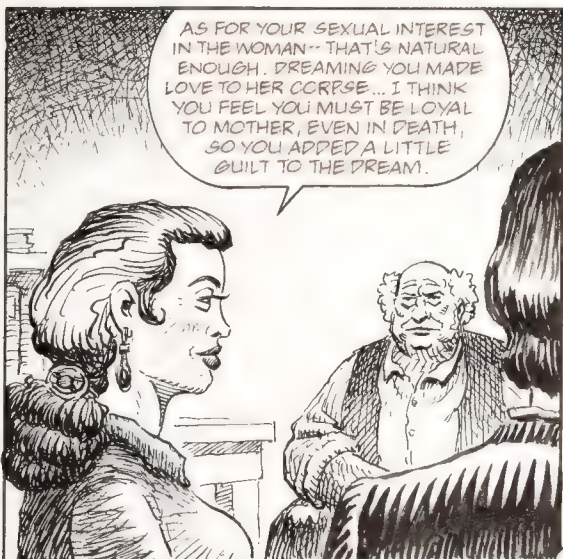
MUD CREEK, TEXAS.  
1876

THAT NIGHT, THE INDIAN  
SHAMAN CALLED FORTH  
THE DEAD FOR HIS  
VENGEANCE

AND THEY  
WERE  
HUNGRY





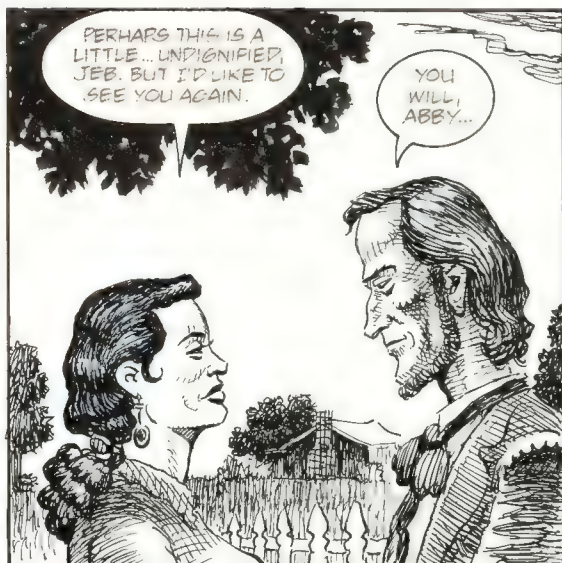






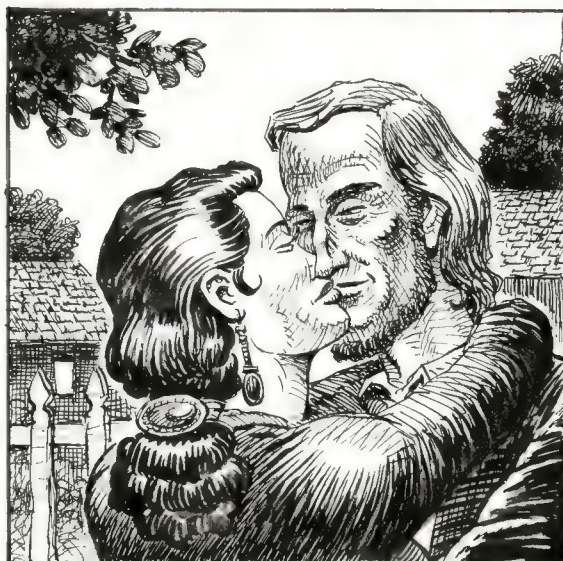
YOU HAVE TO FORGIVE  
DAD HIS MUMBO JUMBO.  
HE'S GOTTEN FANATIC  
ABOUT IT SINCE  
MAMA DIED.

NO APOLOGY  
NECESSARY. I  
THINK YOUR DAD'S  
A FASCINATING  
MAN.



PERHAPS THIS IS A  
LITTLE...UNDIGNIFIED,  
JEB. BUT I'D LIKE TO  
SEE YOU AGAIN.

YOU  
WILL,  
ABBY...



JOE BOB RHINE LEFT THE LIVERY SHORTLY BEFORE  
PARK, LEAVING DAVID A FEW CHORES TO FINISH  
UP, INCLUDING SARK'ING SOME OLD HARNESSSES  
UP TO THE LOFT FOR STORAGE.



THE LAST FEW  
DAYS, DAVID  
FOUND THE IDEA  
OF GOING UP  
THERE DISTURBED  
HIM.



THE HORSES WEREN'T HAPPY, EITHER. THEY  
HADN'T SEEN FOR DAYS. HIS PA SAID  
IT WAS THE WEATHER.

LOOKING UP AT THE  
LOFT, DAVID SENSED  
SOMETHING...  
SOMETHING EVIL.



CLOSER HE GOT TO THE TOP, THE MORE CERTAIN HE WAS **SOMETHING** WAS LURKING UP THERE...



WAITING TO GRAB HIM.

HE THOUGHT HE HEARD A CREAK AND HE COULD SMELL A PEAD ODOR. MAYBE A NEST OF RATS HAD DIED UP THERE.



HE DIDN'T REMEMBER THE FLOW CRATE BEING THERE BEFORE.



ALL HE HAD TO DO WAS HANG UP THE HARNESS.

THAT'S ALL HE HAD TO DO...

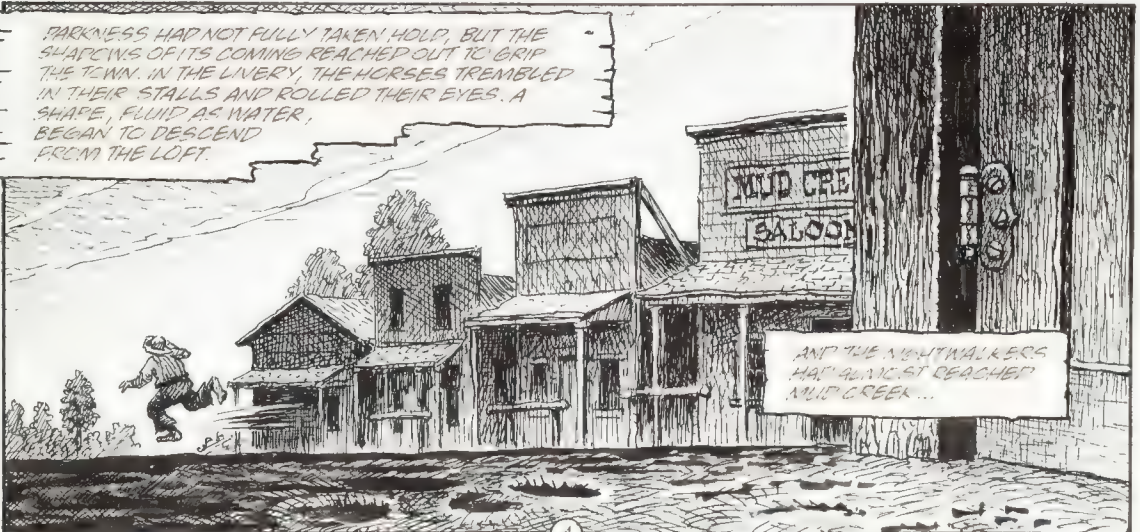
BUT HE COULDN'T.



HIS PA WAS GOING TO BEAT HIM WITH A KNOTTED FLOWLINE FOR SURE, BUT DAVID WASN'T GOING UP THERE.



PARKNESS HAD NOT FULLY TAKEN HOLD, BUT THE SHADOWS OF ITS COMING REACHED OUT TO GRIP THE TOWN. IN THE LIVERY, THE HORSES TREMBLED IN THEIR STALLS AND ROLLED THEIR EYES. A SHAPE, FLUID AS WATER, BEGAN TO DESCEND FROM THE LOFT.



AND THE NIGHTWALKERS HAD ALMOST REACHED MUD CREEK...



THE REVEREND COULDN'T SLEEP. HE LOOKED TO REVELATIONS FOR HELP, BUT THE WORDS SEEMED TO BLUR AND DISAPPEAR... THE SHERIFF WASN'T ABOUT TO MAKE HIS ROUNDS. NOT TONIGHT. IN FACT, HE WAS THINKING OF MOVING ON. BETTING SHUT OF MUD CREEK, MAYBE OUT TO WEST TEXAS OR UP NORTH TO OKLAHOMA. ANYWHERE BUT HERE...











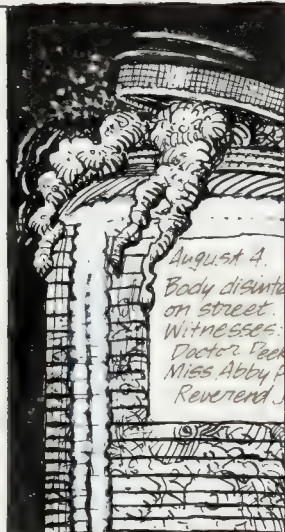


THE UNDERTAKER, MERTZ, WAS AT WORK. AND IT WAS HIS OPINION THAT NATE HAD NEVER LOOKED BETTER. HE HOPED THE WORMS APPRECIATED ALL HIS WORK.





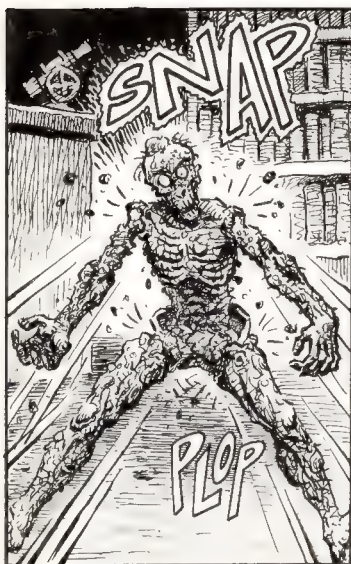
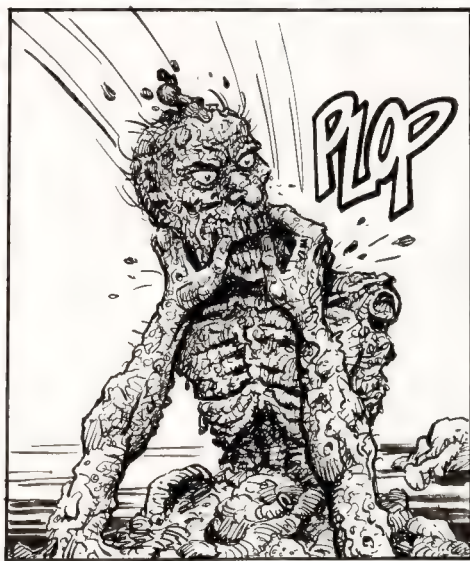
DOC PEEKNER SAT AT HIS STUDY DESK, TRYING TO MAKE SENSE OF WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO MUD CREEK. THE BOOKS HE WAS READING WERE OLD, SOME EVEN HANDWRITTEN, IT WAS SAID, ON HUMAN FLESH. CERTAIN LIBRARIES IN EUROPE WOULD HAVE GIVEN A FORTUNE FOR THEM.











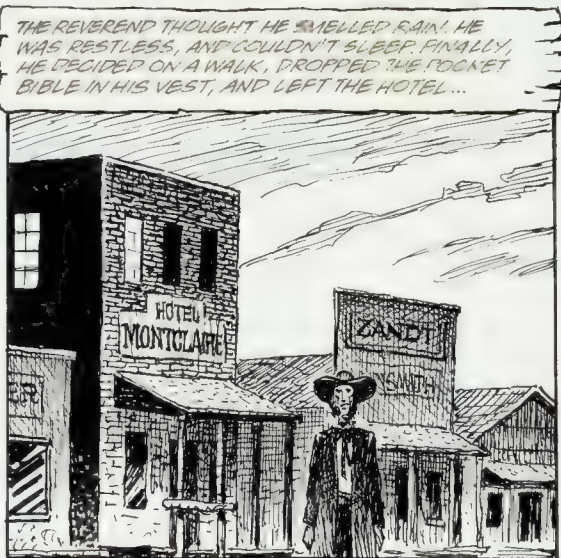




HE REMEMBERED WHAT HE HAD READ IN SOME OF THE BOOKS HE'D BEEN RESEARCHING.







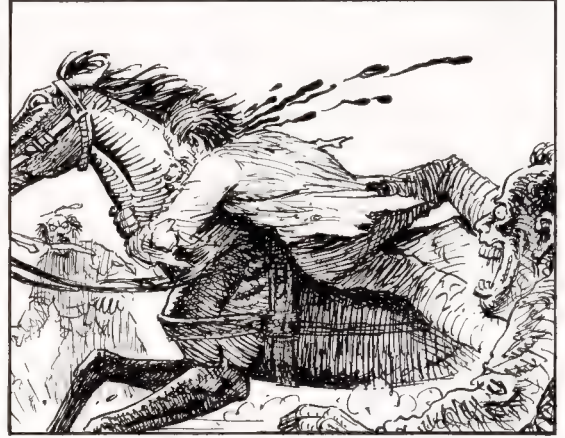
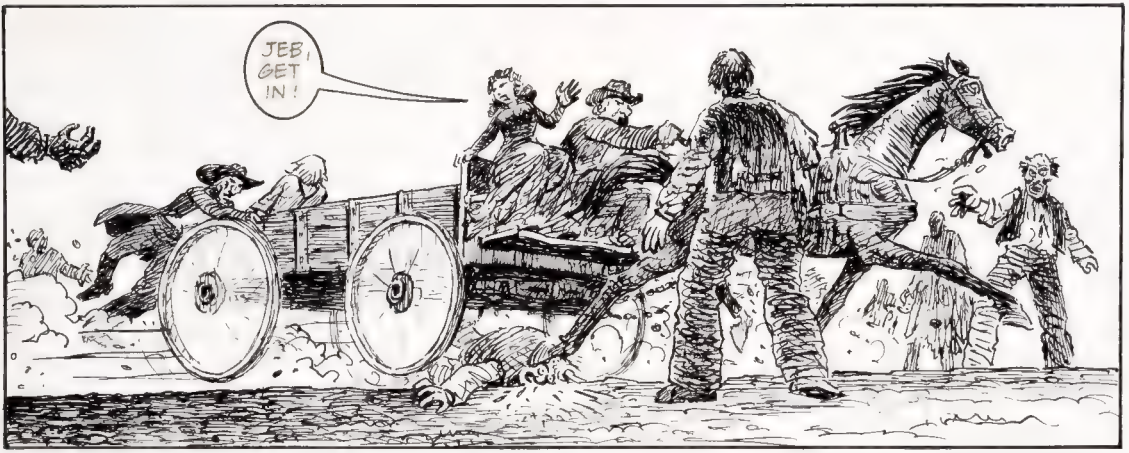




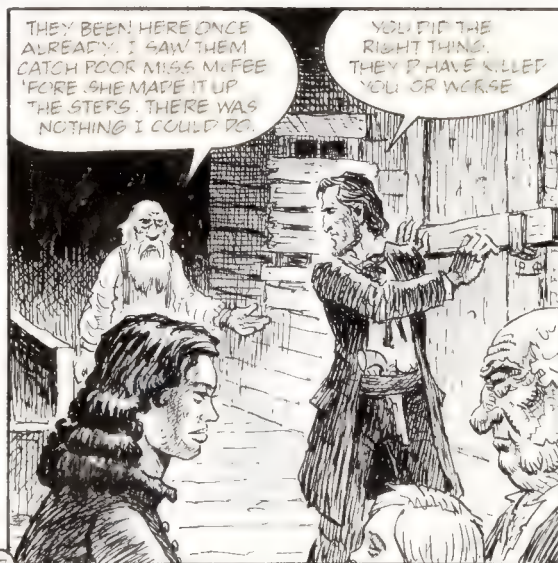




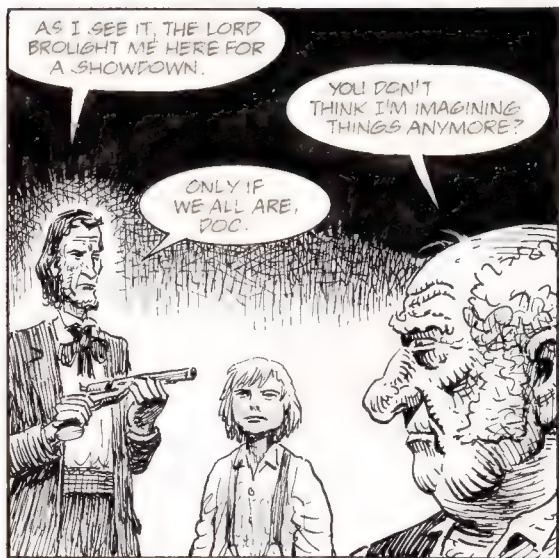




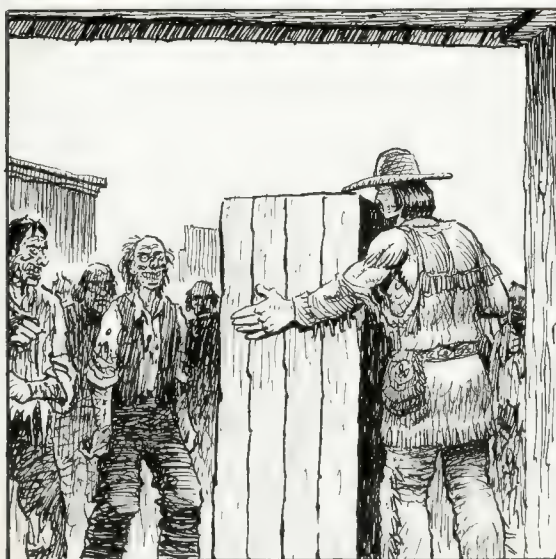




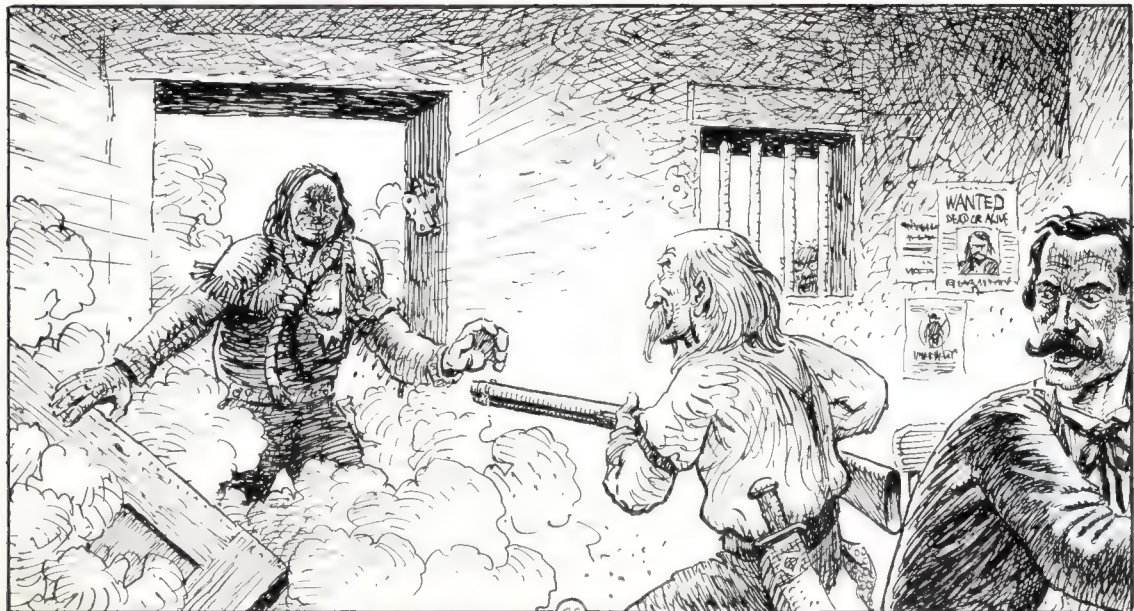
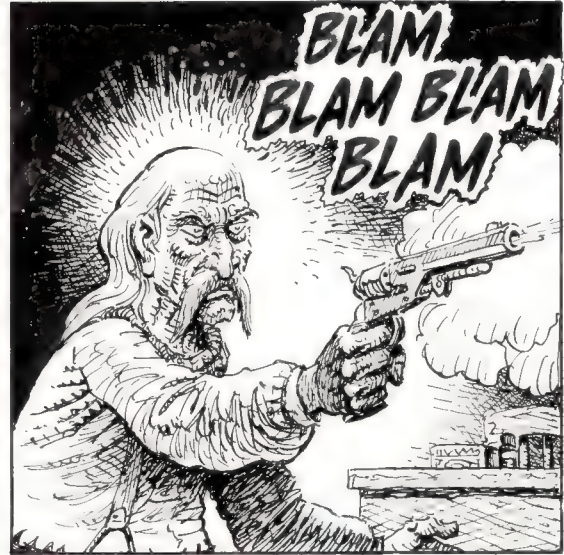
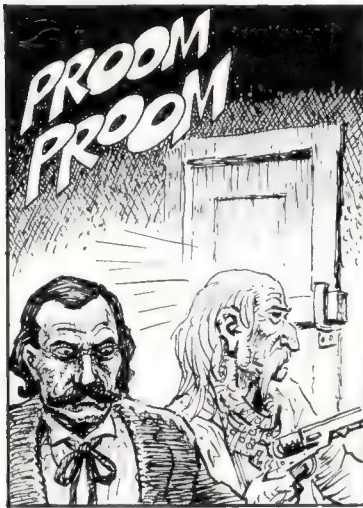




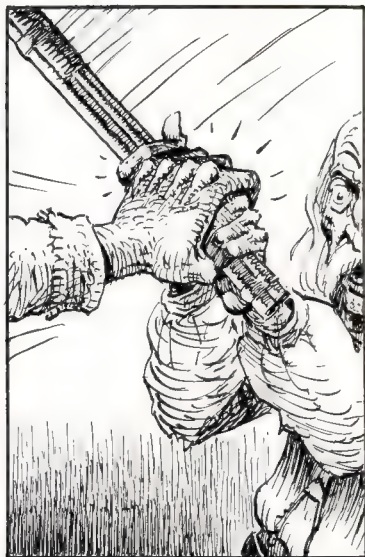
















EVEN OVER THE BAD TABLE MANNERS OF THE DEAD, THE INDIAN HEARD A NOISE.

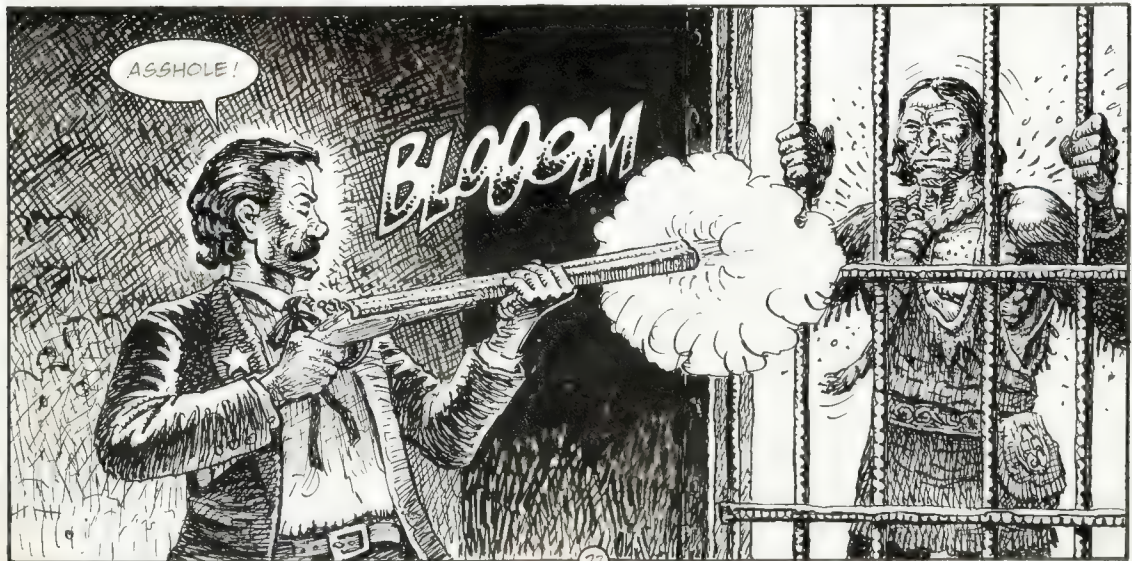


AH, MORE...



GET AWAY FROM ME. I TRIED TO STOP THEM!

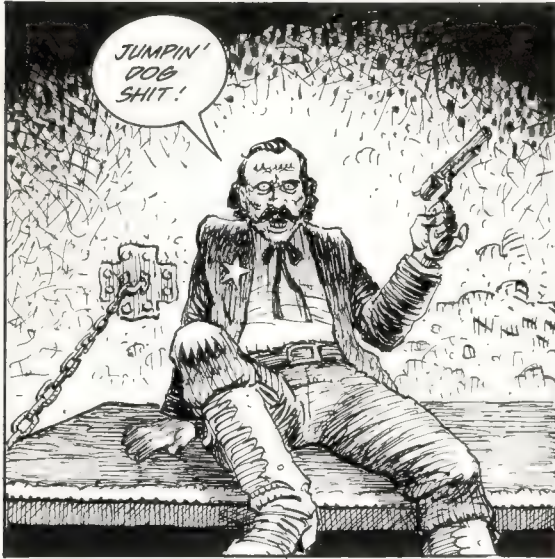
GO EAT SOMEBODY ELSE!



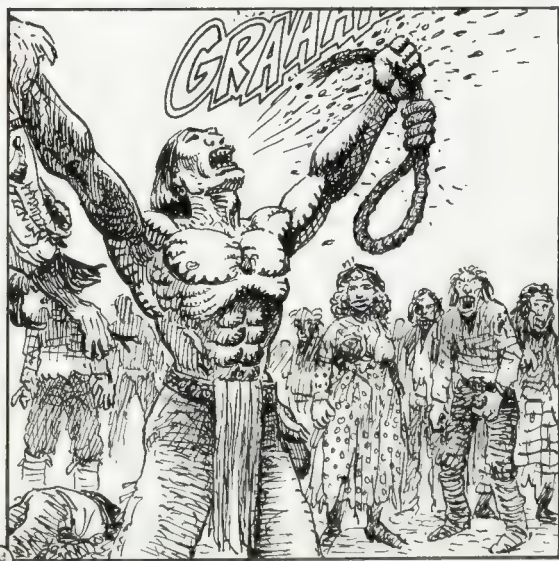
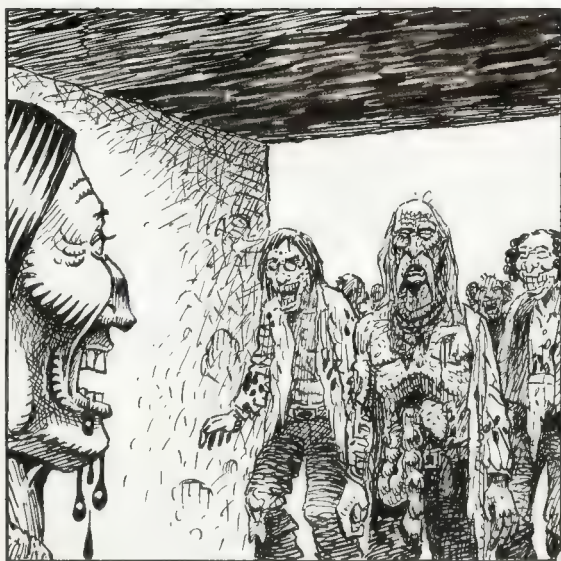
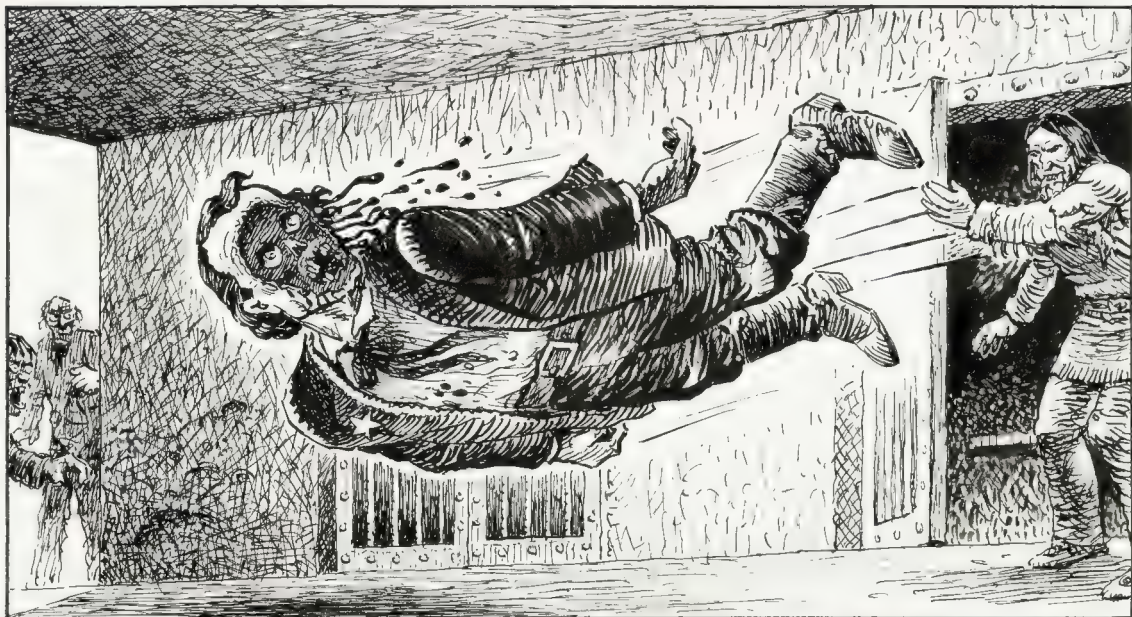
ASSHOLE!

BLOOM





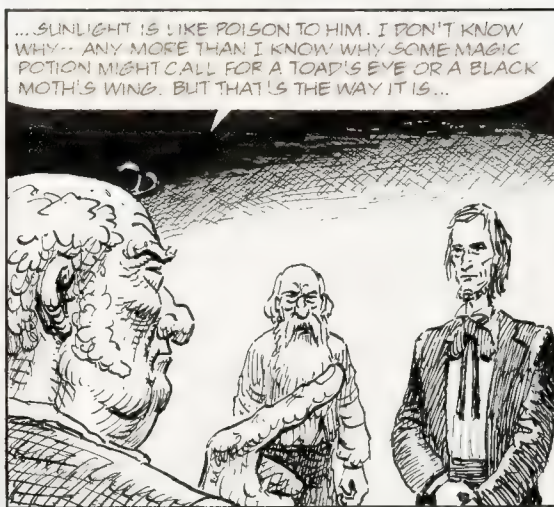
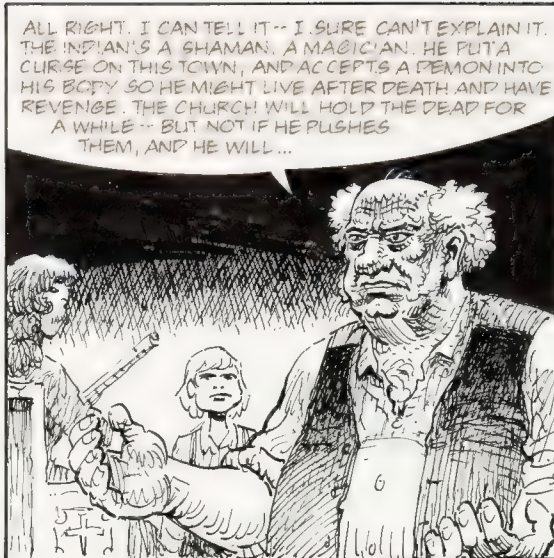








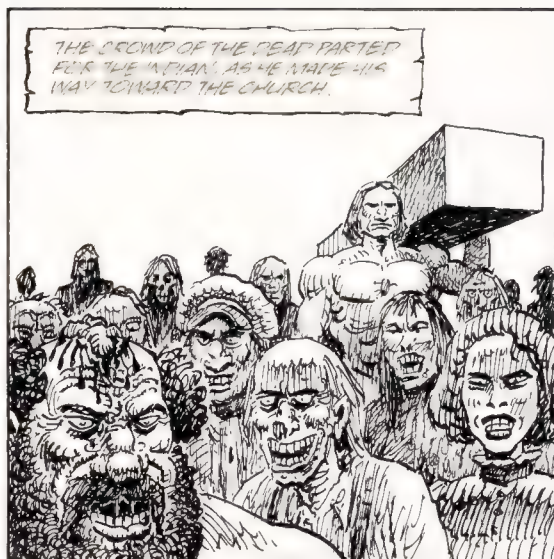








SPEAK OF  
THE DEVIL, DOC.  
HERE HE  
COMES!



THE SOUND OF THE FEET PARTED  
FOR THE INDIAN, AS HE MADE HIS  
WAY TOWARD THE CHURCH.



THE INDIAN SET THE BOX CONTAINING  
HIS WOMAN ON THE STEPS,  
FOR ALL TO SEE.



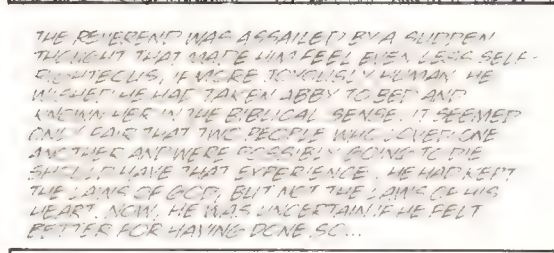
WITH SURPRISING GENTLENESS,  
THE INDIAN BREAKED WHAT WAS  
LEFT OF HIS WOMAN.

THE REVEREND WAS  
SURPRISED TO FEEL  
A WAVE OF PITY WAS  
OVER HIM FOR THE  
REDMAN.



THE REVEREND KNEW HOW IT WAS TO HAVE  
LOVED ONES TAKEN AWAY.

NOW THEY WERE  
BOTH HERE. HE  
COULD RETRIBUTE  
THE PAIN OF THE  
INDIAN. THE DEVIL'S  
PUNISH FOR EVIL. TWO  
FORCES ABOUT TO  
MEET HEAD  
ON.

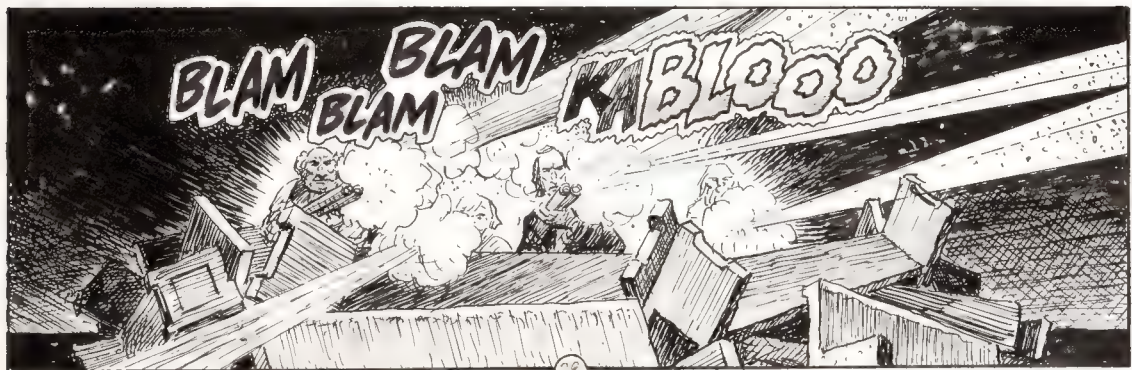
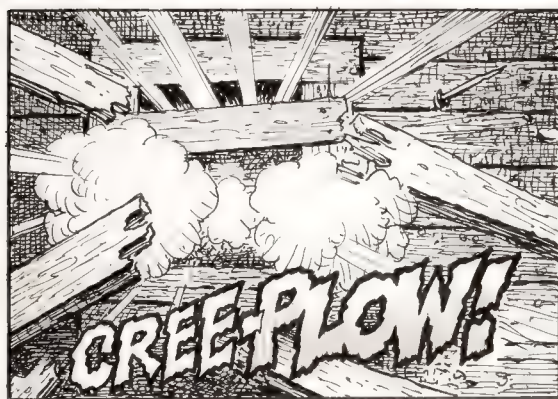


THE REVEREND WAS ASSAILED BY A SUDDEN  
THOUGHT THAT MATE WAS FEELING LESS SELF-  
RIGHTFUL, IF MORE TENDERSLY HUMAN. HE  
WISHED HE HAD TAKEN ABBY TO SEE AND  
KNOW HER IN THE BIBLICAL SENSE. IT SEEMED  
ONLY FAIR THAT TWO PEOPLE WHO LOVED ONE  
ANOTHER AND WERE GOING TO DIE  
SHOULD HAVE THAT EXPERIENCE. HE HAD KEPT  
THE LAWS OF GOD, BUT NOT THE LAWS OF HIS  
HEART. NOW, HE WAS UNCERTAIN IF HE FELT  
BETTER FOR HAVING DONE SO...



I LOVE  
YOU, ABBY. COME  
WHAT MAY, I  
LOVE YOU...









HOLY GROUND,  
YOU SAY?



AS LONG AS IT'S HOLY TO US,  
IT'LL BE HOLY TO HIM. THEY'RE  
OUTSIDE, NOW. IT'S WHEN THEY  
COME IN THAT YOUR FAITH WILL  
BE TESTED AND IF THE INDIAN'S  
FAITH IS STRONGER...



I KNOW. WE'RE DEAD.  
OR WORSE. DAWN'S ABOUT  
AN HOUR AWAY. IF WE CAN--



REVEREND?  
BEEN NICE  
KNOWING  
YOU.

DON'T COUNT  
YOURSELF OUT TILL  
THE VERY LAST, BOY.  
TRUST IN GOD AND  
YOUR WEAPON.  
ALL RIGHT?



AND DAVID...  
I LOVE YOU,  
BOY.

I LOVE  
YOU TOO,  
REVEREND.



JEB. YOU SHOULD  
AT LEAST CALL ME  
JEB.

JEB...





THE GUN OF THE DEFENDERS ROARED, AND SOON THE WHOLE WARE WAS CONTESTED WITH THE ACRID SMELL OF GUNSMOKE, AND THE MEN'S EYES WERE HOT IN THEIR HATS.



BODIES WERE FLYING UP IN THE AIR, BUT THERE WAS STILL ENOUGH TIME TO RELOAD AND KEEP THE SCRAMBLE UP. FASTER THAN THEY COULD BELIEVE, THE DEFENDERS.





THEN, THE DOOR BURST OPEN  
AND THE DEAD FOLK TUMBLED  
IN LIKE LITTLE PEBBLES  
BEFORE A GREAT  
OCEAN WAVE.



DOD AND THE REVEREND TRIED TO HOLD  
THE FRONT, FIRING, RELOADING; BUT THE  
WAVE WAS FURIOUS NOW, AND THEY  
WERE SURROUNDED.



EACH TIME THEY REACHED  
INTO THEIR COAT POCKETS  
FOR AMMO, THERE WERE  
FEWER AND FEWER SHELLS.













DON'T LOOK AT HIM, BOY. KEEP GOING!

JOHN'S NOSTRILS WERE  
PINCHED BY THE  
SMELL OF  
BLOOD...



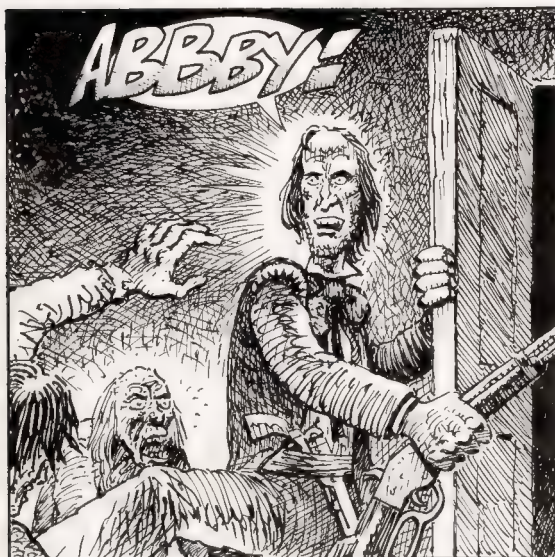
HE DIDN'T SMELL ANY BETTER  
IN DEATH THAN HE DID IN LIFE...



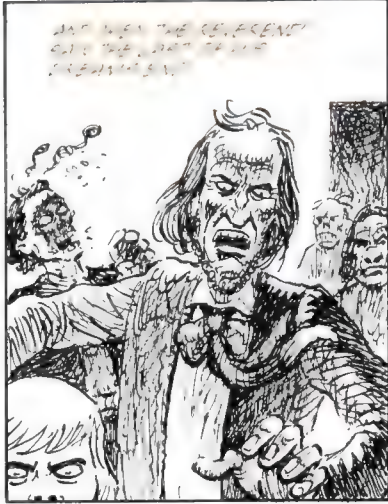
OR WORSE, FOR  
THAT MATTER.















THE STOREROOM.  
LOCK YOURSELF IN.  
YOU MIGHT MAKE  
IT, SON...

NOT  
WITHOUT  
YOU!

DO AS I  
SAY YOU  
LITTLE  
BASTARD!

DOC WAS SWARMED, THE  
DEAD FOLK WERE ON HIM  
LIKE STINK ON SHIT.



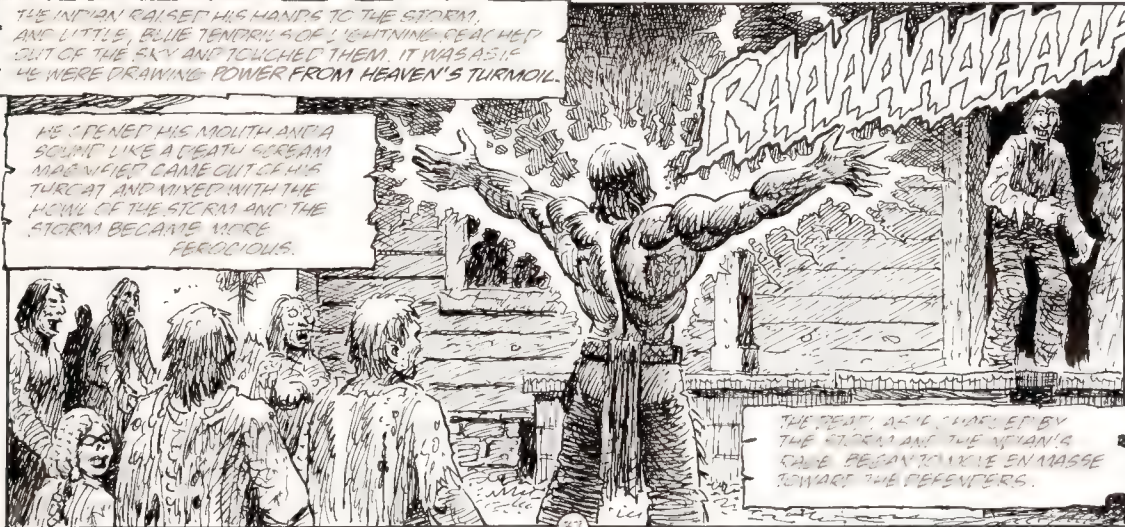
JEB, TAKE  
MY GUN AND  
USE IT!



GOD GO  
WITH YOU,  
FRIEND...

THE INDIAN RAISED HIS HANDS TO THE STORM,  
AND LITTLE, BLUE TENDRILS OF LIGHTNING REACHED  
OUT OF THE SKY AND TOUCHED THEM. IT WAS AS IF  
HE WERE DRAWING POWER FROM HEAVEN'S TURMOIL.

HE OPENED HIS MOUTH AND A  
SOUND LIKE A DEATH SCREAM  
MAGNIFIED CAME OUT OF HIS  
THROAT, AND MIXED WITH THE  
HOWL OF THE STORM AND THE  
STORM BECAME MORE  
FEROCIOUS.



RAAAAAAAAAAA

THE DEATH SCREAM MIXED BY  
THE STORM AND THE INDIAN'S  
CALL BECAME A RILE EN MASSE  
TOWARD THE DEFENDERS.



THE NEWMAN WAS STILL STANDING AT THE BASE OF THE CHURCH STEPS, THE STORM SCREECHING AROUND HIM LIKE A GREAT HOOVER OWL



SNARLING, THE REVEREND GRABBED DAVID AND DARTED TOWARD THE STOREROOM DOOR



SORRY, PRIVATE ROOM.



CLASH



SINGLE-MINDED, AIN'T THEY?

I'D SAY THEY ARE, SON.



WE'RE DEAD MEAT, REVEREND. THAT DOOR ISN'T GOING TO HOLD TOO LONG.

IF WE CAN HOLD UNTIL DAYLIGHT, WE'VE GOT A CHANCE. CAN'T BE MUCH LONGER. I CAN SEE A LITTLE LIGHT OUT THERE.



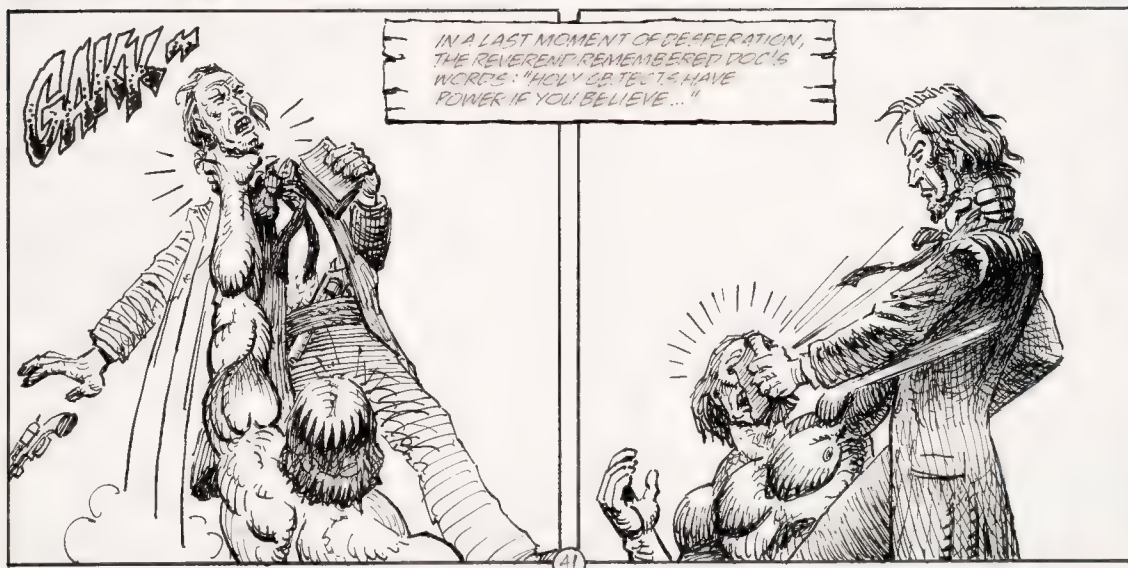








THE REVEREND COULD NOT TAKE HIS EYES FROM THE SPIDERY BIRTHMARK ON THE INDIAN'S CHEST. HE FELT, ONCE MORE, THE TERROR OF HIS DREAMS, WHEN THE SPIDER-THING SWIFT HIM INTO ITS AWFUL MAW. PERHAPS, HE THOUGHT, IF THE LORD HAD REVEALED THIS EVIL SYMBOL THROUGH A DREAM, HE HAD ALSO REVEALED THE DEMON'S ACHILLES' HEEL ...











A THIN SWORD OF LIGHT  
STABBED IN AND BREASTED  
AS THE CURTAIN FELL FULLY  
ASIDE, AND THE ROOM WENT  
FROM BLACK TO GOLDEN.

SHREK

THE ZOMBIES AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS SCREECHED  
IN HORROR. NOT ONLY WAS LIGHT BEING SHED AT  
THEY FROM THE STOREROOM, BUT IT HAD GREPT  
UPON THEM, UNNOTICED, FROM BEHIND.



THE INDIAN FELT THE MOUTH  
OF HELL YAWN AT HIS FEET.



HIS TIME WAS  
COMING.



YOU OKAY,  
SEVEREND?

I'LL MAKE IT.  
LET'S GET OUT  
OF THIS HOLE  
WHILE WE  
CAN...





THE CHURCH WAS ON FIRE. ZOMBIES HAD  
BURST INTO FLAMES FROM THE SUNLIGHT,  
AND FALLEN ALONG QUATREVEZ PENS  
AND AGAINST WOODEN WALLS,  
SETTING THEM ABLAZE.



RUN FOR IT, SON,  
AND DON'T STOP ON  
THE WAY...



THE INDIAN STOOD IN THE CENTER AISLE  
HE WAS TRYING TO MAKE HIS LEGS MOVE,  
BUT THEY WERE MELTING LIKE CANDLES  
WAX, FLOWING  
OUT OF HIS  
FANTSELESS,  
PULLING HIS  
BOOTS.



THE REVEREND AND DAVID  
MADE A RUN FOR IT,  
LEAPING OVER THE DIS-  
SOLVING BODY OF THE  
INDIAN AS THEY WENT.



THE REVEREND  
FIRST.



DAVID  
SECOND.

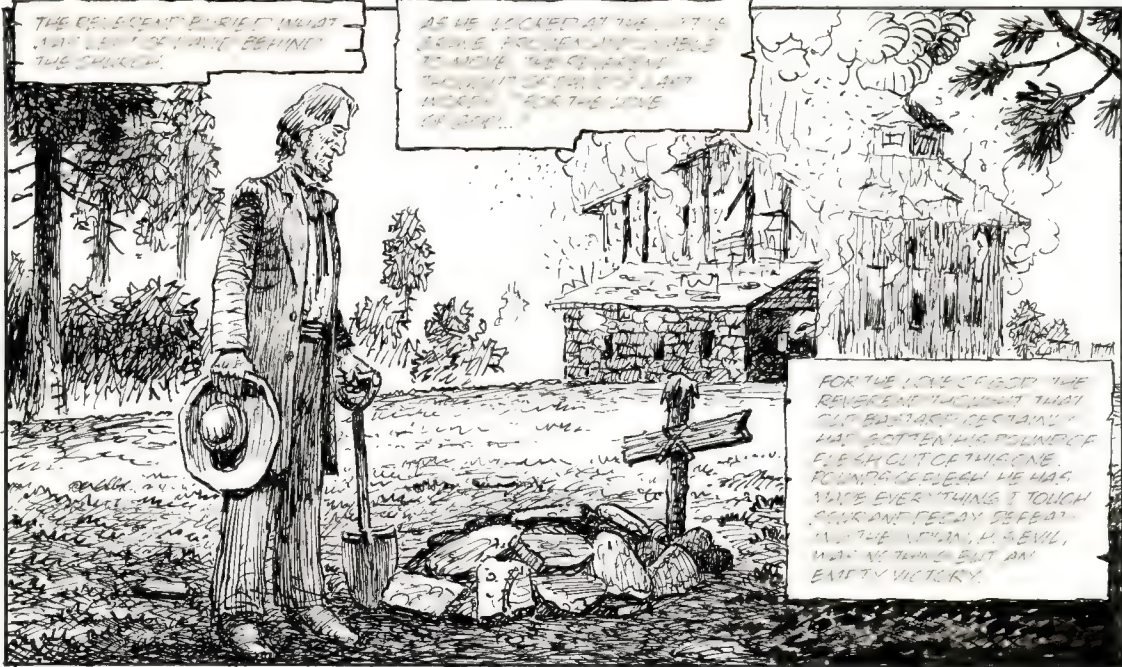






THE REVEREND BURIED WHAT  
WAS LEFT OF HER BEHIND  
THE CHURCH.

AS HE LOOKED AT THE  
SCENE FROM A DISTANCE  
TO NOTE THE STAINING  
THAT HAD BEEN LEFT  
BEHIND FOR THE LOVE  
OF GOD...

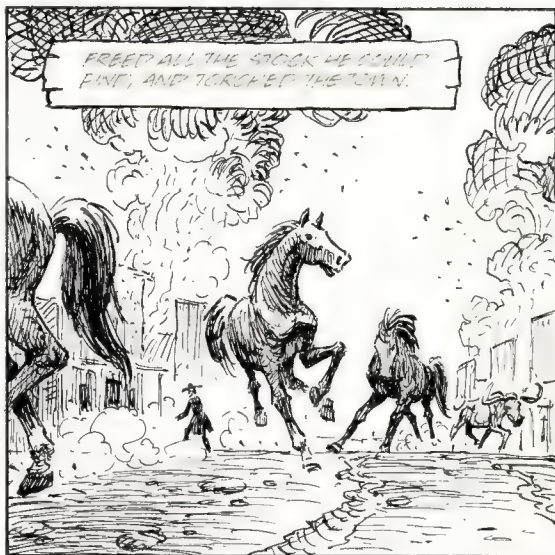


FOR THE LOVE OF GOD THE  
REVEREND THOUGHT THAT  
CLOUTIER'S RECKLESS  
WAS GOTTEN HIS FOUNDED  
FRESH CUT OF HIS ONE  
FOUNDER OF DEATH HE HAS  
WIFE EVERYTHING I TOUGH  
BANK AND FEGAN DEFEAT  
AND THE VICTORY, A DEATH,  
WAS NOTHING BUT AN  
EMPTY VICTORY.

THEN THE REVEREND BURNED THE  
REMAINS OF THE INDIAN WOMAN'S  
BODY IN HER CRATE...



FREED ALL THE STOCK HE COULD  
FIND, AND TORCHED THE TOWN.



HE WAS FIERCELY DETERMINED TO  
LEAVE NOTHING DEAD OR ALIVE  
IN MUD CREEK...





THE REVEREND THOUGHT OF ABBY, DOC, AND DAVID...  
ALL THE LIVES WASTED DOWN THERE BECAUSE OF  
ONE MOMENT, ONE THOUGHTLESS AND EVIL ACT  
THAT HAD BROUGHT A GREATER EVIL IN RETURN...



HE THOUGHT ABOUT DOC, AND  
HIS HARSH AND BITTER WAYS.  
HE WAITED FOR AN ANSWER,  
BUT NONE WOULD COME.

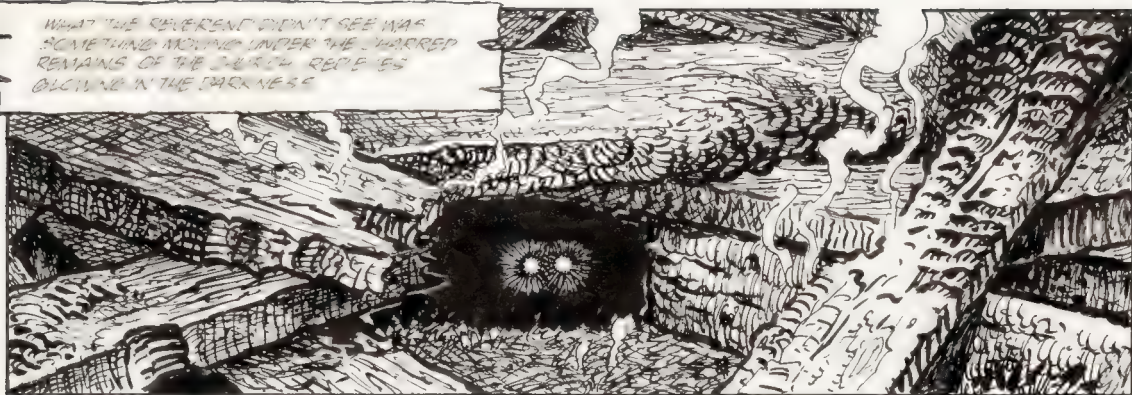


THE REVEREND DECIDED IT WAS NO  
REST FOR THE WICKED AND THE  
GOOD DIDN'T NEED ANY.

FINALLY, HE GAVE THE HORSE HIS HEELS,  
AND HEADED TOWARD THE TALL, SLANT  
TEXAS PINES.



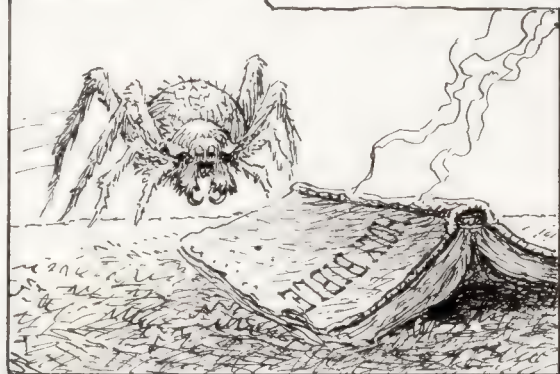
WHAT THE REVEREND DIDN'T SEE WAS  
SOMETHING MOVING UNDER THE BURIED  
REMAINS OF THE CHURCH, REFLEXES  
GLIMMERING IN THE DARKNESS.



THE SPIDER-LIKE THING -- THE EXACT SHAPE AND  
SIZE OF THE BIRTHMARK ON THE INDIAN'S CHEST --  
LUMBERED OUT INTO THE DAYLIGHT, SMOKING  
AND PUFFING UP LITTLE SPURTS OF FLAME.

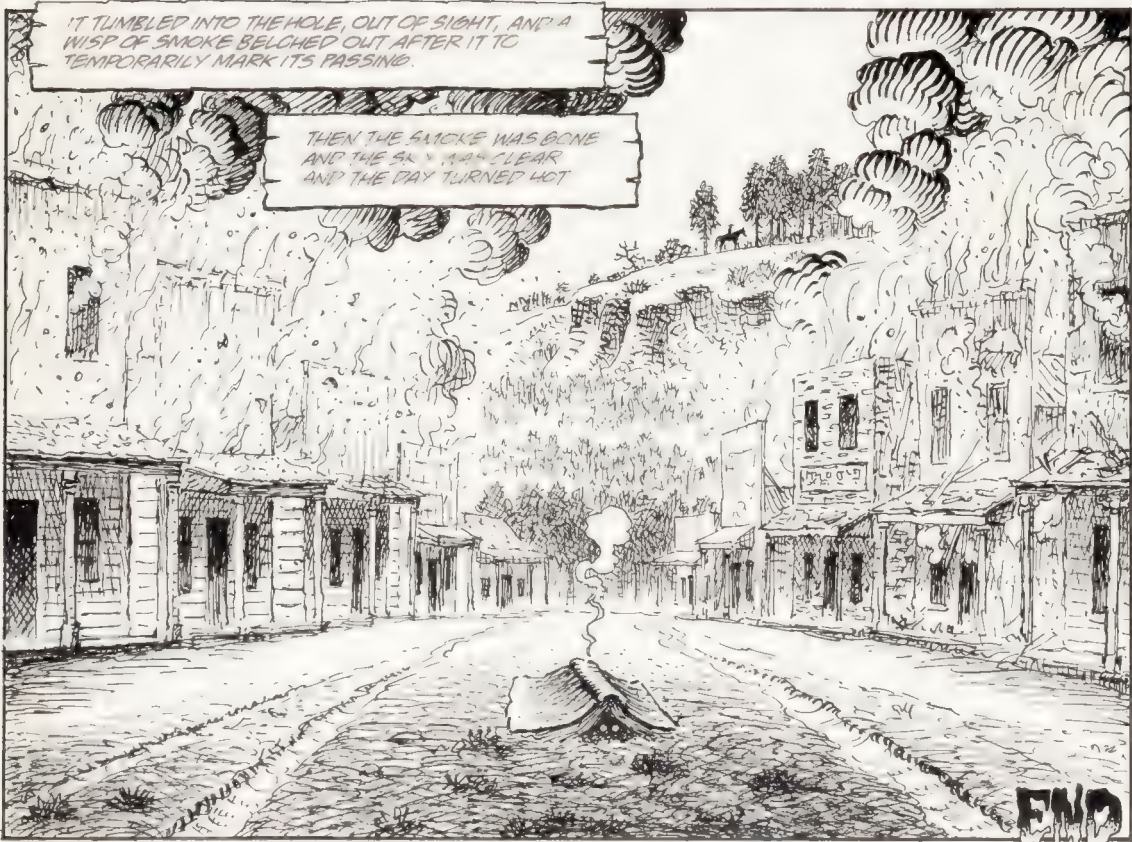


IT MADE ITS WAY TOWARD A LARGE HOLE THAT HAD  
ONCE BEEN THE HOME OF A PROSPEROUS  
GROUND HOG.



IT TUMBLED INTO THE HOLE, OUT OF SIGHT, AND A  
WISP OF SMOKE BELCHED OUT AFTER IT TO  
TEMPORARILY MARK ITS PASSING.

THEN THE SMOKE WAS GONE  
AND THE SKY WAS CLEAR  
AND THE DAY TURNED HOT.



END





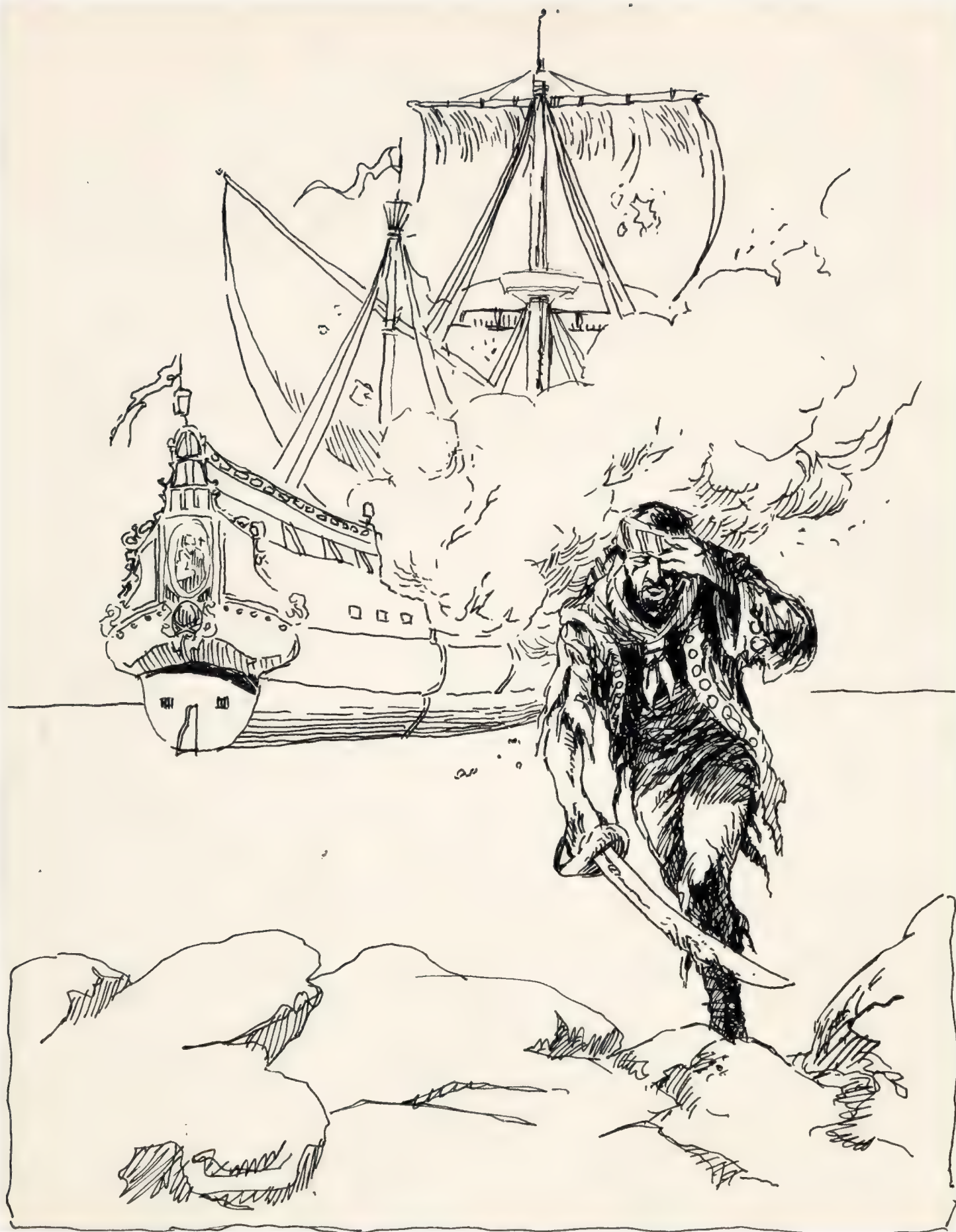
IT HAS BEEN BROUGHT TO MY ATTENTION THAT SOME UNDERGROUND CARTOONIST HAS DRAWN MY PICTURE FOR THE BACK OF ANOTHER COMIC BOOK. THIS IS A SERIOUS BREACH OF OUR COMIX CODE OF CONDUCT. BUT THE ARTIST CLEVERLY THREW OFF SUSPICION BY DOING THE DRAWING BEFORE GRIM WIT WAS CONCEIVED. OBVIOUSLY HE USED SORCERY, WITCH CRAFT OR SOME OTHER SUPERNATURAL MEANS TO AID HIS SCHEME. BUT EVEN OUR STUPIDEST READERS SAW IMMEDIATELY THAT THE LIKENESS IS WRONG. THIS DRAWING OF AN UNDERDEVELOPED LAMIA WHOSE FLESH IS COMPLETELY ROTTED AWAY FROM HER FACE, LOOKS MORE LIKE MY MOTHER, SKULLERELLA.

HOW **IRONIC!**

WIXOM-HI





















BETCHA DIDN'T KNOW THE OL' SKULL WAS  
A FAMILY MAN, DIDYA? SAY HI TO ALL THE NICE  
READERS, LUCILLE. HEE HEE. SPEAKING OF LITTLE  
FELLERS, DO YOU EVER GET **PARANOID** WHEN  
PEOPLE START TALKING ABOUT 'SURVIVAL OF THE  
FITTEST'? YOU KNOW, LIKE, FITTEST FOR **WHAT?**  
OR EVEN, **SURVIVAL** FOR WHAT? NASTY, MORBID  
LITTLE QUESTIONS IF YOU THINK ABOUT IT, BUT  
LET'S **DON'T** — IT'S TOO **FREAKY!** LET'S  
JES SIT BACK AND SOOTHE OUR SOARING FAN-  
CIES WITH SOME CHEERFUL TALES OF **LOVE**  
**TRIUMPHANT!** OOPS... I GOTTA RUN NOW,  
IT'S THE KIDS' FEEDING TIME...

GIMME  
NICKLES  
DADDY.

# SKULLS

© 1971 BY IRONS, SHERIDAN, GORE, SPAIN + JAXON. + VEITCH  
GARY ARLINGTON, PUBLISHER A LAST GASP ECO-  
FUNNIES PRODUCTION, BOX 212, BERKELEY, CALIF 94701  
FELICITATIONS QUASIMODO, WHEREVER YOU ARE.



SORRY THE SKULL COULDN'T  
BE HERE TO GREET YOU, HORROR  
FREAKS, BUT HE'S SOMEWHAT.. ER..  
OUT OF IT, SOOO I'VE GENEROUSLY CONSENTED  
TO **HOST** THIS SECOND MIND-SUCKING  
ISSUE OF LOVECRAFTIAN MEMORABILIA  
FOR HIM. NOW, IF YOU'LL PROCEED TO  
THE MAIN COURSE, I'LL CONTINUE  
WITH MY **DESSERT**... HEH HEH

HEL-P  
~~~~~

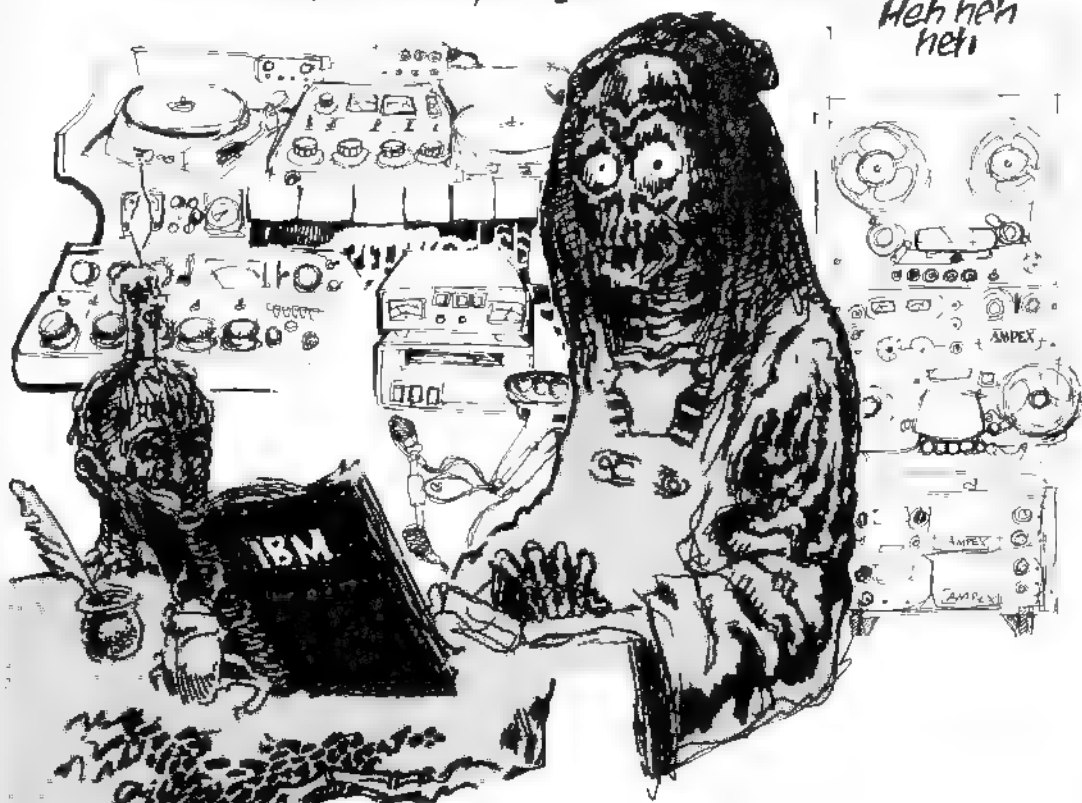


# SKULL<sup>5</sup>

©1972 by GORE, SPAIN, TODD, SHERIDAN, JAXON, DEITCH AND DALLAS  
Published by LAST GASP ECO-FUNNIES, BOX 212, BERKELEY, CA. 94701

HEY GROWN-UPS! Ever wonder why those old-timey horror stories don't chill you and thrill you like they used to? You know, the ones about vampires, ghouls, werewolves, and all that crap? I'll tell you why - because now all those creeps have been replaced with a REALITY scarier than any boogeyman. That's right - sealed in cellophane, packed in plastic & entombed in asphalt - they're gone, folks. In the deep six, along with the nerve gas. Yep, and now well-lighted, antiseptic shopping centers sprawl wall-to-wall on the site of all the old cobweb-infested, dank, dingy dungeons. WHAT? You say you aren't afraid of synthetics? That you actually feel safe in shopping centers?

Heh heh  
heh



SLOW DEATH 2 ©1970 by Jaxon-Sheridan-  
Osborne & Gore + published by Last Gasp  
Eco-funnies Co. Post Office Box 212 - Berkeley

R. TURNER Editor

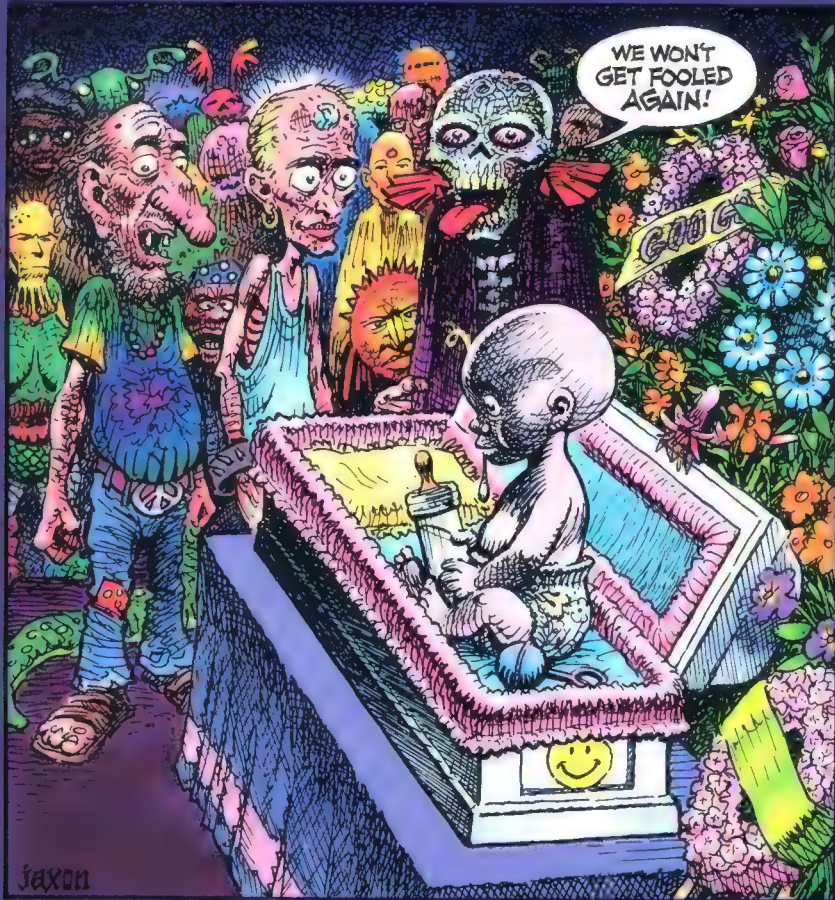
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# SLOW DEATH





# Optimism of Youth



the underground work  
of jack jackson

FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS



# BOGEYMAN

NUMBER 3

Co.  
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SOUL  
SNATCHER  
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# DEATH RATTLE





# KINGS

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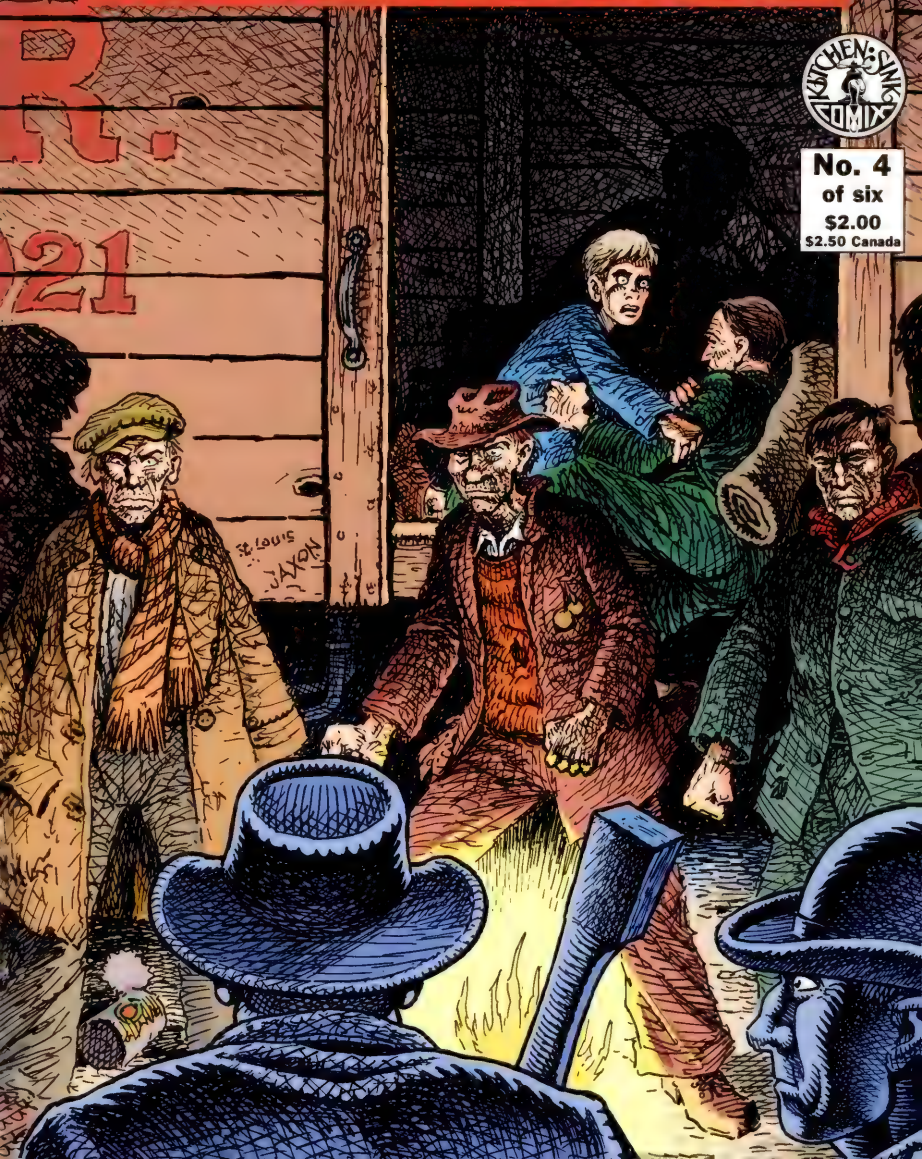


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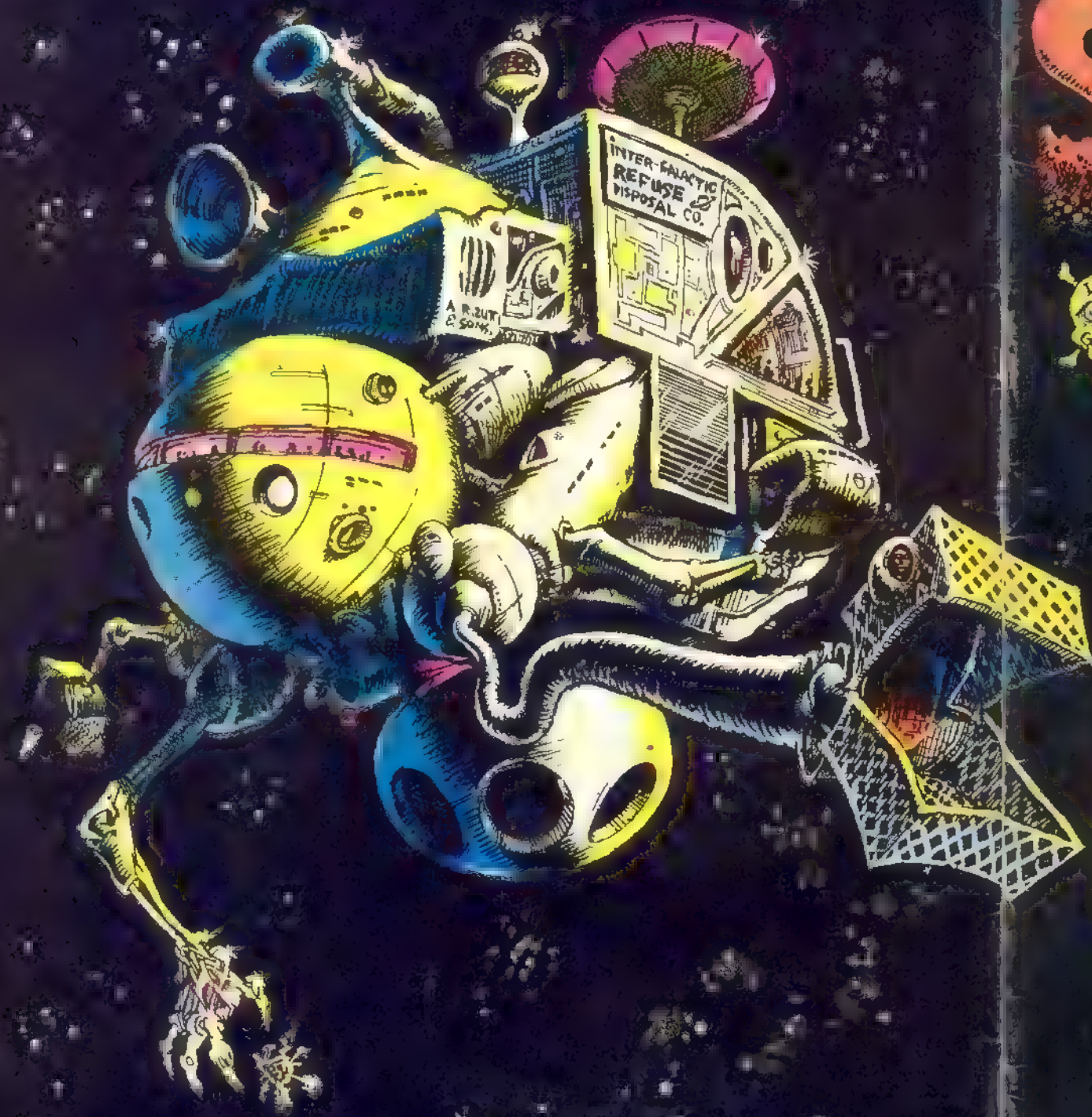
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# COMANCHE MOON

Written and Illustrated by  
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Introduction by  
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# BLOOD

ON THE

# MOON



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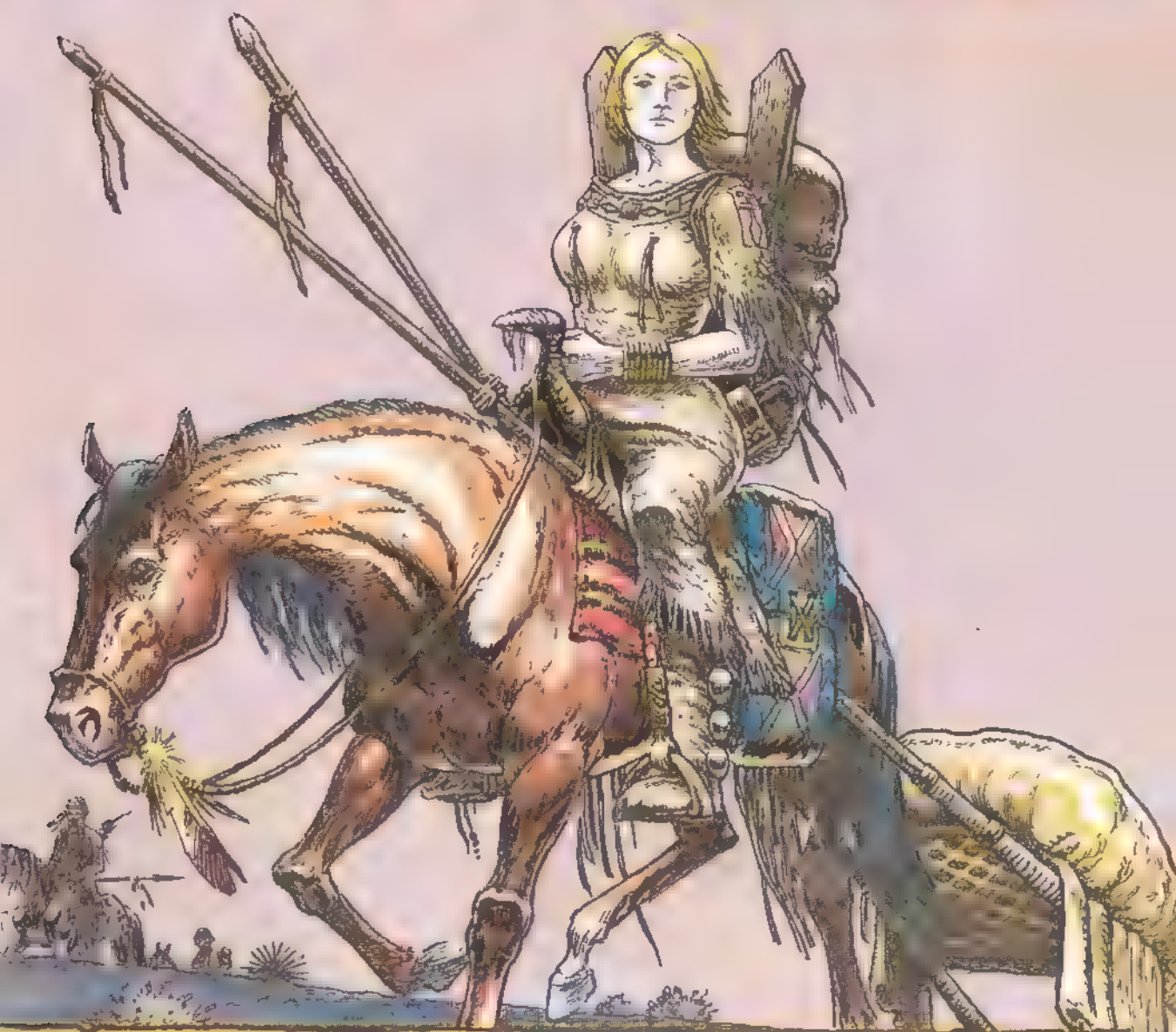


12-10-77





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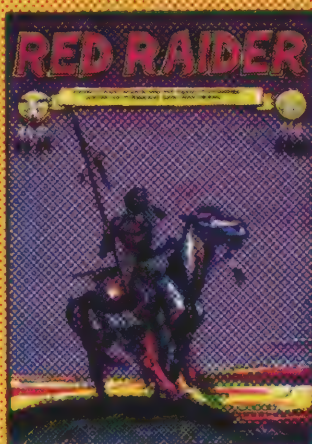
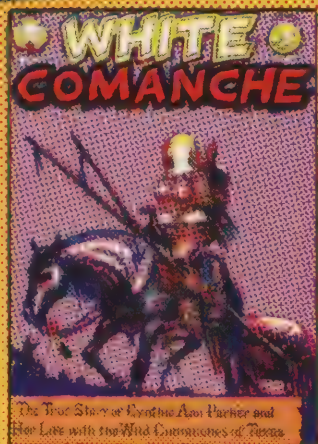
THEY DIDN'T  
TEACH YOU THIS  
IN YOUR PUBLIC  
SCHOOL, AMIGO..

HEY PARDNER!  
HAVE YOU SEEN THESE  
OTHER BOOKS ON THE  
OLD SOUTHWEST BY  
JAXON?

.. AND IT HASN'T  
BEEN ON TV OR THE  
SILVER SCREEN EITHER  
KEMOSABE!



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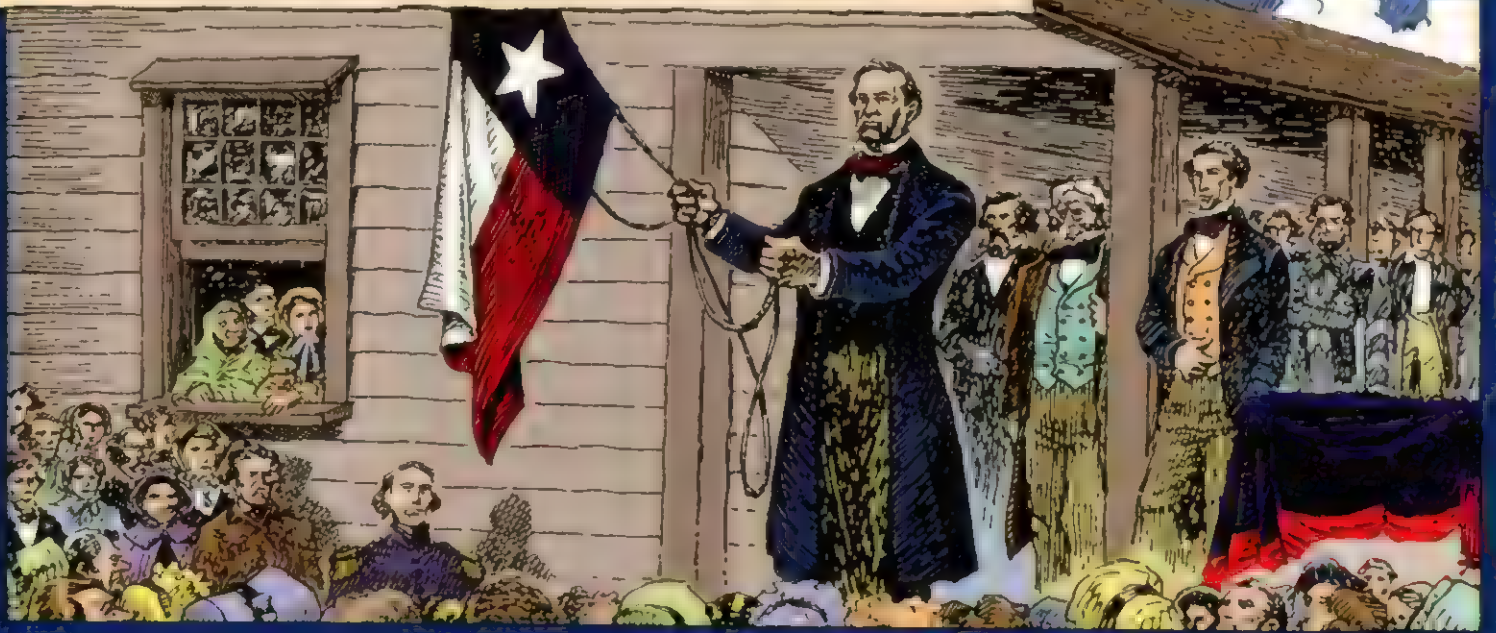


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AT 1000

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# GRATEFUL DEAD

FLYING BURRITO BROS

•AUM•



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FROM DECAY, NEW LIFE...

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soundproof  
presents

GRATEFUL  
DEAD

SONS OF  
CHAMPLIN

INITIAL SHOCK

GARDEN OF DELIGHT

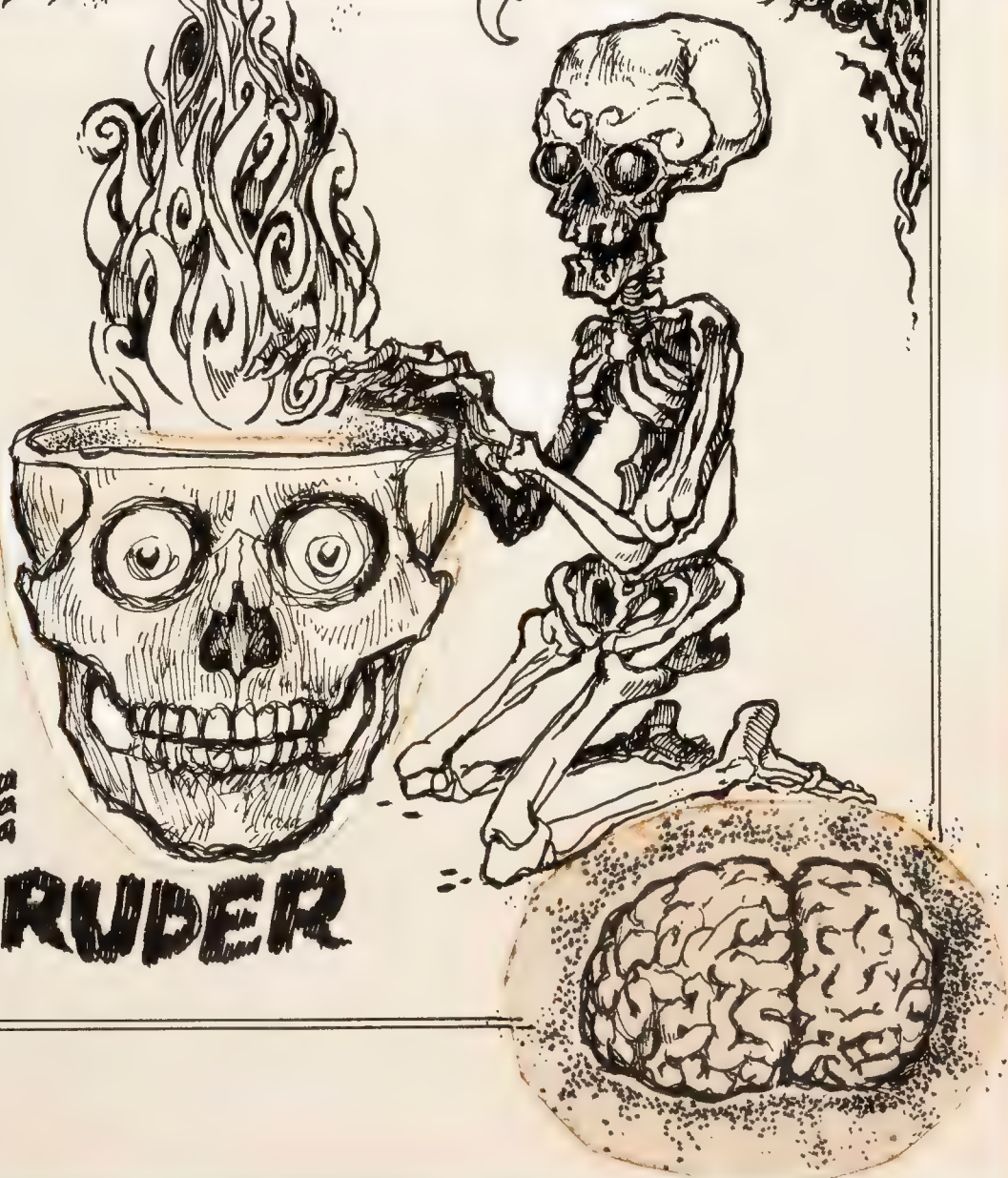
Jan. 24, 25, 26

THE  
AVALON  
LIVES!

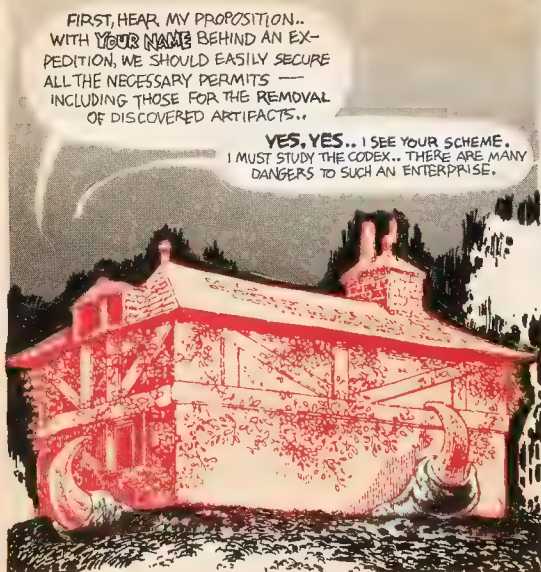
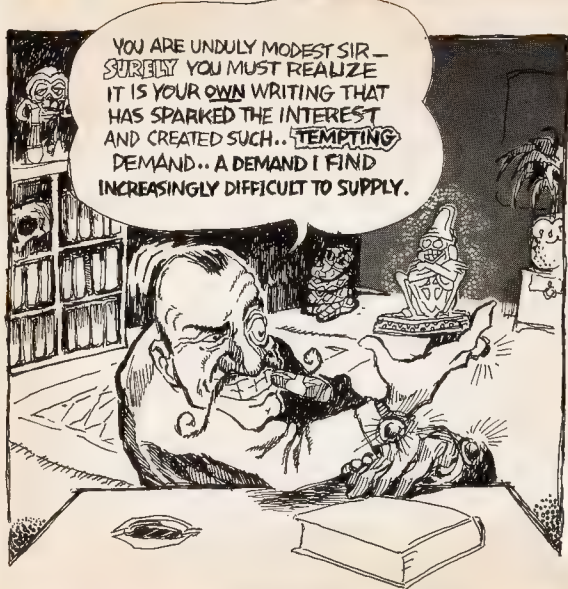
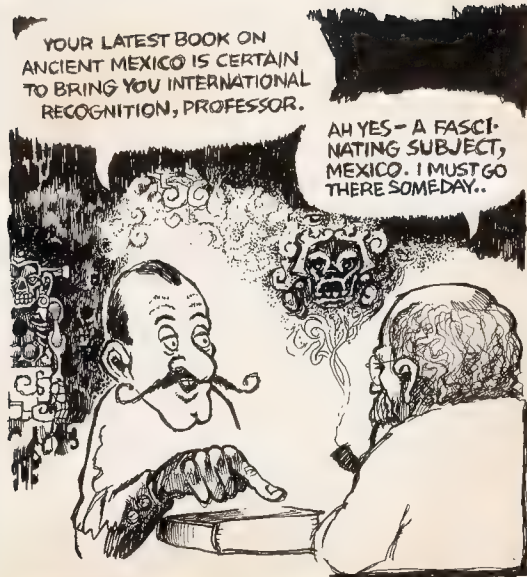


LOCKED INSIDE THE SKULL ARE MYSTERIES FEW HAVE DARED TO PENETRATE. LEGENDS OF THE PAST SPEAK OF THOSE WHO TREKKED THE LIMITLESS EXPANSES OF THE MIND, WANDERING THE UNCHARTED REGIONS OF CONSCIOUSNESS—OFTEN TO FIND THEMSELVES LOST BEYOND THE PALE OF SANITY. FORTUNATELY, SCIENCE NOW STEERS THE BOAT WITH A STEADY GRIP ON REALITY. BUT WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE UNCANNY, THE UN-REAL DESCENDS LIKE A MURKY FOG? WHEN BONES AND DUST BY THE WAYSIDE STIR WITH THE ENERGY ONCE POSSESSED? WHEN SCIENCE PEERS INTO THE DARKNESS OF THE UNKNOWN AND FINDS THAT IT IS

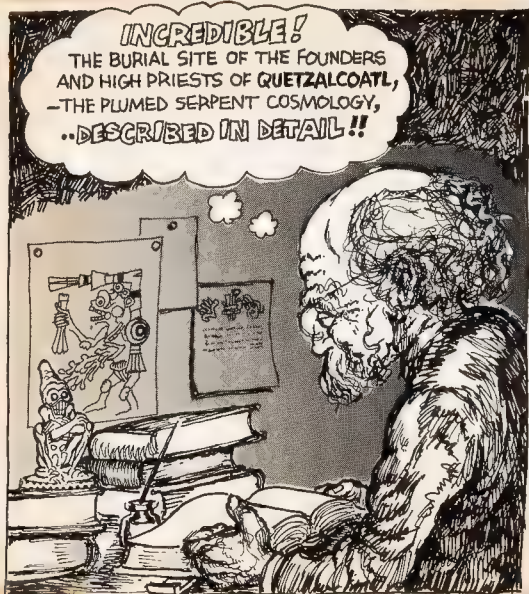
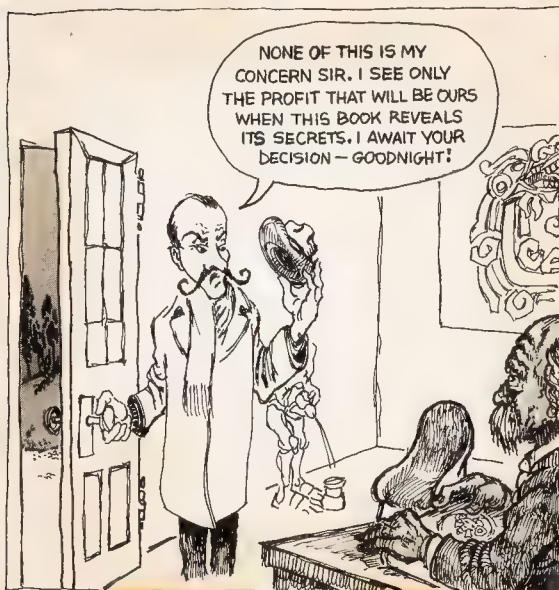
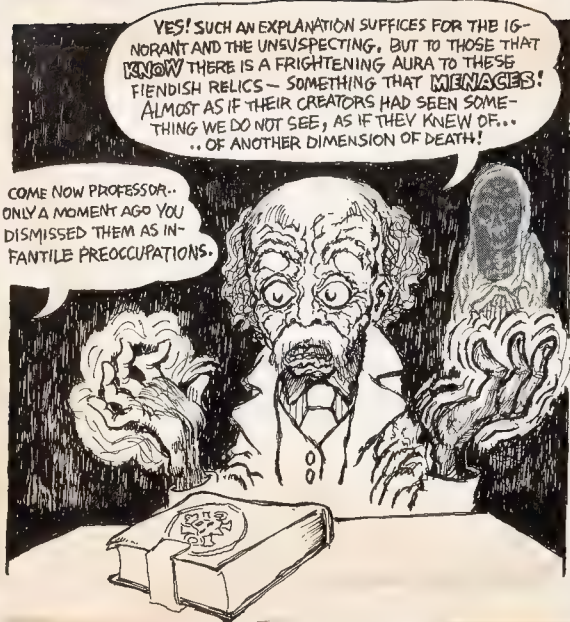
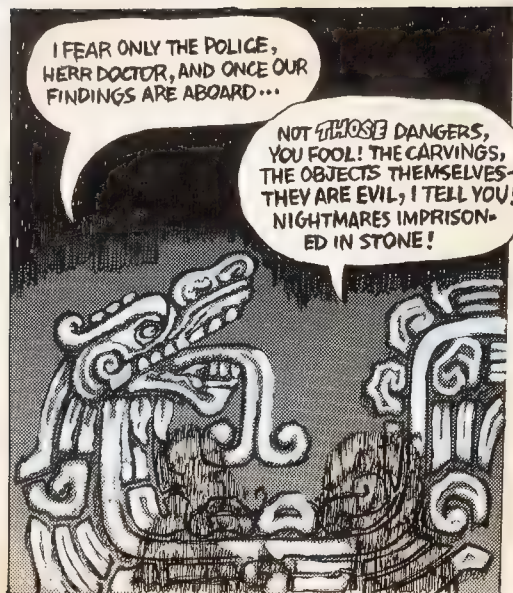
## THE INTRUDER



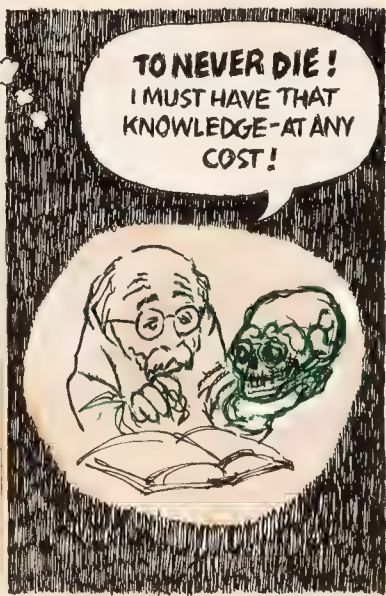




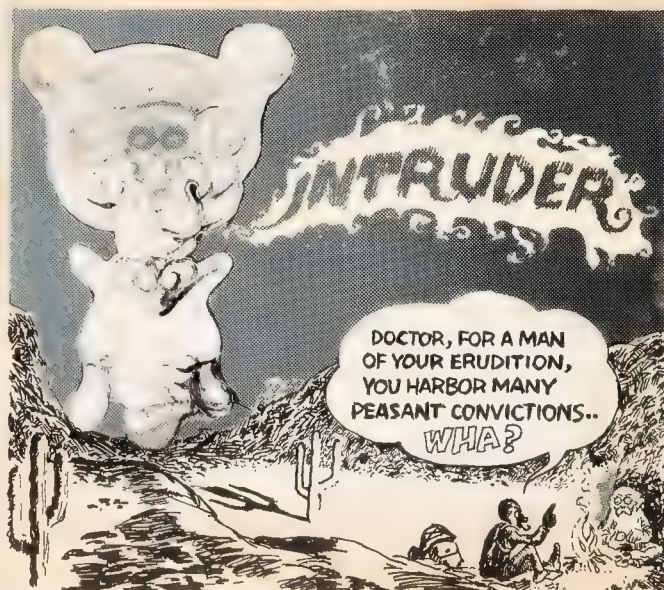
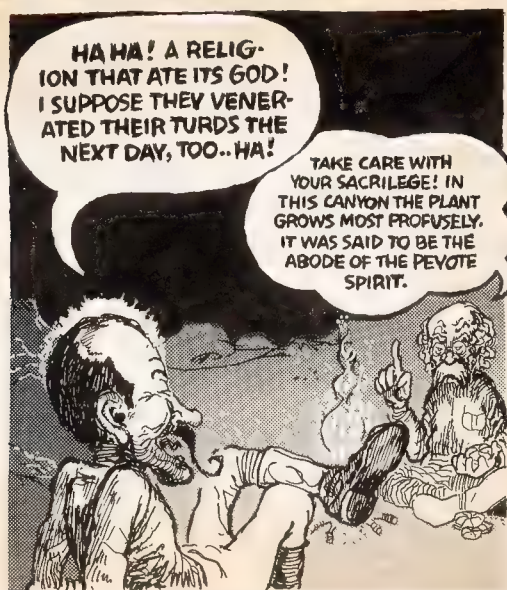
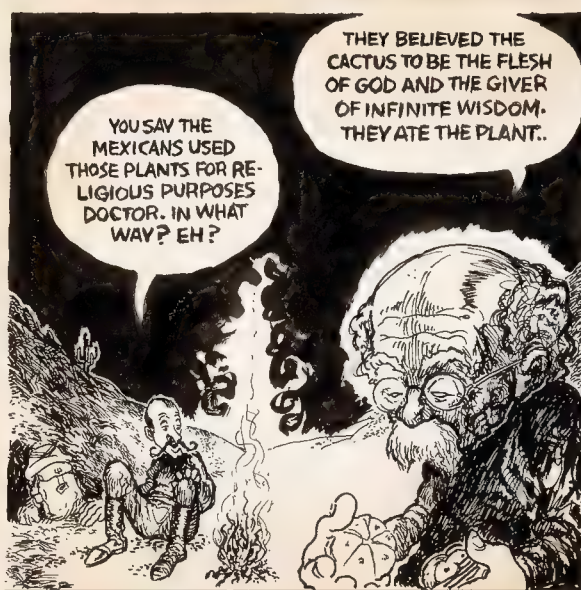
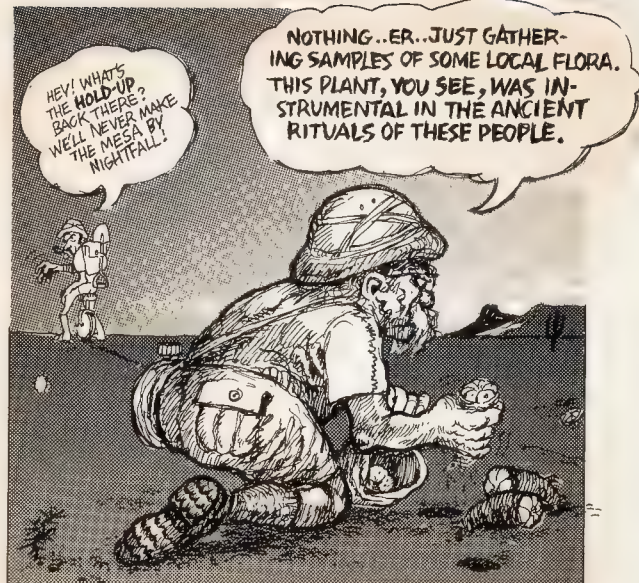




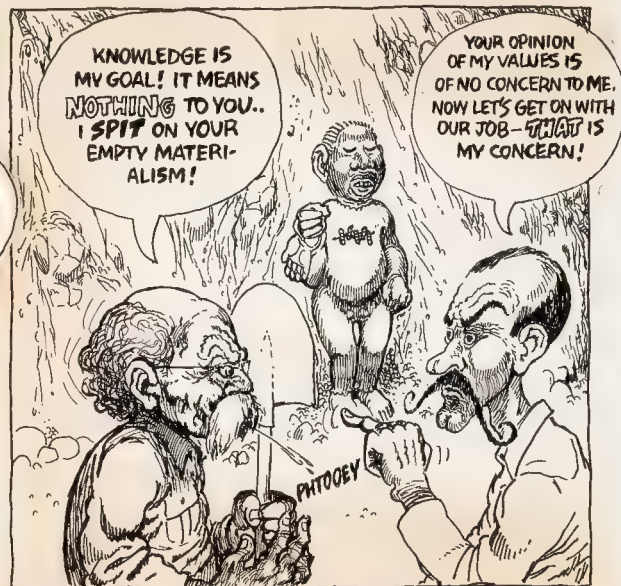
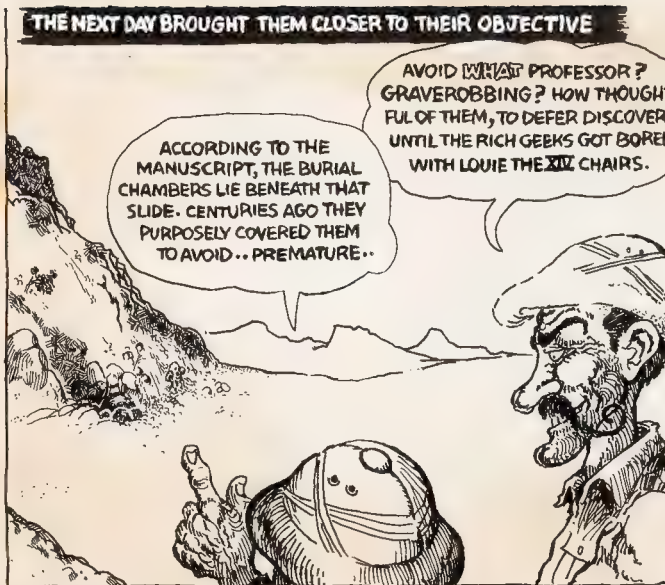
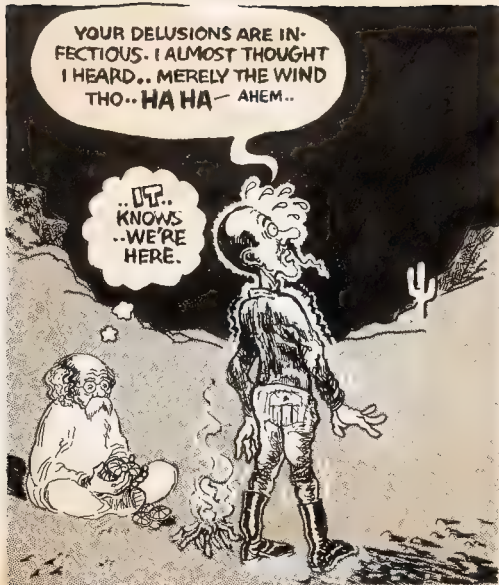
IT READS: FOR WE DIE NOT. THO OUR MINDS ARE LIFTED AND ABSENT. THEY ARE NEAR-BY. TO BE JOINED AGAIN. WHO THEN WILL KNOW US? OUT OF THE FUMES OF REBIRTH? OUT OF THE HUSK OF SLEEP? WHO WILL DRINK DEEPLY? AND BE FOREVER UNDEAD!!













DUST FILTERED DOWN LIKE FINE MIST AS THE TWO MEN PEERED INTO THE ENCOMPASSING DARKNESS.



MY GOD, THE SMELL!  
HOW OLD DID YOU  
SAY THIS TOMB WAS?

HE'S RIGHT,  
OF COURSE - THE  
SMELL IS THAT OF  
TISSUE DEFEYING  
DECAY!

FOLLOWING A PATHWAY CUT FROM SOLID ROCK, THEY ENTERED THE ROOM OF OFFERINGS TO THE DEAD..



HOLY TOLEDO!  
LOOK AT THIS! OBOY!  
OBOY! MY COMPETITORS  
ARE GONNA EAT THEIR  
LIVERS! OH SHIT -  
MY LUCKY DAY!!

BUT THE PROFESSOR'S GAZE SPED TOWARD A DIFFERENT PRIZE...



THE CENTRAL  
BURIAL CHAMBER -  
IT MUST LIE DEEPER.

GOLD! JADE!  
DIAM. EMERALD!  
GIBBER - QUIET!  
BIRD FEATHERS!!!  
JAGGED - ROCK  
CRYSTAL - OH  
SHIT, AND...  
BLACK HA-  
SACK!!

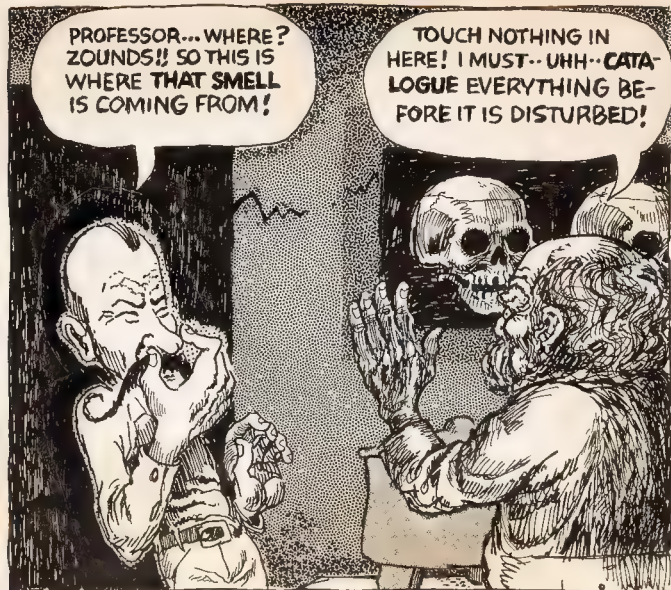
DOWN A FORBIDDEN CORRIDOR, MOULDY WITH THE CENTURIES, A MACABRE SPECTACLE YIELDED TO THE FLICKERING LIGHT..



YES! JUST AS THE CODEX  
SAID IT WOULD BE - THE  
JARS, THE SKULLS, AND THE  
VESSELS OF REGENERATION!

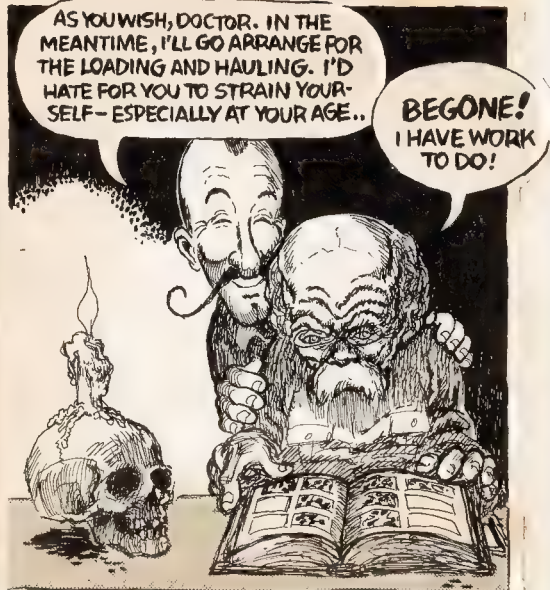
PROFESSOR... WHERE?  
ZOUNDS!! SO THIS IS  
WHERE THAT SMELL  
IS COMING FROM!

TOUCH NOTHING IN  
HERE! I MUST... UHH... CATA-  
LOGUE EVERYTHING BE-  
FORE IT IS DISTURBED!



AS YOU WISH, DOCTOR. IN THE  
MEANTIME, I'LL GO ARRANGE FOR  
THE LOADING AND HAULING. I'D  
HATE FOR YOU TO STRAIN YOUR-  
SELF - ESPECIALLY AT YOUR AGE..

BEGONE!  
I HAVE WORK  
TO DO!





AT LAST THE PROFESSOR WAS ALONE...

THE BRAINS ARE INTACT.  
**ALIVE!** GOOD LORD, IT  
MUST BE TRUE!



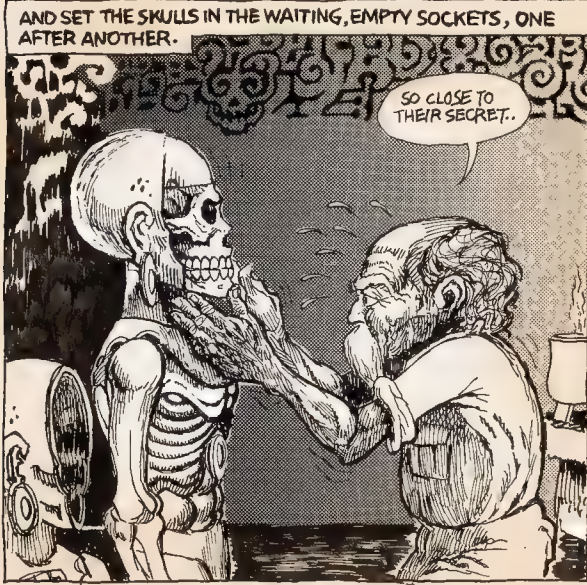
FALTERINGLY, HE PLACED EACH BRAIN IN ITS SKULL..

I... CAN'T  
STOP NOW..



AND SET THE SKULLS IN THE WAITING, EMPTY SOCKETS, ONE  
AFTER ANOTHER.

SO CLOSE TO  
THEIR SECRET..

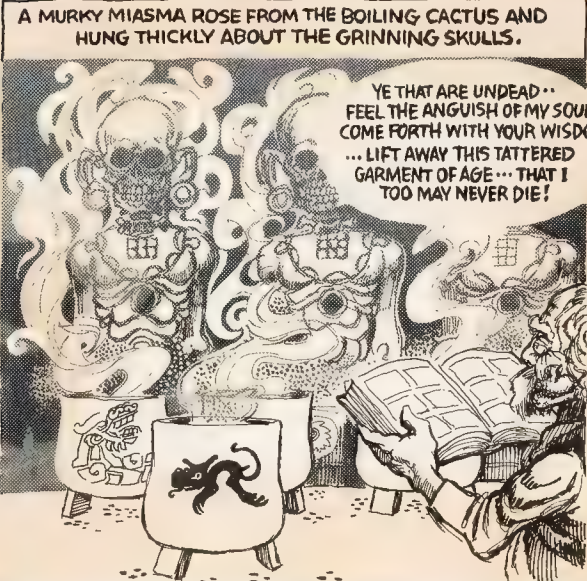


AND NOW, THE  
FINAL STEP —  
THE **PEYOTE!**

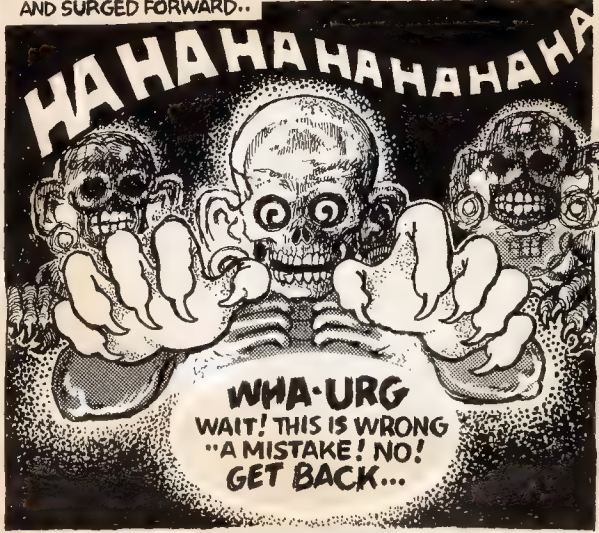


A MURKY MIASMA ROSE FROM THE BOILING CACTUS AND  
HUNG THICKLY ABOUT THE GRINNING SKULLS.

YE THAT ARE UNDEAD...  
FEEL THE ANGUISH OF MY SOUL...  
COME FORTH WITH YOUR WISDOM  
... LIFT AWAY THIS TATTERED  
GARMENT OF AGE... THAT I  
TOO MAY NEVER DIE!



SUDDENLY, A PIERCING CRESCENDO OF MANIACAL LAUGHTER  
ROLLED THRU THE CHAMBER. THE STATUES SHOOK VIOLENTLY  
AND SURGED FORWARD..



**WHA-URG**  
WAIT! THIS IS WRONG  
"A MISTAKE! NO!  
**GET BACK...**

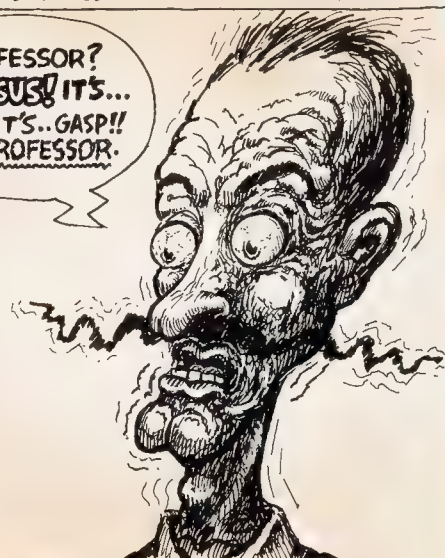


..SWEEPING THE PROFESSOR TO THE TABLE OF XIPE TOTEC!



A GRIM SILENCE GREETED THE RETURN OF THE ANTIQUE DEALER..

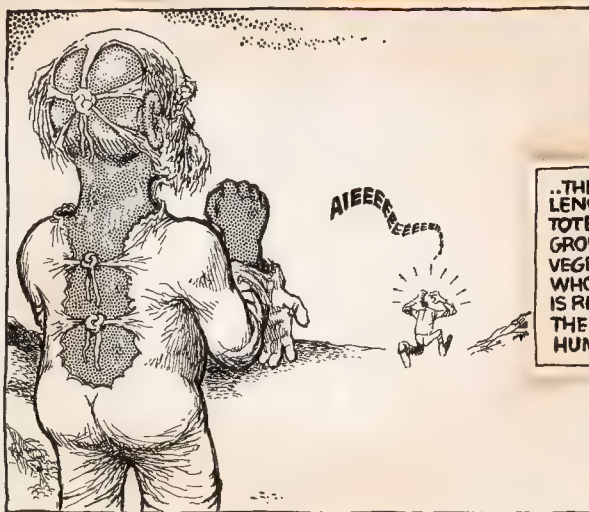
PROFESSOR?  
OH JESUS! IT'S...  
IT'S...IT'S..GASP!!  
THE PROFESSOR.



.. AND THE SILENCE REMAINED AFTER THE DEALER HAD FLED..



..THE STONY SI-  
LENCE OF XIPE  
TOTEC, GOD OF  
GROWTH AND  
VEGETATION,  
WHOSE POWER  
IS RENEWED BY  
THE HUSK OF A  
HUMAN SKIN!

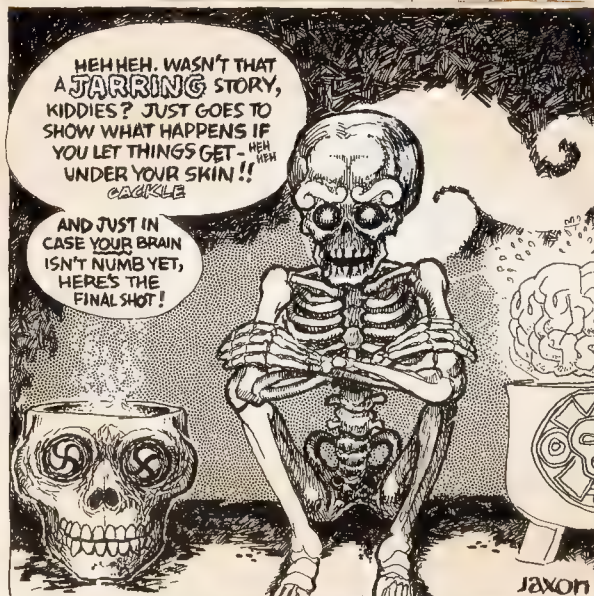


BUT WITHIN THE SEALED TOMB, A FAINT PULSE REGISTERED  
THE RELENTLESS THROBBING, THE TENACIOUS EXPECTANCY  
OF A QUIESCENT SEED — THE PROFESSOR'S BRAIN!

NO.. I AM NOT DEAD.. MY  
CONSCIOUSNESS IS FUNC-  
TIONING.. I AM FULLY AWARE.  
I FEEL THE MOIST TEXTURE OF  
THE CLAY ENCLOSING ME, THE  
DARKNESS OF THIS DAMP...  
JAR. I AM COLD. I...I...MUST  
THINK OF A WAY OUT..

HEH HEH. WASN'T THAT  
A JARRING STORY,  
KIDDIES? JUST GOES TO  
SHOW WHAT HAPPENS IF  
YOU LET THINGS GET - HEH  
UNDER YOUR SKIN!!  
CRACKLE

AND JUST IN  
CASE YOUR BRAIN  
ISN'T NUMB YET,  
HERE'S THE  
FINAL SHOT!





# BOGEYMAN



NUMBER 3

50c

SOUL  
SNATCHER  
COMIX





# GOBS of MAGGOTS

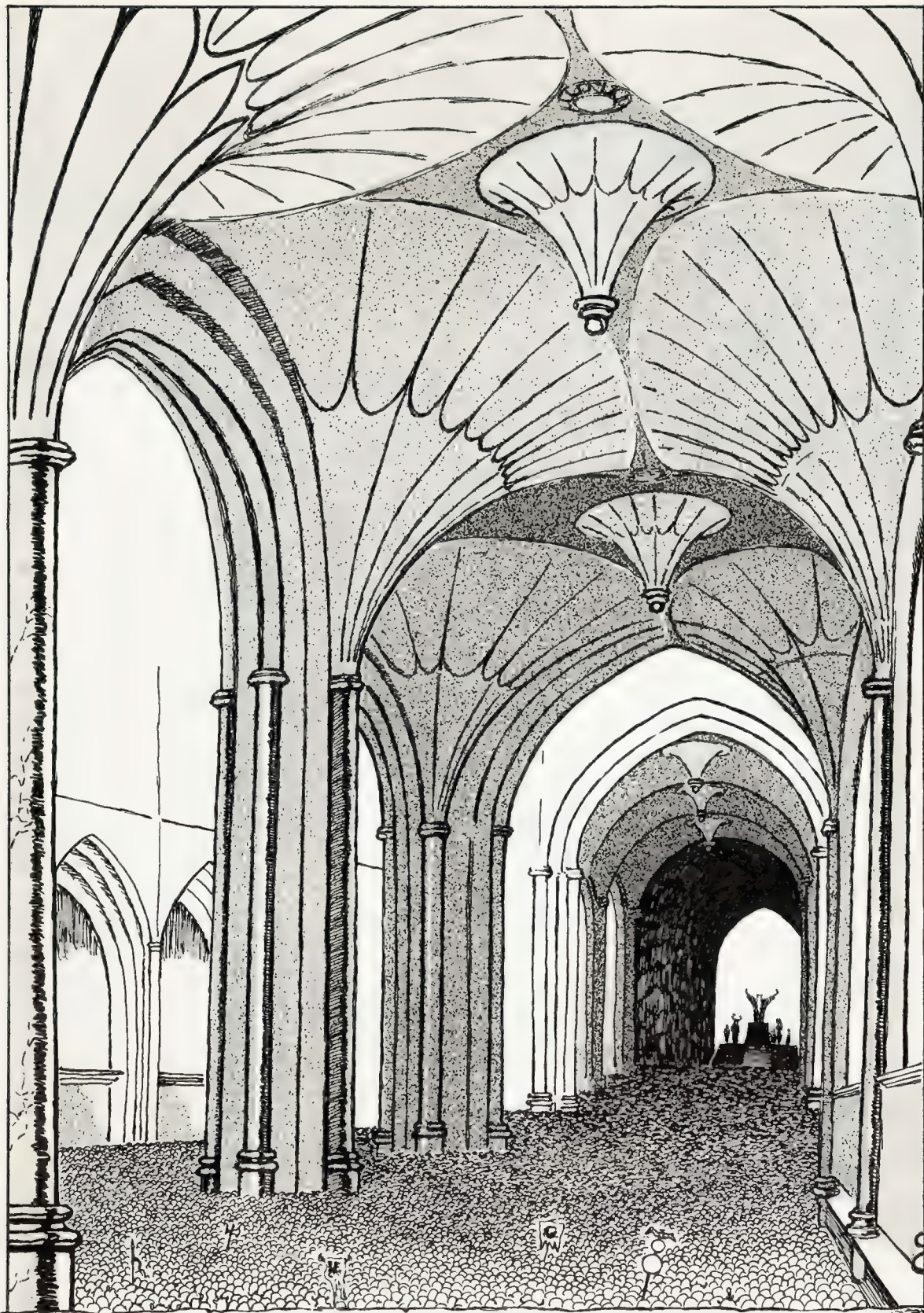


jaxon-72





Illustration by [illegible]



THE ANCIENT CHANT HAS BEGUN! FAINT AND SHIVERING, THE FAIR MAIDEN STANDS AT THE WEDDING ALTAR. A DEATHLY PALL OF SILENCE GRIPS THE ASSEMBLED THROG AS THE LONG AWAITED EVENT COMES TO PASS ...

SHM



ANYBODY OBJECT TO A WEDDING ? SPEAK NOW OR FOREVER HOLD YOUR PEACE, CAUSE THIS ONE WAS ARRANGED BY A CRUEL KING FOR HIS ONLY SON AND HEIR TO THE THRONE. A DEAF-MUTE, SYPHILITIC LEPER. A REAL PRIZE, EH GIRLS ? HEH HEH



A SYNICAL SAGA of  
*Sword and Sophistry*

BASED ON THE ALL-BUT-FORGOTTEN AND  
HASTIDY-RESURRECTED-DUE-TO-SAGGING-SALES  
CLASSIC BY SIR CLAUDE BALLS

BRACE UP  
CHILD.. ITS ONLY  
JUST BEGUN..

# TESTICLES

## THE TAUTOLOGIST

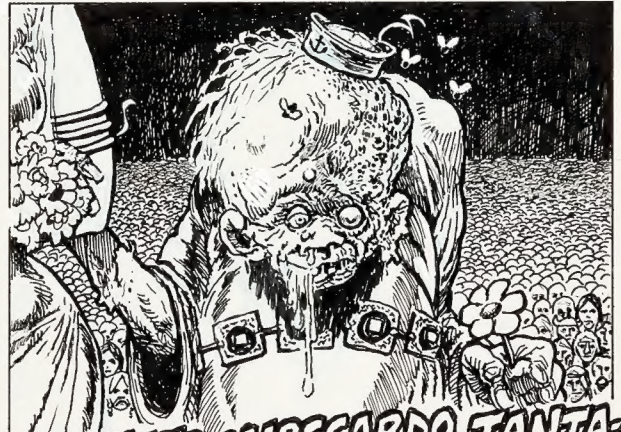


SNIFF  
CHOKE

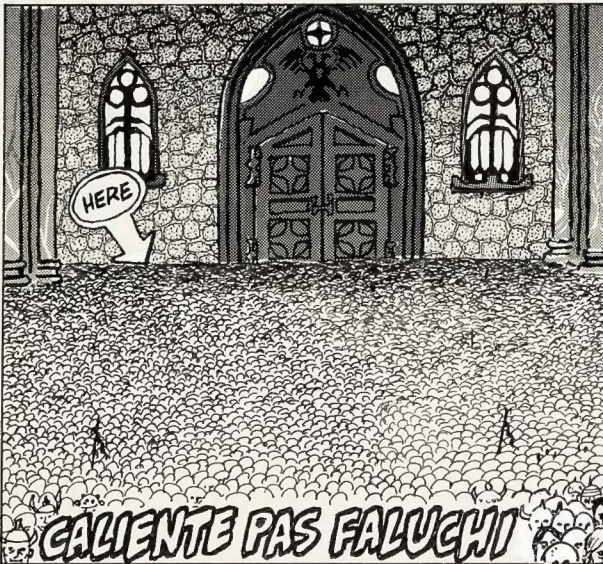
QUANDO PALA MUCHO ME AMORE  
FE FALECHI KAPHON



MUNDO PAPARATCHI ME AMORA  
CHICAFELLA PHASON



QUESTO OMREGARDO TANTA-  
MUCHO KAKANEETA KASON



CALIENTE PAS FALUCHI



GOD-  
THAT LUCKY  
GIRL...

GOD, TH' PLACE IS  
JAMMED! IT'S GONNA  
BE TUFF GETTIN' THRU...

GOD-  
THAT POOR  
CHICK...

MEZZA MIA CORTISON

NOTE: THAT'S PRONOUNCED 'TESTICLEEZ', SCROTUM FALLS.



